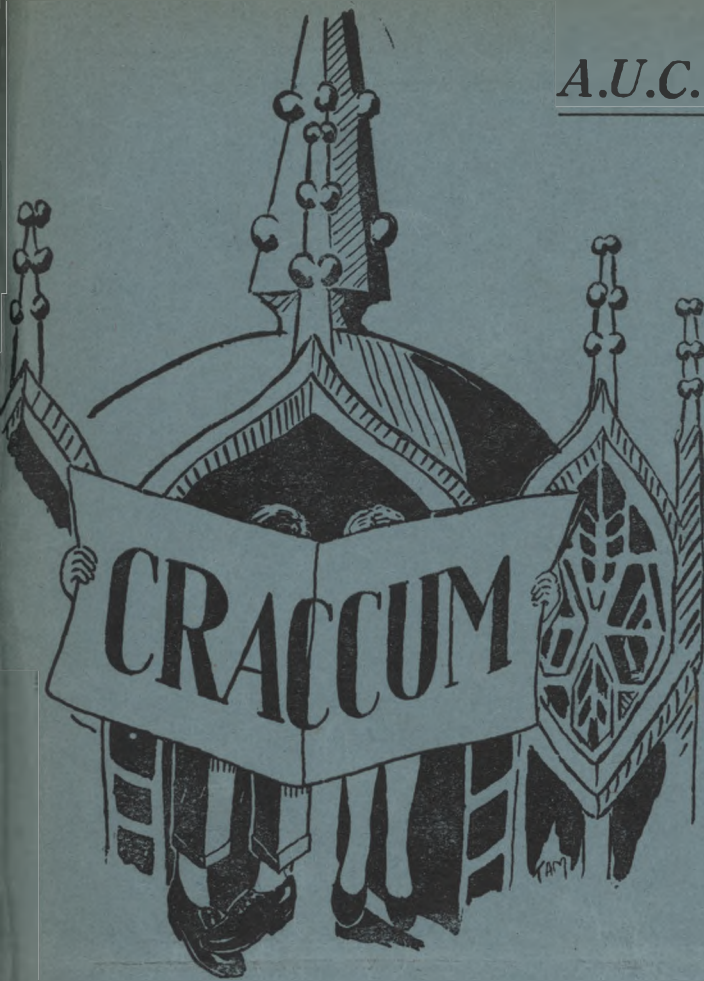


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NEW EXECUTIVE MEETS MR. MINNS VICE-PRESIDENT Social and Carnival Committees

The new Executive held its first meeting on August 16th when the members were allocated their Portfolios. These were as follow:

External Affairs: The President.
Men's House: Mr. A. H. MacDonald.
Women's House: Miss R. K. Walker.
Secretarial: Mr. G. E. Watt.
Finance: Mr. A. P. Postlewaite.
Social: Mr. Grant and Miss McIntosh.
Sports: Mr. Minns and Miss Mawson.
Publications: Mr. Soljak.
Property and Information: Mr. R. B. Moorhouse and Miss I. Turner.
Tournament: Mr. N. C. Jenkin.
Legal Affairs and Records: Mr. F. McCarthy.

At the next meeting, held on August 22nd, the vote for Man Vice-President resulted in the election of Mr. P. C. Minns to that office. This appointment will be a very popular one in College, where Mr. Minns' excellent qualities are well recognised.

The following Carnival Committee was appointed:—

Chairman: Mr. J. N. Wilson.
Secretary: Mr. N. R. Clifton.
Business Manager: Mr. A. P. Postlewaite.
Committee: Messrs. A. K. Turner, J. A. S. Coppard and F. McCarthy.

The President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association are *ex officio* members of this Committee.

The Social Committee appointed was as follows:—

Chairman: Mr. Grant.
Secretary: Miss McIntosh.

Committee: Messrs. McCarthy, Smith, Platts, Bush, and Moorhouse and Misses Platts, Gallaher, Owen and Stehr.

Bona Fide Student.

Mr. McCarthy, Member for Legal Affairs, was asked to submit a report on this question.

The suggestion emanating from the National Union of Students of inaugurating a system of interchange of students with foreign Universities was approved. At the request of the same body it was resolved to open a subscription in aid of the relief work amongst European students, which is being carried on by the International Student Service, with a subscription of £3/3/-.

