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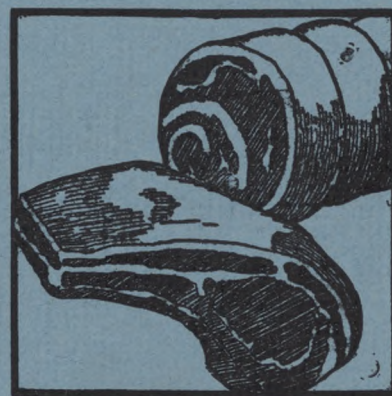
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CRITICISM OF YOUNG TEACHERS

By "IGNORANCE."

Training College Students who read the "article" in last week's *Craccum*, feel that it was written in decidedly bad taste, and that it was so libellous as to cause surprise at seeing it in print, especially in *Craccum*.

Barrister-at-Law is certainly a courageous person, hiding behind a nom-de-plume which is probably fictitious, for surely a Barrister-at-Law would have more common sense than to place his contemptible effort beneath the title of "The Present outlook of our Educational System."

Every person has the right to attend the University College, providing he is over the age of 16 years, and has matriculated. Perhaps the "Artisan Class" of parents realise their own educational shortcomings and wish that their own children should have a wider education than they had themselves.

No doubt "Barrister-at-Law," if he ever has children, will give *them*, at least, the benefits of a wider education than his own has been, for it is perfectly obvious that *his* has been sadly neglected. Those future imaginary children of his, may some day be taught by the self-same Training College students whom he condemns so ruthlessly. Perhaps it may be our duty some day to send a dirty urchin home to wash himself—the son of Barrister-at-Law !

I wonder how Barrister-at-Law discovered that school teaching was an "easy-money" profession ? Has he even been to school ?—doubtful ! Teaching has the merit, at least, of being an honest calling. Does he want the varsity to be a club specially for his own pals ? To gain this, we poor teachers must be deprived of our education ! To reverse his statements, why are "Night School" students (called Law students in some circles) allowed to inflict themselves upon us ? However, to run down a faculty wherein are many of our friends, is not our policy.

It is always the privilege of the old to criticise the young, but although "Barrister-at-Law" certainly criticises young teachers in an insulting manner, he cannot claim either the age to qualify him as a critic or the intelligence generally associated with experience and age.

To return to facts. There were only a few Training College students at the Debate in question, and the majority of the noise certainly did not come from them. Anyway, why deprive high-spirited youth of a little fun ? If Barrister-at-Law is true to his nom-de-plume, why does he interfere with the work of present students, for surely his "busy" office must claim most of his

time, enough, at any rate, to prevent him from tampering with affairs which do not concern him. If he must criticise the young teacher he might devote a paragraph under its proper heading—"Criticism of Young Teachers."

Has Barrister-at-Law at one stage of his narrow-minded existence been thwarted in his love for some T.C. "Venus" by a preferable T.C. "Adonis" ? If such has been the case we would understand this unwarranted and unwanted outburst of prejudiced views.

Because magazines become torn after a great deal of hard use, why blame it on College students ? There are not 80 men in College who attend 'Varsity—what do the remainder of a roll number of 1,400 do ? Because there is a fight in the Common Room—are they necessarily Senior T.C. students ? His pen picture of Common Room activities shows us a struggling mass of poor College students, while sitting quietly in arm-chairs are non-College students with looks of horror on their seraphic faces.

Referring in conclusion to "horse-troughs" and "chuckers-out," if Barrister-at-Law would divulge his true name, there is every reason to believe that the male T.C. students would find no trouble in "chucking" him out and incarcerating him in the green waters of the trough in front of the Old Grammar School, in which he has already probably been dipped.

Visualise the great joy of some hundred of the "ill-mannered young idiots who are coming to our College!" ducking an even more ill-mannered "Barrister-at-Law !"

A word of warning. Insignificant "Barrister-at-Law," don't, if you value the crease in your strides, let any T.C. student find out your real name !

R. W. PEACOCK, "One of Them."

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A.U.C. Sports Notes

FOOTBALL

After a fortnight's spell the A's opened the second round with a game against Manukau. In the first round this team had pressed Varsity close, but this time there was no doubt which was the better side; our men deserved all of their 11—3 win. The forward packs were of about equal strength—perhaps Manukau were slightly the stronger—and the victory was due to the better wet-day tactics of the backs. Minns as usual made a fine showing; his pace on the wet ground was remarkable and he seems almost as much at home in the mud as on a dry patch. All the backs defended well. In a hard-working pack on a wet day it is difficult to pick out any one player who excels the others, and the writer makes no attempt to do so.

