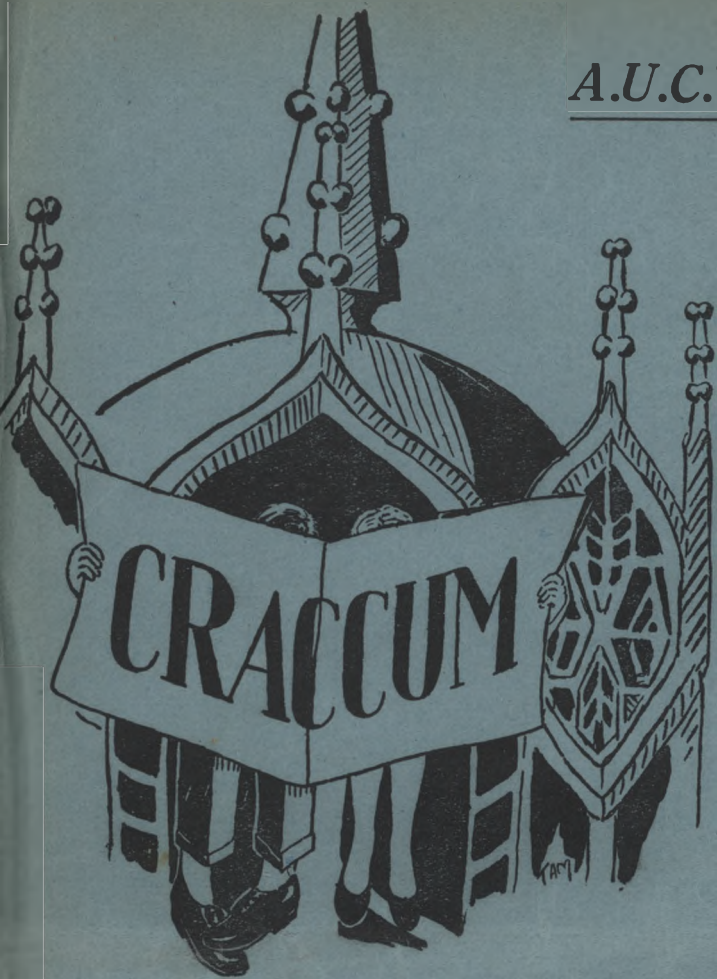


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Vol. III No. 5

AUCKLAND, JUNE 20, 1929

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THAT BRIGHTER LECTURE MOVEMENT

In the ten years during which I have attended lectures at this college, having obtained terms in one subject, it has become evident to me that there is something wrong with the lectures. They lack "pep," "kick," "go." That is to say, those with any pep kick at having to go to them. I think something ought to be done about it, immediately if not sooner. Lectures must be made attractive.

It has been suggested that easy chairs should be provided in all lecture rooms. This is a good idea as far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far, the drawback to this scheme being that some people might—I say might—be tempted to relapse into slumber. This would probably be more beneficial to them than listening to the lecture, but the sound of loud and sustained snoring might hurt the lecturer's feelings. His subsequent action would most certainly hurt yours. No; arm-chairs, on their own, would not be an outstanding success.

What every lecture needs is brightening up, so why not try a sort of variety entertainment? Of course this has been done before, to a certain extent, by Professors with an unfortunate sense of humour. You know the sort of thing: "The time interval, ladies and gentlemen, is represented by (XXX)ⁿ—1, which reminds me of a rather funny story about Professor A. Sleep, of Timbuctoo University——" etc. However, those of us who have had the distinction of attending lectures in that subject for two or more years, will know that the same funny story always comes at the same time in the same lecture every year. I hesitate to suggest that the joke is included in the learned Professor's notes. After the first three times, the joke begins to lose its freshness, so we think that, for the sake of the third-year students, this form of entertainment might be improved. Why not have three funny stories at each selected place in the notes, and use one each year, each joke coming once in three years? In effect, this would be, as the moving-picture theatres advertise, "A complete change of programme every Thursday."

