

Vol. IV. No. 1.

AUCKLAND, MARCH 14, 1930

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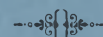
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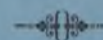


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# Tournament

at **AUCKLAND, EASTER, 1930**

**A.U.C. must make this a success! Every student can help,  
either by representing his college, or assisting in the enter-  
tainment and billeting of our 150 visitors.**

**A. K. TURNER,  
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Delegates, A.U.C.**



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*KIWI KEPT*

# Craccum

Vol. IV. No. 1.

MARCH 14, 1930

Price : 3d.

2/6  
COVERS THE  
YEARLY  
SUBSCRIPTION  
FOR *CRACCUM*.

## CRACCUM, 1930

Three years have elapsed since that Easter in 1927, when CRACCUM first cracked open the professorial shell through which Mother *Kiwi* had been helping him peck his way to freedom, thence to wander, greatly daring, through the cloisters of the newly-opened Arts building of A.U.C.

And now (according to Elsie K. Morton, in the "N.Z. Herald") the realms of bushland are properly astir. Listing to the song of his lordly fellow-countryman the tui, CRACCUM drowsily awakens, preens his newly-grown feathers, and sets forth in quest of what the academic gods may proffer him. Soon, perhaps, he will fly in the face of ornithology and essay a solo hop to the top of the college tower, now rearing itself in Lippincottian splendour to the glory of its enterprising creator. And CRACCUM's wingless Mother *Kiwi* too, must ere long look to her nesting in the spring.

The forest of Academia echoes to the whisper that the Hongis are once again on the war-path, while in the dim distance the S.C.M. camp-fires are already flashing an answering gleam. To the echoes of ribald song or blood-curdling haka, there sound in reply the inspiring strains of "The Darkies' Sunday School" and "Onward Christian Soldiers." The College Kainga, too, has been reorganised on quick-lunch lines for hungry warriors, wherefore must preparations be afoot for a tangi or hui of the first order, with prospects of a pitched battle to follow.

The A.U.C. Handbook's pipes of Pan have already

### STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION NOTES

The success of the buffet system in other colleges, combined with a previous annual loss of £250 in the administration of the A.U.C. Cafeteria, has led the Students' Association to make the present change in the Dining Hall. Students are requested to support an institution run solely for their benefit.

The Blues Committee for 1930 has been elected as follows: Messrs. A. K. Turner (ex-officio), N. A. Campbell, M. M. Flynn, R. B. Hardy, and N. C. Jenkin.

It has been decided that the assistance of the Professorial Board be solicited in the active encouragement of the wearing of gowns by students at lectures and other occasions specified.

The date for the half-yearly public meeting of the Association has been fixed for Thursday, 27th March, at 8 p.m.

Have you heard the latest in talking films? Don't miss the Sox Movietone News at Freshers' Welcome!

trilled out the summons. Freshers, grads, and undergrads, prepare ye for the day of Tournament. The hour of whoopee is at hand, and CRACCUM hopes, with the aid of his many friends in A.U.C., to create a flutter with the best of them. But seriously, CRACCUM hopes this year to be of greater service in keeping the whole student body in contact with the vast number of activities which engage its members. This can only be done if the secretaries of the various clubs and societies will co-operate with CRACCUM by leaving in the *Kiwi* box, any information of general interest. He is especially desirous of publishing full details of the activities of college sports bodies, and committees are cordially invited to make full use of these pages for publicity purposes. For the some time past, CRACCUM has been subjected to the acrimonious outpourings of various legal luminaries, while the rest of the college was disposed to look on and contribute—nothing. CRACCUM hopes that Barrister-at-Law is now safely married off and that he has settled down cosily in his family nest.

CRACCUM is, by the way, co-operating eagerly in the new drive for college songs, and part of this issue is devoted exclusively to student ditties. In welcoming Freshers to A.U.C. in general, and to his own columns in particular, CRACCUM bids new students join with others in learning up this miscellany of ballads old and new—special gatherings will be arranged for this purpose before Easter. So, Freshers, if you enjoy making whoopee, here's your opportunity. Now one and all, go to it!—*The Editor*.

### SELF-HELP.

To SAMUEL SMILES.

By MAEVIUS.