The Senior B's, after two bad defeats, have begun to show better form and are now in the running for the B Grade Championship, thanks to the last two wins. Against Marathon, with the Fiji selectors on the line, the team outdid itself and won by 24—3. Twelve of these points were due to Miller, who makes a very good leader of the pack. Bell was perhaps the most useful forward and has earned his trip to Suva. Hamiora's try was very neat; evidently he has a good eye for an opening. Goodwin used his customary dash to get over twice. We would like to see him played at centre and Bailey on the wing, as the former should be given more of the ball than he is getting now.

Against Suburbs the team was weakened by the absence of Miller (in the A's), Kaa and Goodwin. In spite of this Varsity managed to scrape home by 12—11—four tries and two penalties and a converted try. Bell, at full-back, played excellently and gave his best exhibition to date. Babbage and Hamiora had a lot of work to do as the Suburbs forwards were coming through the serum a lot. The forwards in the last spell showed that they can play well in the tight if necessary, and it is to be hoped that this improvement is kept up against Technical Old Boys.

THE SUVA TRIP

Arrangements for the Fiji trip are nearly finalised and the majority of the team has been picked. Although it is not up to senior standard in the backs, the forwards are a fairly solid lot who should give a good account of themselves. The following will compose the pack, with two more to be chosen: Black, Jenkin, Colgan, Mathias, Bell, Cheal, Dixon and Edwards. Hart, another forward, is going as a back, the rest being McCrystal, McGlashan, Gilling, Dodd, O'Halloran, Milliken and three others. This team sails on August 11th, returning about September 3rd. Looking over these names we feel that the owners will give the Islanders something to talk about. Perhaps it will be football.

S. CRUM.

HOCKEY

UNIVERSITY'S DAY OUT

On July 7th no senior match was played owing to the match between Town and Country. Two members of our Senior Team played in the Town Team, these being Radcliffe and Philpotts, both of whom acquitted themselves well. It is hard to see, however, why the selector played Cole, who is wing-half, at centre rather than Radcliffe who has always played in that position.

The same day the Whippets scored their first Championship point by drawing with Somerville Colts. Somerville were a man short, but a tendency to laziness on the part of the Whippets allowed them to establish a 3—1 lead by half-time. After that, however, the Whippets took command and gained the lead but immediately lost it, the game ending in a draw, 4 all.

Three B repeated their previous defeat of Three A by 2 goals to 1. The better combination, particularly in the half-line, was the decisive factor.

The fourths lost to St. Luke's by the odd goal. It was not their best showing, but on the day they were beaten by a better team.

To celebrate our annual dance last Saturday, every team in the Club had a win.

The seniors defeated Areta by 4 goals to nil, but did not extend themselves in the effort. Hamilton was the most conspicuous player in the team and his two goals were well-earned. Brown is still suffering from the effects of his recent injury and his place was again taken by Sparling who is rapidly striking his old form. North gave his best showing to date.

The Whippets celebrated their first win by defeating Training College by 3 goals to 2. Noakes, who arrived late, played a splendid game in goal, stopping, hitting and kicking in great style. Simpson, who is officially a Fourth Grade player distinguished himself at centre-forward and notched two of the three goals.

The seconds are striking form. After a sparkling game the previous week against Areta, when they won by 4 goals to 1, they sprang a surprise last week by defeating Papatoetoe, one of the leading teams. The team played two short, dispensing with goalkeeper and one half. S. Hay and K. Leonard among the forwards were especially conspicuous and their stick-work and combination is becoming very effective. The halves did their best under gruelling conditions. The heroic measures of the half-backs, Alexander and Palmer, will be a lasting memory to the whole team. Their stubborn defence in the last quarter of an hour was impenetrable.

Three A defeated Wesley B by 2 goals to 1. It was a mediocre exhibition. The forwards lack combination, the wing-halves constantly strayed into the centre and the backs took rather too many chances. Nevertheless, the whole team worked like niggers and with more combination would go a long way.

Three B defeated Wesley A by 2 goals to 1 although playing a man short.

The Fourth defeated Grammar 3—1. Merry finds the forward position more to his liking. E. Turner who played his first game will make a good forward.