While on the subject of picture theatres, it might be well to refer to the fact that certain of the Professors, usually in the Science Department, do endeavour to improve their orations by means of lantern slides. These slides, however, do not interrupt the flow of scientific terms, and therefore could be described as "talkies" rather than "movies." Even here, there is room for great improvement, as the slides are very seldom unconnected with the subject of the lecture. It is true that in one or two lectures delivered by a certain Science Professor, a slight comedy touch was added to the lan-

tern entertainment, but we suspect that this was due rather to the childish instincts of certain students, rather than to a genuine desire on the part of the professor in question to make his lecture more interesting. To combine this form of entertainment with that mentioned before, why not have lantern slides to illustrate the funny stories? I am sure that this, when permitted by the proprieties, would be a great success.

A school of thought exists which considers that the only way to be interested in a lecture is to stay away from it, but I would hardly like to recommend this course to the zealous undergraduate. In any case, those who would employ this method, will discover it quickly enough without any suggestions from me. I fear that these few suggestions are scarcely adequate, and I would like to hear other opinions on the subject. Perhaps *Junious Junior*, our leading authority on entertainments, might be willing to assist. Still, if these suggestions, such as they are, succeed in arousing interest in this important question, they will have served their purpose.

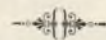
—N.A.

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C. I. CROOKES, *Hon. Secretary*

THE HUSH-HUSH COMMITTEE

The Hush-Hush Committee, or, to give it its official name, the Carnival Committee, is a sub-committee of the Students' Association. We give prominence to this fact, because it is one which has apparently escaped the attention of the committee itself. Its object is to produce each year a Carnival Play, with a view to making money. We are informed that the money is used to pay off the debt owing on the Student Block, but the point is immaterial.

Now, since the Carnival Committee is a sub-committee of the Association, it is its duty to afford the members of the Association information of its progress from time to time. The present (or should it be the late) Carnival Committee neglected this duty very seriously. We do not know what the practice has been in former years, but the whole of the business this year was surrounded by a veil of secrecy which suggested to the uninitiated that the committee had something to conceal; something of which it was ashamed.

A perusal of the article by "Junius Junior" in the last number of *Craccum* (we did not see the play ourselves) suggests that it was the play itself of which the committee was ashamed, and this is borne out by the ingenuity displayed to conceal its name until the last possible moment. By the way, is "The King of Kawan" the same play as "Cuthbert the Chased," or did the committee alter its choice at the last moment?

Then what of the results? Has a profit been made as "anticipated" (see last *Craccum*), or are we to face a loss? When will the details of expenditure be available to the ordinary student? We reckon that the takings on a season of seven nights ought to average £200 per night. Allowing, say, £900 for production expenses, this should show a profit of £500, without including the programmes.

It is now a month since the play was produced, and still we have no announcement. Why the secrecy? Is there a loss to report, and the committee is too busy preparing its excuses to divulge the fact? Does the Carnival Committee distrust the students, or the Students' Association, or its own members?

It would be interesting to know on what principle the Carnival Committee is selected. We have gone to some trouble to analyse the present committee, and we find that it comprises four school teachers, three accountants, two lawyers, and one divinity student. Of these, judging by old programmes, only the chairman, the business manager and one other can be said to have appreciable experience in managing carnival plays. Surely an undertaking involving the expenditure of £900 requires more experienced handling than this suggests. The present committee is remarkable only for its self-complacency and its "hush-hush" policy. We await enlightenment.

R.A.S.

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

SECRETS OF SUCCESS:

The Song of the Vocation Expert

(From an unwritten comic opera)

By MAEVIS.