I doubt not, Samuel, that your words were wise,

Thou jewel of the reign of great Victoria,  
When happily you ventured to surmise

That Whigs would grow more Whig and Tories Torier.

Prize-fighters still more vigorous of fist,

Fat brokers fatter still and far more brokerly,  
And politicians able to exist

By hocus pocus still more hoci-pocily  
If each and all could only be persuaded.

To rise by his own efforts, quite unaided.

Nor do I, Samuel, cavil at your plan,

For, after all, you made some money through it,  
And that, I take it, is the end of man,

At least as your philosophies construe it,  
But still I can but feel that in applying

Their zeal to matters purely gastronomical  
Your followers are hardly justifying

Their credence in your utterances gnomical,  
For who, I ask, is happier or cheerier  
For keeping self within the Cafeteria?



## A CO-ED'S WEEK-END

(From an American contribution in "The University," with possible reference to our own Temples of Culture)

In most of the schools with which I have personal contacts, I have observed a nonchalant, rather flippant attitude toward real education. The students seem to prefer education of the popular sort, rather than real knowledge. I think this situation is particularly true in the ways we spend our leisure time. Very little of it is spent in reading or studying. A census was taken in a class of twenty-two students recently, to determine how they spent their evenings. It was found that only three of that number spent more than two evenings a week alone. The others had all their time taken up with extra-curricular activities, dates, or "just fooling around" with companions of their own sex.

This unthinking expenditure of time may be easily shown in a co-ed's week-end. The week-end begins after her last class on Friday. When the bell dismissing that class rings, she immediately forgets all about study for the next few days. She spends Friday afternoon up town, sitting in a confectionery booth with a group of her sorority sisters. They get their afternoon's enjoyment from trying to get more male attention than a rival group. Then the co-ed dashes back to the dormitory just in time for dinner. After dinner she must dress for her date. In almost any girl's dormitory, the hour after dinner on Friday evening is spent in frantically trying to borrow a hat and accessories to match one's dress, or a dress to match one's hat. When the date arrives, the fair co-ed lets him wait awhile as a matter of strategy—a man wouldn't appreciate a girl he didn't have to wait for—and then she goes to meet him. They spend the evening at the movies, at a dance, or sitting in the booth, drinking "cokes." This is Miss Co-Ed's chance to learn something of her "boy friend's" mind—to become intimate—to broaden herself by contact with another point of view. But the co-ed doesn't care for that! She is occupied with trying to appear so clever and attractive that he will ask her for more dates, and perhaps take her to his fraternity formal dance. She returns to her dormitory, and there amid the score of other couples dressed similarly and acting similarly, she bids the "date" good night. Saturday morning she sleeps late and then goes up town to breakfast, usually returning only a few minutes before time to eat her second meal of the day. She spends the early part of the afternoon playing the co-ed equivalent of bridge. The latter part of the afternoon, she spends a repetition of her previous evening's performance.

Saturday night, the event of the week-end occurs—the basketball game! Two hours before the game the sororities start to file into the gymnasium. They like to arrive early, so that they can sit under the basket and scream every time the ball accidentally hits them. Each member of each group lives up to the unwritten law by wearing her best clothes. After the game, each girl who "rates," meets her date and proceeds up town to eat. Those who do not "rate" return to the dormitory and "stage a feed."

Sunday is, indeed, a day of rest. One either sleeps the whole morning or goes up town to breakfast. After

dinner, one has a walking date, or plays bridge, or, on the risk of being considered a "dig," studies a little for Monday morning classes—but only the assignments. Anyone who does outside reading is either a "Phi Bete" or a "nut"—it doesn't make much difference.

Sunday evening, one has a dinner date. If one has one's man "cinched," one comes home early, because Sunday night dates are apt to be boring; but if one is just "floating around" with one man or another, one stays out until the last bell rings, for under no circumstances dares one appear uninterested. Monday morning the week-end is over, and each co-ed starts lining up her dates for the next week-end. She leads a hard life, for she must study enough to stay in school, and still, it takes most of her time getting enough dates to make school worth while.

