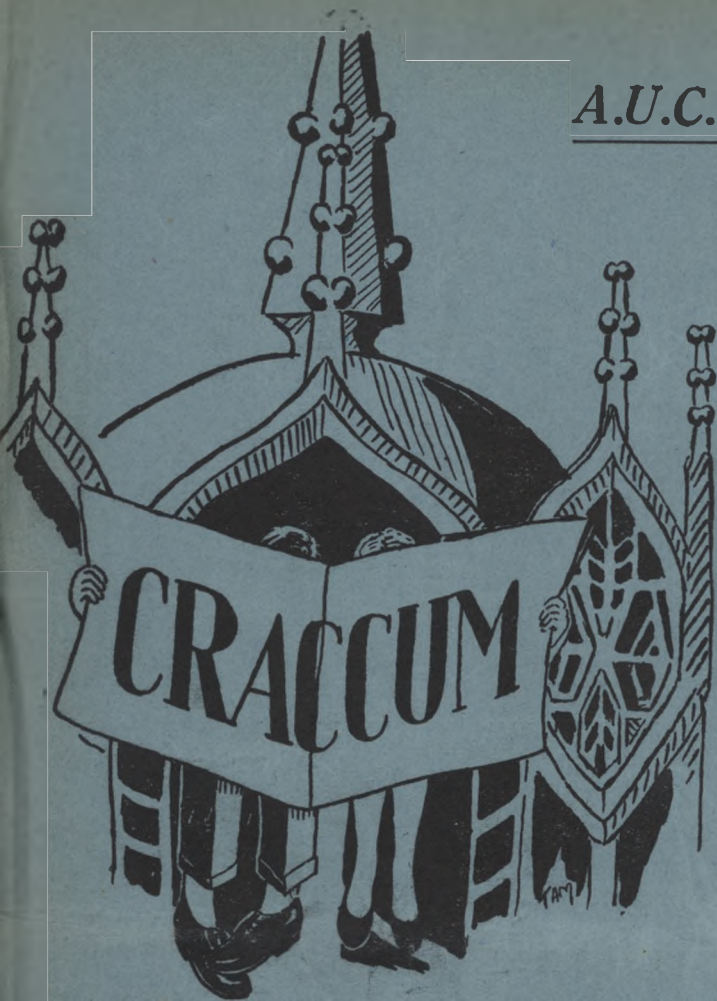


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THE KING OF KAWAU

Without undue exaggeration, this year's play can be called an unqualified success. Among the numerous people who have seen it, some of them more than once, the chief criticism offered is that it savours strongly of W. S. Gilbert. This is just. The plot is Gilbertian, and the music is divided in character between Sullivan and "The Student Prince." But then, excluding mere review, what other type of musical comedy light opera is there? Some degree of imitation is almost inevitable.

The main weakness in the plot is that, as the Chancellor, and Sneezer, and the Prince, all knew who was the holder of ticket D.U. 222, the mere fact of the butts not having been filled in should not have caused any complication. However, what is lacking in sense is made up in sound, and loud threats of dire penalties carry the minds of the audience quickly, and for the most part safely, over this weakness.

Earlier in the play a similar device is used to cover another weakness. It is not necessary for any particular ticket to be given to Mary, as the Chancellor could easily have found out which ticket she herself had taken. An amusing quibble on the part of Sneezer covers this.

Actually, these two weaknesses should be made to eliminate each other. If Mary were to chose a ticket unknown to the Chancellor, and Sneezer were to forget to fill in the butt, then a real complication would be created. Whether it is worth sacrificing Sneezer's verisimilitude is a matter for the authors to decide.

The cast cannot be praised too highly, but as the authors have already done it generally, and as it would be invidious to make distinctions, let that well-deserved praise suffice. A.D.W.W.

[The official report of the Carnival Committee is not yet available, but it is anticipated that a substantial profit will be realised. There was a profit of over £100 on the programme this year, which constitutes a record. The editor, Mr. A. B. Thompson is to be congratulated on a very sustained effort.—Ed.]