Oh, I'm happy in possession of a newly-found profession,
And I'm building up a surplus at the bank.
For my function's to advise all the men who wish to rise
And the women who are hankering after rank.
Young ladies flock around me in anxiety to sound me
On the quickest way of joining the select.
So I sit back at my ease, idly pocketing my fees,
And make a few remarks to this effect:

*If you want to be a peeress you must be a chorus-girl:
It's the only way to break into Society!
Cultivate a dimple and a fascinating curl,
Give your nose an uptilt and your eye-lashes a twirl,
Use the sort of powder that's appealing to an Earl,
And try and get a job at the Variety!
For many a Duke and many an Earl
Will fall in love with a chorus-girl!
He'll give you flowers and then a kiss
And then he'll give you connubial bliss.
Oh cultivate a dimple and a wicked-looking eye,
And people will be calling you "My Lady" by-and-by.*

Young men with flowing ties who assure me they despise
Society with all its gilded vice,
Spend time in writing trash in fond hopes of fame
and cash,
And come to me and solicit my advice.
Now my fees are slightly higher for adherents of the lyre,
So I stand them drinks that Horace never sang,
And (secure that it will all be added to the bill)
Address to them the following harangue:

*If you want to be an author you must be a pugilist,
It's the only way to win the hearts of Editors.
The hand that wields the fountain-pen must always
... have a fist,
So cultivate a torso and a hefty-looking wrist,
Get your name inserted on the "Noted Boxers" list,
You'll soon be laughing hard at all your creditors!
For many a boxer, as all confess,
Can make a living out of the Press.
They'll give you a spar and then a fight,
And then they'll give you a page to write,
O cultivate the power to give your fellows a black eye,
And you'll be writing columns for the papers by-and-by.*

Referring to the "witless sallies" of the "King of Kawan," "Junius Junior" says: "But disguise it as on the revue stage, as a curate at the 'Moulin Rouge.'" We feel there is nothing in the said "The King of Kawan" equal to the above sally.

THE LIT. CLUB AGAIN

The Lit. Club's second meeting on Wednesday night last was attended by quite a large audience, who witnessed an interesting and varied programme.

The first play (which was read) was Barrie's delightful one-act comedy, "The Twelve Pound Look." Though the play is bright and witty, a far other impression was conveyed to the audience by the obviously-unrehearsed work of the cast. The merit of the play, however, managed to "get it over" the footlights.

On the other hand, the performance of the costume-play, "Allison's Lad," was up to the very best standard of the Lit. Club, and really good work was done by every one of the performers. Chief credit must, of course, go to Mr. McLeod as Tom Wynwood (Allison's lad) for a most convincing interpretation in which he seemed to live the part. Mr. Clifton did not disappoint in his representation of "a gallant officer and a high-souled gentleman." Messrs. M. Lee, A. M. Lee, Soljak and Hill did full justice to their parts. One felt that the whole production was worthy of a larger audience. The costuming and the general stage effects mark a distinct advance on anything the Club has ever achieved before.

During the evening Mr. I. Donnelly, the authority on Blake who recently discovered the Blake paintings here in Auckland, gave a concise outline of the work of that poet. The futility of inflicting any literary subject on students who attend the Club's meeting merely for the sake of the plays was once again amply illustrated. The response of the majority of students to the efforts of the Club to educate them can hardly be gratifying to the committee. A more rational policy would be—plays for those who want plays—papers for those who want papers. It may further be remarked that the occupation and address of those who were responsible for the disturbance in the gallery would not surprise our friend, "Barrister-at-Law." If he still lives among us, these students might be a fit object of his attentions.

In view of the desire of the committee to educate the students in things literary, one suggestion might be permissible. The literary and admittedly "high-brow" drama might be explored rather further than the "One-Act Plays of To-day," and similar collections. Some of the work of Shaw and Galsworthy would be a welcome change from both the witty little plays and the pretty little plays which are common stock-in-trade of every Church or District Mutual Improvement Society.

Finally, as a true and faithful chronicler, I record that there was supper.

—D.B.P.

A report was sent in to the "Star"

Of a man who had done in his Pa.

When they asked him: "What for?"

He just answered, "Good Lor'!"

You haven't been living with Ma!"

A SONG OF AUCKLAND

Wonderous the folks of Auckland;
More wonderous what they'll stand
A collection every other day
And the Ponsonby Brass Band.