It was decided to invite applications from candidates for Rhodes Scholarships for official nomination by the Association. Applications should be in the hands of the Secretary, Mr. G. E. Watt, not later than noon on Saturday next, September 7th.

BRILLIANT CHIVOO

At Ruapehoo

A delightful dance was held in the Ohakune Hut, Ruapehu, on the evening of Tuesday, August 23rd. The scene was brilliantly lit by numerous candles artistically arranged in cocoa tins, and a huge fire burning on the hearth helped to dispel the slight chill in the atmosphere. The floor, though a little muddy, was in excellent condition, thanks to a liberal mixture of corn-flour with the mud, and to the strains of Mr. Micky Phone's orchestra dancing was indulged in until a late hour. The upper bunks, which had been arranged as a lounge, were well patronised and much appreciated by those present.

During the evening items were given by the following: Mr. Thomas McOrter, song with ukelele accompaniment, entitled "Frankie and Johnnie." Mr. Selwyn Coral, farmyard imitations. Mrs. Ah Chee Turnette, supper, consisting of toffee and coffee.

Among those present were: Miss Diana Nohair, navy-blue skirt, rainbow pullover and rice powder; Miss Edna Bark, black serge frock and tartan golf stockings; Miss M. Barnett, navy skirt, zebra-striped jumper; Mrs. Ah Chee Turnette, blue velveteen, black cashmere stockings; Miss H. Smith-Seth, knee-length, pink-flannel skirt and white pullover with polo collar; Miss Maureen Harrison, blue flannel befrilled with crepe-de-chine; Miss Honey Drydock, scarlet flannel model in jumper suit style; Miss D. Collarher, old-rose sockette; Mr. William Ratts, fawn riding breeches and antique King's College jersey; Mr. A. Drydock, grey strides, striped pullover and beard; Mr. L. Kidguard, dark shirt and trousers and new Marcelle; Mr. A. Cooke-Carter, grey shirt and near-cream Oxfords; Mr. Thomas McOrter, well-ventilated khaki riding trousers, grey shirt, and uke.

The evening concluded with the interesting ritual of filling the hotties.

MOUNTAIN GOAT.

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

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS THIRTEEN POINTERS

Winners of the Hongi Club's Art Union.

(By LEAD-SWINGER)

An anonymous author recently stated that the faults of the present electoral system are so manifest that it is rapidly making a farce of College elections. This statement was made before the latest and most noteworthy of all farces. Surely now some of our lovers of democracy will wake up and realise that something must be done to remedy a state of affairs where six out of seven candidates on a certain ticket and representing about one-tenth of the students of the College can be elected to our most important student body.

In past years those students who have been named on a ticket, and who usually have a few or no qualifications, have generally come a glorious thud. This year, however, a gang of irresponsible, irrepressible and irrational youths had the audacity to nominate a ticket of seven candidates, and out of those seven, six were elected. Now we are to have the pleasure of all important student activities being directed by the representatives of this secret society.

I congratulate a certain gentleman on being the only man elected because of his ability and not by favour of an organised minority. May he be able to make his considered opinion felt should the secret society in its immature judgment attempt any rash measures. I also congratulate the secret society on picking two outstanding men to fill up what would otherwise have been a very incompetent and incapable ticket.

So far, the Executive has had little chance to embark on such ill-considered ventures as may be awaited for with trepidation at a later date. However, it has already appointed one or two sub-committees, whose illustrious names now grace the College notice board. First of all, take the Carnival Committee, traditionally a committee of experienced business men appointed to carry out a business undertaking involving an expenditure of approximately £1000. Not content with pipping the usual worthy Chairman, the brilliant Executive hits on the really brainy idea of having one of its own number as Chairman. It then goes on to appoint a business committee of whom three out of seven are new to the job.

Then take the Social Committee. The men, as would be expected, are all but one members of the society but that fact should easily enable the Social Committee to double or treble the attendances at College dances, and turn hitherto unprofitable ventures into a sound business undertaking.