AN EPITAPH

*'Ere lies Eli Well.
Milked six cows,
Kept a wife as well.
Weren't no parson,
Weren't no swell.
If 'e ain't an angel,
Then 'is 'abibat's 'ell.*

THE SPIRIT OF CARNIVAL

Stephen Leacock has recently discovered that a college is a comic place. This is no news to us. But American student life, according to films and magazines, has taken on some new and startling aspects. The United States college man apparently lives in a world of autos, jazz and liquor, and takes his ukulele even to bed with him. His morning is spent in making "hot dates" with the fair co-eds for the following afternoon, and his knowledge of the Varsity Drag, Tile-trot and Heebie-jeebies is nothing short of scholarly. Yet in spite of all this, he eventually graduates, marries, plays the ukulele and lives happily ever after.

Thoughtful folk in New Zealand have viewed this state of affairs with alarm, and tendencies towards debauchery on the part of local students have generally been suppressed. Heartened, no doubt, by the Auckland City Council's bloodless victory in the capping procession dispute, the University Senate has recently brought about the abolition of the official graduation ceremony. As a result, degrees are now conferred by the postman instead of the Vice-Chancellor, because the postman is willing to perform the office without making a speech, and the Vice-Chancellor is not.

Yet in the South the pagan spirit of revelry still survives. The maidens of Christchurch and Dunedin still turn out on "Procesh" Day to be "insulted" by hordes of cultured hooligans, who make full use of the crowded hour in brightening and educating the lives of the populace. The men, in their turn, roar openly, and dignified matrons smile behind their umbrellas. The national love of sport is roused.

Fate has compelled Auckland University students to renounce these vices. Yet college life still has its amenities. We have a professor who knows more about Old English than most men about Old Scotch. Another is quite an expert at bowls, and several are delightfully absent-minded. With little or nothing to worry about, the average Prof. never fails to jest openly in class—an excellent method of "training the young idea to shoot."

Amid this flippant atmosphere our carnival play has been written and produced. "The King of Kawau" opens on a theme well known to many students—that of financial bankruptcy—and promises to create quite a successful disturbance in dramatic circles. The staging is equally original—when you see the women's ballet you will no doubt understand why the chorus figured so prominently in Grecian dance. And the plot and dialogue are sufficiently daring to represent life "not perhaps as it is, but as we would like it to be."

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT

By BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND O. N. AVON.

The "new building" has been the reason suggested for many of the changes in College life in the last three years. If an old student were to visit the College now and were asked what he deemed the most notable of these changes, he would probably reply, after due consideration, that nothing pleased him better than to see the large number of beauteous young maidens that now frequent the building. It must be apparent even to a misogynist (we believe there is one, or perhaps two, at College), that each year since the advent of the new building, the increasing number of women students has brought with it an increase in beauty.

In former years, none but the studious-minded (and usually studious-featured) girl entered upon a College career. Now one only has to visit a Carnival Play to see what talent we have in our midst. Which, ladies and gentlemen, brings us to our second argument, to wit the wisdom of the Carnival Committee of four years ago in dispensing with that type of play in which only men students took part, and in choosing a play giving scope for the introduction of the fair sex. The argument is this, that the new type of play attracts to our College many sweet young things who otherwise would probably not realise that College life has many attractions apart from the academic.

Now, to come to the main subject of our researches, namely the Carnival Play itself, "The King of Kawai," alias "Seventy Millions," alias "Cuthbert the Chased," alias "Easy Money." Our object in this scurrilous article is not to indulge in vulgar personalities like "Melisande," "Doreen" and others of that ilk, but it may be necessary to make very veiled references to one or two well-known personalities.

Throughout the late play the conduct of all the budding young actors and actresses was exemplary, but that it is not to say we did not occasionally see something amusing. We cannot say that as many romances as usual were caused by the long series of rehearsals, but perhaps one or two were shattered.

During the production we were very busy superintending the good work of our boys about the stage, but occasionally we found an odd moment to visit the place below. Curious how so many asked us why we put Don in a dressing room next to the ballet, while little Frank was kept as far away as possible.

We thought we were doing great work in procuring the official stage doorkeeper to take charge of matters out at the Click Clack, and we were much disappointed to see him standing on his head and letting every one past. Which, ladies and gentlemen, proves that notwithstanding certain opinions to the contrary, a stage doorkeeper is not necessarily a dance hall doorkeeper.

However, we think that we are descending below our legal status in indulging in these frivolities, so we will let the matter rest here.

N.B.—Certain authors, secretaries, and stage managers absolutely disclaim all connection with the above outburst. Just ask the editor, and he will tell you the author.

