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THE PRESENT OUTLOOK ON OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM

By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Perhaps one who has attained what he considers to be his years of discretion, and has had the benefit of some seventeen years of New Zealand's free education, may be permitted to stand aloof and make a few reflections on the present trend of education in this fair country.

Many aspersions have been cast by irresponsible Training College inmates and others at the regime of the late lamented Minister of Education, Sir James Parr. Some may think of him as a "pioneer" in educational matters, and as one who introduced many "original" schemes into our modern system, but no one can deny that during his term of office, education in New Zealand advanced by leaps and bounds.

What I wish to draw attention to is the state of affairs at the present time, and the utter incompetence of those in charge of our education policy. In this connection I will confine my remarks to secondary education and the results thereof as exemplified by the class of pupils who are turned out of a machine like the proverbial sausage and who, in their immaturity, flood our University Colleges, for reasons business, social and otherwise.

Secondary school pupils may be classified into two main divisions. The first comprises those, usually the sons of the artisan class, whose parents think it very "nice" for their sons and daughters to acquire a smattering of French and algebra, and for whom the country is heavily taxed so that these boys may have a useless two years' or less secondary education. After leaving school, these boys are usually apprenticed to a trade. They derive no advantage and no culture whatsoever from the rudiments of French and algebra which they may have picked up, and then begin two or three years too late to learn the use of tools and the difference between clutch and differentials. Our High Schools are overcrowded, the classes are too big for the adequate teaching of those adapted for a cultural training, and the country is groaning under an ever-increasing burden of taxation so that thousands of pounds annually may be wasted by a foolish Education Department, all to no purpose.

The second class of pupil comprises those who spend three, four or more years at school, and finally pass an alleged test—Matriculation. Then they look round for a suitable profession adapted to their natural (?) talents. What seems a better easy-money profession than that of teaching? Result—our Training Colleges are filled with hundreds of embryo teachers (many of whom never pass this stage), who inflict themselves for several hours a day on our University Colleges. How many of us will dread the responsibility of parentage

when we reflect that our future families are to be taught at school by the irresponsible class of students at present allegedly being trained for a profession to which they are utterly unsuited!

To come nearer home, I do not think a few remarks will be out of place as to the conduct of some of these students at our own University College. Take for instance the recent debate with the American visitors in the College Hall. The writer was privileged to sit at the back of the Hall immediately behind an unruly and ill-mannered mob of boys, some Training College and some not. I heard perhaps three or four witty interjections during the whole evening—the rest of the time these semi-intelligent boys, who have not quite arrived at the time for donning the responsibility of long trousers, indulged in unnecessary loud-voiced conversation, and prevented the audience in their vicinity from listening to the arguments of the debaters. What we need is a police force of older students who will treat these irresponsible youths as boys and will act as "chuckers-out" at our College functions, and more especially those functions to which members of the public are invited.

Another matter requiring attention is the conduct of these youths in our Common Room. The House Committee is doing all it can to make Common Room life more enjoyable, and one item of expenditure is the providing of magazines for the Reading Room. What must a visitor think when he surveys the usual disgusting scene of the Common Room littered with torn magazines? The writer entered the Common Room one Friday night recently, and was greeted with the spectacle of a warfare of students, some of them senior students of the Training College.

In conclusion I would urge all students who take a pride in their College to band together and to take steps to quell these disturbances. If necessary, put in the "stoush." We have no handy horse-trough as in secondary school days, but perhaps a hand-basin or a shower might have an amelorative effect in curbing the unruliness of some of the ill-mannered young idiots who are coming to our College in increasing numbers.

WANTED LADY, decidedly clever, undescribably plain, capable, to take charge of much-sought-after young man, for fortnight in August, while his present "attachment" is mountaineering in the north. Must be firm and determined. Ample remuneration. Apply Jel Us. (Miss), C/o "Craccum."

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A.U.C. Sports Notes

FOOTBALL

By "RANK OUTSIDER."

'Varsity's defeat of College Rifles by 16—0 was expected by all followers of Rugby form. The game itself, which was played at Victoria Park, was rather uninteresting from a spectator's point of view, but was redeemed from further condemnation by the occasional flashes of good play. Hindenach played another great game, and was unlucky to miss the selector's eye, while Linton, Anderson and Mathias were always getting amongst it.