Broad marks on roadways
To show 'em where to cross;
Yellow silent policemen,
And safety zones, of course.

And in the usual rush-hour
There are no ladies then
And, because it is the rush-hour,
There are no gentlemen.

There's a narrow, noble bridge
Across a gully deep,
Where some get suddenly tired of things
And take the fatal leap.

And now they want another bridge
And that across the water.
This should suit those tired folks,
Or if it don't—it oughter.

REAL RECOLLECTIONS

A bearded man sat over the fire biting the stem of a straight brown pipe. The room was by no means full of people, but there were enough to raise a buzz of conversation, to which the bearded man listened with all the contentment induced by a good pipe. He was not a talkative man.

But presently he heard something which caused him to say, "I remember once——," and then somehow everyone began to quieten down and attend to him, for besides having a commanding voice, this person had a great store of reminiscence, and he told them with great enjoyment.

"I remember an officer," he said, "he was one of the most unpopular men I ever met. And, as he was a senior officer, there wasn't much that could be done to him. The fellows thought about it for ages, before young Wilson had the happy thought.

"They worked it all out beforehand, and that night at dinner they guided the conversation into the right channels, and managed to get the chap to take on a bet. The question was whether he could put a whole orange into his mouth.

"Well, he got it in all right. You try it yourselves. It isn't the getting it in that's the trouble.

"All the young fellows were so helpful, too. They pushed it and pulled it and kneaded it, all in together.

never mind the weather, about eight of them trying to help him at once, and he full of good suggestions they wouldn't give him a chance to express. It dawned on him sooner or later what he'd walked into, and from that day he was a changed man. Because, of course, he knew they'd have some more ideas like that if he weren't.

"Talking of practical jokes—there was a bunch went an expedition up the Zambesi. They had a camp somewhere up the river, and spent some months there. I forget what they went for. What I do remember is the camp barber. He was a heavyweight, they were all afraid of his temper, and he thought he could cut hair like an artist. And one day he gave the boss half a hair cut and said he would do the other side in a fortnight. Well, no one would help, of course, but even if they'd wanted to, it wasn't exactly safe to be so presumptuous as to cut hair with this artistic amateur in the camp.

"Uneven hemlines weren't fashionable then, so that when the fortnight had expired the boss felt rather happy, and he decided to raise the cook's wages.

"The cook was a Kaffir, he was called George for convenience. His real name would reach from here to the front gate. He had had no previous experience, so he was very pleased to earn 10/- a month with them. The boss sent for him and said he had improved with practice, and was worth 11/6 now. And do you think George was grateful?

"He went and packed his little swag on the spot. His reason? Well, simply that he had been cheated. Here he was, worth 11/6, and all this time they had kept it from him. They said he was worth only 10/-. How could he be worth two different wages? Was he not the same George? He was going back to his kraal, where people were honest and truthful.

"And he went."

Chaste Cuthbert is known to us all
By his figure so slim, straight and tall.
He's chaste and as pure,
As a lily, I'm sure,
Till a woman may cause his downfall.

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FOOTBALL

On June 1st, by defeating Technical Old Boys' by 19—12, Varsity succeeded in notching a further two championship points. In this match, the team was without Bush, but his place was taken by Matheson, who gave a fine display, driving back many threatening attacks with remarkable coolness. For the most part of the game the team was lifeless, and it was only after the final change round, when Technical were leading, that the forwards wakened up sufficiently to create several opportunities for spectacular scores by the backs.

In the third test on June 8th, against the Australian Varsities, A.U.C. was well represented, having eight players in the team: Robinson, Linton, and Anderson in the forwards and Jenkin, Minns, Stotter, Goodwin, and Bush in the backs. All of the local men acquitted themselves well, Minns, Goodwin and Bush playing with exceptional dash. It was very disappointing from a spectator's point of view, to see the local wingers being so consistently starved by faulty inside play, but nevertheless, these players made very good use of their limited opportunities.

