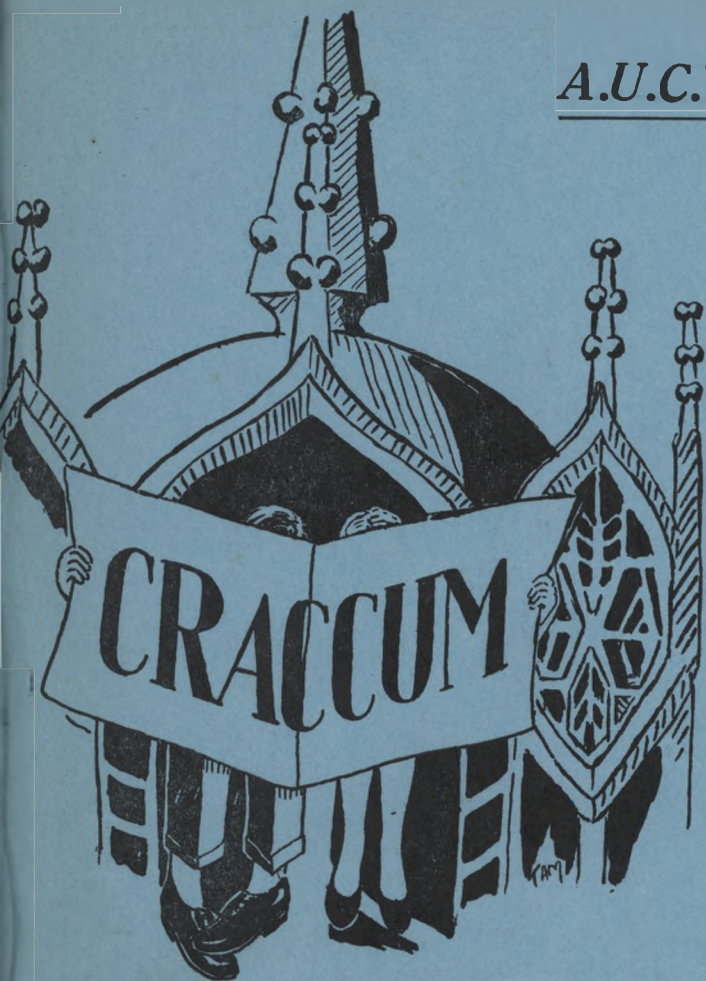


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SEPTEMBER 17, 1929

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EDITORIAL

For the last time this year, we appear before the public. *Craccum* has, we think, kept its head well above the water, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a late start. Contributions this year have come in quite well, but usually from a comparatively small circle of contributors. We are sure that there are many more students who could write matter of interest to *Craccum* readers, and we hope that next year they will do what they can to help our scrap-book along.

It may be in place to mention here the financial aspect of *Craccum*. There will probably always be a loss incurred, but this would be decidedly less if there were not so many generous people who boast of the fact that they are sufficiently interested to read *Craccum*, but not to pay the large sum of threepence for it.

We wish to apologise for the late publication of *Kiwi*, which will appear next week, but the delay was caused by circumstances which were outside our control.

In conclusion, we wish to thank those whose assistance has brought to a successful finish the third volume of *Craccum*.

THE SONG OF THE PEDESTRIAN

By N.A.

A nimble foot and a watchful eye,
A faith that will move the hills;
An active brain, if you would not die
Till age, its long threat fulfills.

The motors have the advantage yet;
The babies, so small and low,
You don't see them till they've got you set,
And o'er the divide you go.

The sporting instinct is absent still;
The motorist's cry is heard;
He lands a sitter with right good will,
And shouts, "Tally one! My bird."

When my time comes I would wish to lie
In peace 'neath the quiet sward.
Footsloggers' Gods, pray you hear my cry;
A Rolls, but oh, not a Ford.

LEAD-SWINGER'S FORTY FITS

DO THEY SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND SLATE ?