Anderson played for Auckland v. Waikato on last Saturday, and fully justified his inclusion, while Mathias, Jenkin and Carter have been invited to train for the tour South. Minns played a consistent game on the wing and retained his position in the Reps. Dickson and Bush put up good efforts.

The Senior Rugby competition has now ended the first round with Ponsonby and 'Varsity equal for first place, 4 points ahead of the third teams. If 'Varsity can manage to live down its little habit of defeating strong teams and then going down disastrously to weaker teams in the grade, it should have a very good chance of winning the championship, always provided of course that it will again defeat the Ponies, whilst Marist and Manukau may provide surprises. Grammar Old Boys may find themselves able to beat 'Varsity, while the same team would not go far against Ponsonby. With the six leading teams all battling for supremacy, the leaders have no call to slow down or rest on their laurels, but will have to do their best to keep ahead. The need for a permanent three-quarter line is particularly vital, and Minns, Moorhouse and Goodwin will most likely prove of most use. The Carter-Jenkin-Stotter combination is perhaps the strongest in club football in Auckland this year, and Jenkin in particular should be wearing a Rep. jersey in the very near future. His performance against Ponsonby stamps him as being the most promising five-eighths in Auckland this year. Bush at full is a useful customer, although perhaps given to kicking the ball when a more profitable and interesting procedure would be to start his backs off in a passing rush. The absence, through injury, of McIntosh and Keene has brought forward two players of more than ordinary brilliance, viz., Goodwin and Mathias. The latter is always in the thick of things, and is almost as good as Keene. His inclusion in players requested to train for the reps is a pleasing reward to strenuous effort. The pack play great football, and perhaps deserve more representation in the Auckland team. Anderson played a very useful game on last Saturday. Hindenach and Linton were unfortunate to be overlooked.

THE AUCKLAND REPRESENTATIVES.

The performance on Saturday was the most mediocre it has ever been the misfortune of the writer to witness. The 'Varsity-Ponsonby game of a fortnight ear-

lier was a far more interesting exhibition. Butler at full-back was fair, but his place-kicking was rather appalling. The threequarters, Minns, Hook and Falwasser, are the best available, and the flying Scotsman would be very lucky if fit to be selected in front of any of the above. Hook played a delightful game at centre in the first half, but decided to speculate in the second with rather disastrous results, but recovered his usual dash towards the end. Badeley and Paewai, the five-eighths, were only fair, the former throwing out some frightful passes. On Saturday's game Jeffries, the half-back, was splendid. His passes from the scrums, etc., were a joy to see. The pack were holding their own in the scrums, but in the line-outs and in the loose, the Waikato vanguard were too good. Their dribbling rushes pleased the crowd immensely.

HOCKEY

SENIORS DRAW TWICE

In the first match against St. Luke's, 'Varsity were unlucky having a lead of 3-1 until 15 minutes before time, and then just failing to stop two forward rushes. Brown was unfortunately hit by a rising ball, and had to retire at half-time. His place was capably taken by S. Hay. North played a great game at full back; the half-line was solid. Don and Philpotts were the best of the forwards. Winn made his first appearance in goal and acquitted himself well. Against North Shore he was unable to play. His place was taken by Sparling. Winn again played in goal. Most of the team were playing far below their previous week's standard. Don and Philpotts were again the most conspicuous players.

The Whippets had a bye on the 23rd, and played Otahuhu, the top team in the grade, on the 30th. Chambers played half instead of Goodenough, who retired to full-back, and the change was a great improvement. Owing to the absence of Winn in the Senior A team, Straubel played in goal. Adams and Hubble were also not available, their places being taken by Blake and Carter from the Seconds, who had already played a strenuous match. The loss by 5—2 was by no means as overwhelming as it sounds, and in the second half the Whippets rather more than held their own. The reorganization of this team should prove of great benefit. Goodenough showed distinct ability and more promise as full-back, and Chambers considerably strengthened the half-line.

The Seconds have had two losses, to Mt. Eden and St. Luke's. Mt. Eden were far superior and led 5—nil at half-time. A re-arrangement of our team was then effected with conspicuous success, the score for the second half being two goals each.

Influenza laid its heavy hand on the Seconds last week, taking both goalie and full-back. A. Leonard put on pads, Carter, the 4th grade goalkeeper, played inside left, and Alexander played a magnificent solo at full-back. K. Leonard showed promise as centre-forward. After being 1 down at half-time "something tore," and the final score was 5—nil down.