MURMURINGS OF MELISANDE

Oh Toots there was such a *dreadful* piece in last Crakem supposed to be a *Barrister* running down the Training Colledge boys & saying simply awful things Jock is so angry & he says all the T.C. men are simply *ramping* did I ever tell you about Jock I havent known him very long though Id heard a lot about him hes tall and fair with a *toothbrush* moustache perhaps not exactly handsome but such a *strong* face quite *impressive* you know what I mean though he isnt exactly silent but hes thoroughly *loyal* and *genuine* an athlete & a really good sport well the trouble is I know another really nice boy hes a barrister at least he will be if he gets through all his subjects this year hes getting *anxious* he says with more than half the year gone and not much time for swot yet what with dances and walking home afterwards in the moonlight though it hasnt been walking weather lately such a shame & full moon too & going to the pictures oh have you seen metropolis yet I went the other night though I dont usually go anywhere except the *regent* I was a bit dissapointed after all the advertising and the girl wasnt really pretty I liked the hero better young and graceful and yet *manly* well as I was saying my barrister boy I call him Boko for short says hell have to start swotting after the Law Ball fancy giving up dances and things for stupid old swot well to make a long story short Im so afraid it was him that wrote the piece he wont tell me you see the difficulty is he wants me to go to Law Ball with him and Id half promised Jack and Im so afraid if they meet theyll quarrel and that would make poor little me so *conspicuous* you know Toots I never did *run after boys* but I like to be friends with them all I do so *hate* notareity I dont know what on *earth* to do it looks as if Ill have to get another sheik for the law ball and I don't want to do that because Boko knows some of the men on the committee and I always believe in getting the best out of anything and then I could hardly stay away could I when Im getting a new frock specially for it it hasnt come home yet of course but I think it will be lovely its sort of Victorian style with rather a long skirt and a lot of flowers you know the style such a pretty blue something like sax but not *quite* and the flounces the palest of pale pink an iridescent effect quite *Parisian* but I wonder should I wear flowers with it and what flowers if I go with Boko he says hell give me a spray of orchids dont you think theyre a bit too grown up for me of course I love them but theyre so expensive I dont see how he can afford them on his *salary* its cruel the way they treat the poor boys and the teachers are just as bad they dont even know if theyll get a job at all and when they do they have to go into the country to places no one ever heard of Im thankful Im not going to be a teacher even if they do have fun at Colledge its horrid making friends and then parting and if they come to town in the holidays it isnt the same at all theyre quite out of things and so funny and rough. I nearly forgot have you heard about the architects you know I think theyre easily the cutest lot of men in the varsity so stunning and artistic you know theres Mac he goes about sometimes in a sort

of nightgown I didnt know men wore them nowadays so *bohemian* and swims so *divinely* such a figure and then theres the small dark boy with the moustash Im beginning to like them *moustashes* I mean and theres a Rumanian or something hes the biggest thrill of the lot well the architects they are having a fancy dress dance next week in the studio and I think Im going if one of the lads rallies round I dont know which one but I got the secretary to send them all invitations and I think *somebody* ought to take me itll only cost five shillings and taxis arent dear now what with the taxi war on and I like checkers because in the red tops the drivers in the *same compartment with you* but in checkers hes not and then theres a switch for the light if you dont want it and I think Ill go as Melisande nobody will know Im really me but it will be such fun because I like architects though engineers or lawyers or *some* of the Training Colledge men not the rowdy ones are not so bad it all depends on the man my dear you know what I mean.

Yours tremblingly

Mel.

TOOTS WRITES TO MELISANDE

My Dearest Mel

You are a cat you didnt tell me you were going away last week and when I came up to Auckland I thought I would see you so I went down to your varsity coll on purpose and oh my dearest mel what a funny place it is I didn't see you outside so I went in to the lecture there were lots of people so I guessed the prof wouldnt see little me all the same I was just a weeny little bit nervous and it was ungrateful of you mel do you know I didnt hear one word of the lecture such a *perfectly sweet* prof too it was the funniest kind of a lecture I've ever been to just too screamingly gorgeously funny my dear the *noise* they made and that *sweet* prof just waited and waited with a funny kind of smile till they were *nearly* quiet and then he called the roll and oh I was annoyed when you didn't answer and I saw such a pretty boy look round to see where you were and he saw me looking at him and he blushed so much that I was quite sorry for him well then a girl in front of me started to talk to another girl right across the passage way my dear and another girl in between who was really trying to work I dont know who she was the other one I mean but it does seem well you know my dear I thought that people got over that sort of thing when they left school of course you will ask how I saw all this but then I was only a *visitor* so I didnt have to work but that was simply nothing to what I saw next first it was a girl eating chocolate but when I looked along the bench there were three silly giggling babies with a bag of conversation lollies I think you call them very intimate my dear I heard one of the boys afterwards call them semi-intellectualised confections such a nice name dont you think well they were passing these things around and they were actually throwing some of them right across the bench in front of them to a silly kitten of a boy who kept catching them and turning round and