A PROPOSITION IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE

From an Investigator's Log Book

Now you who live upon old mother earth,
And wonder why you cannot be a star,
Have overlooked this fact from birth
That Gravity has kept us where we are.
When little Isaac Newton, long ago,
Was by an apple hit upon the head,
He took it with a calm and easy show
Of Gravity; and this is what he said:
"Between all bodies is attractive force
Which keeps us close together. Such is Truth
Except, of course, what happens in divorce.
And so it's very clear to me, in sooth,
From ties that bind the lover to his lass,
And motorists colliding with a fence,
That action and reaction are, alas,
Both equal and opposed in ev'ry sense."
But man, now discontented with his lot,
Has striven hard to scrap this law, so sane,
And little Isaac Newton heeded not,
But went and quickly made an aeroplane,
Which rose up into the air and flew
Across the deserts of a continent.
But Gravity still kept them well in view,
And to her pent-up feelings giving vent,
Compelled them replace on earth their feet,
And punished well the heedless ones
By giving them but muddled snails to eat.
She said, "The perils are too great, my sons,
For if my law you absolutely shun,
Then will you have to hold your sides in fits
Whenever Scottish Lauder makes a pun,
Until your very organs fly to bits,
Because old Gravity is not about,
And then dissolve into electrons small
(Those tiny particles which cure the gout),
For thus you will become, though heavens fall
A halo round the "Sydney Sun."

The moral of this tale is briefly this:
"Don't fool with nature."

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

On May 8th Mr. R. W. Moore delivered an interesting lecture on "The Harbour Bridge," before about forty members of the Society, including several prominent engineers. An animated discussion followed and was continued over coffee and biscuits in the Engineering School. A few members of the Society managed to visit Arapuni during the vacation and saw the first power unit undergoing trial tests.

On June 14, Mr. D. E. Holderness, engineer to the Auckland Harbour Board will give a paper on the "Construction of Wharves." The lecture will be well illustrated with lantern slides.

FOOTBALL

After the big score of 45-6 against College Rifles, the critics and supporters of the Senior A team were satisfied that the team work, especially of the backs, was on the improve, but on May 11, against Grafton, the play was again very scrappy. Certainly the backs were seen occasionally in a decent movement, but the hard kicking Grafton forwards seemed to come through the Varsity van as they wished.

Perhaps this can be attributed to the fact that the selector of the N.Z. University Test team was watching the game, with the result that the forwards were not keen on hiding themselves in the tight work. With the play always going to his wing, Goodwin was especially prominent.

On May 18, against Grammar, the forwards showed a marked improvement, packing in well, and quite holding their own against the heavier pack. For this game, the inside backs were rearranged, Mackay going to first five, Jenkin to half, and Carter, from half to centre. In the matter of combined work, this change could not be called a success, but this was due largely to lack of practice with this combination. Carter brightened things up by making several pretty openings.

The game against Manukau, in which, as the papers do not hesitate to remind us, we were lucky to come off victorious, was a very mediocre exhibition. The defence put up by the Manukau backs was certainly excellent, but in spite of this, the movements of the Varsity backs lacked dash and consequently rarely succeeded in penetrating far. Our wingers were both well watched, Minns in particular, strong runner though he is, being always lowered by his opponent. It was pleasing to notice in this game a great improvement in the hooking in the set scrums. This fact alone shown that all the forwards are at last realising their responsibilities, and are putting more effort into scrummaging. Also, the full-back, R. Bush, has been steadily on the improve, and is now almost back to his best form. All supporters hope that this player, who is A.U.C.'s. sole representative in the first test team, will do credit to his college by giving a brilliant exhibition.

THE LITTLE ELVE'S LETTER-BOX

Ronnie (Remuera), aged 4—Your little story was so funny. How I laughed when I read it. "Tally ho the fox!" Dear me, these Australians.

Jack ———.—So you are interested in ballet dancing? How wonderful you would look wearing only a bow, some arrows and your moustache.

Reader of "Truth," Ponsonby.—No, dear reader, reports of College dances have not yet appeared in "Truth," but we have hopes. Just imagine "College Cuties cut curious capers."

Fresher asks "Who is this Hongi?"—Surely, Fresher, you have learned something at the 'Varsity. If you must know, he was the only completely sober male member of the Tournament team, though I regret to say he lost his head completely at the Tournament Ball.