The bug of purely destructive criticism has penetrated the College walls. It stalks among us unseen, courageously hurling its invective from behind that old and trusty, if somewhat despicable, shield—anonymity. Let us beware. "Lead-Swinger" is about!

"Lead-Swinger"—a curious appellation for this disease to assume, is it not? What does the term mean? The recognised dictionaries have apparently never heard of it, but inquiries from those likely to assist show that the term came into prominence during the War. It was used in the Army to denote a malingerer—that is, one who does not play the game.

No doubt, fulminations issuing from such a source would usually be well left to their deserving fate, but in order to put us on guard against this infection, it would perhaps be better to examine the symptoms of the disease as revealed by the peevish verbiages of "Lead-Swinger."

It raises an uninspiring wail that the majority of the candidates nominated by "a gang of irresponsible, irrepressible and irrational youths" were thoughtless enough to become elected to the Students' Executive. Further, what is apparently meant to be a telling thrust is made by the statement that they represent about one-tenth of the students. Without admitting that this last statement approaches the truth, it is, of course, not our duty to debate on the voting system here. Although it may be mentioned that these candidates did not devise the voting system. We have only to point out that this "Lead-Swinger" does not offer any suggestions to remedy this terrible state of affairs, but merely contents itself with carping criticism.

A breather is then taken by the scourge from vituperations, and gratuitous congratulations fall *inter alia* on the secret society (Heaven alone knows why it is called secret), for "picking two outstanding men to fill up what would otherwise have been a very incompetent and incapable ticket." Those on the ticket may or may not consider it a compliment to be informed by "Lead-Swinger" that they are at any rate now neither incompetent nor incapable.

A further supply of venom having been generated, a fresh return to the attack is made, the Carnival Committee being the next objective. Umbrage is taken at the fact that the person elected by the Students as their head, is made chairman of this important Students' committee. As the grounds of the objection are not stated, the fruits of constructive criticism are not at present to be availed of, and the matter cannot

be pursued further. The same applies to the objections inferentially made, that a minority of the members of this committee are new to the job. It will occur to most people that everyone must at sometime be new to a job. Students may rest assured that there is sufficient experienced material on the committee, and that the new hands are men who will not try to run before they can walk. It is a constant criticism at 'Varsity' that the younger members are not given a chance. Therefore, when suitable members of that class are available it behoves critics to show why they should not be given a chance, even by the nominees of this insidious secret society.

By way of explanation of the charitable statement that "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," "Lead-Swinger" says of 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." A wonderful example of a rational argument.

The portfolio system on the Executive then comes under fire, but again no reasons for a departure from it are given, nor is an alternative system suggested, so that the observations are of no moment.

By this time the material onto which the scourge may leech itself is evidently almost exhausted, for it descends to that lowest depth—personalities made anonymously. No comment need be made on this petulant prattle, other than that when it is not merely ludicrous it is lame.

The parting shot of this anonymous person is that its sex does nothing in secret, a statement quite as logical as the others.

The conclusions from the enforced association with this pernicious influence may now be drawn. Is there anything in "Lead-Swinger's" rantings which is helpful to anybody or anything? Does this purely destructive criticism get us anywhere? Genuine criticism, that is, criticism made with a desire to help and offering constructive suggestions where possible, has a real use. Criticism which merely destroys without attempting to offer anything in substitution is a real nuisance. Let us beware of this nuisance.

Finally, it may not be out of order to say here that the elected who were nominated by this so-called secret society at least are quite aware that there are two sides to most questions, and they fully appreciate the fact that they are not the only ones who have opinions. They are quite willing to listen to and sympathetically consider the constructive criticism of any faculty, body or person in the College, and to act upon that which can be learnt from it. They will, however, neither tolerate nor be influenced by the ravaging rantings of this disease at present among us.
— Yours, etc., D. H. GRANT.

THE PERSISTENT LOVER

By MAEVIUS

I have always said that love,
Clementine!
Should be careless of rebuff,
Clementine!
So, in spite of all that you
May say to me or do,
You will always find me true,
Clementine!