Now, certainly, a life like this is not accomplishing the aim of the college authorities nor of the parents who send these girls to school. Their aim is to enable the students to gain a liberal education in order that he or she may live a full life. Of course, they do not expect the student to become a "grind"—that is not gaining a liberal education! They probably would not object to a week-end such as the above if the week were spent in really earnest scholastic activity. But even during the week, the prime object of many students is to appear socially prominent. Each night the university libraries are crowded with students. The girls get all dressed up in their best bib and tucker and go to the library. They sit there all the evening with a book open in their hands. Each time the door opens, they look up to who is entering. If they know the person, they make some comment about her clothes, or the amount he can drink, or something equally not their concern. Finally they see a man they are attracted by. Eyes meet eyes and dates ensue—and so the week files by—with the all important week-end growing ever nearer.

This attitude on the part of students is probably the result of our system of mass education. We crowd a large number of students together in one university, teach them the same subjects, require the same recitation from each of them, and hold up model standards before them. We take in a number of people who are not fitted for intellectual attainments—and then we wonder why students in American Universities are indifferent to studies. If we would try developing a little individuality among the students, and would make this individualism as desirable as the securing of five dates for the week-end, we might be surprised at the genius among us.

### THUS FAR.

Said a dashing young mermaid of Cheltenham,  
"I can't wear these togs! Why, I'd melt in 'em."

Now at Lido, the women

Go sun-bathin' and swimmin'

With nothing much more than a belt on 'em."



## TOURNAMENT

The Inter-University Tournament, held at Easter each year in each of the four centres in turn, will this year be held in Auckland. The Tournament will undoubtedly be the event of the year. Those who remember the excitement of the 1927 Tournament—considered the best to date by all who were here—are eagerly looking forward to the Easter vacation when it is again the turn of the southern colleges to visit Auckland.

Our visitors will arrive on Good Friday morning by the Main Trunk Express, about 150 to 200 strong. They are usually met by a representative crown of local students (I laugh now as I remember Bob Briggs leading the "Crocodile" down the station platform in 1927—he will be here again this year, and perhaps may be prevailed upon to officiate again). On Saturday there are the Tennis Championships at Stanley Street and on Saturday evening the Boxing Championships at the Town Hall. On Sunday there will be a motor drive for the visitors. On Monday the Athletic Championships will be held, the Basketball also being decided the same day. In the evening the first Inter-University Swimming Championships will be decided at the Tepid Baths. Tuesday is the last day of the actual Tournament, the finals of the Tennis being completed. In the evening Tournament Ball will be held in the Scots Hall. It is always a great event. The visitors depart on Wednesday evening, and it is hoped that the station authorities will look the other way when the time comes to examine the platform passes that evening.

Everything that A. U. C. can do to make this Tournament the best effort yet must be done. The first and most essential matter that is worrying the A.U.C. delegates at the moment is the problem of billeting 150 or more southern students. Whether you are a member of the team or not, you lose half the fun of the Tournament if you don't billet a visitor, and it gives you the personal interest in the whole of the Tournament activities such as you never otherwise get. The delegates haven't time to ask everyone personally, so they have asked "Craccum" to appeal to students not to wait to be approached personally, but to write to the delegates intimating their willingness to billet one of the visitors.

Then there is the question of selection of teams. The captains and selectors of the clubs concerned are combing the College for talent so as to get the best possible teams competing for A.U.C. In Athletics particularly it is desired to field the best possible team and to have it thoroughly trained. We have held the Wooden Spoon quite long enough. So "Craccum" wishes it clearly understood that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. The selectors can't know all the "possibilities" for teams; if you are a possibility it is your duty to bring yourself before the selectors as a candidate for selection.

Cars, too will be badly needed on Good Friday morning, to meet the train and on Sunday afternoon, for the drive. If students willing to help in this connection will communicate with one of the delegates, or

with Mr. J. N. Wilson or Miss Z. O. Lloyd, they will be doing a service to humanity.

Programme sellers, people to help at the Rendezvous (at the College), umpires for tennis, stewards of various kinds for the athletics and swimming—all these and more will be wanted, and everyone is expected to take a bit of the work.

The Tournament delegates are Messrs. N. C. Jenkin and A. K. Turner, and all enquiries in connection with Tournament should be made to them.

## PLAINT OF A FRESHER.

(To Miss Annledge, c/o "The Stun".)