Both Third Grade Teams played at Victoria Park on

the 23rd. Three A drew with Mt. Eden. Three B were beaten by Waitemata, 2—1.

On the 30th Three A, playing one man short, had a surprise win over Waitemata, the top team, 2—1. The victory was due in a large degree to the skilful offside tactics of the Blue. Kiff played a game out of the bag.

Three B had a fairly easy win over Wesley B to the tune of 4—1.

Against Papatoetoe's nine men the Fourth grade forwards played like children, especially in the circle, until ten minutes before time. Then they woke up and put in three goals, making the final score 5—2. Carter and O'Sullivan played the best games.

Sustaining their first loss, the Fourths were defeated at Otahuhu by 3 goals to 2 last Saturday. The damage was done in the first half, where the halves displayed serious weakness. In the second half University scored the only goal, but in spite of strenuous efforts failed to equalise. The forwards all played well. Simpson showed an occasional tendency to rove but opened up the game excellently with good bustling tactics. Wilson is a hard worker and his goal was a fine shot. Taylor will make a very good winger. Warin played a shrewd game but should shoot harder. Greer was a little slow in warming up. Goodsir was the best of the halves, but he should practise hitting till he can get his weight behind the stick. Gittos was speculating inexcusably, but brought off some good saves. Battley is strong on attack but tends to forget the wing man he should be marking. O'Sullivan played a stout game with rather too much speculation. Merry does not realise that a full-back's first business is to stop the ball, his next is to hit it—hard. He would do better in the forwards. Carter in goal played splendidly. The goals scored against him were those which few could have stopped.

OUR BRIGHT COMMON ROOMS

By HE-MAN.

I have recently been impressed by the attitudes adopted by the two House Committees. The Men's House Committee seems to be attempting to make the Common Room life of the student of the male species somewhat more bearable. Fires have been known to occur there other than those provided by Max. Walker's chairwarmer. A most successful smoke concert has been held and the stories were irreproachable. And lo and behold! On Thursday evenings from 7.30 onwards there is a distinct sound of revelry. Songs, a fire, some coffee, to warm the chilled student fresh from lecture, and—those inevitable stories make the evening sought after keenly by the men who know. I feel that I must congratulate Mr. Turner, and his committee, even if they did interfere with a bright lecture on hockey. Let us have more of this Common Room life, even if we haven't a license.

But then why, oh why, do the Women's House Committee turn from its threshold with chilly frown the shy and humble members of the Lit. Club? True, they were eventually entertained in the Men's Common Room, but wherefore this chilly atmosphere from aloft?

LITERARY CLUB

The Man in the Bowler Hat.—A. A. MILNE.

Overruled.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"This play," said Tim, "will be acted," and in spite of a certain amount of scepticism on the part of the audience, it is reasonably safe to say it was. The play in question, *Overruled*, was the second play of the evening.

Mrs. Juno is discovered together with Mr. Lunn in the lounge of the hotel where they have just landed from their boat. Mrs. Juno implores Mr. Lunn to be sensible—flirting is all very well on shipboard where there is so much observation that the element of danger is eliminated, but dry land gives the matter an entirely different complexion. Lunn is, in speech, a bold bad man but there both his boldness and his badness comes to an abrupt end. When he discovers that Mrs. Juno has a real live husband, he shows a degree of consternation which is by no means diminished when the husband in question appears upon the scene; and, as though this were not enough, who must be with him but Mrs. Lunn? The eternal triangle becomes an infernal quadrilateral. Juno insists that he does not attempt to defend his conduct and considers himself thereby entirely exonerated. He may be doing wrong, but he is doing it in the correct and recognised manner, whereas, though Lunn is endeavouring to do right, he is doing it in an unusual and therefore disgraceful manner. The two men fight and quibble, while the ladies seek to improve their acquaintance, until, at last, the dinner gong provides a much-needed interruption. By now, however, the men are so badly confused that when Mrs. Lunn tells Lunn to take Mrs. Juno in to dinner, Lunn protests that surely he should take their guest—he has forgotten which of the two ladies really is his wife.

Miss Ruth Walker, as Mrs. Juno, presented her usual pleasing well-studied interpretation, while Miss Phoebe Norris played the part of the homage-weary Mrs. Lunn with character and taste. A little more vivacity upon occasion would have served to throw into greater relief the particular ennui from which Mrs. Lunn affects to suffer.