The midweek match against the "Aussies" was keenly fought, sometimes even too keenly, although the conditions under which the game was played were most unfortunate. As in the tests, when the Australian forwards failed to stand up to the solid packing and quick following of the New Zealanders, here again they showed the same weakness, the local forwards being much superior in all departments except the lineouts. As a result, the visitor's inside backs were called upon to perform a heavy day's work, and they certainly got down to it well. Lamport, the half; McMillen, the full-back; and A. (Wink) Kennedy, wing three-quarter, all proved themselves to be players of exceptional ability, and their efforts were greatly appreciated by the spectators.

Last Saturday, the few spectators of the 'Varsity-City match were treated to a very fair exhibition. Although the score was small, the difference between the two teams was considerably greater, and it was only a remarkably keen and consistent defence on the part of City that kept the Blues from scoring frequently. 'Varsity played a satisfactory game, the forwards packing and heeling better, and the backs combining fairly well. MacKay, who, owing to an injury received during the mud scramble on Wednesday last, has been forced to spell for three or four weeks, was on the line, so that Jenkin returned to first five-eighth, Babbage taking his place at half. Babbage's play was satisfactory, except that he is inclined to overdo the run from the scrum. As was prophesied in these columns, Bush is now playing in his best form; this fact is worth a lot to the team, as it inspires both backs and forwards with confidence.

FASHION NOTES

By 'ERBERT

"Clothes make the man and, as a man makes the clothes, select the best tailor in town." Quoted from "The Mandates of Fashion," Self-Help Series, published from Bond Street in 1920 by 'Erbert.

It is, alas, painfully obvious that Freshers have found their way to the Ping-Pong room where outrages of an unprecedented character are being daily perpetrated against the decrees of custom and fashion alike. Undergraduates of a few short months must bear in mind that on no account may any part of their clothing be removed for games. It is the especial privilege of second-year students to remove their coats and waist-coats during the zest of a game. Third-year students may remove their collars and ties and shirts. Fourth-year students we advise not to enter the ping-pong room at all.

Relative to the coiffures of our lady Freshers (pretty débutantes all), Dame Fashion's decrees have ever been immutable in this one respect, namely, that hair must be worn upon the head, and not upon the neck and shoulders and back. A "crowning glory" must be worn as a crown, and not as a sort of cape.

There are two styles open to Freshers, either the shingle bingle or the hairpin, the ribbon being hopelessly démodé.

A certain person, prominently connected with Chris-

tian Associations, lacks, we consider, certain essential articles of dress.

"If you don't wear a collar and a tie,
You won't go to Heaven when you die."

—Traditional.

We all know from experience that the means of gaining an education is at times costly, and that, on occasions, we have been obliged to refrain from purchasing much that Dame Fashion has deemed desirable; but, nevertheless, we do trust that none, under stress of financial pressure, will be forced to dispense with all clothes and to appear among us as Apollo stands in marble.

It is to be hoped that he will awaken to a sense of proportion and will give some slight consideration to what his neighbour's unwilling eyes must needs behold, namely, his work-a-day attire.

A coat, a white shirt, a collar, a tie, and lo! the ugly duckling has become the swan; or, in other words, the chrysalis has become the butterfly; *ou, en autres mots encore, le pauvre petit est devenu enfin l'homme universitaire.*

When forming a choice of styles, Freshers are advised to consult the Matron of the Women's Common Room between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. If, when contemplating this, they are unable to assume the "in tuas manus, Domine" feeling, they may, under the circumstances, write direct to—

'ERBERT.

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S.C.M. NOTES

"FREEDOM IN EDUCATION"

Address by O. E. Burton

At a well-attended Sunday Tea last week—there were over seventy students present—Mr. O. E. Burton, otherwise "Ormy," spoke on "Freedom in Education." If he had called his address "Education in Freedom," it would not have been out of place, for he talked along the lines of "the only government worth having is self-government"; and for the child, the only discipline worth a cuss being self-discipline.