Dear Miss Annledge,

I have now commenced my first year at the Auckland 'Varsity and trust that in the fullness of time I shall leave that stately pile a full-blown Mus. Bac. I am, however, and alas! at present chewing the bitter cud of indecision, and with the duel desire of getting my woes off my manly bosom and of obtaining your considered advice, I will open to you my innermost heart.

To-day I stood on holy ground, to wit the college office (terrible place, Miss Annledge), and saw within the vision of its precepts, a vision more glorious than graced the trance of the venerable Ben Adam. What eyes! What lips! And a pair of legs so sweet as to make the unparalleled Pavlova look bow-legged in comparison. Verily, the maid of my dreams.

Now Miss Annledge this nymph from the garden of Allah is, I understand, a fresher, too. Can you suggest how I might make acquaintance with her, and so achieve my heart's desire?

FRESHER.

[Yes, to start off you must attend the Freshers' Welcome, whereby you fulfill the canon law of a first year undergrad. Once there, throw yourself upon the tender mercies of the Hongi Club, who claim past mastery in affairs of the heart. Now remember, laddie, speed is the word, and immediately after the first dance, invite her to stroll with you in the cloistered portals of your mutual Alma Mater. There shall you unfold the burthen of your heart and crave her sweet sympathy. As Lorelei says, a kiss is very nice, but the memory of "Freshers'" lasts forever.

RUTH ANNLEDGE.]

## COLLEGE DINING HALL

(Run by the Students' Association for the convenience of College people.)

<b>1/-</b>	<b>THE CHEAPEST</b>	<b>1/-</b>
<b>1/-</b>	<b>MEAL IN TOWN</b>	<b>1/-</b>

(and one of the best)

Afternoon teas and lunches at laughably low prices.



## OUR CARNIVAL PLAY

### "ALL QUIET ON THE WATERFRONT"

To all that body of people contained more or less between the four boundaries of the Auckland University College at divers times for the purposes of study or a semblance thereof (hereinafter designated "students") greetings and a message!

Long hours of patient work, much of it encompassed beneath the feeble glow of a guttering electric light in the author's sumptuously appointed garret—(one moment). Picture the scene! Visualise the birth of this dramatic masterpiece!! (Which dramatic masterpiece?) (The one I'm telling you about.)

Two gentlemen, dressed as authors (Don't, whatever you do, turn that phrase back the front), seated at a long black oak table, upon which stands a long black glass bottle (containing ink). The silence is unbroken, save for the moaning of the wind in the wireless aerial overhead and the scuttling of rats in the cellar, ten stories below. The sound of gurgling liquid is heard ever and anon. Contrary to expectations this is caused by one of the authors filling his fountain pen at the bottle. The frequency with which this gurgling sound occurs is due to the fact that both authors have fountain pens and both use the same bottle. Most unhygienic, of course, but all authors are to say the least, somewhat Bohemian.

With this word picture tastefully suspended from the mental freize, dear reader, with this tone poem, as 'twere echoing through the vaulted cranium—pass on to the message.

All this mental and manual effort is directed towards one end, and its name in this instance is "All Quiet on the Waterfront." A play—an extravaganza—an Olympian flight—well you have probably read advertisements in the hyperbole on the back page of the "Star" before this.

Now approach the crux of the message.

"Advertisement."

(Note the studied diction which follows):

The management earnestly requests that every student will make it a point to advertise to his friends and acquaintances "All Quiet on the Waterfront."

Every opportunity taken in this respect will be of great value to the success of the show.

—J.A.S.C.

### FRESHERS!

The Students' Association will tender you an official welcome to A.U.C. at a social evening and dance to be held in the College Hall on Saturday, March 15th, at 8 p.m.

Tickets obtainable (gratis) from Secretary, Social Committee.

## COLLEGE SONGS, OLD AND NEW

In view of the fact that Tournament is to be held in Auckland this Easter, and that Carnival Play will soon be here, it is thought desirable that we be able to raise our voices in concerted harmony. Student ditties have become a by-word for joyous singing and rollicking humour, and their popularity within a University is a sure sign of that social well-being, that esprit de corps without which a college, like any other corporate community, cannot well exist. We are printing here a few ballad revivals and several old survivals, together with some new adaptations and topical hits which may prove useful. There will be opportunities of practising them at Freshers' Welcome, and at the Coffee Evenings to be held in the Men's Common Room.

