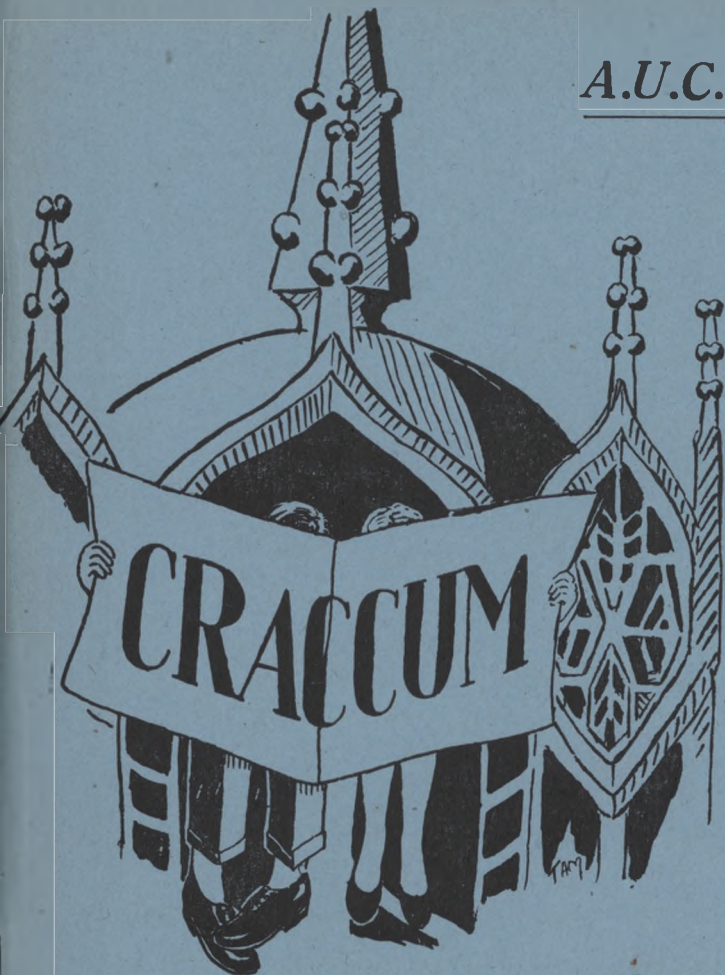


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(G. B. Shaw)

"The Man in the Bowler Hat"

(A. A. Milne)

(N.B.—*This isn't Rocke*)

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27th

S U P P E R

Vol. 2, No. 7

AUCKLAND, JUNE 21, 1928

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WIRELESS WORRIES

ELIMINATING THE STATIC

Like most inventions born of the fertile brain of this era of high speed and Higher Thought, wireless has almost outgrown itself already. At the present time microphonic improvements would be difficult to achieve, and all that human agency can attain has been exemplified in perfection. In spite of these results of the versatility of modern man the question of successfully operating a wireless set is still a problem of tantalising knottiness. The last century was really so helpless. In its early years, we like to think, it struggled under a handicap of juvenile ignorance, and in its dying days it sank to the depths of senile decay. But our own, our exclusive century, burst upon eternity and built a wondrous new world even before the swaddlings of its early intellectualism had been cast aside.

Having asserted the superiority of our wireless age, it is perhaps matter for wonder that certain things have never been achieved. We have evolved a perfect transmitter and an accurate receiver. Given that the human at the receiving set can "tune in" with not more than an hour's "howling," there is still a difficulty. Nature intervenes. For all its present-day perfection the wireless set is still a slave to the Great God Static. Before him every enthusiast bows in pained submission. By no persuasive means can the Great God be silenced. Scientists quail before his throne, experts shake at the sound of his coming and amateurs groan until he departs. Of the air is he born, and of things human is he disdainful.

It has remained for New Zealand—that luxurious island of the South Seas, which rests upon sub-soil of Glaxo and solid mortgages—to break into the radio lists, throw down the scientific gauntlet, and tear Great God Static from his eminence. No one will believe that the Tourist Department will probably be responsible for the entire emancipation of the radio set. One could as well give credence to the statement that a public subscription had been solicited for the popular members of the Fan-Gatherers' Union. Nevertheless, the truth of the statement is reasserted on the excellent authority of an eminent daily newspaper. Both its subscribers have expressed wonder at the conception which emanated from the swift-working mind of a Civil servant between the hours of 8.30 and 4.30 p.m.—with an hour off for lunch. The daily paper states :—

"The number of visitors from overseas which yearly visits the Dominion is expected to be increased enormously next season as the result of a booklet recently circulated in the United States, England and on the Continent by the Tourist Department, and having reference to the fine sport to be had in the Tasman

Sea in small-game fishing for statics. New Zealand has become widely known as the big-game fishing paradise, but it is anticipated the great fighting qualities of the static will endear him to sportsmen. Until now, small-game fishing has been followed by only a few, for at the moment its cost has confined its pleasures to the wealthy alone. As the number of anglers increases, it may be expected with confidence that the static nuisance of the coast will diminish. The Static Small-Game Club is to be formed at Bustle next season and will provide two light monoplanes to act as "aerial launches."