He dropped all sorts of worth-while hints on education in general, and as a definition of what education really was, said:—

"If there is one thing that education gives us it is a sense of freedom. The more we know about the grandeur and magnificence of the universe we are a part of, the more at home we feel. We feel we are children in our Father's House."

Ormy quoted from old disciplinarians, whose methods are now well out of date.

"Not that that child had done any wrong," explained one of these ancients, explaining why he thrashed one of his charges, "but boys' spirits must be crushed!"

This attitude is dead now, and as our ideas evolve, we are coming more and more to know that only in an attitude of love and absolute freedom can a child learn and develop.

Ormy didn't overlook the dangers that would attend this wider and freer system of teaching.

"If a teacher makes up his mind to put into practice these ideals," he said, "then he is going to run grave risks. At first the children won't understand, and will visualise a school boy's paradise. There will be lack of order. The teacher will have to run the risk of losing grading marks. But ultimately the experiment must win out, because of its sincerity."

WITH APOLOGIES TO JUNIOUS JUNIOR

Famous is the "King of Kawan,"
And great the skill displayed,
By writing such a play I trow,
The author's fame is made.

Who dreamed the artists that we saw
Perform have ne'er performed before.
You typists, flowergirls and king
Come forth and in sweet voices sing.

And ballet girls with agile dance
Come, come! And all the world enhance,
Oh, Doc., you were a perfect dream,
And Ruth a model wife;
A word of Pat. I end my theme—
He was just Pat as Pat in life.

ANOTHER SIMPLE STORY

By SIMON

Once upon a time there was a young man with very strong views on the subject of military training. His views may have been, and possibly were, wrong-headed, but then it was a matter where there was plenty of room for difference of opinion, and in any case nobody, least of all the young man himself, ever claimed that he was infallible. He was merely an enthusiast. And being an enthusiast, he naturally refused to do anything that was against his principles, and would not be jobbed off with any of the compromises by means of which the Powers-That-Were commonly silenced such of their trainees as were inconsiderate enough to possess consciences. Consequently, the young man fell into the clutches of the Law of the Land. Now the Law of the Land had none of the respect which a more namby-pamby profession might have considered due to a man with the courage of his convictions. Indeed, in the eyes of the Law the word "convictions" usually carries a totally different and considerably more sinister meaning. Accordingly, the particular Pillar of the Law who had been told off to deal with this case, having discovered that the young man, as well as having a conscience (a thing inconceivable to the legal mind), had also committed the awful crime of not being a Seventh Day Adventist, naturally came to the far-sighted conclusion that he was not a fit person to exercise his civil rights. Whereupon he assigned to the young man the punishment reserved for others of his type, such as drunkards and habitual criminals.

MORAL: The morals of this matter seem to be conspicuously lacking, but we should earnestly advise such few of our readers as may possess consciences to get rid of them with all due speed. The possession of one constitutes an offence against the community, and is a crime within the meaning of the Act.

The Hongi Club

We must apologise for not having published an account of the recently inaugurated "Hongi Club's" unofficial demonstration in Queen Street on the first night of the play, but unfortunately our reporter accompanied the Club in its festivities, and is completely unable to recall the incidents of the evening. Inquiry reveals the same surprising state of mental aberration amongst members of the "Hongis." We can offer no explanation to account for this remarkable phenomenon.

We notice, in advertisements in the newspapers, the fact that the cast of "The King of Kawan" were to be present in costume at the Arts Brawl. We wonder why it is that most members of the cast, and also of the Carnival Committee, do not know anything about it?

Correspondence

BASKETBALL AS SHE IS PLAYED

The Editor *Craccum* :

Sir,—I beg to bring under your notice a matter affecting the fair and moral name of our College. I refer to the brazen and immodest habit of basketball players changing their garb in public on Saturday afternoons.

I notice that while the basketball players remain unperturbed, the male tennis players are a prey to temptation and distraction.

Constant bickerings occur amongst the players as to who should have first choice of playing on the bottom court, and players have been known to come to blows in deciding as to who should have pride of place facing the science buildings, the *locus* of the matter in question.