Some hardy annuals:

1. Undergraduates are we of the Auckland 'Varsity,  
We have spent ourselves in building up the brain,  
As we burn the midnight oil, worn with intellectual  
toil,  
We are haunted by this dolorous refrain:—

*Chorus:* Cram, cram, cram for that diploma,  
Cram, cram, cram for that degree;  
When each hoary-headed prof.  
Has been duly poisoned off  
We shall still be cramming at the 'Varsity.

2. With Prof. Johnson in the lab. we are learning how  
to stab  
Horrid things which, slowly dying, squirm and  
kick;  
Jabbing scalpels in and out we have wormed our  
way about  
In the palpitating vitals of a chick.

Cram, cram, cram, etc.

3. In Prof. Algie's school of law we are learning more  
and more  
How our fellow men to rook and rook and rook.  
And his lectures are so strong that before so very long  
You'll confuse a law-clerk with a dinkum crook.

Drunk last night—sicker the night before;  
Going to get drunk to-night if I never get drunk any  
more.

When I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be.  
For I am a member of the A.U.C.

Glorious, glorious,  
One keg of beer between the four of us.  
Glory be to Thee there ain't no more of us  
For one of us could drink it all alone.

All alone, all alone,  
For one of us could drink it all alone.

(Repeat.)



*Leader*: "On this my daughter's wedding day,  
£10,000 I'll give away."

*Chorus*: "Hooray!" (and other expressions of glee)

*Leader*: "On second thoughts I think it best  
To put it away in the old oak chest."

*Chorus*: "You dirty dog" (and similar noises of hatred).

*Leader*: "On hearing this, your lusty cheer,  
We'll spend it all on Speights's beer."

*Chorus*: (exult vociferously).

"If I had £10,000 I'd buy a lot of beer, I'd  
buy a lot of beer.

I'd live on Speights' and porter-gaffs from  
year to year, from year to year.

Star of the evening—beautiful evening star,  
Star of the evening, shining on the cookhouse  
door.

Sing Hi-Ho, Virginia. Sing Hi-Ho, Virginia.  
Sing Hi-Ho, Virginia; Virginia where the green  
grass grows."

---

My Bonny went over the ocean,  
My Bonny went over the sea.  
My Bonny went over the ocean.  
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

*Chorus*: Bring back, oh, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

(Repeat)

Last night as I lay on my pillow.  
Last night as I lay on my bed.  
Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
I dreamt that my Bonny was dead.

*Chorus*:

My Bonny leaned over the gas-tank,  
The height of the petrol to see.  
She lighted a match to assist her,  
Oh, bring back my Bonny to me.

*Chorus*:

My Bonny and I took a boarder,  
To make a few shillings, you see.  
My Bonny and I took a boarder,  
Oh, bring back my Bonny to me.

---

If you want to be right happy  
Now and evermore.  
If you want to join your comrades  
Who have gone before.  
If you want to live in peace  
And glory by and by,  
Join the S-A-L-V-A-T-I-O-N-A-R-M-Y.  
Jump for joy, etc.

# SUITS

for the man  
about  
college

The more keenly alert to  
styles you are, the more  
thoroughly you know wool-  
lens, the more studious you  
are of good tailoring, the  
more enthusiastic you'll be  
over Wright-tailored suits—  
tailored to order from 6  
guineas.

## HUGH WRIGHT

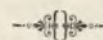
LIMITED

"The Young Men's Tailors"

QUEEN ST.

AUCKLAND

# EXHIBITION

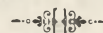


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The College students sing this song,  
 Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.  
 The length of a term is much too long,  
 Oh, Doo-Dah Day.  
 Swatting and grinding I detest,  
 Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.  
 Midnight oil makes me protest,  
 Oh, Doo-Dah Day.

G'wine to dance all night,  
 G'wine to swat all day,  
 If we don't get through at the end of the year  
 There'll be one Devil to play.

Think I'll go and buy some land,  
 Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.  
 And at farming try my hand,  
 Oh, Doo-Dah Day.  
 Plough the field and sow the corn,  
 Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.  
 Milk the cow with the crumpled horn,  
 Oh, Doo-Dah Day.