ONCE AGAIN

A bona fide poet was asked to write an ode to the 'Varsity tower. He went and looked at it, had a bracer on the way home, became delirious, wrote the following verses and died.

There's a tower in Auckland city
In Princes Street that tower is,
High above the college building
It is riz.

A wild conglomeration,
A Scottish tartanation,
A jazz abomination,
A fuddled pipe dream !

It's a cause for exclamation,
Oh, sulphurous and so strong,
It's a cause for jokes and verses
Very wrong.

A lurid condemnation,
A mental aberration,
A raucous cachinnation,
A fuddled pipe dream !

A.U.C. RIFLE CLUB

The Miniature Rifle Club hope to have their opening night sometime during the first week of this term, and all those interested are urged to attend. An extra rifle has been obtained, so that members should not have so long to wait in between shoots.

This year two silver buttons have been presented for competition—one for men and the other for ladies. These will be competed for once a week, the winner to hold the button between shoots. For the first two weeks, the shoots will be from scratch, after which handicaps will be employed.

Membership is free to all financial members of the Students' Association, the only expense being ammunition which may be bought from the Club at the rate of 2/- for fifty rounds. For further information watch notices, or see Messrs. K. J. Duncan, N. S. Alexander, or G. E. Watt.

FOOTBALL CLUB DANCE COLLEGE HALL, SATURDAY, JUNE 8th,

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SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

A LONG WAY AFTER THE MIDDLE ENGLISH

There was once a King of England called Arthur, who had trouble with his wife and who did a very good business in Knights. Whenever one of the neighbours was having trouble with a dragon or a giant or some other public nuisance, he would come to Arthur and hire one of his Knights to get rid of it. If the giant or dragon was killed he paid Arthur quite a lot, and if the Knight was killed he paid even more to make up for it. So since the Knights cost Arthur nothing to get, and he gave them only board and lodging, he made a large fortune in a very short time.

Now one Christmas, before he had quarrelled with his wife, Arthur and his Court were at dinner, when a page called Albert came in and said: "Please, there's a sort of green man to see Your Majesty."

"Albert, how often have I told you not to speak like that of visitors?" said the Queen. "The gentleman has probably eaten something that has disagreed with him. Show him in at once."

So Albert went out and in a moment returned followed by a man on a horse, and he was really green all over; even the whites of his eyes and his hair. He rode up to Arthur and cried, "A boon, O King! I am called the Greene Gnome, and I am under a spell that makes me green. Before it can be lifted, someone must try to cut off my head. Could any of your Knights oblige me?"

At this, Sir Gawayne pricked up his ears and because it sounded so safe, so said he would take on the business. So he got up and spat on his hands, and took one or two practice swings to show how strong he was. Then the Greene Gnome knelt down, and with a fancy back-hand swing, Gawayne cut his head clean off. Everyone clapped like anything, and Gawayne bowed several times, when suddenly the Greene Gnome got up and picked up his head which said, "Thank you, Gawayne. Now I shall expect to see you next Christmas, till I have three shots at cutting off your head. A merry Christmas, everyone. Good-morning, Arthur." And he mounted his horse and rode away with his head under his arm. There was a roar of laughter and Sir Gawayne could have kicked himself for being such a silly ass, but there it was, and being a Knight, he couldn't forget his promise.

The year went on, and one night when Gawayne was returning home from killing a baby dragon, it came on to rain. "Bother," he said, "My armour will get all rusty. I wonder if there's a house hereabouts." He looked about and saw a large castle that seemed as if it might have a good cellar. So he rode up and knocked, and the Lord of the castle invited him in and asked him to stay a few days. Gawayne said he would like to, because they did have a good cellar—an unusually good one.

Next morning, before he was up, the Lady of the castle, who was very lovely, came into his room and Gawayne was terribly alarmed and called out, "Go away you bad woman; what are you doing in here;

what will your husband think?" But the Lady just smiled and vamped him a little, and went out again. That day the Lord went out hunting, and the Lady went on vamping Gawayne, who had a most unhappy time being rude to her. The next day passed in the same way, but on the third Gawayne thought: "I've done my bit. If that Lord can't stop at home and look after his own wife it's no concern of mine." So he stopped being rude to the lady, and she gave him a belt to make him invulnerable at Christmas.