For the bashful maiden art,
Clementine!
That repels a loving heart,
Clementine!
And makes you archly coy
And the harshest terms employ
Only gives me added joy,
Clementine!

I bear you no ill-will,
Clementine!
And I call upon you still,
Clementine!
Though the last time that I came
When the maid announced my name
You murmured: "What a shame!"
Clementine!

Oh, the memories of that night,
Clementine!
Something happened to the light,
Clementine!
'Twas a dark, secluded place
I attempted an embrace.
You went and slapped my face,
Clementine!

And after that was done,
Clementine!
You bought yourself a gun,
Clementine!
And desired that you might
Never see me day or night
Or else you'd shoot on sight,
Clementine!

Still I know that maidens joy,
Clementine!
In being archly coy,
Clementine!
So in spite of all that you
May say to me or do,
I'll continue to pursue,
Clementine!

Morning Murmurings From the Mountain

"Isn't it hot? Hey!"

"'U'llo! What's for breakfast, Cookie? Oh! I'm dying!"

"You'll have what I give you. Where d'you think you are—in the Hotel de Mouvelon?"

Cookie's White-Haired Boy chirps up: "What about a cup of tea in bed, Cookie?"

He gets it.

"Well, I'll go hopping!"

"What are you doing, Cookie?"

"What do you think I'm doing—playing the piano?"

"Any sugar in the tea?" (From Cookie's White-Haired Boy).

"Great Scott! What next? You'll be wanting flowers on your grave soon. You'd growl if you were going to be hung."

"Anyone seen my puttees?"

"Can I have a cup of tea in bed, too, Cookie?"

"Yes, but not this week."

"I'VE LOST MY PUTTEES!"

"Give's my shoes, Cookie—thanks."

"Don't thank me; I'm paid for this."

"I WANT MY PUTTEES! Dear mother, I'm going to die. Please tell Aunt Jane!"

"Here—I've got them on."

"Well, I'll go hopping sideways! You know what I'm thinking, boy—well, go there!"

"Will someone patch my pants?"

"He used to go to the military funerals for the blank cartridges."

"Yes, don't let it occur again."

"What's for tomorrow's breakfast, Cookie?"

"Hot air and love."

"How's the fire?"

"Oh—it's still going—out."

Soliloquy:

Cook: "This red snow."

*There was a young fellow named W——t,
Whose main hobby was to get rather tight.*

When doing some drinking

With friends, he got thinking,

And the Exec. now reflects our W——t's might.

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

"SCANDAL"

Out in the wilds the tiger stealthily stalked till her ear detected a rustle in the tall grass on her left. She paused, and her muscles became rigid, for though the sound might easily be made by the wind, yet there remained the possibility that there might be lurking there a man with evil intent.

Perhaps her imagination dwelt on previous encounters with man, or perhaps she had dined recently; however, she crept back to her litter and there murmured her narrow escape to her cubs, which were too young and inexperienced to understand her.

—From "Jungle Tales" (author unknown).

So it is with a great many of us. We hear or see something we can't quite fathom, our imagination conjures up all sorts of fantastic forms, and we are apt—especially when over-experienced or inexperienced—to put the worst meaning to them.

Perhaps some of us have a greater tendency than others in imagining things, especially when scandal is the topic. We may not know the persons concerned, or anything about them—but we form our opinions just the same and usually to the detriment of that person's character.

A minister was once walking along a road in Auckland with a lady parishioner, who was repeating instance after instance of scandal concerning another parishioner.

At last the minister turned and asked: "But hasn't she any good points?"

Perhaps if a few of us bore this story in mind we would prevent a good deal of unnecessary feeling between students and friends.—Yours, etc.,

CLARENCE.

P.S.—My opinion is that the animal mentioned should have been a party of chattering monkeys. C.

At Last!

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THE HONGI CLUB

CONSTRUCTION, NOT DESTRUCTION

(By "HEEMI.")

To the student of average intelligence the recent contributions of "Lead-Swinger" and "Old Timer" bear heavily the tang of both ignorance and personal jealousy. They are of a caste beyond the pale of true sportsmanship—in a word, true sideline players. They vent their personal ire at random, and as is the manner of their kind, offer destruction *sans* construction.