grinning I expect he got all the most *interesting* ones my dear then I started to talk to one of the boys and he told me he knew you so I told him all about myself and about you no I mean just a *little* bit about you and then what do you think he asked me to go to the Coll dance with him and of course I said I couldnt at first but in the end I had to go I simply couldnt *resist* in spite of the frivolous people you have a most *useful* building such ducky little corners for sitting out my dear on that verandah thing over the cloisters and my dear that sweet boy but I wont tell you about that because I see that I can no longer *trust* you after you going away and leaving me all by my little self and I dont think your coll is quite nice not the dances but the lectures I mean I think if they had to pay their own fees they might be a little more serious and now my dear you really must write I am just dying to know what the training coll are going to do to that barrister at law man

Ever yours
Toots

LITERARY CLUB

SHAKESPEAREAN NIGHT

Lit. Club's last effort was a Shakespearean night. Scenes were read from *Twelfth Night* and from *The Merchant of Venice*. The *Twelfth Night* scenes were inadequately rehearsed, and showed it. Mr. Les Takle, with characteristic aplomb, made the best of a bad job as Sir Toby Belch, and Mr. Ted Massey, as Malvolio, gave a good reading. Miss Cowan, as Maria, and Miss Jaffrey, as Olivia, did good work. Mr. Carl Straubel, as Sir Andrew, served as a good foil for the wit of Sir Toby.

The trouble was due less to the individual work than to the lack of cohesion in the parts.

The trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice* was better, though it, too, showed signs of lack of rehearsal. Mr. Tim Hudson acted well as Shylock, but it is a part not really well suited to him. None the less, he managed to get it across. Portia and Nerissa—respectively, Miss Walker and Miss Court—acted quite convincingly. Mr. Chas. Leggett, as the Duke, was a "fine figure of a man," but should have been a little more majestic in manner. Messrs. Martin Sullivan, as Tubal, Guy McLeod, as Bassanio, Ken Rudall, as Antonio, all did well, though the two latter rather lacked life. Gratiano was well acted by Mr. Lunn.

On the whole, the production was reasonably successful, though Lit. Club is capable of much better. We are hoping better things from the next performance, which, though not yet definitely decided upon, will probably take the form of a modern three-act play.

A.D.W.W.

STUDENTS, female, two, dark (in fact, the darker the better), Heebie-Jeebie Babies, good sitters-out, accustomed to any make of ear, desire to meet, view Architects' Dance, congenial partners. Reply DARK, c/o Craccum.

THE BARRISTER-AT-LAW

By the Larrikin and Bore, alias Maevius.

Oh listen to the barrister-at-law !
He has told us what we never knew before.
That the higher education
Of this enterprising nation
Is a (censored) and a (censored) and a bore.

We teach a little Algebra and French
To the men who occupy the trademen's bench,
And entrust the flames of knowledge
To a (censored) Training College,
Who, instead of kindling them, prefer to quench.

We unload upon the University
Unmannerly young cubs like you and me,
Who deprive the Common Room
Of that atmosphere of gloom,
Which it's only right and proper there to see.

The Government is spending pounds and pounds,
Taxation's going up by leaps and bounds.
Since we lost Sir Jimmy Parr,
Things have landed where they are,
And the country's been a-going to the hounds.

But barrister, just listen now to me.
You make, I know, a thumping salary,
Would you have ever got it
If you hadn't gone and swotted
And got your LL.B. at A.U.C. ?

Would you be keeping felons at the bar
If you hadn't learnt *your* French and Algebra ?
Would you be making your wage
Out of every farmer's mortgage
If your education hadn't gone so far ?

I know you rather like to give advice,
And it's good of you to do it without price;
But to seize on education
As the theme of your oration,
Shows a sense of judgment that is hardly nice.

When the burglar's been a-captured at his crimes,
You beg him off at ten-and-six a time.
You're an adept, too, at punning
Men the constable out-running,
And do other things too mighty for these rhymes.