When Christmas came, Gawayne thought how uncomfortable it was to be a man of honour, but he mounted his horse and bravely rode forth. When at last he arrived at the appointed place he heard the Greene Gnome whetting his weapon. "Please, Greene Gnome, I have come," called Sir Gawayne, and the Greene Gnome appeared with a fearsome looking axe in his hand.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "So good of you to remember me."

Sir Gawayne said nothing, but knelt down. The Greene Gnome heaved up his axe once, but Sir Gawayne wriggled. He heaved it up a second time, but his stance wasn't quite right. He heaved it up a third time, and this time it came whistling down—and took a chip off Gawayne's ear. Then Gawayne leapt up and seized his sword, but the Greene Gnome smiled and said: "Easy on, old onion. I congratulate you, Sir Gawayne. In my invisible cloak I had the pleasure of watching you and my wife last winter. I know few men who could have lasted out so long. My wife was quite peeved about it."

This made Gawayne feel very hot and uncomfortable, because he remembered that for two days he had been very rude to the lady, and on the third day he hadn't been at all rude.

"All the same," the Greene Gnome went on, "that chip off your ear will remind you of the third day. And by the way, you might have left my belt behind. I do so dislike braces. However, now that I've got another one, you can keep it, if you like. How about staying with us for a few days?"

But Gawayne said: "Thank you. Can you see any green in *my* eye? I'm glad to have broken the spell. I hope you are satisfied. You will receive a bill in due course. Thank you. Good afternoon."

And off he went at top speed before the Greene Gnome could change his mind and be angry. But the Greene Gnome, who wasn't green any more, just smiled and went home to his charming wife, who scolded him for not putting his knitted waistcoat on under his armour before he went out.

An advertisement in "N.Z. Herald," Tuesday, April 23rd—

FOR SALE.—Bagpipes. Can be seen. Convenient to tram stop.

But not heard, evidently.

LITERARY CLUB'S FIRST MEETING

The "Literary Club" opened its season for the present year on Tuesday, May 7th, in the College Hall, when two papers, two sketches, and a one-act play were presented, to a fairly appreciative and fairly numerous audience.

Mr. Soljak's subject, "Humour in English Verse," gave him the opportunity of mentioning the names of most of our great English authors, and of quoting at some length from the literary luminaries of Canterbury College and the University of Otago.

A sketch, entitled "Tea for Three," was in its way entertaining enough, but quite creditable efforts by the players were not sufficient to redeem its hollowness. The cast made the best of a bad job.

The slight but neat sketch, "All the World's a Links," was admirably done. Mr. McLeod was most realistic, both in passion and in repose, and Miss Gil-mour was very natural and convincing, while Mr. Sullivan, as the baby, contributed one of the successes of the evening.

Mr. H. Rudall's paper "Shaw as a Personality," was worthy of more attention than it received. One questions the wisdom of the committee's policy in combining its popular dramatic performances with its more purely literary activities. It is next to impossible for anyone to take an intelligent interest in a paper which the big majority of the audience agree to ignore with varying degrees of ostentation.

The chief attraction of the evening was Gertrude Jennings's "Five Birds in a Cage." The acting was

of a very high standard, but it was hard to appreciate this owing to the lamentable chaotic state of the stage. "The scene," said Mr. McLeod, "is a lift." It was well we were told. A few pieces of timber at the side of the stage and the presence of a curtain which apparently baffled the efforts of the company either to raise or lower it, were hardly suggestive of a tube-elevator. As the Duchess of Wiltshire, Miss M. Trafford gave a really memorable interpretation and undoubtedly carried off the honours of the evening. Mr. Sullivan, as Bert Wilson, was altogether convincing. Mr. Clifton was excellent as Lord Pott, and Miss Wann acted naturally. Finally Mr. Bowden was the liftman to perfection, though he might have remembered that he had things to say which the audience would like to have heard.
D.B.P.

LITERARY CLUB

The Literary Club will hold a PUBLIC MEETING on WEDNESDAY, June 12th, in the College Hall. The programme will be as follows:—

1. A paper on Blake, the poet, by Mr. Ian Donnelly, N.Z. Authority on this subject.
2. An One-Act Play (acted): "Allison's Lad," by B. M. Dix.
3. A Play (read): "The Twelve Round Load," by J. M. Barrie.
4. Supper.