G'wine to milk all night  
 G'wine to loaf all day,  
 But apart from the joys of a country life  
 I ask you—would it pay?

### "COME ROUND THE HARBOUR WITH ME."

(Revival of an old A.U.C. Capping Song)

Jimmie O'Grady was sweet on a lady  
 Who lived down Dominion Road way.  
 Her ancestral arbour was far from the harbour,  
 She preferred Khyber Pass any day.  
 But Jimmie loved water and said that she oughter  
 Get Symonds Street out of her head.  
 For the benches they harden in Cemetery Garden,  
 So Jimmie stood firm and he said:

"Come round the harbour with me,  
 We'll leave Rangitoto behind.  
 Out past Tiri to sea  
 (I'm sure that your mother won't mind.)  
 For I swear that I'll marry yer  
 When we get to the Barrier  
 And then we'll be steering straight back to Point Erin  
 Drink gallons of beer in the old Mon Desir then—  
 Oh, come round the harbour with me."

"Come round the harbour with me,  
 We'll leave Takapuna behind  
 Out past Kawau to sea  
 (I don't think your mother would mind).  
 For we'll splice in a hustle  
 On arriving at Russell,  
 Celebrate with a handle when we reach Coromandel,  
 And then we'll go blotto on old Rangitoto,  
 Oh, come round the harbour with me."

### A MODERN UNDERGRADUATE

(With apologies to "A Modern Major-General" in  
 "The Pirates of Penzance.")

I am the very model of a modern undergraduate  
 I know the names of all the drinks that make the blood  
 coagulate,  
 I patronise the taverns, too, the "Central" and the  
 "Royal" bar,  
 I visit the "Commercial," "Albert," "Thistle" and the  
 "Star."  
 In fact in all the manners we moderns mostly adulate  
 I am the very model of a modern undergraduate.

I love the undergraduettes, they're never tired of  
 chasing me,  
 They think me much more thrilling than the Lit. Club  
 or a C.M. tea.  
 I sing the latest jazz hits in a serviceable baritone,  
 And dance the Blues divinely to the droning of a saxo-  
 phone.  
 In fact in all the manners that maidens mostly adulate  
 I am the very model of a modern undergraduate.

I'm full of joie de vivre, know how to cast my troubles  
 out,  
 Read Edgar Wallace "shockers" till the perspiration  
 bubbles out.  
 I work at just a minimum, buy cribs from reputable  
 firms,  
 Dodge every lecture possible, but never fail to wangle  
 terms.  
 In fact, in all the manners that students mostly  
 adulate,  
 I am the very model of a modern undergraduate.

### WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Now down Luna Park there's a girl who's tattooed.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?  
 They say she's a wonderful sight when she's viewed.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?  
 She has the whole map of the world on her skin,  
 Italy, England and France are all in,  
 And they're wondering now where they'll tattoo Berlin.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?

Yes, you would hardly believe it.  
 Still, you must take it or leave it.  
 The rubber-skinned man was on view one fine day  
 A wag pulled his leg in a deceptive way,  
 And the damned thing flew back and it stunned him,  
 they say.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?

I went to the Civic for supper one day,  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?  
 I got such a shock when I went up to pay.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?  
 For there sat a maiden intriguingly fair  
 With ringlets brushed round to the back of her ear  
 And a question-mark curl on her brow here and there.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?



Yes, you would hardly believe it.  
 Still, you must take it or leave it.  
 I wanted to pull them to see how they stuck,  
 And if she relied upon glue or on luck,  
 But the sight so obsessed me I hadn't the pluck.  
 Really? Yes, would you believe it?

### TIP TOES.

Cabinet proclamation bids this generation  
 Turn out an all-farming nation.  
 Soon we'll all be growing goatee beards and sowing,  
 Mowing, as we sing this love-song:

Tip-toe through the furrow, by the furrow,  
 That is where I'll be,  
 Come, tip-toe through the turnips with me.  
 Tip through the fallow to the shadow of the marrow-tree,  
 Come tip-toe through the turnips with me.  
 Knee-deep in mangolds we'll stray,  
 Through fields of lucerne and hay.  
 And tho' I kiss you in the cowbail, in the cowshed, will  
 you still wed me?  
 Come tip-toe through the turnips with me.