Mr. Martin Sullivan, as Juno, and Mr. Ken Rudall, as Lunn, played well-studied parts. Both could afford to let themselves go just a little more.

It is noticeable in Literary Club—and, I suppose, in most amateur performances—that not many people show sufficient variety in their acting. Of course, a character has his definite traits and these must be brought out, but unless the actor can introduce the nuances of changing moods and whims, the presentation becomes stiff and even monotonous. Without invidiousness, it may be noted in passing that in this respect Miss Jaffery and Mr. Tim Hudson, acting a fortnight ago in *How He Lied to Her Husband* were eminently successful. The Literary Club actor could profitably take for his motto the Virgilian reproach, "*Varium et semper mutabile*" and turn the shame to glory.

The first play of the evening was read in Literary Club fashion—that is to say, with as much action as is possible with one hand cumbered with a book. The play was Mr. A. A. Milne's farce, *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, which at first bids fair to develop into a most thrilling mystery play (modern sense), and in the end turns out to be merely a rehearsal, the man in the bowler hat being the Producer.

Miss Molly Chilcote, as Mary, gave a pleasant characterisation of a clinging little woman, but could have put rather more life into the part. She should also make sure that her voice carries far enough.

Miss Jean MacCormick, as the Heroine, had not much to do, but, like the House of Peers, she "did it very well."

The same criticism applies to Mr. Carl Straubel, who took the part of the man in the bowler hat. His smoking of a cigar was truly masterly.

Mr. Dick Hudson, as John, gave his usual good work, while Messrs. Roy Clifton (Hero), Lou Smith (Chief Villain), and Geoffrey Adams (Bad Man), all did themselves credit. They should have contrived to put a little more sparkle in the latter part of the play where the Villains try to find the whereabouts of the Rajah's Ruby. They, too, would do well to aim at variety of expression and that joyous abandon without which no actor seems really natural. A.D.W.W.

EXECUTIVE NOTES

MR. McLEOD RESIGNS

At the Executive meeting held on Wednesday, June 27th. Mr. G. G. L. McLeod tendered his resignation, which was accepted with regret.

When Mr. McLeod, who was then in charge of the Portfolio of sports, secured his transfer to the Ponsonby Football Club he tendered his resignation both from the Portfolio of sports and from the Executive. His resignation from the Portfolio was accepted but he was requested to retain his seat on the Executive. This Mr. McLeod did, but feeling that his position was somewhat anomalous, again tendered his resignation at the meeting on June 27th.

Whether or no one appreciates Mr. McLeod's motives in leaving his College Club there can at least be no doubt about his sincere belief that he was acting rightly.

It is hoped that this will serve to clear away the misapprehensions as to the position current in the College.

MR. A. S. MILLER APPOINTED

Mr. A. S. Miller has been appointed to the vacancy on the Executive caused by the resignation of Mr. McLeod.

Mr. Miller's able work in the Christian Union and the Tennis Club (he has been secretary and treasurer of the latter since its foundation) are too well known to require further mention. The Executive has gained a hard-working member.

I GO DEBATING

After reinforcing myself with a good argument in favour of Continuance, I proceeded in a straight line as possible, to the Prohibition Debate in the Town Hall. On arrival I asked to be shown to the seat reserved for the Press, and was ushered into an excellent seat at the back of the hall.

Mr. Cupfill, the first speaker, remarked that saloons were a hotbed of political corruption. When I deciphered this statement, I resolved to frequent the public houses of the city to see if I could find someone who would offer me a £5 to vote for Goats, the man who gets people done.

Mr. Mavis, who seems to be a fresh-air fiend, wanted everyone to come to an open window, while Mr. Slimson wanted them to be content with a pane in the back. However, Mr. Flames, emerging from a mass of figures, said that the majority of Americans in America desired prohibition, and he went so far as to say that there were probably more Americans in America than in any other part of the world. At this point I fell asleep. (Thank heaven.—Ed.)

Nothing dismayed, the 'Varsity debate found me again with both ears flapping (and washed). I did not remain very long, however, as I had no interest in whether a forty-year old Ford could keep on screwing a turn so quickly that the next piece of workman would be finished when he was ready for the first and so decrease the deficiency of the American fetish.