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Our Carnival Plays in General and "The King of Kawau" in Particular

What is the matter with our Carnival plays? By that I don't mean, "Why can't a student ballet (to use the picturesque phrase of the "Sun") twirl the same athletic ankle at the same identical moment?" Nor am I factitiously desirous of asking riddles such as: "When is an imbecility a joke?" The first of these questions has no answer; the second needs none from me. All persons who attended the late "spectacle" can readily supply it. The real question is, however, much more important than details. The College's main point of contact with the citizens is in the Carnival Play. Is it then worthy of us? Can we be content to be judged by the "King of Kawau" as a very fair specimen of the impression it makes? If not, why not? In seeking an answer to these questions, it is worth while to look at the kind of stuff we have been serving up of late years.

First the play. Not being one of the initiated, I cannot say for certain but it looked as if it left the author's hands a musical comedy, and was fitted up during rehearsal with rather more revue than it could conveniently hold. True, a good deal of the story is rather reminiscent of an old play called "Hamlet," in which there is also a Prince who is suspected of being in love, and who is dogged by two companions, set on by a Lord Chancellor. But perhaps I do the authors an injustice. Indeed it must be admitted that the plot shows considerable ingenuity and turns a well-known political episode to great advantage. Opportunities for good scenic effects, some good situations and a pleasing variety were furnished by the author. The trouble was that the revue element ran away with the plot, and the musical comedy spirit in which the whole was conceived. A perfectly good plot was ruined by plastering it with witless sallies addressed to the rabble. If it had been really smart, it wouldn't have been so bad. But disguise it as on the revue stage, as a curate at the "Moulin Rouge." When imbecile glibness is adjudged wit, then and only then can the "King of Kawau" claim to be amusing. As for the lyrics, the authors themselves tell us how they do it (vide Souvenir Programme, p20), but we might have guessed.

Bearing in mind the difficulties of the "book," the work of the cast must be pronounced fairly good. A most notable and most unfortunate fact was that there was no outstanding characterisation to hold the play together. Mr. F. Martin, as Sir Joseph Hoard, gave a creditable performance in a difficult part. His clear speaking was, in the play, a title of distinction in itself. Mr. Fryer-Raisher was just a little too obviously chosen for his tenor voice. Miss Gaudin's songs had the true musical comedy flavour and were out of keeping with the play as produced. As she was also not particularly suited to the part she must be considered to have done well. Mr. Plummer and Mr. Fenwick apparently revelled in the foolishness set down for them and certainly made the most of it. Mr. Gregory, as the King, did what he could. Mr. Ford was very ill-suited as

Captain of the Guard. The part required for its spirited songs a far more robust and powerful voice. Mr. Aubin gave an amusing, if rather a conventional, interpretation of a hen-pecked husband. As his masterful spouse, Miss Ruth Walker acted so naturally that she forgot that the audience wanted to hear what she had to say. Mr. Brodie seemed far more at home in revue than anyone else, and gave a good account of himself.

The music of the piece was quite tuneful, but on the first night much of it was spoiled by lack of understanding with the orchestra. This was remedied later. The choruses were adequate, but might have been stronger. A fault that marked practically all the singing was bad enunciation. This was at its worst in the chorus of flower-girls in which not a word was distinguishable.

Detailed criticism of the actual performance, though valuable in view of the paternal indulgence of the Auckland press, does not of course tap the real question which we proposed at the beginning. The impression which we would expect would be made and which is actually made on the mind of the public is — frivolity verging on imbecility. The rather extravagant ways in which a student seeks relaxation are perfectly natural and genuine reactions to his more serious work. But to rehearse imbecilities to rap them out till they have lost all their spontaneity, to pretend we can make a new art form out of them—that way madness lies.

As for the future, if we can do revue well, by all means let us do it; but if not, we might as well fail in trying something higher. Second rate musical comedy is better than second rate revue.

—JUNIOR JUNIOR.

MADemoISELLE DANCES

See how her tiny feet
Trip through the dance;
Invitingly retreat,
Boldly advance.

Mark how her body sways
In sympathy,
As through the dancing maze
She glides with me.

Eestacy in shapely head,
Pride in its poise,
Eyes bright with tears unshed,
Unspoken joys.

Sweetheart! no fragrance rare,
No goss'mer flight,
For sweetness can compare,
Bideth so light. —M.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. East has been asked to deliver an address to the S.C.M. on the subject of Jacob, Joseph and Joshua.