But somehow I had never heard that you
Knew all about our education too !
There's a maxim of the past—
Re the cobbler and his last,
And I fancy you will find that it is true.

(Correspondence on "Polling Booths," "Conscientious Objectors" and "Barrister-at-Law" is now *closed*.
Ed. Craccum.)

TITIRANGI

By TRAMPER.

On Saturday, June 28th, our Field Club held another of its delightful excursions in the open space, this time with Titirangi as its objective. About twelve brave spirits (mixed) joined the Swanson train at Auckland. the "bulk" of the party joining the train at Mt. Eden. New Lynn and then the Titirangi bush were reached in quick succession and the more energetic members began to hunt for (wait a bit, Mr. Editor) that's it—"Rhopalostylis Sapida."

At this stage the party dissolved itself into small groups, (not pairs Mr. Editor—that is *not* done in the best *English* societies) and each group pursued devious ways to the beach track. Fearful lest the wayward members of our party stray from the beaten path, signs in the best approved fashion were made for their guidance, and here as later the Science Department demonstrated what genius lives in its ranks. The party re-assembled once again, we wended our way to the beach, being entertained, "en route," by the humorous anecdotes told in a way known only to students of Forestry. (What talent must a camp fire bring forth.)

We have arrived at the beach! While our Science Department, assisted chiefly by suggestions, demonstrates how to raise water to boiling point in ninety-five minutes the more juvenile members disport themselves on the beach, making occasional raids on debris with the object of collecting teredos.

But not all our party are thus occupied. One member, keen on the belief that Christianity is the foundation of civilisation, and that all men are brothers, prepares to demonstrate that even in *thoughts* we differ not, and emerges from the bush proudly bearing what is announced to be her costume for the evening—a little red flower! (Our minds immediately reverted, Mr. Editor, to the hibiscus flower and the smile worn by our dusky sisters in the tropical isles, but we did not labour the point.)

Afternoon tea over, and Science Department, in a one-act play (*not* by Dunsany) proves conclusively that our pastoral environment is still a force in our lives with which to conjecture.

Our journey back to the train is hurried by threatening weather, and, once on board and fortified by licorice straps and biscuits, the party proceeds to compare trophies of the chase.

A little discussion as to the value of open air treatment, and then our party is strangely silent. The silence is followed by vigorous activity on the part of Forestry and Science Department and when the guard arrives he is impressed by the becoming demeanour of the whole party and by their desire to collect things from the rack. Nemesis overtakes us, however, and a tarpaulin muster placates our guard's curiosity.

The home station is now at hand and our excursion is ended. Not the least valued part of our excursion has been the "camaraderie" existing between the members of our party, and, to those who have not yet enjoyed the pleasures of a Field Club excursion, I would say "Join."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Sir,—I should like to direct your attention to certain people who, when they once attain their years of discretion, forget that they were once children. Some of these people evidently frequent this College and would like to turn it into a kindergarten. Perhaps the writer of the midgets' ballet in "Tilly" meant to indicate A.U.C. when he included Myer's Kindergarten.

At the debate your contributor, B-a-L, sat behind some "semi-intelligent boys" who prevented the audience in their vicinity from listening to the arguments of the debaters. This leads me to believe that B-a-L suffers from deafness. I sat in the vicinity of the "boys," and, with the exception of the last Auckland speaker, heard every word. I might also say that a person who was in the gallery, which was not open to students, was also unable to hear the last A.U.C. speaker. This person does not suffer from deafness. B-a-L heard "perhaps three or four witty interjections." Probably he is a Scotchman, and is still thinking the others out.

In spite of his deafness, however, B-a-L was evidently not prevented from hearing the remarks of one of the visitors concerning the "sausage-machine." I also note he does not acknowledge the plagiarism; another slight to the States.

I am surprised that B-a-L attacks a system of which he is a product, and an "alleged test" which he himself must have used as an entrance to the University.

Now, as Barrister-at-Law is getting so old, and is feeling the weight of his years, perhaps, Sir, out of the kindness of your heart, you would open a subscription list to provide him with an old-age pension. I suggest this because it is evident he is fast sinking into a state of second childhood, when he wishes to go back to the "horse-trough of secondary school days."—I am, etc.,
ONE OF THE BOYS.

Sir,—It was with mingled feelings of pity and disgust that I read Barrister-at-Law's article; pity that there should exist in this enlightened community such a bigoted and narrow-minded individual, and disgust that he should have had the effrontery to give expression to his misguided expressions.