My readers (if any) may be interested to know that in a personal interview, Mr. Mavis told me that Mr. Cupfill and himself had been sent out specially to correct the prevailing impression that all Americans wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He said that this impression was entirely incorrect, as he had, on more than one occasion, seen a fellow-countryman who wore a pince-nez. I then asked Mr. Flames his opinion on the Heeney-Tunney fight. He took off his extra eyes and offered to show me by demonstration, so I retired hastily.

REX IVETOTORUM

[After the French of Béranger]

By MAEVIUS.

Aliquando rex erat
Fama quem ignoverat
Ad cubiculum ivit
Beneque domivit
Nox simulac appetiverat.

Pro limine casam habebat
Illum asinus semper vehebat
Atque unus satelles
Aut canis aut feles
Cum eo veniebat.

Populus regem amavit.
Mortuum illum ploravit
Pro domo publica
Clara pietum rubrica
Simulacrum conservavit.

THE MURMURINGS OF MELISANDE

Toots dearest,

Life has been too *utterly* full for words since my last letter what with American debaters and Capping and everything coming all at once not that I held much *converse* with the debaters my dear too *reserved* I hear they call the Committee that *ran* the business the *hush hush* men my dear they guarded those men like father confessors with *novices* suspected of worldly tendencies and my dear you simply mustn't breathe this to *anyone* but they held an official dinner to welcome them and asked the profs and Sir George but he couldn't come and then let them pay for themselves my dear too *caledonian* and the Americans made speeches and told stories but from what Carl tells me joking went out in America when they closed the *saloons* because *angel* the Men's House Committee had a *smoke concert* and from the way they laughed—my dear so *refreshing*.

The Town Hall debate was all about *Prohibition* and what it has done to America and my dear there must be some awful liars in America because they absolutely contradicted each other and I *know* Sholto would 'nt lie not with those eyes and my dear I didn't hear all of it but there was some pretty *broadminded* stuff for the Town Hall and when Mr. Simpson said about taking a look through the back window I wondered if a young thing like me ought to stay—not that I *mind* but it looks simply too *blasé* but Jack (no not *that* one—the fair one—I went with him) seemed to think it was all right so I stayed and my dear it was *divine* to hear Mr. Ames talk about the youth of America growing up without the *saloon influence* but what would they do over there for their Law Balls and are you going to this one I mean next Friday I have had it mapped out simply months ahead and I'm wondering if I can *possibly* run to a new frock or shall I make the Grad. Ball one do Arnold thought it was lovely but *darling* the monotony.

The other debate was an awful frost what with Nigel having a fight and some sickening freshers mispronouncing the haka my dear too *nauseous* so I went home early because the next day was Capping and my dear most of it was slower than the Yale Blues though the Engineers and Architects did their best what with notices and knighting Sir George Trevor looked lovely in his king's robes *isn't* it a pity he's such a hermit because—no I can't tell you well that was quite good fun but the rest was an afternoon simply *wasted* but the dance at night made up for it I hadn't meant to go and I turned down Joe and Ron but Jack asked me in a weak moment so I went with him and Ron and Joe were simply furious utterly *lethal* my dear and Toots darling *everybody* who is anybody was there and my dear someone has been toting the *olive branch* around reunions everywhere too like the end of a *bilious* pre-war novel with everyone living happy every after and I went home in the back of Arnold's car but I don't believe a word about him being such a *sheik* I think it's Cuth East they mean but I don't think he was there that night or he would have been sure to dance with me though I didn't miss him because Jean introduced one of the debaters to me and he was frightfully entertaining but my dear too *juvenile*

even for your little fresher Melisande still I was *broken-hearted* when they left on Thursday and Ron is quite peevish and calls them dam Yanks.

Isn't it awkward the Hockey Dance being the night after the Law Ball so *inconsiderate* my dear when they ought to *know* that a girl can't wear the same dress on two *consecutive* nights but that's men all over though I think the Men's House Committee are *darlings* for lending their Common Room for supper after the Lit. Club plays I couldn't go to the plays but I was at supper and signed my maiden name in the members' book and afterwards we danced and they say the Women's House Committee is absolutely *rigid* with rage and they are threatening to stop Social Committee using our Common Room and Olive says if they do then they will shut us out of the ping-pong room and *then* the fat will be in the fire because the Women's House Committee is just *spoiling* for a fight my dear too *pugnacious* but I'll try to keep out of it because I couldn't *breathe* if I didn't see a man sometimes.

Your intimidated

MELISANDE.

