

"CRACCUM"

A.U.C's. FORTNIGHTLY SCRAP-BOOK

VOL. I; NO. X.]

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1927.

[PRICE, 3D.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.

(Sequel to Dave's Wedding.)

Glossary (for the benefit of students of Gothic): King David, a non-constitutional monarch—Dave; Helen of Troy—Nancy; Hymen—the God of Marriage; Charon—an Auckland Taxi-driver; the House-boat—His Taxi; the 'Varsity Five—Ben Hur (the charioteer), Apollo (the God of the Beaux), Gannymede (the Cupbearer), Sherlock Holmes (a deductologist), Dr. Watson (a scientific demonstrator, his assistant); the Chariot—a Chrysler Six; the Furies and the Amazons—the lesser breeds without the law.

Consternation reigned. Hymen had departed early to propitiate the Amazons and the Furies. In the confusion King David and Helen of Troy dashed into the House-boat and made good their escape under the guidance of trusty Charon.

Sherlock Holmes dropped the glass of ginger ale which he was testing for champagne.

"Excellent, Watson," he said, referring not to the ginger ale but to a trail of rice and confetti which that worthy had discovered. "The time has come for action. Take this," and he gave him a mould of jelly which Watson slipped into his pocket with a grim look.

Ben Hur approached them.

"My chariot awaits. It is running better than the day I raced the Traffic Cop in Fanshawe Street."

"Excellent," said Watson, thereby earning a frown from Sherlock, who was on the point of saying it himself.

On hearing Sherlock's frown, Gannymede abandoned his duties and Apollo his pleasures, and all five climbed into the chariot.

The Pursuit had begun! Round the corner they swept, then another, they passed a car, then another, then another, then in the distance they saw the House-boat. Watson put his hand to his pocket. The jelly was still there. The cold feel of it gave him confidence. The House-boat began to draw away.

"God grant we have a block in the traffic," said Sherlock gravely. There was a traffic block (and a traffic cop). The chariot continued the chase, taking advantage of every possible bit of cover the country afforded. The House-boat swept on unsuspecting. It turned into a little side street.

"Ha!" said Sherlock. "I was prepared for this," and drew out a bag of rice as the chariot took the corner on two wheels.

In a small back street on the borders of his desmesne, King David leapt down and shook himself like a dog emerging from water.

"Mind the spray," whispered Gannymede, clutching a cheese-straw tightly in his right hand.

"Our quarry evidently imagines he is shaking us off," observed Watson.

"I am afraid, my dear Watson," said Holmes, smiling, "that you are basing your deductions on insufficient data. I have observed that it is a common practice of newly married men to seek the earliest opportunity of shaking off the bonds of marriage which have been laid upon them."

Ben Hur brought the chariot up alongside the House-boat. Watson, his hand on the jelly, pre-

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pared to follow. (Dr. Watson, it should be remembered, has since published, in conjunction with Dr. Burley, a monograph on "The Mutilation of the Sugars present in Jelly.") Helen, however, had given the alarm. King David sprang into the House-boat with a scream of terror. Charon placed a piece of wedding cake on the accelerator. The House-boat dis-

appeared round the corner into the labyrinthine paths of the desmesne.

"Alas, too late!" cried Apollo, subsiding into a falsetto weep. Gannymede took air in great gulps through his cheese-straw.

"Put yourself in his place, Watson," said Sherlock.

"But," objected Watson, "I am not married to the lady."

"My dear Watson," said Holmes, enveloping himself in a cloud of tobacco smoke, "lack of imagination is your chief failing. Let us take a hypothetical case. Supposing you had been married and you wished to hide yourself from the world. What would you do?"

"Advertise in 'Craccum' for rooms at the 'Mansions.'"

"On the contrary a really astute criminal would either leave town immediately or seek some boarding house or hotel which he considered would be the last to be searched by the pursuers. Now, no train or boat leaves for what we know to be His Majesty's ultimate destination until to-morrow morning. From our knowledge of His Majesty's habits and inclinations we may also rule out the boarding house. The problem now resolves itself into a good hotel with accommodation for two which is not likely to be searched by pursuers. The answer is, of course, 'Ceragen.' Ben Hur, the nearest telephone booth!"