### Another Version:

Tip-toe to the buffet, by the buffet, that is where I'll be,  
 Come tip-toe to the buffet with me.  
 Tho' it's most diverting, stop your flirting in the  
 library,  
 Come tip-toe to the buffet with me.  
 Three-deep through tables we'll stray,  
 By Jove, it's your turn to pay!  
 And if I kick you on the ankle, by the ankle will it  
 rankle you?  
 Come tip-toe to the buffet with me.

## SPORTS

### ATHLETICS:

At the annual meeting of the College Athletic Club, held on Friday, March 7th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chairman, J. S. Watt; Secretary, E. C. Wooller; Committee, J. Allen, J. Bracewell and W. Mitchell.

The date for the Interfaculty Sports has been tentatively fixed for Wednesday, April 2nd, at the Domain. As the Tournament team is selected on performances at this meeting, all who are keen to gain representation are advised to be as fit as possible by this date.

Training arrangements are already well in hand. Once again the Club has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Taffy Davis as masseur and trainer. He possesses marked ability in this direction and all are urged to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity of improving their running and gaining representation in the College track team.

In reviewing A.U.C. teams of past years, it is apparent that, while our men have always held their own in flat races, there is a definite weakness in the field

events. Here is a grand opportunity for men who do not shine in flat events. All who wish to try themselves out for the Shot Put, Hammer and Javelin Throws are urged to communicate with any Committee member immediately.

### TRAINING NOTES:

O. Morgan, the holder of the N.Z.U. 100 yds. title, is already in good form and is confidently expected to gain both the Sprint Championships at Easter. E. C. Wooller, the second string in the sprint last year, has been training consistently and has consequently shown marked improvement. J. S. Watt who has been the most unfortunate of runners of late years, is as keen as ever. Undoubtedly, he possesses distinct ability as a half-mile runner and his success would be very gratifying. P. C. Minns and G. G. L. McLeod, who ran in the Quarter last year, are again on the track. The latter should do well over the 440 yds. Hurdles, too, if his knee trouble does not recur. Among the others who are already in definite training may be noted J. Allen, high jump; J. G. S. Bracewell, hurdler; and W. Mitchell, half-mile.

## WHY OUR COLLEGE IS A FAILURE

(By KRYPTOS)

The heading I have chosen does poor justice to those who have done, and are doing, splendid work for the University. Rather I should have used the title, "Where Our College is a Failure," but for the fact that inevitably some wit would have murmured "In athletics and Capping Day."

Our educational and social systems are responsible for all the glaring failures on the purely academical side. At the beginning of the year one has to answer a number of questions on neat printed cards. We are asked who we are, how old we are, where we live, what we eat, when we sleep and even what degree we are attempting, but no-one ever thinks to ask *why* we are taking a degree course. Gentle reader, will you honestly answer the question: Why are you taking a degree? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer will demonstrate one aspect of the failure of our College. It is because the majority of our students want a degree merely as a pass into the professions that the lectures are so disappointing. Most lectures are nothing more than gramophone recitals, with interesting and stimulating remarks between the records. Most emphatically this is not the fault of the lecturers. They are forced to present their subject in the form of a condensed text book, because three quarters of their class have no interest in their subject and won't take the trouble to study it thoroughly for themselves. Inevitably the more popular a subject is the worse its lectures become. So that we find that Journalism can be handled in an interesting, stimulating, and satisfying way, while Education is a nightmare of stenographic rhapsodies. There are two possible cures for this state of affairs—either to raise the average ability of students by a more difficult entrance examination or to reduce the number of subjects and take them to a higher-standard.



But the University fails worst in the activities conducted by the students. Serious effort on the part of students seems to be prohibited. The popular activities are those such as the debating society, the literary club, the play and the dances which offer scope for fun, amusement, noise or bad behaviour. Of course we are reminded that the mental strain of study requires period of relaxation. This is as farcical as the legend of the Tired Business Man, and my reply is that any person whose serious energies are entirely absorbed by a degree course has no right to be attending a University at all. But instead of deploring what is bad I will suggest where things may be improved.