"Colonel Ree-Siever, of Calcutta, who recently returned from the small-game fishing grounds off Bustle, stated yesterday he was delighted with the sport, and said he intended to return next season. Fishing from the monoplane Dulcy he hooked three statics in twelve weeks, and netted about 2,000,000 more. The latter method was more fruitful, but did not provide real sport. He considered fishermen would not be content with netting statics, as the true fisherman liked to sit and wait without results for as long as possible. Statics were more plentiful on clear nights when some really fine sport was to be had. It was clear that Mako sharks would die of neglect within a few years. Colonel Ree-Siever said he secured one static weighing at least .0010375 grams after a titanic struggle, and the fact that he had waited over eleven weeks for a "bite" added to the thrill of the catch. The 2,000,000 statics netted were taken on the last night out. But this was not sport.

"It is understood the Radio Listeners' League is to subsidise the Small-Game Club in view of the useful purpose it will serve. On the complete extermination of every static above the Tasman Sea it is expected that 2BL Sydney will broadcast with all the clarity we have searched for during the past few years."

So you see modern science is to triumph again. In addition the Tourist Department will reap a harvest from the influx of unsuspecting visitors; sports dealers will make fortunes from the sale of tackle; the country's bar trade will be trebled on the arrival of fishermen from the "dry" United States; and the Victorian Age will finally and most definitely be relegated to the dishonoured seat of ignorance it deserves.

T.R.

Mr. McLeod wishes to correct a mistake appearing in the last number of *Craccum*. It was his *Craccum* subscription and not his Association subscription of which he required a refund.

It is noted that the latest circular to the Court of Convocation contains the direction "dress optional." We hasten to add "but preferable."

A.U.C. Sports Notes

FOOTBALL

"THE BLAZE OF GLORY"

"Varsity in a blaze of glory," is how the *Sun* summed up the match between Ponsonby and University. A crowd of nearly ten thousand spectators watched what has been described as the best club game in many years, and enthusiasts cheered the Blues to victory.

Playing Ponsonby at their own game of fast following forwards and lightning back movements, University inflicted on last year's champions their most decisive defeat in four years. The score of 25 to 8 was a pretty fair indication of the run of the play, and if the goal kicking of Bush and N. Jenkin had been up to the usual standard the score would have been still heavier in our favour.

Our team was without the services of both Keene (wing-forward) and McIntosh (wing-three-quarter) while Lucas, the All Black, was, of course, absent from the Ponsonby team. Matthias, who played wing-forward for the Blues, gave a splendid exposition and showed the benefit of sound coaching. Bush, as full-back, was very sound. The three-quarter line, Minns, Dickson and Goodwin, were in great form. The last, who was making his first appearance in Senior Rugby, especially impressed the critics. It is no disparagement of McIntosh to say that the team was not weakened by his substitute, and "the Flying Scotsman" would be the first to rejoice in the fact. Goodwin was, on the day, easily the best of our notoriously strong three-quarter line. Minns was as sparkling as ever, while Dickson showed greatly improved form, constantly beating his "opposite number." N. Jenkins, five-eighths, was a perpetual thorn in Ponsonby's flesh. His play in the position which probably requires the most "football brain" is most refreshing. Carter, behind the scrum, was all that could be desired and indeed quite outshone McMannus, the Ponsonby and Auckland half-back. The forwards played splendidly in all departments. Linton, in particular, took the eye. His play is very consistent, and what he lacks in weight he makes up in energy.

A nervousness, a species of stage fright, manifested itself amongst University supporters last week. Previous bitter experience had shown that a University team which inflicts a crushing defeat on the champions one week is quite capable of losing to the weakest team in the grade the following Saturday. It is beginning to appear, however, that this year's team is not merely a spoiler of champion teams—it is a champion team. Last Saturday, in terrible weather, the Blues defeated Training College by 23 to 3. The conditions were all against brilliant play. Nevertheless, our team showed that it can rise above conditions when occasion demands it, and the overwhelming defeat of a strong defensive team such as Training College, indicates that University is reaching out a determined hand to grasp the championship honours.