"Lead-Swinger" swings her lamentations for a space, but her erratic oscillations produce nothing but a monotonous wail of personal woe.

"Old Timer," a typical creak of the bad old days, commiserates with himself to return to his shell, unwept, unnonoured and now hung. In his eulogy to the "stunts" of past students he entirely overlooks the fact that the drastically restricted conditions of today are solely due to the misguided efforts of these gentlemen. Indeed, there is no fool like an old fool. To you, "Old Timer," I would fain present this advice: A man who already has one leg in the grave should never step with the other on a banana skin.

For decades the spirit of *esprit de corps* in the Auckland University College has, alas! been as dormant as the embryo of an unlaid egg, and it was with the most laudable aspiration of cherishing this college spirit that the Hongi Club came into being.

The Club, which is open to and worthily represented by male members of all faculties, then prepared to put its house in order to its own satisfaction, and to the general betterment and advancement of the whole college.

The good men and true who were featured on the Hongi Club ticket for their sterling qualifications have now been elected to their new and arduous responsibilities by the large majority of those who were sufficiently interested in the College to exercise their student franchise.

To the new Executive, personally, I lift my hat; their policy of material betterment and reforms I applaud, and it is for each and every student of the College to lend solid support—not mere selfish sarcasm.

Editor's Note

As this is the last issue of *Craccum*, we showed the proofs of criticisms contained in this issue, to the authors of the criticised articles. "Lead-Swinger" was unable to write a reply in time for this issue, but "Old Timer's" answer is printed in these pages.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

(By "OLD-TIMER")

I wish to thank the Editor of *Craccum* for giving me an opportunity to reply to the criticism of my letter, contained in an article in this issue, signed "Heemi."

I am somewhat at a loss to discover the reason for "Heemi's" personalities directed against myself. He makes practically no attempt to discuss the points raised in my letter, but contents himself with remarks which, I presume, are intended to be withering. To descend to personalities when at a loss for argument, is a time honoured custom, used frequently in Parliamentary elections. It is not, however, the sportsmanship which one would expect from the author of "Heemi's" first paragraph.

The one relevant point which "Heemi" raises is his statement that "the drastically restricted conditions of today, are solely due to the misguided efforts of those gentlemen." "Heemi" states that I have overlooked this fact. He is quite right, I did; because I was unaware of it. In fact, in spite of "Heemi's" assurance, I am still unaware that it is a fact. I wish he had been a little more explicit in explaining exactly what "restricted conditions" he means. The only things I can think of are the prohibition of a capping procession and, possibly, the difficulty over the public holding of this year's capping ceremony. With regard to the first, since all the achievements referred to took place since the last procession, they could by no stretch of imagination be responsible for the prohibition. In the second case, the reason why the Council favoured holding the capping in the College Hall, was that it was possibly a more fitting place to hold it. If student behaviour entered into the matter at all; then it was to noise and to general interruption of speeches that exception was taken to, and not to such interludes as the investiture of Sir George Fowlds, who, incidentally, appreciated the said investiture very much. I can assure "Heemi," from knowledge, that there have been no further restrictions imposed since the first of those "stunts," and that there are no more obstacles in the way of similar events than there were then.

I would like to offer a little constructive criticism of the elections. It would be better and more fair if "ticket" voting was entirely abolished. The system means that voters are influenced by a section, often a small section, to vote according to the personal opinion of that section. This opinion might be quite a good one, but it should be remembered that there are others just as good. To take a concrete example: In the opinion of the Hongi Club, the gentlemen on their ticket were the most suitable for election to the Executive. Others, however, whose opinions are just as good as those of the members of the Hongi Club, considered other candidates to be more suitable than some on the ticket. What justification, therefore, had the Hongi Club, in influencing voters to vote according to their particular opinion and not according to the unbiased judgment of the voters themselves. The ob-

jects of the Club in so doing may be very laudable, but that is no excuse for using unfair methods to obtain those objects. That "the end justifies the means" was never a very popular creed among Britishers.