Tennis has become remarkably popular during the winter months, and I have no doubt as to the reason. Who, I ask, would not become an assiduous player, when, as one young man informed me, a well built young lady exclaims to a companion, in his full sight and hearing, "What do you think of my new gym dress?"—meanwhile opening her coat and disclosing *inter alia* an attractively filled—er—gym dress.

I am but a pure and innocent girl, and would be the last to object if the players were school girls. However, when a player seats herself upon a grassy bank in full view, and with a convulsive wriggle or two, and a plentiful display of feminine charms, chrysalises into a snappy young lady, I consider that for the safety of our young men's morals something should be done. I suggest that a men's committee be appointed to look into the question, and perhaps they could prevail upon the women students to have the courtesy to throw their Common Room open as a dressing room to non-student teams.

PRUE.

"THE KING OF KAWAU"

The Editor, *Craccum* :

Sir,—I have no intention of asking your contributor, JUNIUS JUNIOR, if he could equal the performance of any of those whom he criticises. I realise that criticism is as much an art as histrionics, and it is in terms of his own art that I intend to judge him.

His style is good. His combusive terseness is admirably adapted to the iconoclasm which he affects; but it is not the best in which to couch helpful criticism. He frequently finds a fault to invent an epigram. And while on the topic, I feel it incumbent on me to remind JUNIUS JUNIOR that a good sentence requires a finite verb.

His innuendo regarding "Hamlet" might be answered by the remark that his article contains more than one reminiscence of Shakespeare—doubtless unconscious. But perhaps he is chary of allowing such evidences of wide reading to others than himself. For his somewhat

olympian "imbecile glibness," I prefer to read "remarkable fluency."

Your contributor criticises the type of performance. It is impossible to affirm that revue is higher in quality than musical comedy, or to deny that the higher game requires greater talent. If, however, as your contributor implies "The King of Kawau" was a failure, does he anticipate our greater success in musical comedy? Further, our carnival plays must be financial successes. Only legatees of American millionaires can essay the task of educating the public, or, to put it differently, playing to empty houses. If a certain College Society's endeavour to raise the tastes of students must fail ignominiously, it is open to doubt, if a similar experiment with the citizens of Auckland would fare better.

A revue which has been in rehearsal during two and a half months cannot be called a spontaneous performance. But bear in mind that the revue's avowed object is to bring the university before the public, and that it must be a financial success; and consider whether it would be well-advised to charge the general public six shillings for a seat on the chance that an unrehearsed crowd of students in unfamiliar surroundings will exhibit sufficient spontaneity to hold an audience for two hours and a half.

One of Tilly's critics gave as an argument in its favour that it had been a box-office success. This is hardly criticism, and one is constrained to admit that JUNIUS JUNIOR has touched on some weak points in the revue. The mere mention of a local place or celebrity, seemed to the audience a sufficient excuse for laughter, but this was due to the genuine merit of the rest of the play, which induced a happy mood; and the introduction of the allusions was therefore justifiable opportunism on the part of the producer. Bad enunciation of the choruses has undoubtedly been a feature of university presentations; but this must be looked for in untrained voices, and is an additional reason for not aiming higher. The performance of the orchestra is to be deplored and it is to be hoped that next year the musical director will "reform it altogether."

Yours faithfully,

JUMPING JUPITER.

I WONDER

Who is it, gentle Editor ; tell me, who
Walks round our College in his shirt of blue ?
At least we are thankful his shoes and his sox,
And the rest of his clothing, are orthodox !

Some babe, perhaps some prodigy,
Whose loving mother has allowed to stray,
His kindergarten passed, to A.U.C.,
But modest in his age has dressed that way.

We ask, sir, may we too attend a College dance
Dressed but in infant's bib but manly pants ?
Or would our Stud. Ass., and those who guard the door,
Upon us gaze in horror and ask us to withdraw ?