MEN'S CORNER

MUNICIPIAL ELECTION AMENITIES

DEAR PETS,

All of you, from tiny tots of four to slightly more intelligent undergraduates, will be, no doubt, following with interest and a perfect understanding the utterances of the various candidates for the Auckland Mayoralty. Mr. Welldone, you will remember, said that Mr. Kale was an absentminded beggar. Oh, cruel indictment! With such hard words is a man assailed when he offers to sacrifice some of his spare time for the sake of the city and £500 a year. By the way, are all my chicks familiar with the story of the absent-minded prof. who — ah well, never mind. But Mr. Kale is not the sort to lie down under such a grievous calumny. "No," said he, "I am rather Daniel," and then explained hastily that he meant the biblical Dan and not Dan the something-or-other man. As all students of the Bible, and even the S.C.M. know Daniel was thrown into the lions den for giving the king a word or two of friendly advice. But to the amazement of the populace the lions merely walked around not giving a dam for Daniel and Daniel not giving a dam for them. Needless to say, the king had to shout all round. But to resume. Mr. Kale, continuing his analogy, likened Mr. Welldone to Belshazzar who starred in that better-than-Ben Hur five reel epic "The Writing on the Wall," (for adult audiences only). This sally, of course, evoked spontaneous applause, and those of my chicks who were present will recollect the hearty laughter that followed when Mr. Kale capped his effort when he absentmindedly kissed the chairman's daughter in a most unprofessional manner.

Mr. Gore does not lag behind his opponents. As an ardent supporter of a Greater Auckland, he will not rest content until Auckland is surrounded by a great drive linking up the waterfront, "convenient for travel by the free and easy." Oh, what a time we'll have then.

[Mr. Gore said "free and happy." What's the odds. —Ed.]

I am almost forgetting Mr. Murdon, who is busy bringing to the notice of the electors the almost unbelievable stupidity on the part of the councillors in refusing to confess to their misdeeds. As is only to be expected, he brushes aside with contempt their flimsy excuse for not confessing that they have done nothing to confess. I don't think that Mr. Murdon will set the Thames on fire, but he might surprise London a little. But, pets, I am afraid that this little talk has not interested you. If it has not, I will make up for it next week by telling you the story of "The men who made promises and could not fulfill them."

Good-bye till then, chicks. Yours,

UNCLE COHEN.

Have you heard of what happened to Bullen,
When he suddenly turned the taps full-on.

Alas, what he thought-ter

Be gas turned out water,

And sprinkled his nice knitted pull-on.

Graduation Ball

to be held in

Scots Hall

Thursday, June 13th.

The Australian University Football Team will
be given a farewell at Graduation Ball.

Invitation slips available in the Library.

G. E. WATT, Hon. Sec.

DEPRESSIONS OF DEBATING

Within the walls of learnings sacred fame
Where reigns the soul and knowledge is a stain
Where study's pedantry which all men hate
The nations' elect meet in high debate
Not louder rolled the rival shouts on high
When Babel's tower exultant scraped the sky
No louder cries th' affrighted heavens mock
Where glowing "planets" meet in fiery shock.
Time was when evening shadows softly closed
A "Star" gleamed forth and all the earth reposed
The King of day, the "Herald" of the dawn
Hid his diminished head till rosy morn.
Now lingers long when daylight is no more
The "Sun's" red radiance with the palmy "Star"
The affrighted land with terror rends the skies
And rival supplications heavenward rise
O may the futile crowd be granted sight
O gentle knight in knighthood's flowery day
The new "Round Table's" strongest stoutest stay
"It is not chivalry to boast of pelf
Man's before money, service before self."
Him cannot daunt their rival winsome howls
Th' imperial founder of the firm of F——
..... (desunt cetera)

"This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it and nothing satisfied he had wrote it and nothing satisfied with what was begun left it unfinished."

OUR SCIENTIFIC LAWS UP-TO-DATE

The same increase of Taranaki oils produces in all stock exchanges the same increase of dividends, provided the brokers be kept honest.

Hot air is a composite opinion given out by at least two distinct political bodies each of which has its own characteristic platforms.

Road Boards have been defined as heterogeneous bodies of two or more members whose opinion can vary within certain limits.

The lowering of the tariff is proportional to the amount of material in circulation.