Some of us thought, nay rather hoped, that with such an Executive the Portfolio scheme would be abandoned *pro tem*. Not at all. The President has even gone so far as to find a Portfolio for every member. That Mr. MacDonald should control the House Committee was foregone, and I feel sure that he will carry out his arduous duties admirably as long as the inexperienced

Executive refrains from interfering in his sphere. Mr. Jenkin, as Tournament delegate, will cause no worry. His capacity for hard work, which is so essential for such a position, need not be enlarged upon here. Mr. Minns again takes the Sports Portfolio, and perhaps the outside world may at a later date be informed of what duties (if any) this office entails. Mr. Soljak was the only possible Publication Editor, and if he chooses his sub-committees from the secret society, our publications may be enabled to degenerate to even lower levels than at present. Mr. Grant becomes Chairman of the Social Committee. I have searched many records but cannot find any mention of this gentleman on any past or present College Committee. However, being an admirable dancer, and a popular man with the so-called fair sex, he must be considered as well equipped to be promoted from the ranks to the chair of any important Committee. Mr. Moorhouse, again, has not held any previous office, but the Property Department does not allow for much damage outside the Executive Room. Mr. McCarthy takes the Portfolio of Records, though for the Flying Squadron of the secret society, he would be a long way behind the record of some of its members.

The women on the Executive have all held some College position before, but beyond that I do not propose to discuss the merits of my sex, other than to state that they do nothing in secret, and hold no brief for any secret society.

ALONE I DID IT

By N.A.

Oh a tale I would unfold
Of a hero, brave and bold;
We hold him in the greatest of affection
Against great and fearful odds,
By the favour of the Gods,
The man that broke the ticket at election.

On the ticket handed round
His fair name could not be found;
You'd think that quite enough for his rejection.
All their threats of no avail,
For they could not make him quail—
The man that broke the ticket at election.

They're a gallant brotherhood,
All those candidates who stood
Beyond compare, this glorious collection.
Anti-Hongi to a man,
Yet, save one, they also ran
The man that broke the ticket at election.

In gold letters write his name
On the glory roll of fame;
We'll be satisfied to shine in his reflection.
Mac., our hats are off to you
With congratulations true—
The man that broke the ticket at election.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO "AUNTIE"

Our Common Room

"—so why put a mat at the door," continued the janitor. "They think it's there only to trip over or throw at their friends. But all the same the boys are not half as bad as they might be, so I mustn't complain."

Now you see that's philosophy, and it's people like that who get the most done in the least time and keep the most cheerful about it. Of course it doesn't always pay to be so free and easy. I remember the time a fellow sneaked my hat one wet day and, like a true philosopher, I said, "Blessed is he who helps himself." The trouble was I must have said it aloud, because the next wet day not only my hat, but also my coat, vanished.

However, you will like to hear about a little of the life in this common room. When you were looking over the College you couldn't have failed to notice the well-blackened fireplace. Well, the forestry students (the hard-working ones) manage to keep a very rosy glow there these wintry nights by surreptitiously doing away with "rejects" from the testing-room (reject means any piece that will upset the calm and orderly life of the testers in the strengths lab.).

Perhaps if you had looked hard enough at the east wall you would have noticed a few mysterious round splotches, placed there, I fear, in the stilly hours by a ghostly gang who kick—but no, I mustn't say it lest I hear a voice groan, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Besides the fireplace there are one or two hot-water heaters on which the chilled student sits, with the idea, no doubt, that a little central heating is good for the constitution, though I don't think M—rs, who burnt the seat of his pants, was sitting on one of these.

The furniture, Auntie, is well preserved, though I often thank the powers that were that the fittings are as solid as they are. Of course, the musical box in the corner gets a bad time and no doubt isn't all its makers once guaranteed it for; still, who wants a grand? We've no Wagners here though perhaps we have a budding Lyric Quartette. Talking about our songsters, it is rumoured that somebody complained that they sang too "high-class" compositions to suit those who have not been educated to such a standard.

Now having described the room, Auntie, I'll tell you about the students in it. Sitting on and around the heaters mostly any hour is a goodly company who seem to enjoy life. You hear one say, "Did you hear about——" and then a subdued murmur finished up with a burst of laughter and a chorus of "that's a beaut." I don't really understand what they do, but I take it they're a body like the S.C.M. students—you know, a religious body or something. Any rate, there's a boy with glasses, bushy white hair and a face like a boxer; he is, I think, their leader. Then there's a heavy-looking, red-faced boy with short, black hair, which is never done, called Tom Barley Meal; he always wants to say something about violets. With these two we see numerous others but, of course, I couldn't men-

tion them all 'cause one knows who I am. He said, only to-day, "Hullo, Clarence, writing to Auntie, are you? Well, don't mention me or I'll pace down the body of the hall and give you such a scene-shifting wallop that you'll think the earth-quakes were gentle breezes."