HOCKEY

Owing to the rain on the 16th, only one set of matches has been played since the last *Craccum* came out.

The Senior A team, in a fast game with Mt. Eden, won 5—4, after leading 4—2 at half time. The game was too close to be comfortable; but the forwards, working hard as usual, played wonderfully improved form in the circle. North and Radcliffe were both injured during the course of the game, the former having to retire for a time. Brown continues to improve, and was again slightly more reliable than North. Storry played his best game this season, and was the best of a very solid half line. Philpotts, on the left wing, played his usual brilliant game, and scored two magnificent goals.

The Whippets were rather unlucky to lose by so large a margin as 5—1 in their match with Epiphany. The forwards played splendidly, when they saw the ball; the backs worked solidly, and cleared repeatedly; Winn, in goal, was brilliant; but there was a decided weakness in the half line. The score was one all at half-time; but in the second half the Epiphany right wing broke through time and time again.

The seconds had decidedly the better of a 1 all draw with Epiphany. The forwards were very unlucky, at least four hot shots hitting the post. Although the team has not had much success so far, it contains several players who should catch the eye of the Junior Selector.

Three A were badly beaten by Grammar, to the tune of 8—0. McDowell was unable to turn out, and Kiff was playing for the Seconds, so the team had to play without its best forwards. The full-backs must learn to stop the ball and get it away at all costs. The halves worked hard, but allowed themselves to be hustled; the forwards played well when they had the ball, which was not nearly frequently enough.

Three B had a run-away victory over Mt. Eden, 6—1. The forwards are fast and keen, and the halves keep them fed and are not afraid to tackle all the time. The full-backs are very sound. It is pleasing to notice the improvement in Utting's game. Originally a half, he has settled down nicely into the full-back position and plays a heady game. Kayll is a very reliable goalkeeper.

The fourths continued their unbeaten progress, with a win, 4—0, from Somerville, with whom they drew in the first round. For the first time, the full team and an emergency turned out. The whole team works very well together, the greatest fault being a tendency to hang back in the circle. The most outstanding players were Carter, in goal, Gittos, Taylor and Simpson. Carter and Taylor, it should be noted, both played their first game of hockey this season. Simpson is correcting his earlier tendency to selfishness in a manner pleasing to see.

Unless specially signed, statements made in "Craccum" do not represent the official opinion of the Students' Association Executive.

THE MURMURINGS OF MELISANDE

Darling Toots

I suppose youve heard about the way Varsity beat Pons because you know it was such a thrill especially when one of Varsitys own men—but Im not going to tell you that for I promised but at any rate I went and saw the match but it was very *awkward* because the crowd I went with were all for Guy of course I was too but I didnt know what to do when Varsity scored I couldn't very well cheer could I but its all over now and the next thing was the Engineers and Architects Ball not such a bad show my dear I wasnt able to see much because I had something better to do most of the time but Jean the auburn one was there and Rona with their laddies and Gladys of course and Val and that reminds me do you know anything about Val for I am frightfully keen I think she must have a secret in her life something really *lurid* but I cant find out and then again nobody will tell me who Jean Maes (not the *Lady* one) latest tame sheik is and do you know I actually saw Dale Austin the beauty contest woman and really I didnt think much of her but its something to have met her even then, and Trev was there hopping round with a stick so that I almost felt sorry for him but he ought to play football much more of a mans game my dear, and do you know he stopped the dance and said "Now were going to have a spot" and I honestly thought I was going to take part in one of those *staggering* drinking parties flaming youth and all that but it was only a flashlight photo they had and I was fairly lucky managing to get into the middle of the room and show off my new flower Ill have to send you the paper (I dont think its Truth) when it comes and I think thats all but oh I almost forgot you know the American debaters come here on Monday well Ill have to get to know them because theres a dance on Wednesday and I want to find out if its true about the bad effect of prohibition on American youth with *petting parties* and flasks you know I think men look cute in those goggles I'd wear them myself but I dont want to be the first and I think thats all but Im tired we walked past the Varsity tonight and there was a smoke concert there and the men were just starting to go home and some of them were gay I think but I dont know why the women dont have parties like that in their common room and there had been a Training College Dance in the Hall but that stopped very early though there were one or two couples still mooning about I suppose they stopped early because its safer they say some people begin to go mad at midnight and you can never trust the moon, and oh the other day somebody said the Training Coll was a sort of Purgatory between School and Varsity only some people go straight to heaven without going to Mt. Eden.

Expectantly thine
Mel.