I am further surprised at "Heemi's" remarks against myself, when considering the fact that in my letter I stated that I was in sympathy with that object of the Hongi Club. The object referred to was to brighten up college life, which, of course, increases unrest in the College, and, therefore, College spirit. The fostering of *esprit de corps* at Varsity is certainly a laudable object, and I am decidedly in sympathy with it, but it may be considered that the Club is taking rather much upon itself in having this as their *raison d'être*. It is not the Club, or its objects, that I criticised, but only the rather futile way in which it has manifested itself. I contended in my letter that the Club had so far not been very successful in attaining their object—it is going the wrong way about it—and I repeat that unless it can do a lot better in future it will die an early and natural death. At present the members of the Club are the only people who do not consider that the motto of the Club should be: "Words, Not Deeds." If the Hongi Club, however, should in the future succeed in developing and increasing College spirit, even to a slight extent, then I will be one of the first to offer my congratulations.

LITERARY CLUB

The Committee announces the award of the following prizes :

Professor Egerton's Prize (for the best paper read before the Club) : To Mr. D. H. Monro.

One-act Play Prize (for the best one-act play submitted in the competition) : To Miss Marion Hollway.

N. R. CLIFTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

QUOTATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

When at elections men decide

If they've got a brain and cerebellum too,
They've got to leave them both outside,
And vote just as the Hongis tell them to.

—W. S. FILBERT.

OUR OPTIMISTIC CONTEMPORARIES.

The next meeting of the Literary Society will be devoted to a study of Epic Poetry. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance.

—O. U. CRITIC.



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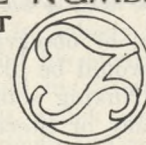
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"A TANKARD OF ALE"

XXX AND THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Both of these have interested students and poets from time immemorial, in spite of the pious efforts of the S.C.M. to the contrary. Big Chief Hongi himself, in common with his many devotees, was neither teetotaler nor misogynist. However, I shall not descend to personalities, a species of scurrility which can well be left to the practised hands of "Truth," "The Sentinel," "Lead-Swinger," and other members of the splenetic sisterhood.

Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" easily leads the way, of course, on the triple theme of wine, women and song. But the bacchanalian lyric goes back much further than this—back to Horace, of pagan Rome, or to the old Germanic bards, who sang of flax-haired women distributing mead to their heroes in the beer-hall: The meadless warrior was a truly despicable figure, and so remains, even to this modern age of Shaw and "What Price Glory."

But conviviality has grown commercial, rather than artistic; and in consequence the writing of drinking songs has suffered a severe decline. In spite of Calverley's noble apostrophe:

*"Oh Beer! Oh Hodgson, Guinness, Allsop, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue!"*

we feel the writer's main interest lies in his poem, rather than in his tankard, and Mr. Housman, carolling:

*"Malt does more than Milton can
To reconcile God's ways to man."*

seems to find more satisfaction in a happy alliteration than in his ale. More recently the mild Mr. Masfield has led his swaggering pirates on the stage, replete with striped jerseys and cutlasses, and artistically full of rum:

*"Oh, some are fond of fiddles and a song well sung,
And some are all for music that you lilt upon the tongue,
But monks were made for tankards — and for sucking
at the bung,"*

Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan."

The unfortunate thing about this cheerful poem is that pirates do not talk like this—at least none of those one meets do so.

Then R.L.S. once created a pirate—not so gory and blasphemous as those who stalk about in Masfield's pages, but a very nice pirate all the same. Still, on second thought,

*"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum,"*

seems hardly the kind of observation that Long John Silver and Company would be likely to make.