Of course he's not a gentleman and it's surprising how few of these there really are, especially amongst the T.C. students who seem to do nothing in the common room but wreck the place. Mostly any hour after 3.30 you can see two or three of them rolling round the floor, with the rest standing or sitting on the seats and backs of chairs encouraging their particular man to victory. Of course, it doesn't do to say too much because they are such a touchy mob except when it comes to touching them for a cigarette.

Then there are a few who remind me of the line, "ships that pass in the night," like Nigel. He's a character, and you should have heard his reply to the toast of "The Ladies" at the smoke concert. You could see he knew this subject, and I'm sure that he wouldn't blame everything he said on to the light refreshments.

Then there's a few who silently drift through the room with pious or tortured looks (it all depends on who is playing the piano). Like wraiths they wend their way to the library or now and then to the Lit. Club at which places they peer at one another through their spectacles and then drift off into a complete reverie with a nobody-loves-me expression written all over their wan faces.

Now I must conclude, Auntie, as it's getting late. Thanks awfully for the socks, and I will be sure to remember to wear an overcoat to the next smoke-o.

Love from
CLARENCE.

MY LADY

Here's to the light in your eyes, Lady,
Tenderly bright,
Shining as if from the skies, Lady,
Vanquishing night.

Here's to your sweet pretty face, Lady,
Wondrous it seems,
Vision time cannot efface, Lady,
Vision of dreams.

And to the wings on your feet, Lady,
Gossamer light,
Gracefully sway to the beat, Lady,
Dancing delight.

Here's to the charm that's your own, Lady,
Ne'er we will part.
Here's to you, for I alone, Lady,
Hold your dear heart.

—A.L.E.R.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

This controversy has been advanced a further step by the resolution of the general meeting of the Association, calling upon the Executive to formulate a satisfactory definition of the term "bona fide student." It is particularly interesting to note that the notion was carried, notwithstanding the fact that the Executive was known to have given three-and-a-half hours to discussion of this problem without reaching any conclusion. Any reasonable person would therefore assume, not, as one person at the general meeting did, that the Executive was singularly incompetent, but that the framing of such a definition bristled with such difficulties that greater harm would be caused by a definition than by the retention of the present state of affairs. It will be interesting to see whether the new Executive, with its plethora of talent, can evolve a definition which will be workable. The supporters of this bona fide student movement do not seem to realise that while the College remains as it is, less a University in the sense that we regard the great English Universities, than a night school, there will be students who are members, not of University sports clubs, but of outside clubs, and if we are to exclude all who are not bona fide students from the College club, we must have all who are bona fide students in the College, and not as at present, some in and some outside. With a bona fide student rule must go a regulation which will have the effect of bringing all bona fide students to the College clubs. At present many are outside because they cannot get places in a team over the heads of players who are not students, and can find a place in a corresponding team in another club. No doubt these students lack the so-called College spirit which is our particular pride; but rumour says that there is at least one member of the Executive in this position. If a word of advice to the present talented Executive is in order, it is to remember that no artificial rule regarding the taking of a certain specified number of lectures will be acceptable to the College at large. In fact, it will occasion very little surprise if even to this Executive, professedly so remarkable in its abilities, the framing of a definition presents insurmountable difficulties. It is said that youth with its superabundant energy can overcome all difficulties. We shall see. One feels that the best way out of the difficulty would be for the Executive to send a memorandum to all the College clubs explaining how desirable it is that no persons who are known not to be bona fide students should be admitted to membership, or if admitted to membership should not be included in any team which is held out to represent the College.

There was a young woman called Lloyd,
Who sat in the café and toyed
With a small piece of steak,
Till she cried, "For God's sake
Bring me something to fill up this void!"

LAST WORDS

Of a Student who expired after climbing up the hill to
A.U.C. for the 10001th time.

Lament I.

I've worn a pathway inches deep,
Through Albert Park—where it's awfully steep—
From Kitchener Street to the 'Varsity.
————Up to the 'Varsity, I repeat,
Up, up, up from Kitchener Street.