THE QUEEN THAT WOULD HAVE MARRIED

A young and beautiful queen let it be known that she desired to marry; and straightway her capital town was filled with suitors. So many were they, and so worthy that the maidens of that country sighed, and had fain been queens themselves. But the beautiful queen was puzzled where to choose. And after taking counsel, she sent heralds to cry unto the suitors that she would marry the wittiest man among them, and that the rest might go their ways. And they all remained; for each man esteemed himself as witty as the others.

So they tarried for three days; but on the fourth day a certain merry gallant, who had come a-wooing in the hope of repairing a broken fortune, was observed to be making preparation for departure. And to him hied the gossips, asking why, and whither. And he whispered unto them privily, saying, "It is a secret, but I was married to the queen last night, and I go to her palace by the sea, for our honeymooning." And this being noised about amongst the suitors, their hearts failed them, and they dispersed out of the land. Then the merry gallant crept forth from a hiding he had provided himself, and, hastening, to the presence, explained his ruse.

"Verily," remarked the queen, having heard him, "thou art indeed a witting wight, and a bold liar to boot. Yet methinks that, in the like circumstances, some of them that are gone might perchance have had wit and grace enough not to discover this tale to me until after we were wedded. Wherefore, good youth, I may not mate with thee."

It is understood that Dr. J. C. Andrews is engaged by R. W. Hallaby Ltd. on research in an endeavour to make meat look "meatier." This is regarded as a counter to the move made by thrifty housewives to make meat look more meat.

ON SCIENTISTS

By S. TYNKES.

I like scientists. I know two or perhaps even four, who are almost human. But most of them are just experts, except that some of them are Professors. All of them, however, even the Professors, love Science. That is where they have the advantage over you and me. When I was at school, I began to love science just when we got up to sulphuretted hydrogen and I thought that I might be a scientist myself. Yet, somehow or other, that is where I stopped, whilst these scientist fellows have just gone on from one scientific smell to another. I am of course aware that this is only one branch of Science which takes in all the senses, at least that is how it appears to most people.

You know a scientist only to a limited extent by the company he keeps. When you see a lot of scientists together, it is wrong to conclude that they are all geologists because each of them has a collection of fossils around him, or even that they are supporters of the Darwinian theory of man's descent. They may, for aught you know, be discovering Cup winners, or the next Prime Minister—in a scientific way of course, and dominated by the one desire that moves them all, the desire to benefit the world at large with their delicious theories, retaining for themselves only the dross of impure gold (or impurer bank-notes). And the world stands in awe and wonder and forgets its gratitude, gratitude to those very men who by their miracles have made the world what it wasn't.

Take Einstein for instance. What a wonderful thing he has done for humanity. Who can fail to admire the lucidity, the conviction, the genius and the courage with which he demonstrated and proved to the whole scientific world, and indeed to all educated men and to those who, on the contrary, have only common-sense to guide them, who can fail to appreciate his proof of—whatever it was that he proved. Something about mothers-in-law, I believe. It was Einstein I am sure; or was it Epstein?

How simple these great scientific men are! Archimedes when he found a cake of soap in his bath, jumped out and discovered Eureka; Newton saw an apple fall and discovered the law of gravity. Millions of people had seen apples fall before him, but if they thought about it at all, it proved nothing to them except perhaps that the apples were over-ripe or the wind high. Why didn't Adam discover it? Surely if gravity was brought to anyone by an apple, it was brought to Adam when Eve handed him that Northern Spy, or possible his Ribston Pippin. Yet Adam invented no scientific laws, not even Evolution, and he the one man who could have told us what the truth about this Evolution business really is. What a pity there were no scientific societies in his day.

Scientific societies are one of the greatest amenities of modern civilization: They confine within their own circle so many dangers which the world at large would otherwise suffer. When Edgar Wallace palls, and Ethel Dell becomes wearisome, take up one

of these societies' publications: journals and transactions and things. Read an article on the Protozoid Coleoptera of Backsheesh, and you will soon be transported to that land of easy slumber, where the disappointed dreams of youth will make you glad.