Our old English drinking songs were written with no pretence for delicacy or literature:

*"Back and side go bare, go bare!
Both foot and hand go cold!
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old."*

So wrote Bishop Still in the sixteenth century. Hilaire Belloc alone of the moderns has caught the same spirit, and that only rarely:

*"Such a warmth in the belly that nectar begets
The miser his gold, and the student his debts,
And the beggar his rags and his hunger forgets."*

Which reminds us, by the way, that honey mead was the national English drink right up to the Reformation:

*"Carp, Heresy, Hops and Beer,
All came to England in one year."*

a despondent rhymer was moved to record.

Ever since Noah first deserted his spouse for the vine, wine and women have striven for the mastery in man's affections, with the tankard generally emerging victorious:

*"From ladies I'll withdraw my heart,
And fix it only on the quart."*

wrote a disappointed Cavalier. Even the eighteenth century beau doubted the potency of his mistress' charms:

*"My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?"*

Which explains why so many love poems are despondent, and all drinking songs are merry.

Liquor admittedly has its victims—we have Falstaff and his eternal sack, the drunken porter in "Macbeth," and the unfortunate gentleman who sat on his flask in "Rio Rita." One must admit too, that New Zealand beer has so far achieved very little—Auckland's home brew is nothing to talk about, of course, but surely "Speight's" is worthy of something more original than "Virginia, where the green grass grows?" However, a really lyrical "History of Beer" has been compiled by Professor Wall, of Canterbury College; he has written brightly and wittily, as the spirit moved him.

—P.L.S.

CLUB NOTICES.

It has been decided not to include Club and Society notes in *Kiwi* this year, as it has been pointed out to the Committee that this is a function of *Craccum*.

The Editor wishes to remind those Clubs and Societies which have not yet sent them in, that notes for the Hand-book are required this term, in order that the Hand-book may be prepared for next year.

"Learn Music in Five Lessons. Postage free."—*American newspaper.*

Evidently some of the Hongi Club have had a postage course, as it has been noticed that they can already blow their own trumpets.

SHERBET THE SHIEK

AN EPIC POEM

By MAEVIUS

I'm Sherbet the Shiek, and I've always been reckoned
 At gathering partners to nobody second.
 I've flashing black eyes and curling black hair,
 I've an aquiline nose and a languishing air.
 I'm tall and I'm dark and I'm willing to bet
 That wherever I go I'll be able to get
 Some "not altogether impossible she"
 Who'll be ready and willing to sit out with me.

And so it fell out in the course of the years
 I devoted to spending my time with the dears
 I managed without many pains to collect
 A company small but very select
 Consisting of ladies of beauty and charm
 Who (provided of course that they came to no harm)
 Were ready and willing and able, you see,
 To dance and philander and sit out with me.

First there was Jean, who was charming and fair,
 With the whitest of skins and the softest of hair.
 Then there was Dawn, who was clever and crisp,
 And small, clinging Ida who spoke with a lisp,
 Nina the witty, and gentle Charmaine,
 With fluffy soft hair and a fluffy soft brain,
 But, of all the collection, the brightest and best
 Was dainty, delectable little Céleste.

She was graceful and tiny and dainty and neat
 From her lily-white cheeks to her dear little feet.
 Her ruby-red lips were as round as could be
 And her teeth were much whiter than ivory.
 (To my feminine readers I here will impart
 A secret that gladdens each feminine heart
 For most of the charms that I've mentioned above,
 That gained for this fortunate woman my love
 Were due to the constant and practical use
 Of Buggins's Lemon and Elephant Juice
 Sold in bottles or boxes, as you may prefer,
 At all beauty parlours for two-and-six per.
 But that is a matter that was not confessed
 Till very much later, by little Céleste.)

Her hair, and her eyes, and, I fear, her heart
 Were blacker than ever the sorcerer's art.
 (My gentleman readers, frequenting the *monde*,
 Whose preference is, so they say, for a blonde.
 May at this point, if they feel like it, wince.
 With me the case is quite different, for since
 I've never been reckoned a gentleman, yet
 I'm free to admit I preferred a brunette.)

She'd only one defect, and that took its rise
 From the mythical demon with green-coloured eyes.
 She "didn't much care" for Dawn or Charmaine,
 And Nina and Ida she "thought rather vain."
 But she never said much, or created a scene
 Till one day she found me disporting with Jean.
 "Hell has no fury" — you all know the rest.
 Well, Hell had no fury like little Céleste.

