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Vol. IV. No. 7

AUCKLAND, JULY 10, 1930

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A Co-operative Policy

Dr. Ranston, the President of the A.U.C. Court of Convocation, in delivering his presidential speech at the Court's reception to the graduates of the year, stressed the importance of unity within the College, and of co-operation and sympathy between the different sections of people who compose it. In examining his remarks, it should be understood at once that there are at least four classes of people who compose the College—the Council, the Staff, the Graduates, and (most important, of course) the present students. Each of these classes is inevitably apt to over-estimate its own relative importance, and perhaps to forget that it owes any duties to the others; and this article is written in the hope that it may remind each of them of some of these duties which may sometimes be allowed to be forgotten.

We ourselves, for instance, owe to the Staff and Council a duty of sympathetic co-operation with them in the maintenance of the good name of the College; and it may safely be said that in recent years this duty has been loyally observed by the general body of students. Only very occasionally has any behaviour even of a small minority been such as to provoke unfavourable comment; the only recent occasion has been on the last night of the Carnival play this year. Tournament celebrations, though by no means lacking in characteristic fun, passed off with the greatest credit to our student body, and the authorities have every right to feel satisfied with the results of their policy in entrusting local students with so large a share of the control of their own affairs.

There is, however, one matter to which it is suggested that it may be advisable to call attention. The policy of the Executive has now for some years been to maintain the closest possible touch with the College office and the Chairman of the Professorial Board on all matters affecting the Association. This policy, rigidly adhered to by three consecutive Executives, has resulted inevitably in the officials of the Students' Association obtaining and keeping the trust and confidence of the authorities, with results such as can be realised only partially and inadequately by the general body of students. Such

matters as the direct representation of the Executive at the Professorial Board meeting which selects Rhodes Scholarship nominees; the absolute control of the student building by Students' Association; the disposal of the College Hall in the pleasure of the Social Committee; the submission to the Executive by the Office of many reports and proposed policy changes for the Executive to express its opinion thereon—all these are the direct results of such a continued policy of sympathetic co-operation. The incoming President and his Executive (whoever they may be) will do well to ponder over these facts, and if they are wise they will continue during their own term of office to invite the closest and most sympathetic confidence of the Office and Staff in all their daily and weekly doings.

And what duties should we in our turn require of the others? Of the Graduates, Staff, and Council, we would ask friendship and sympathy in our turn. It is always most pleasant, for instance, to see various professors having their meals along with their students in the Dining Hall which is conducted by the students. This is the sort of thing which will in time produce a real University atmosphere at A.U.C. It is a pity that we do not see any members of the Council (except, sometimes, Mr. Northcroft doing the same thing occasionally. It is suggested that the members of the Council might with advantage visit the students a little more often in this way, and we would extend to each of them this unofficial invitation to come to the College for lunch once in a while, and see student life a little more closely for themselves.

For the Staff, we invite the maintenance of the policy they have for some time followed—to entrust student discipline as far as is possible to the Students' Association, and to co-operate with the Association in inviting its opinions and criticism of innovations in policy, not merely as a matter of form, but in order if possible to give weight to the opinions of the undergraduates and younger graduates, who constitute after all the most important part of the College, at any rate in our own opinion. Which brings us to the point at which we started.

(By) K.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Extensive repairs are to be commenced on the lighting of the football practice ground near the tennis courts, according to a decision of the Students' Association Executive on June 27. Negotiations are at present proceeding with the College Council.

A letter was received from the V.U.C. Students' Association, stating that they had decided to support Mr. A. K. Turner's nomination for election to the University Senate.

A grant of £20 was made by the Executive on July 4th towards the expenses of the football team which is to make a trip to Suva during the August vacation. It was stated that a strong team was available, and that Sydney University would also be taking part in the competition.

A debating team from the University of Oregon, U.S.A., will be visiting New Zealand next year. The Students' Association has decided to accord them an invitation, and is at present negotiating with the N.U.S. Debate Committee with regard to arrangements.