The more modern the science, the more wonderful it becomes. Just one modern example, the wonder discovery of the age, the discovery of Vitamins and Vitamines. It may be that they are the same thing, or it may be that different scientists spell them differently to show their contempt for each other, but there they are. Take Vitamine A for the liver, Vitamin B for the brain, Vitamin T for hunger, and Vitamine XXX for thirst, and similarly from beginning to the end of the alphabet. How different from those old, old days, when vitamins were unknown, and we just ate as we liked, and drank as we liked and, when we had done too much of either, slept as we had to. What a difference medical science has made: first they invented chloroform and then there followed expensive operations, plutocratic surgeons, appendices and all the other fashionable blessings. Now the fashions have changed again and we have Vitamins, and -ines.

I, alas, belong to the poor who are always unfashionable, and always with us, the ignorant poor who live as though life were to be enjoyed, knowing nothing at all of wondrous modern science that enables man to be truly miserable.

I like scientists.

KIWI

The Kiwi will be published about the beginning of August. A change is being made in the form that it will take. It will be printed on art and antique paper and will take a form similar to the Otago University Review. The price will be two shillings.

Already the *Kiwi* editor reports having received some excellent sketches, and indeed the necessary quota in this department is very nearly filled, which is an exceptional circumstance in our experience. A little verse and some good articles have also been received and others promised. It has been suggested that one or two of the best verses and articles published this year in *Craccum* should be republished in *Kiwi*. This will probably be done.

The venerable bird has a distinctly healthy appearance. Time is, however, growing short and the sub-ed. is growing anxious for his copy. What about it?

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THE LITERARY CLUB

What's wrong with the club?
It can't be the sub.,
Nor coffee and biscuits, I trow;
But pause and reflect,
The stuff they select,
Does really seem slightly high-brow.

I'm not very wise
So I cannot advise
How to make wrong appear right.
If I might suggest
I think 'twould be best,
To mingle the heavy and light.

Shakespear? Forever!
Milton? No, never!
Jonson would bore us to tears.
But 'tee yarns are snappy,
So let us be happy,
With R. Austen Freeman. Loud cheers.

A sample of Byron,
Would prove a good try-on,
Where so many students dispute.
That's if they gave us
A trifle to save us,
Of Wodehouse, or Dennis, to boot.

An extract from Scott?
Well, may or may not —
With Nat Gould to bring up the rear.
And, yes, Bernard Shaw,
Dunsany and more,
So long as Lin' Gordon is near.

Give it a trial!
Do it in style!
You'll never regret your attempt!
Mix old works and trash.
What if they do clash—
The masters have all our contempt!

—Pat.

Last year in quick succession were published "The Prisoner's Song," "The Prisoner's Sweetheart," "The Prisoner's Release," and "The Prisoner's Bride." This year "The Prisoner's Child" appears.

The old, old story.

(From the "Herald," May 1st)

In the last six weeks no fewer than six sets of twins have been born at the Batchelor Maternity Hospital, says a Press Association message from Dunedin.

This is not nearly so bad as it sounds.

(Heard in the tramcar after the Prohibition Debate.)

Little Girl (to Mother): "And do you think that they'll ever be friends again?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Sir,—Permit me to accept the invitation (or was it an exhortation?) extended by your correspondent, "Rhubarb," to "the womenfolk of this College."

While it is possible to sympathise with the writer's anguish to think that "we are tolerating in our midst a nest of rank shirkers," it is, to me, almost incredible that a person of university education could take such a narrow, bigoted, childish and absolutely unintelligent view of the matter.

In the first place, intelligent people no longer believe that we go to war—"fulfil our military obligations"—to protect our homes and children and the honour of our women. We know war for what it is—an economic struggle with none but material interests at heart. Need one be a party in that?

Then, again, suppose some do revolt against the very idea of War—killing, maiming, taking life—that does not make a farce of the commemoration of our Dead. They are indeed our Glorious Dead and worthy always of our prayers and bared heads—worthy of all honour. But we evolve in all things and surely in our methods of settling disputes. We know that war is a useless expedient, a barbarism, a relic of the Stone Age, but still we cling to it, shutting our eyes to its empty worthlessness, to the toll of victory—greater nowadays than defeat. When a man used his fists to protect his own woman that was well—but not this hideous camouflage—Materialism leering behind a mask of Patriotism. And yet we continue to lend ourselves as parties in it, and when some have the courage to say, "I don't believe in it. I won't"—why, then we call them "shirkers" and "wastrels," and pat ourselves on the back for very fine fellows indeed, or else we say, "Well, I don't believe in war, you know, but until something better is found——" But don't you see that nothing better will be found until those who have to do the finding, are made aware that we are *not* content with things as they are?—someone must make a stand.