Lament II.

At five o'clock the whistles blow
All over the city down below,
And the siren murders melody.
While I am plodding with weary feet
Up, up, up from Kitchener Street
Through Albert Park to the 'Varsity.

Lament III.

Yes, every evening at five to five
You have seen me dash across Bowen Drive,
Climbing up, up, up in the summer heat
Or the winter rain to Princes Street.
—Great training, of course, for the Marathon run
This climbing to lectures—and isn't it fun
Mounting up, up, up to the 'Varsity!

Lament IV.

Each year Prof. Algie climbs Mount Cook,
Just once a year, but you ought to look
At me, climbing Albert Park out of sheer necessity,
Climbing every day on my way to the 'Varsity,
Climbing up, up, up from Kitchener Street.

Prof. Algie carries an alpenstock,
But I'm loaded with books, and the 'Varsity clock
Strikes three—four—five, and I'm out of breath—
This climbing to lectures will be my death!
—Up from the city with great rapidity,
Losing all my breath on the way to 'Varsity.

Dying words:

Oh Stud. Ass., in your hours of ease,
Please utilise some of our College Fees
To build a lift or a moving stair
Up to the 'Varsity,
Right up there
From Kitchener
Street to the
'Varsity.

For really it's getting too much to bear
—Climbing up, up, up through Albert Park
—Climbing down, down, down again after dark!
I'm fading away with the wear and tear—
(Last words of a student who died in despair).

SYSTEMATIC SCANDAL

By SYLVIA

Do You Know

There is a young dandy named Rix,
Who is sometimes a fair box of tricks,
At the Architects' Ball.
He wore scarce clothes at all,
This shocking young dandy named Rix.

Do you know that during the recent vacation, when all good students were swatting either at home, or in the library, or perhaps writing articles for "Kiwi," four of our most youthful students, two of whom were of the fair sex, were seen always together, at 'Varsity for six days? The movements of these students appeared somewhat mysterious and incomprehensible, for all day they sat in the ping-pong room, except when a tactless student opened the door, to be greeted by two blushing students, rising from one chair. At noon these four young people used to carry their chairs into the sunshine, to spend a pleasant hour, partaking of a light refreshment. Then they again returned to the ping-pong room until the caretaker shut up the building. It was suggested that these students were swatting, so I shall ask M., D., D. and J. if that is so.

Do you know that the Architects' Ball was the gayest of the year, and that Nip was the loveliest shiek,

and that Charles, as Pierrot, was most awfully seductive? That the Chinese Mandarin looked as a Chinese Mandarin should look, and extremely pleased with himself for looking that way? so he was given the prize. That Rohy was a net? That Colin's costume was carefully chosen to show his shapely limbs to their best advantage?

Do you know that those naughty Hongi boys prejudiced the votes of many of our young students, by unlawfully circulating pamphlets, and that the Hongi members of the new committee have brilliant intentions? Also one Hongi lad wouldn't vote for whom he was ordered to, and this obstinate rebel was immediately struck off the Hongi Club roll?

Do you know that after Graduation Ceremony none of the Hongis had more than two beers?

Do you know that Mr. S—l—k has a most fascinating photograph in his pocket wallet?

SYLVIA.

KIWI

[No relation to the boot polish of that name.]

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From the Prime Minister of Britain:

Craccum is having a great run in London. The boys at No. 10 Downing Street say it's too clever for words. I hope to read it when I have finished solving the disarmament problems and found jobs for our million unemployed.—RAMSAY.

From the Author of "All Quiet":

I have sold two million copies of my book since the Auckland Public Library banned it. Get Mr. Barr to ban your journal, too. It is too good to remain unbanned.—REMARQUE.

From the President of the Racing Conference:

I am backing *Craccum* in the Grand National Journal Race. I bet *Craccum* will always be first past the post, in fact I will put my shirt on it.—CLIFF.

From Mr. (not quite) Shaw:

Two years ago I read the first number of *Craccum*, since then I have read no other.—BERNARD.

From the Minister of Finance:

I must admit I can't raise those £70,000,000, but you students can produce a good paper.—JOE.

From the Minister of Education:

Tell your readers that my department is living up to its motto, "Hedueate, hesitate and dishorganise." Am finding positions in the cabinet for teachers without permanent positions.—HARRY.