Rage flushed the cheeks that were so white before,
 And she stamped both her dear little feet on the floor!
 Her ruby lips curled and showed me beneath
 A delectable glimpse of her ivory teeth!
 Her lustrous black eyes still more lustrous became
 When furnished with fire and flashing with flame,
 And her charms soon impelled me to give up the rest,
 And confine all my efforts to little Céleste.

For a time I was happy as happy could be
 With the newly-found pleasures of monogamy,
 I felt no more longings for Dawn or Charmaine,
 Nor wished to see Nina or Ida again.
 I felt quite contented with Céleste alone
 And little Céleste was entirely my own!
 Entirely my own—till the day that she met
 Hannibal Habakkuk Joseph de Wet!

He was tall—he was six inches taller than me!
 He was darker than ever I managed to be!
 His air was more languishing even than mine,
 And his nose was a fraction more aquiline!
 My tailor ne'er equalled the cut of his suits,
 And my shoeblack despaired at the gloss on his boots.
 He was tall, he was dark, he was perfectly dressed,
 And he soon won the heart of my little Céleste!

Now he and Céleste are as happy can be,
 For Céleste's a believer in monogamy!
 My love, my caresses no longer awaits,
 But confines all her efforts to Hannibal H.
 She hears my reproaches with laughter and scorn,
 And bids me recite them to Nina or Dawn.
 While Nina and Dawn, and Jean and Charmaine,
 And Ida, will none of them come back again.
 They list to my story with infinite zest,
 And, sneering, refer me to little Céleste!

So Sherbert the Shiek, who has always been reckoned
 At gathering partners to nobody second,
 In spite of his eyes and his curly black hair,
 In spite of his nose and his languishing air,
 In spite of his dancing, which some call divine,
 Is left all deserted to moan and repine.
 No not altogether impossible she
 Is ready and willing to sit out with he!
 He's desolate, lonesome, unwanted, depressed,
 And all through the conduct of little Céleste!

Correspondence

COLLEGE MORALS

To the Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—There are men whose tongues will not be tied, whose pens will not be passive when they behold institutions perverted from their lawful use, salutary sport made the pretence for pernicious practices, and fantastic fashions framed to involve in seeming innocence, deeds which deserve the most severe of public condemnations. Such men were Swift, Wilberforce, Junius the elder; such, in a less pretentious way, am I. In short, like Addison before me, I seek to rescue the College "from the desperate state of vice and wickedness into which it has fallen."

In a previous issue of *Craccum* the motives of tennis enthusiasm on the end court were called in question. I was pleased to learn that no cause for complaint now exists. Would that I could say the same of another habitat of the sportive kind. Far be it from me to impugn the motives of those who seek to ablegate muscular atrophy in the ping-pong room. Far be it from me to suggest that all practitioners of ping-pong are slaves to subterfuge. But there are some ——. Let this suffice.

The moral torpidity into which we have tumbled is reflected all around. The news-sheet which is the official organ of College society is a mirror of the depravity in which we live and move and have our being. The official organ of College society is itself representative of the moral obliquity into which we have sunk. The journalistic outcast denied entrance even to the pages of the yellow press—the maimed in word, the lame in style, the halting in thought, find in the columns of *Craccum* a resting-place for their witless imbecilities. The publication bristles with innuendoes about women-students, and macaronies on unintelligent banalities, allusions pandering to the lower instincts and gratuitous scurrilities levelled at College societies. Apparently it is little more than an advertising medium for certain College monstrosities, whose babbling romances and crude jests have appalled the College for years but we hope will soon appal it no longer.