The references which he has made we regard as an insult not only to T.C. students, but to the teaching profession. His logic is most peculiar. If he had troubled to sit up and take notice at the debate he attended he would have noticed that the irresponsible youths to whom he refers were "freshers," first-year students straight from school, and who had not yet learned the dignity of College life. He betrays the fallacy of his argument by stating that he was sitting behind them. Surely he must be a mathematical marvel.

He endeavours to point out how he was greeted by the spectacle of a warfare of T.C. students in the reading room. I would remind him that we are not full-time students. What time, then, have we to waste, either looking at or taking part in this misbehaviour. If B-a-L took the trouble to make a few investigations

before making an idiot of himself, he would have discovered that the reading room is frequented most of all by Engineering students.

B.-a.-L. strangely claims to have reached the years of discretion. By writing that article he has clearly proved that he has not, and that he is still in the embryo law clerk stage. Let him stand aloof by all means—the farther the better, but cease interfering in matters which do not concern him.—I am, etc.,

EMBRYO TEACHER.

Sir,—Amid the righteous indignation aroused by the article of "A Barrister-at-Law," I fear that some of his less outrageous remarks may be passed over without receiving sufficient attention, and as he speaks of two matters which are the concern of every student, I should like to bring these under more direct notice.

The first of these is the behaviour of a certain section of the college at public functions. Any audience is willing and eager to hear such witty remarks as they may produce, but when they have nothing worth hearing to say, the audience would prefer to listen to the speakers (who, after all, have some small right to be heard, when it is convenient to the noisier members of the audience to allow them). It is rude, it is selfish, it is childish for these boys to let their excitement run away with them, and to keep up a continual meaningless babel that prevents the speakers from making any intelligible or interesting remarks. I should like to remind them of a well-worn proverb: "Empty vessels make most sound"—and of a well-worn fable: "The Dog in the Manger." They will not listen themselves, nor will they allow those to listen who wish to do so. I cordially endorse "Barrister-at-Law" in one sentiment at least—there should be an organised system of "chucking out," to make the performance bearable to the rest of the audience. What do visitors think of such rude and inconsiderate behaviour?

Secondly, the article refers to reading matter in the Common Room and Reading Room. One would think that most people had been taught from infancy to take care of books and papers. It is significant that a gentleman or gentlewoman always leaves a paper tidily folded and in proper order, and does not drop already filthy "Punches," inside out and half in pieces, on the floor to be kicked about. Even those who have not been taught should have learnt careful habits by the time they reach University age and status. Apart from all this, the magazines and papers are not our individual property, and to ill-use them is nothing more nor less than a form of theft. Everyone who shares in the Common Room has a right to enjoy these papers, and those who make them unreadable are robbing others of this right. If children in the nursery treated their books in this way, they would receive severe and well-merited punishment. Surely the men and women of a University should be heartily ashamed of such carelessness. Every student should take an active part in improving these facts of misbehaviour.—I am, etc.,

REFORM.

Sir,—As one who has also had the benefit of seventeen years of New Zealand's free education, and who has also attained his years of discretion, I feel that I am in a position to criticise some of Barrister-at-Law's rather doubtful statements regarding the educational situation in New Zealand.

In the first place, Barrister-at-Law passes a scathing indictment on our secondary schools. Does he truly believe that all one learns at a secondary school is a "smattering of French and algebra"? I had always thought that one learnt a good deal more than that! Most educationalists will agree that it is during this period that the character of the individual is formed, and that this moulding of character is one of the main aims of the secondary school.

Secondly, Barrister-at-Law seems to consider that it is bad taste on the part of the "artisan" class to dare to send their sons and daughters to secondary schools. But surely even Barrister-at-Law will agree that some of the world's greatest men have come from that class which he despises. The artisan pays his share towards the cost of education in exactly the same way as do the upper classes, and therefore he is surely entitled to utilise the opportunity of placing his children on a higher rung in the ladder of life. I am surprised that Barrister-at-Law took advantage of New Zealand's free education at all.

Some of Barrister-at-Law's allegations about conduct in the Common Rooms are true, but here, as elsewhere, his view is narrow and biased. Are Training College students the only ones who give vent to their feelings by indulging in sham battles?—I am, etc.,

H. W. ION.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Sir,—I have read in your columns two letters on the subject of conscientious objectors, and I desire to suggest that while the first was frankly intolerant, the second makes sweeping statements to the contrary and its writer can hardly claim to greater breadth of view than that of the person she criticises.