The chariot leapt forward, to halt again outside a telephone booth.

"Apollo," commanded Sherlock, "here we must rely on you. Ring up 'Ceragen,' assume a bridesmaid's voice, greet King David and inform him that you will be with him in half an hour with a piece of luggage he has left behind. And now, Watson, I think we may safely leave this case and the jelly in the hands of Apollo, Gannymede and Ben Hur. What do you say to an evening's music with Eddie Horton on the Wurlitzer?"

BOXING CLUB.

Owing to the inability of students to attend the boxing classes on account of approaching exams. it has been found necessary to postpone them for the present. Those anxious to continue, however, are advised to see the secretary, when arrangements can be made for them to attend Mr. Henry Donovan's gymnasium on Monday, Wednesday, or Thursday nights.

The election of officers at the annual meeting resulted:—Patron, Hon. Geo. Fowlds; President, M. R. O'Shea, B.Com.; Vice-presidents, Professor R. M. Algie, F. Burns, G. Bush, E. A. Craig, J. R. Fagan, J. A. B. Hellaby, A. E. Mulgan, E. H. Northcroft, H. B. Mackenzie, E. J. McLaren, J. Melling, J. W. Russell, N. Richmond, and W. Wallace; Hon. Doctors, W. H. Horton, M.B., J. Hardie Neil, M.B., M.R.C.S.; Hon. Auditor, H. Shove, B.Com., A.P.A.N.Z.; Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, G. Leffnox King; Committee, D. H. Steen, A. P. Postlewaite, V. C. Rickard, N. C. Jenkin, J. McLaren, R. Keenan.

In view of the multiplicity of candidates for executive posts Stud. Ass. has decided to establish its own outdoor photographic studio next year, to be run in conjunction with the cafeteria, candidates to be photographed free. Those who wish to be snapped arm-in-arm with the waitresses, however, will be expected to pay for their photographs.

* * *

Friends and followers of "Kotuku" have no longer grounds for complaint regarding the "meaningless soubirquets" used in "Craccum." Anyone puzzled by a Christian name has only to refer to the Stud. Ass. roll in the ping pong room to elucidate the mystery. An hour's close study would familiarise him with the whole list of such soubriquets.

CRACCUM'S FIRST YEAR.

CONGRATULATORY MESSAGES.

With this issue the ten numbers of "Craccum" which the committee at the outset fixed as the limit for this first experimental year are complete, and there will be no further publication of "Craccum" this year. The Committee feels that its optimism has been fully justified, but modesty forbids us to express our own opinions on the results we have achieved. We are pleased to be able to announce, however, that we have received numerous congratulatory messages from all parts of the world. It would be impossible to print even a small fraction of the total number, so we have selected a few at random, and give them below:—

From the Editor "New Zealand Struth"—"You have made a good start, and will soon equal our paper in popularity. Don't be afraid to add the picturesque details."—The Whole Truth.

From M. Trotsky, Moscow.—"Too busy shooting the bourgeoisie to read copy of 'Craccum.' The adverts. seem good, however, especially that one about golf clubs. Sending donation of ump-teen billion roubles (2s. 6d.)"—Trotskoff.

From the G.O.M., Auckland Racing Club.—" 'Craccum' breaks all records for the course. A sure winner every time. Other papers also started. 'Craccum' leads all the way, 'Craccum' first, the rest nowhere. Students, spare a little for the tote."—Sir Edwin.

From the High Commissioner for New Zealand, London.—"Boys and girls! Your old friend, Uncle James, sends regards and sub. to 'Craccum.' I remember when you were all at my schools. Everyone in Strand, Piccadilly and East End delighted with 'Craccum.' It's great. So am I."—Parr.

From Mr. Stanley Baldwin, 10 Downing Street, London.—"Received copy of 'Craccum.' Com-

pliment you on its splendid merit. I find it useful to light my cherry-wood, as matches are dear. Add me to your subscribers. Winston will forward the half-crown.”—Stanley.