P.S. O I nearly forgot to tell you about an interview I had with the English lecturer the little one I mean with the bald head but they say hes younger than the prof. just fancy my dear this University life is simply too *ageing*. My last essay came back with red marks

all over it my dear just like scarlet fever and there was a note on the bottom to see Mr Ardern about my *spelling* and *punctuation* and when I went to see him he said in his sarkastic way "Have you got such a thing as a dictionary?" and I said, "Of course" and he said "What for?" and my dear I could have *scratched* him but I smiled just too *angelically* at him and *lisp*ed "For show," and my dear I'll never write another essay for him as long as I can powder my nose. M.

SOCIAL NOTES

THE MEN'S WORLD

[We present to our readers a new departure in social reporting. In the past, reports of social functions have been written for women, by women. You will find below an account written from the other standpoint. The distinction between *Mrs.* and *Miss* as observed in women's reports, is here marked by the use of the term *Mr.* and *Master*. The use of *Mr.* indicates that the gentleman to whom it is applied is married.]

The College Hall presented a gay scene on June 9th when the Engineering and Architectural Society held its Annual Ball. The hall was effectively, though simply, decorated by stage lighting, which, though not obscuring the principles of colour harmony, appeared to "go with" the rich mud colour of the floor. Some 250 persons were present, and all appeared to enjoy themselves, though disappointment was felt in some quarters when the photographer's invitation to have a spot was found to be a false alarm.

Among those present were: Professor Evening in Knight attire; Professor Sheep in wolf's clothing; Mr. McLean in his usual crumpled white shirt that wasn't very; Mr. Hirst wore a coat and tie; Masters Harkness, Widdicombe and Entwistle made their first appearance in long trousers; Mr. Edgecumbe wore gent's Parisian neckwear; Mr. Schischka in a Chrysler car (most of the time); Mr. Jones of Auckland in a natty tie; Mr. Winstone in a one-ton truck, 12/6 per hour, nett; Master Aubin at the end of his pipe, and adorned at the other end by trousers (lengthened); Mr. Lidgard who gave an exhibition of eccentric dancing; Mr. Hay in wild oats; Mr. T. Grey Young in a light grey evening suit and his usual vacuous expression; Miss Baby Austin in Duco Finish; Miss Underwood in all her glory; and Miss Munro covered in confusion.

Apologies for absence were received from: Mr. East who said that he would be present in spirit; Mr. McLeod who was unable to be present because of a social engagement in Ponsonby; Mr. and Mrs. Lee-Thompson who had to discuss their trousseau; Mr. Maxwell Walker was not present because he was not asked.

Another poster—

"O'SHEA
The Great Irish Tenor"

—Shouldn't this be "Terror"?

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE

ANOTHER SPASM

By MAEVIUS

The subject of my latest song
Is William Henry Coatseby John,
A youth whom fickle fate upon
Continually smiled ;
He wore a happy care-free air,
He seldom used to tear his hair ;
Indeed, acquaintances declare
That he was never riled.

For if perchance he felt a lack
Of funds, and therefore thought to back
Some highly-favoured horse (or hack)
For Goodwood or the Derby,
By agency of fickle Fate
(What though the odds were one to eight)
That steed would canter up the straight
—The leading horse by far be.

Or if he sat for an exam
—although he seldom used to cram,
But went (as others) like a lamb
Predestined for chop—
This kindly Providence would lend
Such favour to whate'er he penned,
That what in others would offend,
Made *him* come out as top.

And then if he (as young men do),
One evening sallied forth to woo
Some damsel pleasing to the view,
Young, gay and most vivacious.
That maid, though ne'er so highly born,
Would never treat his vows with scorn,
But gaze at him with looks love-lorn,
And yield to his embraces.

So William soon adept became
At this diverting little game,
And showed anxiety to name
The happy nuptial day.
Indeed, (so thorough-paced was he),
He named that day to two or three,
An act with which I disagree,
For I should beg to say

That though I really don't much mind
If men connubically inclined
Should get themselves for life assigned
To harness that is double,
I think that it is far from fun
To bind yourself to more than one,
For that proceeding, when it's done,
Is bound to lead to trouble.

But William, confident that fate
Would now (as ever) extricate
Him from his compromising state,
Went blithely on his way.

Till fickle Fate, on gazing down
From her celestial home town,
Was soon distinctly seen to frown,
And bitterly to say :

“For years I've guarded over him,
And satisfied his every whim,
And now (O vengeance dire and grim !)
He 's left me for another !
But no ! It's even worse than that !
This wretched youth turns me down flat,
And then flies off (alas ! alack !),
And flirts with several others !”