"God help the religious life of the community," he says, "if these students become ministers." It is rather funny, that, you know, because Christ was a pacifist. It is unnecessary, I am sure, to point out that any action on the part of the Students' Association to "stamp out these tendencies" would be in direct opposition to that freedom of thought which is absolutely essential to the intellectual life of a University.

Whether pacifism alone is, or is not practical is not for me to decide here, and I frankly admit that my own "conscience" sighed with relief at the introduction of Mr. Kellog's pact to outlaw war. Nevertheless, I felt it impossible to let pass such a thoughtless tirade, whose very phraseology smacks of the soap-box and street corner; but certainly not of a University.—I am, etc.,

"A WOMAN OF THE UNIVERSITY."

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

PETTY THIEVING.

Sir,—I noticed in a recent issue of the *Star* an advertisement re a fur coat taken (such euphemism) from the Capping Dance at the University, synchronising in point of time with Sir George Fowlds' idealistic remarks on the subject of our University. Am I the only student to find anything ironical in these two episodes?

Even now many students do not know that not so long ago another fur coat and a fur necklet were abstracted from the Women's Cloak-room at a somewhat similar dance, and that both the police and Registrar were notified. Other personal articles have been removed from the cloak-room at previous dances.

One would like to think perhaps that it was the work of some outsider or outsiders (naturally of female sex considering the articles). Unfortunately, there has been, in the University, a series of thefts, petty and otherwise, apart from dances, and in both the women's and men's departments, and one is forced, however unwillingly, to the conclusion that we cannot place the blame (or all of it) on any outside factor.

Now this is something that concerns each and every member of the University, especially as in outside circles the institution in question is getting a name, and not so much for academic or sporting brilliancy, but for insecurity of one's personal belongings, and such criticism, coming from outside, rankles. Have we come to the stage where our motto should be, "Abandon valuables all ye who enter here"?

As representative of the students, the Students' Association Executive should attempt something in this matter. I do not wish to be unfair to them—the whole business (it is almost that now) is difficult, but the very least that should be done is to have two of the unemployed engaged in the ticket system of guarding coats, bags, etc., for a small sum of money, while dances are in progress. Perhaps it is a form of snobbery that has not permitted this procedure to be instituted. The lamentable fact, that can not be ignored, is that it is necessary.

The only way to deal with the other problem of petty pilfering from inside during lecture hours seems to be a universal locker system which ultimately devolves on the students themselves and incidentally helps to replenish the coffers of the Students' Association. Also, should anyone be detected in this pastime, he or she should be handed over to the police as an example.

Apologising for encroaching on your valuable space (as the saying goes),—I am, etc.

STUDENT.

EXAMINATION CONDITIONS

Sir,—With the Graduation Ceremony just past, I consider it on appropriate time to bring to notice a few points with regard to the examination conditions of last year.

For three of my papers I was in the French and English rooms, both of which adjoin the cloisters, and each time there were practically continuous interrup-

tions either from people walking on the paved floor or from people (considerate people, I must add) talking in loud voices.

Once a party of Technical School boys provided a diversion for about fifteen minutes just outside the French room, and when they had moved on the next distracting influence was a concert from the cafeteria.

Perhaps I am too highly-strung—but, even so, I think these things should be brought to the notice of the proper authorities, as I have heard similar complaints from others who sat last year.

At that particular time of the year most people are a trifle more "nervy" than is usual, and everyone knows the effect these interruptions have at such a critical time. Probably the conditions would be better were the examinations restricted to rooms remote from the cloisters and cafeteria, but even then some other arrangements should be made to prevent a repetition of the conditions of last year.—I am, etc.,

GRADUATE.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

(In *Craccum* No. 3 we published some specimen letters to guide those unemployed who are seeking work. The following may serve as a model business letter. It was written by a Dalmatian storekeeper to a local merchant.)

Gentlemen,—

i get the pump which i by from yoo, but why for you doan sen me no handle i loose to me my customer. Shure thing yoo doan treat me rite. i wait 10 days and my customer he holler for water like hell for pump. Yoo no he is hot summer now and the win he no blow the pump. She got no handle so what the hell i goan to do with it. Doan send me the handle pritty quick i send her back and i goan a order some pumps from other compine

Goodby

Peter Sinkovich

since i rite i fine the dam handle in the box, excuse me.

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