From the Mayor, Mr. Geo. Baildon.—“Your ‘Craccum’ is splendid. It beats the Municipal Record hollow. I am still busy fighting the community buses and filtering the Waitakere fluid. I don’t like water. Always pleased to see students at (for?) a spot in the Town Hall.”—George.

From the Prime Minister.—“Congrats. from Gordon! Glad you are also getting things done. Confidence also sends his best wishes. Advise all students to go into the country and get their muscles up. Remember the slogan, Brilliantine for brains.”—Coates and Confidence.

From the Man about Town.—“Office boys, printer’s devils, Zamiel, self, and props, join in congrats. We are proud of your achievements. Peter Pan and Wendy are quite jealous. Don’t forget the ad. that brings in sixpence and the good that you should do.”—M.A.T.

From the Look-out Man.—“We see you, ‘Craccum!’ Hopes for future success from THE SUN and for THE SUN. Tell all students to take advantage of our free insurance scheme. Keep it up, ‘Craccum,’ keep up our circulation.”—Redfeather.

LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary Club will give a performance of W. S. Gilbert’s “Rosencrantz and Guildenstern” in the first week of next term.

A SPOONERISM.

Bob, in cafeteria: Puree of spit, please—I mean split peas.

Why was Kath’s face powder on Raddy’s coat when he was sitting on Lucy’s knee? The answer is in the tunnel.

DOREEN’S LAST LETTER.

Dearest Phyllis,

Let this be a warning to you—I am writing from Hades to say that you and I have been hopelessly wrong. We made one fatal error. We forgot to notice the greatest of University people, Kotuku. The result was that, when I arrived down here after having sobbed myself to death as the result of his cutting remarks, St. Peter read Kotuku’s letter all over again and here I am. I have to spend the rest of eternity burning “Craccums” and reading the masterful prose of Kotuku. Of the two I prefer the burning. Oh! I wish I had mixed with the REAL people—the ones who write learned letters on College Politics, Petticoat Government, Conduct at College Dances and the Revision of the Tournament Regulations. Phyllis mine, while there is yet hope, seek out Kotuku and learn from him, she, or it, what College spirit is.

We are having the hot season down here now and the local “Herald” announces that many ‘Varsity people are expected shortly. Beg Olive not to tell any more tall stories. Ask Jack to ink out the stripes in his socks. Remind Cuthbert about his stunning times at dances. Beseech Kath to refrain from long speeches. Do please use your influence with Winnie and the other obscurities. Tell them to be big and strong like Kotuku. Warn Guy of my fate and tell Norman of what happens to people who have no College spirit.

You see, I should hate to have to stoke for them. Can’t you persuade Sno. to run crossword puzzles instead of the pitiful gibes and fatuous inuendoes which he has been selling for threepence.

I’m rather out of touch with ‘Varsity affairs, of course. Perhaps Marion is still seeking to captivate the Registrar, and Dorothy is still stalking the hockey men. I had a letter from Nigel redirected to me. He

wanted me to go to the football dance, but of course I couldn’t. Keith is, I suppose, still the sheik of T.C. Bob. B. wrote just before I left my last lodgings to say that Dave was giving up hockey. What is the new game they play with pennies in the Men’s Common Room? The House Committee must be starting a tote.

I suppose you know all the ins and outs of the election business. I hear from Bernard that hundreds of people have nominated hundreds of others. The secretarial field seems rather crowded and the women are actually having an election for V.P. I hope they’ll get good-looking, firm, strong, noble, generous souls on the exec.

I find myself becoming rather heated and the Stokers’ Union has ordered me to stop work. My love to all and **do** try to be a good girl.

Yours to a cinder,

DOREEN.

P.S.—News has just come to hand that poor old Kotuku is arriving by next boat!

P.P.S.—You are due for a warm time, too.—D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Isaac.—Yes, it is a fact that Nigel Sandy MacWilson bought his pipe at Mackenzie’s for NINEPENCE.