[In passing, note the lady's rhymes
Become a little weak at times—
Perhaps because our William's crimes
Had put her off her stride]
And William found, to his great cost,
That he had now entirely lost
The luck on which, when trouble-tossed,
He always had relied :

His days of wealth and joy were past ;
His equine fancies were not fast ;
Examiners now placed him last,
And said he had no sense ;
And worst of all—a sad disgrace !—
His three fiancées made him face
A triple breach of promise case,
Which caused him much expense.

So you (the moral must be curt),
If you should feel inclined to flirt,
Beware lest you yourself be hurt
By showing yourself frail ;
A slighted maiden, if she choose
To put her powers into use,
May prove to be the very deuce,
As witness this my tale.

ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURAL
SOCIETY'S ANNUAL BALL

On June 9th the Engineering and Architectural Society held its Annual Ball in the College Hall. The decorations consisted of greenery kindly loaned by the City Council, while the coloured lighting effects were considered by many to give the most effective decorations yet seen in the Hall. About 250 persons were present and the Ball well maintained the high reputation earned in the last two years.

One of our American visitors has the distinction of being a member of the National Honorary Forensic Fraternity of Delta Sigma Chi and Phi Beta Kappa. This puts us immediately at a disadvantage, as we cannot even claim that one of our speakers is a member of the Q.P. Club.

DEBATE ON PROHIBITION

Last Monday night at the Town Hall Messrs. Ames, Guptill and Davis, of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, U.S.A., defended the American policy of Prohibition against the onslaughts of Messrs. Bailey, Black and Simpson. Personally, we consider that there is only one satisfactory method of settling the question. We would set up a committee of say, three, with ourself as convener. Then we would write the Licensed Victuallers' Association to forward us a case of their best and the New Zealand Alliance to forward us a like quantity of water, and/or approved soft drinks. We would then be in a position to give an unbiassed opinion. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Unfortunately the very simplicity of our scheme it its undoing. People feel that it is too good to be true. Consequently we have polls on the question every three years. We also have debates, but rarely one so interesting and well fought as last Monday's.

An audience of over 3,000 packed into the big Town Hall to hear the pros and cons. It was soon apparent that supporters of the Prohibition party were predominant in numbers, in spite of the vocal efforts of the students to counterbalance them.

Mr. Guptill, opening for the affirmative, said that his side would base their argument on the bad effort of the liquor traffic on political, commercial, and social life. He blamed the traffic for a great deal of the graft and dishonesty in public life, for decreased production and for unhappiness in the home.

Mr. Bailey, on the other hand, maintained that Prohibition was fundamentally unsound and utterly unscientific in principle. The negative would base their argument on the fact that there was no moral wrong in drinking a glass of beer. History showed that all sumptuary laws (and the Volstead Act must be reckoned as one) were basically wrong and incapable of enforcement. Only in the clearest cases of wrong-doing was the State justified in curtailing the natural rights of man, and drinking did not come within this class.

Mr. Davis continued, and elaborated the argument opened by Mr. Guptill. He quoted authorities for the statement that drinking leads to corruption in politics, waste in industry and disruption in family life. Prohibition did not tend to disrespect of law and order, but it gave to the younger generation a chance to grow up without being subjected to the liquor influence.

Mr. Simpson produced figures to prove that the majority of Americans were not in favour of Prohibition, and that it was foisted upon them by an aggressive minority. Prohibition in the real sense did not exist in America, where the attempt to enforce it had grave effects in increased crime.

Mr. Ames, the last speaker for the affirmative, discounted the value of statistics, but was able to produce counter-statistics to prove the contrary of Mr. Simpson's statements. He emphasised the value of prohibition in industry, where it meant increased efficiency, greater savings by individuals and higher real wages. He attributed America's unprecedented prosperity to its prohibition policy.

Mr. Black, closing the debate, took the war into his

opponent's country from the outset. He quoted official figures to prove that New Zealand, under continuance, had far smaller percentage of arrests than his opponents' home towns in Maine, under prohibition. He attributed America's prosperity to the advantageous position in which that country found itself at the end of the war, as banker for the rest of the world. Mr. Black did not disappoint those who looked to him for brightness. "I may be wrong," he declared at one stage, "but I am of the opinion that a man's stomach is his private business." "If you don't believe this," he cried, after quoting the Prime Minister, "then you are in the position of refusing to doubt a public man's word in Parliament."

As a good debate should, this one left the impartial members of the audience with an entirely open mind.