I doubt not, Sir, that you who live with your hand on the pulse of College society know something of the careers of two of your correspondents, "Clarence Green" and "Father Christmas." Those who know less of College life than you, have encountered the esoteric escapades of your correspondents. Those escapades have been flaunted before the amused gaze of the whole College. We would well spare from the columns of *Craccum* such accounts of their "*affaires*" as are judged suitable for publication by the protagonists. In short, Sir, we have "Father Christmas" and "Clarence Green" always with us in substance; we can do without them in print.—I am, etc.,

JUNIUS JUNIOR.

LA CRITIQUE EST AISÉE, L'ART DIFFICILE.

To the Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—May I congratulate your correspondent "Lead-Swinger" on her staunch attack upon this dread secret society which is insidiously gnawing at the vitals of our University? I must confess, however, that I am surprised that the ranks of our University women hold such a capable and fearless partisan. There have been certain sinister suggestions that the article was written by a disappointed place-seeker; but, knowing the fine sporting spirit of our University women, I would have no hesitation in strenuously contradicting these malicious statements.

One is happy to agree with "Lead-Swinger" that under our present democratic system, College elections are farcial, but the fault lies at the door of Democracy itself. When Democracy realises that the elections have a certain bearing on the life of the College, and are not merely for the purpose of securing certain of our future leading counsel in their tenure of a very comfortable poker school, then, perhaps, Democracy will come along in force to vote. I hope, Sir, foolishly perhaps, that the present "packed Executive" will, finding poker not to its taste, turn from sheer ennui to sterner matters, and thus vindicate the "irresponsible" Hongi Club, which placed the majority of them in power. However, swayed by "Lead-Swinger's" potent personalities (penned in very bad taste, I am afraid), *à propos* the individual members of our august ruling body, I feel that this is improbable, to say the least.

One question I should like to ask the Hongis: How can they suppose that an Executive composed largely of untried men could surmount the obstacles which have proved insuperable to those trained in the hard school of hole-and-corner manoeuvring for places on sub-committees and minor governing bodies, until in the course of years they have graduated gloriously as members of the Executive?

In conclusion, may I offer my humble felicitations to the Chairman of the Men's House Committee on those qualities which all our students recognise and admire, but which have earned for him the very doubtful honour of a public eulogy from his devoted supporter "Lead-Swinger."—Yours, etc.,

A HONGI (?).

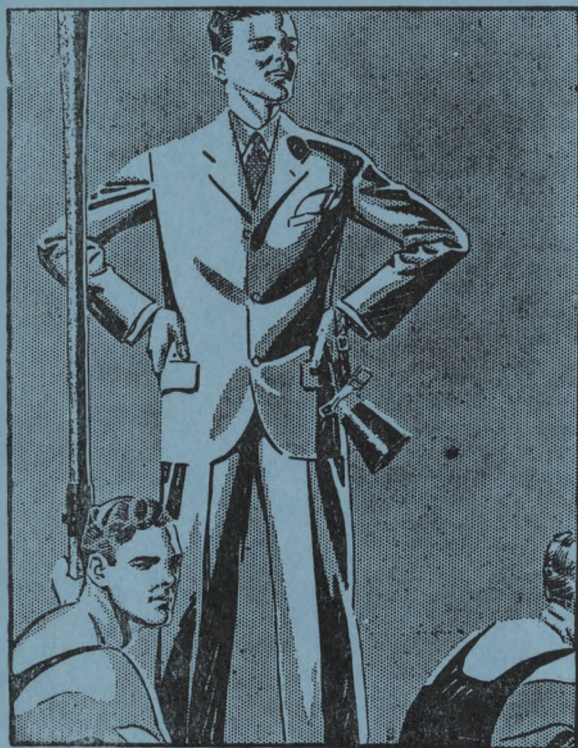
A.U.C. HONGI CLUB

To the Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—In view of a certain statement made in the issue of *Craccum* of September 3rd, whereby an entirely false impression has been created, I am instructed by my Committee to state that at no time whatsoever has any member of the Hongi Club been expelled on the grounds that he refused to exercise his vote as instructed by the Club, nor was the question of voting considered in this connection.—Yours, etc.,

THE A.U.C. HONGI CLUB.

per J. M. Murdoch, Hon. Sec.



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

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