Bob.—The “Craccum trifle” which appeared on the menu at the cafeteria last week was so named because it was filled with “a mass of contemptible trivialities,” “childish personalities,” “pitiful gibes,” “fatuous inuendoes,” and “pointlessly obscure allusions.” Do you any longer wonder at the taste? The allusions, we presume, were to the Convocation supper, and to the dance supper on the preceding Saturday evening.

Explorer.—No, the women’s smoking den at the top of the stairs outside the Women’s Common Room door has not yet been closed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE COLLEGE HOSTEL.

Sir,—As this next issue of your paper appears to be the last for this year, I feel that I cannot let the occasion pass without entering some protest against the abrupt and ill-considered manner in which the College Hostel was disbanded. I was somewhat surprised to find that an abler pen than mine had not published our cause in a somewhat more eloquent manner in your last issue of "Craccum." Howbeit the task was left undone and time is now short.

The facts, I think are sufficiently well known to all, and they need not be recounted here. Out of the chaos of conflicting reports, unconfirmed statements and contradictory instructions two things appear to stand out clearly. These are, firstly, the gross failure of the College authorities to take the necessary, or any steps, to protect those students in residence at the hostel, and secondly the hopeless inefficiency of the body calling itself the Board of Control.

Surely a notice headed with the official name of the College and signed by the Registrar of the College, as Registrar, stating that the hostel is open for students to go into residence is an authority sufficient for a student to rely upon? Many of us left good lodgings to come to the Hostel, hoping that it would prove the means of establishing a sound College spirit. Was there any reciprocity on the part of the College itself? Not even yet has any official statement been made about the whole affair—we have only lying Rumour to rely upon. The fact that the "suitable proprietor" turned out as he did does indeed reflect great credit upon the discernment and diligence of enquiry of those who authorised his selection!

Secondly, we were given definite instructions by a representative from the Board of Control at a meeting especially called for

that purpose to adopt a certain course of conduct. The next we hear (only by Rumour, mind you—an official statement being apparently beyond the capabilities of those responsible) is that those instructions were given without authority, and that the Board was acting beyond its powers. Surely it is reasonable to ask that a body such as the Board of Control should be sufficiently business-like to know its own powers; and what can it hope to control if it cannot control its own members? I do not mean to reflect in any way on the gentleman who did address us at the Hostel; he, indeed, appears to be the only one who took the slightest interest in our existence; as soon as he left, we might go to the devil for all any one else cared.

It might be argued that the damage has now been done, and that it is no use crying over spilt milk, but that is not the point. The point is that we were induced by representations of the College authorities to enter into residence at the Hostel, that the proper precautions were not taken to see that a suitable manager was procured, that during our stay there conditions were not what they were held out to be, and that when things went wrong through the negligence of the authorities in not exercising proper supervision, we were shamefully neglected and cast adrift upon an unsympathetic world with a slur on our name and a rankling in our hearts. Small wonder is it that we demand an enquiry as some compensation for our wrongs.

Vive la Revolution!

RHUBARB.

ELECTION BOOTHS.

Sir,—With customary sublimity of intentions and obliviousness of hard practical facts the Executive of the Students' Association has again refused to allow polling booths for the forthcoming elections to be opened at Training College or in town.

I have long been of the opinion

that the Executive as at present constituted is not representative of the students of this College. It needs only this refusal to accede to a request of the Training College, Law, and Commerce students, who constitute approximately 70 per cent. of the members of the association, to confirm this view.

With smug self-satisfaction the full-time students who purport to represent the members of the association sit back and talk of College spirit, with which every student in their opinion is steeped at birth, and which, therefore, does not require to be taught and encouraged by them, but rather needs the refinement of oppression.

The chief objection to granting polling booths appears to be that by placing voting facilities within easy reach of part-time students the Executive would be discouraging that finer College spirit which delights in overcoming obstacles for the good of the College. In such cases would it not be more consistent and fairer to place all students on completely the same footing by holding one booth in, say, the new Kiosk on Mt. Eden? There could then be no possible doubt as to the comparative degrees of College spirit exhibited by full-time and part-time students respectively.