THE WAY OF WOMAN

A knight fell into great extremity through love of a maiden. And he sent his page unto her with a sonnet and fair words. But she said to the page, "Tell thy master that though his verses be pretty I do not love him."

Then the knight sold his lands to the Jews, and with the money thus obtained purchased a diamond that had been stolen out of Tartary and was esteemed one of the richest jewels in the world. This he sent to the maiden with a greeting and further words such as are used by them that woo. And the maiden weighed the diamond in her hand, and whispered, "It is very beautiful; but I do not love him."

Thereupon the knight went forth into strange countries and slew divers dragons and evil persons; so that his deeds and the name of his love became famous throughout Christendom. And after many days he returned and sought that maiden in her garden, and told his heart unto her at length, entreating her to wife. And she answered, "Sir Knight, I will be thy sister, but I am promised in marriage to the King's son."

Sore stricken by which tidings, the knight withdrew himself to the outer wall of the pleasure, and there fell upon his sword and died miserably.

And when the maiden heard of it she made a great to-do, crying, "Alack-a-day and woe's me! *for I loved him!*"

But she married the King's son all the same.

IF LOVE IS BLIND

If love is blind, then take mine eyes away

And cast them far into the deepest sea.

For what is light to me, or night or day,

Or beauty, save the beauty that is she?

Yet were she selfish, thoughtless and unkind,

Inconstant as the fickle summer rain,

And horrid as Medusa, I should find

Sole use for eyes in seeking her again.

M.

LEGS

(*A lament on the suggested reinstatement of longer dresses.*)

By POMPEY.

It was a man in Paris town, whence fashion's dictates come,
Who spoke a word at random, "Now perhaps you'll think it rum,
I've been thinking deeply on the subject, don't you know,
(And that's a thing I haven't done since very long ago)
And find that shorter dresses,
Just like the Eton tresses,
Are taking lawful profit from the pockets of my friends,
And though you really musn't think I'm serving earthly ends,
At last I have decided—you'll call me harsh—severe—
But legs go out of fashion with the passing of the year!"

Now legs can vary greatly, from fat to broomstick thin,
With some that strike the middle course (to hide them is a sin),
And some whose curves are sadly wrong, their lines offend the eye.
You really must forgive a man who asks his cobblers why,
In name of pagan gods,
A pair of piston-rods
Should pass so proudly flaunting in the happy light of day.
If none but these our Paris friend would seek to hide away,
We'll be relieved to see them go, and never drop a tear
When legs go out of fashion with the passing of the year.

But Cynthia's legs are shapely both; I've chanced so oft to see
Their curves of silken splendour, the dimpling of her knee
(I know it's wrong indeed to think of such a pretty thing,
But when my thoughts encounter them I've really got to sing!).
But carping fashion's whim
Would hide their beauty slim,
And that's the sort of silly thing that didn't ought to be
For any fashion plate, not e'en by Cynthia's own decree:
And so I hope *one* lady's legs will fail to disappear
If legs go out of fashion with the passing of the year.

MONOCLE

(Dialogue between B.W. and R.B. at Grad Ball.)

R. "What on *earth* have you got that on for?"

B. "It enables me to look on things I wouldn't dare look at with the naked eye!" and the glass was turned upon the questioner.

SIMON USES SECCOTINE

You probably remember Jerome's account in "Three Men in a Boat," of how his Uncle Podger would hang a picture. Probably you have seen the same kind of thing yourselves sometimes, since the world has a sufficiency of Uncle Podgers. On the other hand, even the most efficient of us have mishaps sometimes. For instance, it is only a very courageous, as well as a highly efficient man, who can safely attack seccotine. My friend Simon is not efficient; as a "man about the place" he is decidedly a Podger; but one can be sure he did not know how seccotine usually behaves, and how it will behave unless it is firmly handled.

The occasion demanded that the wooden ferule of Mabel's umbrella should be replaced. Simon's wife and Mabel stood in attendance, and spread him a newspaper over the tablecloth, and Simon unscrewed the tube.

He squeezed. He squeezed again. He turned the nozzle to his face and squeezed. Knowing the nature of the stuff, I wonder that it could resist the temptation to squirt into his eyes, but it did. Then he demanded a pin, and speared it forcibly. After that he squeezed again, and it responded all over the newspaper.

"Here, give me the thing, quick! Oh, *that* thing! Now, where's your umbrella? Here, I'm afraid some of it's got on the cover. Bust it, it's all running out. Get me a cloth, quick. Hurry up, it's all going everywhere—" (a short pause). "There I reckon that's a real good job. It takes a man to do these things." And he beamed upon the ladies.

"You might stick the cover on the butter-dish," suggested Mabel sweetly. "You're sticky already, and it's only a small job."