From the High Commissioner for New Zealand:

You *Craccum* people can almost write as well as I can talk.—PARR.

From Commander Byrd:

We took a supply of back date *Craccums* with us and will leave them at the Pole.

From Mr. Woods P. Cure:

I am so pleased with *Craccum* that I will ask all my clients to cough up for it when the next sub. is due.—PEPPERMINT.

From Mr. Howe E. Walker:

With "gentleness and extreme care," your *Craccum* is sure to deliver the goods.

From Prof. Bartrum:

I was delighted to read current number of *Craccum*. I enclose account of my geological explorations in the big Rock Candy Mountains.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

By E.D.

The Knights of old went out to war
All clad in a case of steel.
Although they said they went to war,
It was really a case of steal.
They helped themselves to their desires,
Woe to others—their own the weal.
Yea, verily 's Blood.

A Knight of old went out to save
A fair maid from a castle grey.
Although she might probably
Dislike going—would sooner stay.
My sympathies are with the man
Whose girl had been grabbed away.
Yea, verily 's Life.

So things aren't always what they seem,
When put under the acid test.
"God helps those who help themselves,"
Then myself I will help with zest,
For that's our slogan then as now,
And the Devil may take the rest.
Yea, verily 's Truth.

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Classes.

The Entries will be on View in the
Biology Lecture Room on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th.

The humorous lantern slides will be shown
and the audience are to judge them.

OUR UNBURIED CORPSES

No. 4: The Women's Grouse Committee.

By Our Special Co-respondent

It is with some trepidation that a mere man dares to criticise such an august assembly, but, secure in our anonymity, we fulfil our duty to the public.

During the year, as some few of our readers may be aware, sundry dances are held at Varsity. The most important item on the programme thereof is undoubtedly supper, and this necessitates the use of the Women's Common Room. However, should any Dance Committee secretary, foolishly stepping in where angels fear to tread, forget to write a nice letter to the Women's Grouse Committee asking for permission to use the Common Room, then that select body becomes extremely annoyed. "All hell bath no fury——." Of course it is obvious that the Dances are entirely for the benefit of the committees running them, and that no inhabitant of the Womens' Common Room has any use for them. All College dances are advertised several weeks ahead, so there is no justification in the complaint that notice is required. We hesitate to suggest that the real reason is that the dignity of the Committee is hurt by such an omission. Also that as the ladies get as much pleasure out of the dances as the men, then they are merely being childish in making such a big fuss over a small trouble.

The composition of the Women's Grouse Committee is of no small interest. It is composed of two factions, namely Training College and S.C.M., and although we would not venture a definite statement, we do not think it likely that these factions overlap. However it must be said that both of these factions live up to their principles. Some time ago the use of the common room was desired, on the same date, by the Training College and the S.C.M., but notwithstanding the majority possessed by the S.C.M. committee members, Training College won the day. The Training College element evidently demanded "*Totis viribus*" that the S.C.M. should put others before self, which they proceeded to do.

The Women's Grouse Committee, however, has one advantage over the corresponding Men's Committee, in that it possesses a clock. True, the clock does not go, but what would you? It indubitably adds tone to the place. Perhaps it is a fear that this clock will be stolen, that causes the Committee to prohibit outside basketball teams from using the common room. This clock, we understand, has not yet manifested the wandering proclivities of a similar instrument in the main building a few years ago.

The new Women's Grouse Committee, which will probably be a sub-committee of the Hongi Club, may, of course, with the well-known efficiency of that organisation, redeem itself, and keep from the grave one of our most prominent unburied corpses.

WHO IS Olivia Oliphant

Ask the Editor of "Kiwi"! She is a lady who has had unusual experience in affairs of the heart, and she is prepared to give sympathetic advice to all readers of "Kiwi." Read what she says to

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The poet suffers from the prevailing malady.

O sog to sprig is fittig dow
When labs are dading id a rig,
Ad berry birds sig on the bough
A sog of sprig.

Dow lovers' hearts are fluttering
Ad fadey roabs at will, for thou
Hast stirred lub frob its slumbering.

Cub, sprig! I pray thee tell be how—
Edough! how cad by Buse take wig
Whed I've a cold—Bit's raidig dow!
Oh, dab, you, sprig!