Since the Executive is hopelessly out of sympathy with the majority of the students it claims to represent, honesty requires, and I demand, that the members thereof should resign in toto and en bloc.

SUFFRAGETTE.

A SECRET SOCIETY.

Sir,—You are no doubt aware of the existence in our midst of a sinister band who call themselves "The Mystery 6." Well, sir, I don't like it. Already we have the C.U., and the local branch of the United Order of Froth-Blowers. If people must belong to a secret society, why can't they join one or other of

these? Still, one must keep up with the times. I enclose 3d. in stamps for full information (in plain wrapper), and conditions of membership.—I am, etc.,

L.L.

P.S.—Is it true that Roce O'Shea is president? Because if so, I want my halfpenny back.

"CRACCUM" ASSAILED.

Sir,—Let us express our entire approval of everything "Kotuku" has said. We have wanted to say just this for a long time, but at last the great man of the age has appeared to say it for us. It is our considered opinion that "Craccum" would be much more popular if, instead of the idle chatter which adorns its pages, the editor were to print short articles on technical subjects and brief sermons on ethical topics. We suggest for the next issue a clear and concise treatment of Relativity, an exhaustive essay on "College Spirit and How to Foster It" (by "Kotuku"), and a few simple mathematical problems by way of keeping up the interest. The various events of College life might be reviewed in serious fashion, and "Kotuku's Diary" would no doubt be read with bated breath by the large number of students he represents. Not to be outdone in generosity we have together shared the expense of one copy of next "Craccum." We will use it for shaving paper. We have no more to say, and any defence of "Craccum" will be unchallenged.

DOREEN,
PHYLLIS,
MOTHER OF TWELVE
GRADUATES.

(We regret to state that "Kotuku's" vaunted generosity was apparently no more than a mere boast. We have yet to receive his promised donation of 3d.—Ed.).

If this were an American university the miscellaneous collection of tennis courts and playing grounds facing Anzac Avenue would before this have become a "Campus."

MORE NATURE NOTES.

(By J. SOMEONE, F.O.O.L.,
M.U.G.).

Mention in this column last issue of volcanic rocks has inspired a correspondent, Mr. W. Sykes, Boston Road, Mt. Eden, to give further interesting facts. "I am at present engaged in a seven years' geological survey of the rock formation of the slopes of Mt. Eden at the request of the Government," writes Mr. Sykes. "I have also previously assisted the state for shorter periods, and though other fields of work would be more remunerative, I simply cannot tear myself away from my research at the mountain. Traces of volcanic activity in the pre-baildonian era are easily discernible, and I am led to believe that the last eruption occurred in the jimparrian age, when Professor Bartrum was not even a lecturer."

Mr. Sykes is familiar with the rock formations of Dartmoor, Portland, and Pentonville in England, but considers the Mt. Eden volcanic rocks offer greater scope to the geologist with time to spend in this fascinating study. He is also a graduate of Darlinghurst College, Australia.

Mr. Sykes uses the orthodox seven pound hammer in his research. "I wish to state my gratitude to the Government which has provided me with suitable equipment, and allowed me to make my headquarters at the Government Hostel at the foot of the mountain," he concludes. The importance of Mr. Sykes' discoveries can be gauged from the fact that his workings are carefully guarded by the police.

That great naturalist, Sir Charles Fergusson, states that he has discovered a specimen of the popular Scottish domestic animal, the haggis. While on a fishing trip to the National Park he caught a fleeting glimpse of the haggis as it gambolled across the heather-clad braes, bleating like the wraith of a departed spirit. Sir Charles is quite sure that it was the real haggis, and his com-

panions, Messrs. Peter Dawson and John E. Walker are equally positive.

The ingenious device invented by the secretary of Stud. Ass. for identifying the names and faces of our political candidates will next year be extended to all members of the Association. It is proposed that next year every member shall on at least one day each week, wear his name in brass letters not less than there inches high, on the lapel of his coat. Every name mentioned in a notice displayed at College or in any letter to the secretary must have a photograph attached.

* * *

The assembly of pretty girls outside the cafeteria door on Monday afternoon was not the result of John A——s' matrimonial advertisement. There was a different cause altogether.