Simon was very unwilling, but she managed to persuade him. (It takes a woman to do these things.) His wife got the dish and the piece, and Simon stuck it on, liberally besmearing the dish in the process.

"But I can't lay it down!" he cried in horror. "If I put it down the corner'll fall off! Have I got to stand here and hold the thing together?"

When the ladies recovered so far as to express themselves, they thought it could be propped up somehow, and they did it for him. He leant on the table and surveyed it.

"As good as new," he declared with real satisfaction. "Now I'd better wash. Oh, bust it, I'm sticky." In regarding his handiwork he had laid his hand on the tablecloth and leant. It took their united efforts to pull the cloth from his hand, where abundant traces of the rags remained. Simon, trying not to swear, departed for the bathroom.

It was some hours later that Simon returned from the office. He had strictly forbidden the others to touch it. "Women, women!" he said bitterly, "you always go about things the wrong way. Don't touch it, or you're sure to mess the whole thing." It was hardly polite, but they regarded it. They left the thing alone.

As soon as he came in he took it up. They gathered round while he tried it gingerly. *They looked!*

Well, a man's dignity is very sensitive. The seccotine must have known that.

LITERARY CLUB

On Wednesday, June 13, two readings of one-act plays were presented to members of the Literary Club. The first was Norman McKinnel's "The Bishop's Candlesticks," and the second, G. B. Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband."

"The Bishop's Candlesticks" is a dramatisation of a well known episode of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The Bishop, in the kindness of his heart, but to the consternation of his sister, Persomee, gives food and drink to a convict who has broken in upon him and, after the meal, offers him shelter for the night. The convict, however, turns upon his benefactor, and steals his much-prized candlesticks, but is brought back by gendarmes, whereupon the Bishop says that he has given the candlesticks to the convict and allows him to go in peace. The somewhat severe character of Persomee was admirably portrayed by Miss Kissling, whilst Mr. Sagar read the part of the Bishop with dignity. Mr. Bowden, as the Convict, read with just the right amount of sentiment, and both Miss Flynn and Mr. Bay gave pleasing readings.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" is a very amusing play, the plot being woven round the eternal triangle of husband, wife and lover. Miss Jaffrey gave of her best as Aurora, the wife of Teddy, delicately contrasting the opposite traits of adventurous but respectable femininity and wifely fidelity. As Henry, the lover, Mr. Hudson endeavoured to be as boyish as possible. Mr. McLeod read the part of Teddy with the correct degree of firmness, and, when the truth is finally admitted by Henry, caused considerable amusement in his sudden change of manner from severity to self-satisfied delight.

The chairman announced that G. B. Shaw's "Over-ruled" would be presented with a strong cast on Wednesday, June 27, and that another play would be read in support.

It has been decided that this latter play will be A. A. Milne's "The Man in the Bowler Hat," and in response to an appeal a good cast has been obtained.

It is announced that Professor Egerton has again kindly offered a prize for the best paper or original composition, and an evening will be set aside for the reading of these papers shortly. Members desiring to compete are invited to send in their names to the secretary, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

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Letters to the Editor

RED SLIPPERS

Sir,—Allow us to bring before your notice, and incidentally that of your readers, a most important point. We deeply regret having any grounds for complaint, but, as a matter of fact it is not the grounds, it is the floors. The floors, sir, are deucedly cold, and since we are obliged to walk on these floors we are inclined to suffer from "cold feet." "Cold feet" are excusable only at exam. time. In the middle of the year they are to be deplored. We take the liberty of suggesting that we support the custom of wearing slippers—red slippers, but they needn't slip. We think they would be very useful as no one could hear us coming, and besides, they would look very nice indeed. We know, because we have not seen them, in the Cafeteria.

But they must be red, even if this is not.—We are, etc.,

CHILBLAINS.

"UNPALATABLE REGURGITATION"

Sir,—After reading A.D.W.W.'s letter in your last issue, I felt despondent at the horrible failure of this year's 'Varsity play. However, a glance at the editorial, which gave the nett profit at about £450, showed me that people holding the same opinion as A.D.W.W. must be a very small minority. I would like to ask A.D.W.W. if, at any time during the play, he saw one bored face in the audience—unless, of course, he had provided himself with a mirror. Finally if A.D.W.W. found the play so boring as his article indicated, then I am sorry for him.—I am, etc.,

A.L.E.R.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Sir,—As this is a matter that vitally concerns us and the honour of the College, it seems somewhat surprising to me that no mention has been made of it in your columns before this. Surely, however, a topic which has become of considerable public interest, and which so immediately affects the College, should find some mention within the pages of your publication.