The first letter was written on the assumption that no conscientious objectors are really conscientious; an idea which must certainly be accepted with great reservations. The second letter tells us in effect that they are all conscientious, which must be accepted even more carefully. The writer tells us also that "intelligent people no longer believe that we go to war to protect our homes and children and the honour of our women." War, she says, is seen to be an economic struggle. We will readily admit that it has "none but material interests at heart," but we should like to remind her that, while war itself is of this calculating nature the individuals who partake in it are pressed by very different motives. The greater masses of the French and Belgian armies in the Great War were in fact urged by real terror for their homes, their women and their children. Wherever war takes place the women and children suffer, it must always be so; and I venture to think that if invaders were by any possibility to come to New Zealand, there would be no less a need of

protection for us, and that with an enemy at our doors, conscientious objectors, though in the mean time they think they would not fight with the rest for their own homes and people.

This letter also says, "nothing better (than war) will be found until those who have to do the finding are made aware that we are content with things as they are. Someone must make a stand." There is only one fault with this argument—nobody has to do the finding. The abolition of militarism depends upon public spirit; not upon that of one nation alone, but at least a majority in the world. This spirit is growing, but until it is yet stronger war is still possible; and if war arises, those who make a stand against militarism will be swept to destruction like a leaf on a torrent. We may hate war—that is the growing spirit—but as long as the rest of the world is not with us we cannot abolish it entirely, and we must be prepared to face it if it arises.

The conscientious objector, then, is at the best suffering from a delusion. He can do nothing by his example to stop war. If a war is in progress he can do nothing to prevent it. If we follow his views to a logical conclusion, then should a horde of foreigners invade Auckland he would have the entire male population remain inactive while deeds of violence were done upon the homes and people of the city. If he would consent in such a case to fight for the sake of his own home and dear ones, then he must go further, and be ready to assist others to protect their homes. We must be content to wait, till the spirit of internationalism has grown a little stronger in the world, and not try so immense a task by our individual efforts.—Yours, etc.,
TOLERATION.

Sir—Your correspondent of last number, who fearlessly takes shelter behind the nom-de-plume of "Rhubarb," exhibits a large amount of bad taste as well as bad spleen. If an indictment such as his article is worth writing at all, it should be worth signing his name to.

However, (i) should like to know at what time in history the subject of "conscientious objection" has been considered amusing. As far as I can gather, it has been a very seriously considered problem since the day when the Sermon on the Mount was delivered.

(ii) "Rhubarb" must surely admit that conscientious objection is the result of religious conviction, and no outsiders with an intelligence would suppose that students were taught religion in this College, much less a student member himself.

(iii) A public teaching institution with a membership of 1200 students cannot be held responsible for the views held by half-a-dozen of its members on a subject not dealt with in the syllabus.

(iv) But what is expected of such an institution is that it should foster high ideals; and the man who has the moral courage to face public opinion on such a matter as conscientious objection (and does not hide under a nom de plume) is an idealist whose views are worth considering. He is the man who, on Anzac Day, feels the bitter sin of war, and retires into his inner chamber to pray for forgiveness instead of loudly

displaying his grief and thanking God that he is not as other men.

(v) As regards the Student Christian Movement, I would say that, like most other Christian organisations, it preserves an open mind on the subject. It rejoices in freedom of thought, not narrow bigotry. And this subject, having been discussed in Christendom for 1900 years cannot be concluded by a wave of the hand now. But I should like to call attention to the conscientious petition recently signed in England by 180,000 men (not rhubarbs), most of whom were in active service in the Great War.

(vi) In conclusion, Sir, allow me to suggest that more data be gathered on the question, and that your correspondent, instead of dashing off a lot of heated verbiage, be advised to consider both sides of the case in a sane and scholarly way worthy of a student of this College. In other words, we suggest that the green Rubarb be ripened by taking thought,—I am, etc.

B. P. WILLIAMS.

SUPPERLESS

Sir,—“Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.” Pope has given us a great truth. We attempt to live up to it, but sometimes find “the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.” Thus our expectations overlap themselves and we receive a fitting rebuff.

“Man wants but little here below; nor wants that little long,” but he must have it. It was while in search of this “little” on Wednesday, June 27th, that I had cause to experience “man’s inhumanity to man that makes a thousand mourn.” Supper was to be served—ah, yes; but not to me. Such as I do not receive the favours of the gods!