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Pedestal Brand Shoes.

CANTERBURY CAN!

Refrain:

The lecturers had heard it,
And passed it to the profs.,
Who to each other purred it
'Neath deprecating coughs,
How Canty College maidens
Had sat on manly knees,
And shocked pure-minded staid
'uns
With improprieties.

I.

You may talk of sewing bees
And all gatherings of shes
Where the way they rake up scand-
als would distress us,
But if you're not too nice
But enjoy a bit of spice,
We commend you to the Canty
Coll. professors.

II.

The rumour with a relish
Each professor doth embellish
With some details from his very
vivid mind.
A tribunal they elect,
Not the culprits to detect,
But to gather any tit-bits it can
find.

III.

So that nothing should be missed
They hired a fair typiste
And arraigned suspected stud-
ents one by one.
Being delicate inquired
What exactly had transpired,
And they hinted that some dread-
ful things were done.

IV.

But the students stoutly swore
That they'd never heard before
That to sit beside a girl was
deadly sin.
And they shouted "We are sure
That we're absolutely pure,
And St. Peter when we die will
let us in."

BY-ENDS.

Had we dreamt that our ex-
Mansionites would find it so diffi-
cult to furnish their new flats as
to compel them to break into the
cafeteria and steal the cutlery, we
would have held a kitchen even-
ing for them.

A SEARCHING INQUIRY.

HOCKEY TEAM
EXONERATED.

Acting on advice from Christ-
church, an inquiry has been held
by the matron and representative
members of the W.C.T.U. into the
conduct of certain members of
the Hockey Club during the re-
cent trip to Hamilton. "Crac-
cum" is indebted for the follow-
ing details to Doreen, who was
engaged as stenographer.

The first person to be interro-
gated was R——e.

Matron: I am going to ask a
delicate question. Did you at
any time sit on Miss ——'s knee?

R——e: Yes, when I slipped on
a banana skin.

Matron: How do you account
for the presence of the banana
skin?

R——e: I had just eaten a
banana.

R—— A—— was next exam-
ined. He described Hamilton
station minutely, but refused to
implicate anyone else, on the
grounds that her mother wouldn't
let her come again if he did. He
admitted having made a "faux
pas," but beyond saying that his
conscience was clear, he refused
to testify. He could not recollect
having kissed anyone goodnight.

On being asked what happened
in Newmarket tunnel L—— said
that there were lights in it. Fur-
ther inquiry from other members
elicited the information that they
had all occupied a single seat,
apart from the rest of the team,
at the end of the carriage.

The matron congratulated the
teams on the simple good taste
which had always characterised
these trips. She looked to the
Hockey Club, she said, to set an
example to society, and not to
imitate its frailties. Both of
these things, the members assured
her, they could be relied on to
do.

FREDDIE'S GUIDE TO
AUCKLAND.

So many of our readers have
been lost on the way home from
dances that "Craccum" has en-
gaged a special authority, a pro-
minent boy scout, to write a guide
to the city. The first chapter of
the work is published below:—

1. Fire Brigade: Auckland pos-
sesses one of the finest fire bri-
gades in the Dominion. To see
the brigade in action smash the
glass in one of the little red boxes
attached to certain telegraph
posts. It is as well to move to the
other side of the street before
the engine arrives.

2. Grafton Bridge: This is one
of the sights of the city and com-
mands a fine view of the harbour.
It appears in new perspective
from different angles. To see it
at its best, stand on the parapet
and jump.

3. Cemetery: Situated below the
bridge (see 2), the cemetery is
said to contain the graves of curi-
ous natives, who, in 1840, were
very interested in this great en-
gineering feat. It looks at its
best from a few feet below the
central span.

4. Hospital: This comfortable
and modern building is within
easy walk of the Post Office. To
reach the hospital sit on a tram-
rail at 5.10 any evening. No
charge is made for transport.

5. Museum: This is near the
University and opposite the
Grand Hotel. Unlike the latter
it is seldom visited by tourists.
The curator is named Archie. He
is no relation to the fruiterer.