In the first place it appears that we are tolerating in our midst a nest of rank shirkers. The time is now past when we can afford to be amused at the blatant attempts of a few to escape their military obligations. The matter has now reached a further stage. The College is being publicly quoted as the institution where these wastrels are receiving their education and presumably being taught their disloyal attitude. Is it not time that the Students' Association, or even some unofficial body of students, took steps to protect the fair name of our College, and uphold the honour of those former students who gave up their lives in the defence of their country? To me it seems farcical to turn from the commemoration of our Glorious Dead in our Anzac Day services and, for a moment, tolerate such creatures as these "conscientious" objectors.

Let them keep their "liberty of conscience." If they had the slightest conscience at all they would help to preserve that liberty of body bought so dearly by thousands of our bravest and best; they would realize that every one worthy of the name of "man" has a duty to perform to observe the laws of the land and protect his womenfolk and children from harm of any kind. Do they mean to say that they would not use physical force to protect the honour of their women, should force be necessary? Bah! they sicken me with their decadent prattle; let the womenfolk of this College pass judgment on them.

We have no statement from the Christian Union or Student Christian Movement on the subject. Do they support these views? If so, I for one strongly object to lending financial assistance through the medium of the grant from the Students' Association to any such society. In fact, such assistance is flagrantly illegal.

Sir, I have no time to write further, much as there is that I would like to say, and you no doubt have not room for more, but let me urge, in closing, the necessity there is for stamping out at once the tendency towards the toleration of beliefs of this kind in the College. If these weaklings cannot be taught sense and are permitted to become ministers of religion to disseminate their disloyal practices, then God help the religious life of the community, and in particular the Presbyterian Church. —I am, etc.,

"RHUBARB."

BEER

(Song from an unpublished opera.)

Why, I likes a drop of beer, I does,
(Don't you think it's time we had a drink?)
 That's how I fails to understand the buzz
 They makes about the swilling of a beer.
 Yes, I drinks and never stops to think;
 Yes, I likes it, I admit I likes it
(It's dry about this season of the year)
 And if perhaps you've bottles in your store,
 Bring one up and let us spike it.
 What do I care if you're reeling on the floor.
 So bring another bottle,
 And then another bottle—
 You might as well bring two—
 Just open out the throttle
 And let us drink your very strongest brew.
 Now are there four, or five, or only three of you?

MATRIMONIAL

BACH. (22), almost a graduate, handsome, 11 st. 8lb., recreations yachting and terms, 5 ft. 9 ins. in socks, wishes to meet view marriage smart snappy woman, undergrad (19-21 Arts faculty).—Address replies, Anti-Cell, c/o Editor Craccum.

THE NEW PROFESSION

FOR A BOXER

By MAEVIUS

O lecturer and poet pugilistic!
 Contributor of columns to the press!
 Who first engage in fierce encounters fistic,
 And then relax the brain with William S.

O man of mighty mind and mighty muscle,
 Whose calves are only slighter than your brow,
 Who conquers in an epoch-making tussle,
 And then writes to the papers telling how!

O tell us all about your deeds courageous!
 Of hooks and feints and counters deign to tell,
 Expand your flowing style for several pages
 —For you'll be paid unnaturally well!

O write us little pamphlets on the drama.
 An ode on Shelley, lecturette on Keats,
 Describe the intellectual panorama
 That Bernard Shaw unrolls beneath your feet.

Of course, you're deeply read in Hobbes and Bacon,
 Of course you are unequalled as a scribe.
 What's that you say? That I am much mistaken,
 And you are not at all what I describe!

O luckless wight! Unfortunate exception!
 You'll never climb to riches and to fame;
 Unless, perhaps, by some adroit deception
 —And I am rather adept at that game.

For I, although my fighting does not make fear
 —In point of fact, I'm not quite five foot two—
 Know just a little bit about Shakespeare,
 And fancy I can be of help to you.

I'll help you gain the plaudits of the nation,
 By means that never yet were known to fail.
 I'll write a long and literary oration,
 And you can go and read it out at Yale.

I'll write you reams and reams and reams and pages,
 And you can sign the pages that I write,
 And I will be content, for all my wages,
 With half of what you get for every fight.

*There was a young fellow called Paul,
 Who got drunk at our latest Grad Ball.
 He turned up there clad
 In a large hockey-pad,
 White spats, and a small silken shawl.*

*There was a young man called de Vere
 Who existed entirely on beer.
 But he pined right away
 When he came here to stay
 Among the architects and engineers.*



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