One drink or cocktail is distinguished from all other drinks or cocktails in possessing certain specific and characteristic properties.

A mayoral change involves an alteration in the properties of a mayor without the election of a new mayor.

A civic change involves the election of a fresh councillor or councillors, with different specific properties from the original councillor or councillors.

The mass of policeman required to displace one gentleman of alcoholic tendencies is called the alcoholic remover or the physical force of police.

The influence of the City Council Elections in our schools.—Question: How would you purify muddled water? Answer: By dissolving a little Allum in it.

The power of acquiring and of retaining an article after the purchaser has completed his contract is called the Hire Purchase System.

The susceptibility of a male is the relative degree to which he will become attracted near to a permanent attraction.

Work = Minimum expenditure of energy multiplied by time not wasted.

A financial body always attracts an unfinancial body. Politicians rubbed up the wrong way are positively rude.

Resistance is the property which a local body possesses of impeding the discharge of its duties through its servants.

The resistance of a drunk depends upon (1) the amount consumed, (2) his size, (3) his cross-section.

Local Action: Due to Jerry Lundon in the Council Room. Prevented by alienating the sympathy of the Councillors with soft soap.

When two politicians are placed in contact, a difference of potential is set up between them, which depends upon the nature and absurdity of their opinions.

A ticket is any arrangement by which the intelligence of a City Councillor is artificially warped.

Capacity = $\frac{\text{Height of exhilaration to which a person is raised}}{\text{Quantity Available.}}$

Seat of Charge: The charge of a tram conductor is restricted to the outer surface. There is no charge for prams (empty or full).

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

Stares are proportional to the dresses producing them. (Ut expensio, sic bliss.)

(Hooke's Law in Elasticity states "Strains are proportional to stresses producing them." "Ut tensio, sic vis.")

Archimedes Principle.—A man wholly or partially saturated with liquor experiences an uplift proportional to the amount of liquor consumed.

The fee paid by a Broadcasting station is equal to the ratio of the funds available to the number of performers.

Every perfect goose at the same temperature and pressure contains the same amount of gooseflesh per cubic centimetre.

The susceptibility of a body may be measured by the number of attractions experienced in a given time.

Letters to the Editor

THE LAW OF GRAVITY

Sir,—It seems quite time that some organised effort should be made to prevent the teaching of the law of gravity in our schools. The effect of the law of gravity is to reduce mankind to the lowest level. Imagine the great heights we could reach if we could rid ourselves of its lowering influence. There has been grave doubt as to the foundation of Newton's work for, even in Newton's own mind, supported by death-bed statements, it is questioned whether the apple fell or was pushed. There is also some doubt as to the nature of the promological laws operating in the Garden of Eden. Assistance should be forthcoming from the anti-evolution in schools league, the members of which, with their immediate ancestors, have resolutely declined to evolve for the last ten thousand years. Something should be done to support these efforts for the unlifting of mankind.

—CURRYCOMB.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF EVOLUTION? WHAT DO 'VARSITY STUDENTS THINK OF EVOLUTION?

Come and hear

O. E. BURTON, M.C., M.A.

At C.S.M. TEA,

NEXT SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, at 4.30 p.m.

in the Women's Common Room.

Ormy, who is well known in 'Varsity and teaching circles will speak on (1) Bible in Schools, (2) Evolution in Schools.

Do come to our cheery fire on Sunday, and to Tea afterwards.



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"Cheap premiums do not necessarily mean cheap Life Insurance."

BURKE'S PEERAGE:

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IN A VALEDICTORY SPEECH TO MEMBERS OF THE BAR, A NEW ZEALAND JUDGE UPON HIS RETIREMENT RECENTLY SAID:

"If a case were well presented and argued, it helped immensely the judge to arrive at a right and just conclusion."

SIMILARLY AN INTENDING POLICY-HOLDER WILL ARRIVE AT THE MOST PERFECT DECISION IF HE CONSULTS THE BEST INFORMED LIFE INSURANCE MAN.

A super-study of Life Insurance in all its forms enables me to place vital facts before you which will, in turn, enable you to make the right selection of office and form a Policy to suit your individual requirements. The information I have collated will be appreciated by you, more particularly so as it is so easily verifiable through the medium of the latest unbiased official publications, which will be forwarded to you upon request.

For a POLICY in the A.M.P.
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