6. Police Station: This hand-
some brick building stands in
Princes Street, and commands,
very appropriately, a splendid
view of Albert Park. To reach
the Police Station knock off the
hat of one of the postmen in
Queen Street. A community bus
is available for those interested.

7. Magistrate's Court: A pleasing building in grey stone, also overlooking, very appropriately, Albert Park. It is reached via the Police Station (see 6).

8. Supreme Court: Reached via the Magistrate's Court (see 7), the Supreme Court is a fine old Gothic structure in red brick and Anzac Avenue.

9. Carlaw Park: A recreation ground of some importance. It may be found from directions given by any bookie.

10. Orakei: A fashionable suburb approached via municipal subway. Drop down any man-hole.

11. Morgue: This may be seen on the harbour trip. Jump off a ferry boat.

12. Library: A building of mixed design adjoining, most appropriately, Albert Park. It may be seen at all hours, but looks at its best at night. Is believed to contain books.

13. Sun: May be seen at odd times during the winter.

14. Fossils: There is a fine collection in the Museum. Other specimens may be seen by appointment at the University College. (See 5).

15. Northern Club: Close to the University College (see 14), and under the same management as the College Union. It is open for inspection on payment of a small fee.

A specimen of odour sent by a correspondent has been identified as bowwowii medici, or common dogfish. It was discovered lurking among the trees in Lower Symonds Street, and had evidently escaped from the Biology department of an adjacent University. The common dogfish is full of interest to the observer. Its principal recreation is assisting biology students in the study of anatomy.

THE BOXING SHIELD.

In spite of some undeservedly severe rebuffs the Otago University Tournament delegates are apparently determined to say the last word in regard to the vexed question of the possession of the Boxing Shield for the first six months of the year.

The following are extracts from a letter received from Otago by the Auckland delegates last week:—

"We realise A.U.C.'s inability to reply to the points raised, but do not commend them on the attitude they have taken up. We note V.U.C.'s somewhat lengthy comments on the case but they appear to be viewing the matter from a somewhat different angle. The meeting of delegates they refer to was certainly informal, but also unconstitutional as O.U. were not officially represented. Since the chairman of the Tournament Committee and senior delegate for A.U.C. expressed his perfect willingness, before three witnesses, that O.U. should keep the Boxing Shield for the first half-year in view of the fact that the team photograph would be taken shortly after the return to Dunedin, O.U. did not anticipate any further complications. However, we quite well realise V.U.C.'s entire ignorance of the whole position and accordingly forgive them for their immature convictions. With our explanation of the true facts of the case we take it the discussion is now closed."

The following is an extract from "The Critic," published fortnightly by the O.U. Stud. Ass.:—"They say that the Auckland Student Executive will be surprised to see the Boxing Shield figuring prominently in the Otago Tournament photograph. That no doubt they were not counting on the efficiency of the Otago Physics Department and the modern use of television."

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Students' Association will be held next Thursday evening. It is probable that a number of subjects of unusual interest will be discussed. All students should make a point of being present.

During the day the election of members of the executive will be held. Nominations close with the secretary at 9 a.m. on Monday.

THE "KIWI."

The "Kiwi," which is to be published in the first week of next term, is urgently in need of further contributions of either a humorous or serious nature. Further sketches would also be most welcome. At the present time scarcely half the material required for the "Kiwi" have been received. Are you doing your share? All contributions must reach the editor not later than the end of next week.

Mr. W. A. Gray, at welcome to new graduates: Perhaps it is not too much to hope that some day a professor at Auckland University may become so famous as to attract students from other countries—(At this stage Professor Worley was observed to be blushing).

Spring is coming—soon—and the Kiwi will be on the wing once more. This bird is not practically extinct, as many suppose. It is in fact, very much alive, but is now found only in the Auckland district. The young kiwis are usually hatched about the beginning of September, but sad to relate, few survive the chicken stage. The greater number are seized by undergraduates of A.U.C., and carried into the College restaurant or some convenient lecture room, there to be devoured voraciously. The Kiwi season is quite an event at A.U.C., as is the oyster season elsewhere.

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