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

Sara sublime
Stumped into lecture one Midsummer time,

Where she forgetting the many who'd scoff,
Sidled up smirking in front of the Prof.;

And in her ardour or leapyear or not,
Boldly proposed to him there on the spot.
—'ERBERT.

EXHORTATION

Forget the cares that harass thee,
And fill thy glass and mine,
Forget them, man! and merry be,
And drink my health in wine.

'ERBERT

ALLEGED LIBEL

To the Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—We are instructed by our esteemed client, Mr. E. C. East, to write to you with reference to the numerous defamatory statements published by you in your paper during the past six months.

Our instructions are that scarcely a number of your paper has been published without some statement concerning or reference to our esteemed client, and that such statements and reference are calculated to diminish the esteem in which our client is held by his fellows. We are further instructed that such statements and references are false and entirely without foundation in fact, and that they are prompted by malice.

Unless, therefore, our client receives a public apology and withdrawal of these allegations (to be prepared by us and to be published in your periodical in bold type) he will be reluctantly compelled to seek the remedies which the law affords him and to issue a writ forthwith for damages for libel.

Trusting that it will not be necessary to proceed to such extreme measures,

We are, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ROOKHAM, DE LUDE & ROBBEM.

[We are, of course, aware that this is not the type of letter usually published in these columns, but we publish it nevertheless as a gesture of defiance. We maintain that any statements appearing in *Craccum*, if not absolutely the *stricta veritas*, err on the side of understatement and we refuse to withdraw any single one of them. The matter has been referred to our solicitors, Messrs. Snare and Du Brown, from whom we understand that the case will be heard in the College Hall on or about the 13th inst.—Ed.]

THREE COURSES FOR —? —

To the Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—I think the time has arrived to abolish the Cafeteria. When we were first in the building, the Cafeteria was run by an outside caterer, but this method was unsatisfactory. The quality of the food suffered in order that the caterer might make a profit. The first year in which the Students' Association took it over, the loss was about £120, and this year, about £280. Surely this shows that the Association is incapable of running the Cafeteria with only a reasonably small loss.

It is certainly worth while for the Students' Association to spend money on the Cafeteria in view of the great convenience to students; but it cannot afford £280.

The increase in price which has just been innovated will scarcely cope with the difficulty. Most people will prefer two courses for 1/- to three courses for 1/3 and, as soup will be the course omitted, the saving in cost will be negligible.

I do not see how the Association can continue to run the Cafeteria unless it makes some radical changes, such as, for example, dispensing with waitresses and serving the meals over the counter.

I am writing this letter in the hope that it will start a discussion that may be the means of evolving some scheme by which this drain on the resources of the Association may be stopped.—I am, etc.,

ECONOMY.

THE HONGI CLUB

The Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—I understand that one of the objects of the Hongi Club is to brighten up the College, an object with which I am quite in sympathy. They have already been in existence for some time, but I have not yet noticed anything remarkably bright about their activities.

To date their exploits seem to consist of a procession on the first night of the play, a collection at Eden Park, a schoolgirl parade at the Capping Ceremony, and a packed Executive. These things are all right as far as they go, but they lack the originality which make such functions, and which one would expect from a Club which is so proud of itself. It is true that they were more successful than former factions have been in packing the Executive, but that is no excuse for an action which is a bit beyond a joke.

The schoolgirl idea is decidedly unoriginal—I seem to remember the Architects at the Mock Capping, two years ago, appearing in the same garb. However, as I said before, the Club does not seem to have any ideas of its own, so it copies others.

Finally, a few comparisons. What has this Club achieved to equal some of the "stunts" of recent years? To name some, the mock capping, the knighting of Sir George Fowlds, the burial of the Civic Square, and the mowing thereof, the decorations of the tower, and the decoration (?) of the big wireless aerial. This comparison shows that the Club is better at talking than at acting, and I venture the opinion that some of the above-mentioned efforts will be remembered for long after the Hongi Club has returned to the dust from which it has sprung.—I am, etc.,

OLD TIMER.

"The Strange Adventure of the Silent
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Did you know that Sherlock Holmes once visited New Zealand? He was commissioned by two prominent Aucklanders, Mr. A. Tringcome Kurner and Mr. Wigel Nilson, to investigate the gruesome murder of Mr. Eugene Dobbins. The great detective traced the crime to a nefarious gang of criminals known as the Hongi Club.

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