MOTHER OF SIX

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

Sir,—I have been somewhat startled in following reports on this year's extravaganza, "The King of Kawau," to find that it has been called, according to taste, a play, a revue, a musical comedy, a musical farce, etc. It is always advisable, in offering comment or criticism of any effort, to call it by its correct name. By no flight of the imagination could "The King of Kawau" be called a revue, and the use of such a term by a so-called critic must immediately discount as worthless the outpourings of the said so-called critic.

Excuses may be found for the use of the terms play, musical farce, or comic opera, but none can honestly be found for the term revue. Consequently I would venture to advise those who glibly used the above terms to approach the Carnival Committee or the authors before calling a spade a shovel.—Yours, etc.,

NATU MINIMUS.

NIGEL AND THE MOTOR BIKES

There was a bright and cheerful lad
Once came to 'Varsity ;
In truth he was a sporting youth
At every C.U. tea.

He led a bright and cheerful life,
His enemies but few ;
His initials on the College roll
Were J.N.W.

And then one day he got a bug ;
'Tis sadness to relate !
The engine of a motor bike
Aroused his fearful hate.

Whene'er he heard an engine start
Outside the Common Room,
He gnashed his teeth, rushed out to bring
The miscreant to his doom.

But now he is no longer here ;
Again 'tis sad to tell !
For still he's hearing motor bikes
Within a padded cell.

EXTRACT FROM "NEW ZEALAND HERALD"
(Saturday, June 15th.)

" The airmen were not injured, but both wheels of the aeroplane were torn off, the propellor was smashed, one wing was broken, the fabric torn, and the engine damaged. It is unlikely that a further attempt will be made in this machine."

Well, rather unlikely, we think !

THE POET SITS AN EXAM.

And Subsequently Delivers of his Soulfullest.

By MAEVIS.

My head aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
The mystic organs that I call my brains.
Before me on the desk a paper lies,
A small white sheet of paper. Miseries
And stark Dejection haunt me and dull fear.
And on the paper small black letters leer
In mute interrogation ; words that ask
Me sphinx-like questions, sentences that task
My aching brains and wrack my soul in vain.
And questions, questions, scabrous questions rain
About my numbed mind and swirling head.
They talk of books that I have never read,
They speak of bards whose songs I have not sung,
They cite strange babblings in a foreign tongue,
And mention authors I have never known.
And I, whose days and nights have gleeful flown
In strange sweet worship at the shrines of jazz,
In study of the charms that Beauty has,
In blissful ignorance and gentle ease,
I was not—am not—made for scenes like these.
I cannot call the crumbs that savants shed,
I cannot con the writings of the dead
Or glibly quote the great man's shibboleth,
Oh, I can only muse on easeful death,
And hear the inward voices that deride,
And wonder at the dearth of suicides.

I fall upon the thorns of life ! I swoon !
O death, where is thy sting ? O life, what is thy boon ?

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

On Friday 14th, Mr. Holderness, engineer to the Auckland Harbour Board, delivered a lecture to the Engineering Society on the subject of Wharf Construction. A very bright lecture was illustrated by numerous lantern slides, and was greatly appreciated.

On Friday, June 28th, Mr. Leggo, New Zealand representative of Nobels Ltd., will deliver a lecture on "Explosives," which, in view of Mr. Leggo's experience in this line, should be extremely interesting.

G. E. WATT,
Hon. Sec.

Combined Tennis Clubs' Dance

The Eden and Epsom 'Varsity Tennis Clubs are holding a Dance in the College Hall on

SATURDAY, JULY 6th.

Watch the Notice Boards.



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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."

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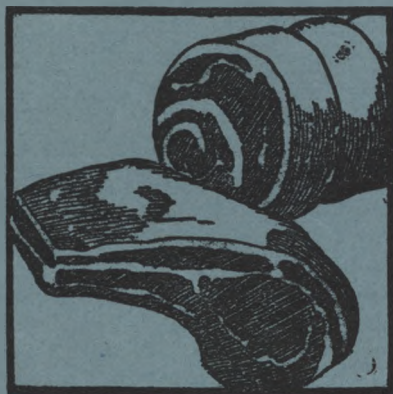
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