Why, for instance, is so little interest taken in music? We have a musical society carried on by a few enthusiasts of enormous patience and perseverance, but is it a fact that the intellectual cream of half the North Island cannot provide sufficient interest and ability to support a good amateur orchestra?

Why is there no student body interested in politics? I do not mean anything on the lines of those delightful little political Sunday schools, the Junior Reform League and the Junior United Party. I mean a body which will study the possibilities of politics and its application in this country. New Zealand is by far the most suitable place in the world for political experiments and if a type of man can be produced who has some idea of constructive work in politics the country will benefit. New Zealand needs a governing class and I see no chance of its being produced except by the University, and little chance of it from that source.

Why cannot the Debating Society make its events of rather more worth than a sixpenny side-show? Is there any reason why serious questions cannot be debated in a serious way?

And the play! It is nothing short of a disgrace that the only public efforts of the students should be such stupid, puerile and degraded exhibitions as the Tilly duo, Crooks Ltd., The King of Kawau and whatever dreadful concoction is to be perpetrated this year—for it will be the same. In the annual play every effort is made to play down to the mob. We are told that this brings in the money to finance the Association. No doubt it does; but unless the majority of the students are members of that same mob, they will not hesitate to put their hands in their pockets to save the University from such a shameful position. Apart from that there is no reason to think that a serious play would be a financial failure and its effect on the attitude of the public towards the University would be worth more than pounds, shillings, and pence.

Our literary output is remarkable for its paucity and mediocrity. "Craccum" fulfils its purpose admirably, but the "Kiwi" is a different proposition. Of late years its contents have been insignificant in bulk and quality. We know that there are students with literary ability and the way to reach them is to offer the usual fees. If an article is worth printing it is worth paying for, and it is nothing but false sentiment to expect a man with ability to sacrifice a couple of guineas because he attends the University, when he knows that half the students won't sacrifice a shilling for the same reason.

To keep this article to reasonable size I have had to perform as many gymnastics as a troupe of acrobats. This does not mean that it was written while balancing on my nose, but that I have had to jump from subject to subject and from denunciation to approval in an abrupt and disconcerting manner. As far as it goes this contains some of the opinions of an interested spectator of A.U.C.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE CAFETERIA

The Editor, "Craccum."

Sir,—As an old student of the College who has happened back again at the beginning of this term, may I claim your indulgence to make some remarks concerning the change in the system of running the Cafeteria, a question which at present is arousing some comment and criticism.

Most of the students may not be aware that this "Buffet" system was the one originally intended for the College Dining Hall, as is proved by its popular name of "Cafeteria." Subsequent Student Association Executives, with more optimism than results justified, abandoned the original, and to my mind more suitable, system. For the first two years the running of the Cafeteria was let out by contract. No large loss was sustained; but the meals were of poor quality and the serving execrable. To older students who regularly during this period waited twenty minutes before getting soup, and a quarter of an hour between the following courses, the chance of serving oneself, though perhaps galling to one's dignity, is most acceptable. For the last two years, I believe, the Students' Association Executive has run the Cafeteria, putting on good meals fairly well served, but sustaining large losses, the loss in 1929 amounting to £250.

Evidently the present Executive has decided that such a loss is too great, even though good meals are supplied, and has determined to cut down the wages bill. This to my mind is eminently reasonable, if not absolutely necessary. Provided they can get good meals at a reasonable price, students should not cavil at the necessity of waiting on themselves.

It may seem "infra dig" to some, but I can assure them that it is far better to stand in a queue for a few minutes than to sit at a table for half-an-hour casting furious, unavailing glances at an overworked waitress. I think we may all be confident that, when the system gets into full running order, students will be able to get a cheap, good meal in the minimum of time.

I have presumed, sir, to encroach on the space of your magazine with this letter, because I notice that some of the students, especially the younger generation, are inclined to complain and criticise, and I thought that the considered opinion of an older student who had seen worse days, might be of some little value.

With thanks for this opportunity,

"OLD-TIMER."



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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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## A.U.C. SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Nifty Autumn Meeting - COLLEGE HALL

Barrier goes up at 7.45 pip emma.  
Nomination fee, including nosebag, 2/6.  
Freshers Free.

Come to the

# FRESHERS' WELCOME

## SATURDAY, MARCH 15th