I am naturally a shy chap with “just enough of learning to mis-quote,” and found myself inclined to hide behind myself, on this auspicious occasion. Sir, believe me, or believe me not, while I patiently sat, remembering “all things must come to him that will but wait” that supper dwindled, and grew less. Micawber never waited as I waited, and for the first time I realized “what a bitter thing it was to look into happiness through another man’s eyes.” Regardless of my despair, the sausage-rolls, cheese-straws and etceteras “made a swan-like end, fading away in music.”

And when, Sir, all sight, sign and smell of food had disappeared, I found myself obliged to dance! Some-day I hope you will meet my partner—

“And a very nice girl you’ll find her.

She may pass—well, for forty-three,

In the dusk, with the light behind her.”

And, as for the lady herself—“Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!”

I am merely lodging a complaint against the human vultures who would send a man to bed supperless.—I am, etc.,

“DESPERADO.”

ORTHOGRAPHICAL ERROR

Sir,—I have been instructed by the Hon. Mr. T. Gray Young to call your attention to an unfortunate orthographical misrepresentation which occurred in the issue of your journal dated June 21st of the current year, wherein he was referred to as "Mr. T. *Grey* Young."

He begs me to inform you that, tho' he is grey (with worry about fees), he is not "Grey," and tho' he is "Gray," he is not "Grey"; and tho' he is not "Grey" he is not green. Hoping this will be corrected,—I am,
Till police wear pink spats,

JIGGS.

RIFLE CLUB

Last October a hastily-collected team, without previous practice, fired the Home and Home Rifle Match for the Albert Trophy, against the Universities of Australia and New Zealand. This trophy is now on its way from Sydney, and its miniature reposes in the College Library at the present moment. After the match, the team gathered at the firing point and discussed the revival of the A.U.C. Rifle Club.

The loss of the Haslam shield, which we have held for several years, and the arrival of the Albert Trophy, gave fresh impetus to the movement, and during the last few weeks the Rifle Club has come into being once more. At General Meetings, held on June 21st and 28th, an Executive was elected and a constitution drawn up and approved.

For those interested in long-range work, a Defence Club will be formed. The Defence Department requires members to fire one service shoot a year, and in return supplies rifles, ammunition and railway passes on extremely generous terms. This club will hold both championship and handicap competitions throughout the year, and the Haslam Shield, Albert and Imperial Universities' teams will be drawn from it. Practices for these will start immediately, and intending members are requested to see the Secretary without delay.

The Club has been exceedingly fortunate in securing on loan from the Auckland Miniature Rifle Club two fine target rifles, and all range equipment. There is also every possibility of the basement of the Old Grammar School being obtained for a miniature range. Several trophies have already been presented for this branch of the Club, which should prove attractive for men and women students.

The Executive is :—President, Mr. A. H. Bowell; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. M. R. O'Shea, A. G. Lowe, Capt. Clifton; Chairman, N. S. Alexander; Sec. and Treas., G. E. Watt. Messrs. Duncan, Syminton, Russell and Platts.

The Miniature Club sub-committee consists of the President and Secretary, Misses Schmidt and Brooke, Messrs. Duncan and Alexander.

Further information will be posted from time to time.

A SONG

I met my love a-strolling —
"My lady," I said,
"My heart is past controlling —
Oh let us be wed !"
(She shook her head.)

I met my love a-dancing —
"Beloved !" I cried,
"Oh figure most entrancing,
Now be thou my bride !"
(She smiled and sighed.)

I found my love a-weeping —
My heart bursting nigh,
I took her woes in keeping,
And bade her sorrows fly.
And soon a smile came peeping,
And, therefore, sing I.

— M.

TO MELISANDE

Unknown, through all our College, stealing soft,
Melisande, Melisande !
Haunting the common room below, then that aloft,
Melisande !
Gathering stray news,
Whispers, private views.
Perfidious, slanderous, marvellous Melisande,
Who art thou ?

HUNGER ASIDE !

I wonder what the menu is tonight ?
I cannot hope the entree will be right.
The soup some unknown name is sure to bear,
I'll never recognise it till it's here.

I wonder if the joint will prove too tough ?
Or will the "has been" beans be cooked enough ?
Or shall I find date roll no longer "on" ?
Or order apple tart, to find it gone ?

I wonder if the coffee will be hot,
Or, choosing tea, will it be weak—or what ?
I wonder—but in truth I nothing care,
What really matters is, will she be there ?

SENTIMENTAL PESSIMIST.

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