A farewell evening to Mr. Minns, Auckland Rhodes Scholar, will be held at the end of the month.

BLUES DANCE, JULY 19th.

In honour of the Blues of the Year

Tickets 5/- and 3/-. Morgan's Orchestra.

QUO VADIS ?

A Summary of Aims and Criticism

Mr. Stephen Leacocke in his late "voyage of discovery" to England made some rather striking comments on student life as he found it at Oxford and Cambridge. He found that the superiority of these famous universities over Yale, Harvard, and the other great educational centres of North America, lies in the fact that students go to Oxford and Cambridge, not to take definite and limited courses, but to be educated in a broader sense, to assimilate ideas and to meet men. He holds to ridicule the student of his own university (McGill), who, on being asked what course he was taking for the year, replied, "Oh, I'm *electing* Salesmanship and Philosophy." The main educating force at the English universities is apparently the tutor, though Mr. Leacocke was unable to learn the precise activities or duties of this gentleman. Students whom he approached would say vaguely, "Oh, I don't know. He just takes us into his room and smokes at us"—an eloquent and illuminating remark, when one considers it.

The question that every student will ask himself when he reads these and other criticisms of university life abroad is this: Are we, in New Zealand, tending towards the American or the English ideal? Are we, to revert to Mr. Leacocke, electing salesmanship and philosophy, or are we being smoked at by our tutors? And if one or the other, which is the more preferable?

One can state, in answer to these questions, with a good deal of definiteness that we are not being "smoked at;" or, to leave this rather embarrassing figure, most of us see very little of the personal side of our instructors and mentors. Classes in most first and second year subjects—especially on the Arts side—are too big to permit of any intimacy or, indeed, of anything but a rigid devotion to syllabus and text-book and, although most professors and lecturers announce that they are pleased to see students at any time and on any matter, the system has in most cases defeated them. It is possible for a student to take a Bachelor's degree at any New Zealand university and to remain little more than a name to the majority of those who lectured to him, and it is to the credit of every university staff in New Zealand that this evil of mass production is rare. We cannot hope to emulate or even follow the ideal of a great residential university like Oxford, but we have before us the non-residential universities of England: Leeds, London, Bristol, and a host of others, with a tone and a tradition and a high standard of scholarship—it is on these that our eyes should be fixed (we, who have been referred to in the South as a "glorified night-school"), it is towards this ideal that we should be slowly moving.

One hesitates—apart from the dread of precipitating international consequences—to criticise the American system of university education on what is mainly hearsay evidence. Whatever its faults, it has succeeded in making university education general, in making truly democratic the higher learning of this world. Of course, the answer to this is, that it has done so only by a deplorable lowering of the standard, and it is an extremely debatable point whether free education to so advanced a degree is an unmixed blessing. Nevertheless, those who have been unfortunate enough to see any moving pictures (silent or talkie) of University life in America will have been horrified to notice points or resemblance to the life that we our-

selves are leading. One hastens to say that, admittedly, these pictures have distorted the original to an incredible extent, as they have distorted everything. It is difficult to believe that at the average University in the States, work is despised, that money is a sign of social distinction, and that every young and handsome American is, of necessity, ill-bred. It is also difficult to believe that it is the custom for students to inform a professor that "everything is O.K.," nor can we account it a usual proceeding for a student to kiss the Dean's charming daughter before a cheering crowd of undergraduates at the end of a death-defying football match. But one can imagine a substratum of truth beneath this layer of pure Hollywood manners and ethics, and it is this which is apt to horrify with its glimpse of the might-have-been. There is a terrible similarity between their co-educational system and our own, between their fraternities and sororities and our own much-abused, but not wholly bad, Hongi Club. The voluptuous vamp who ruins the College's chances in the big match by keeping the hero up all night has an indistinct parallel in many ways in some of our own women students—though they are not, one hastens to say, so brazen, so destroying, nor so wholly unlikeable. And our whole educational system, as referred to in a recent editorial, bears the same damning "goosestep" method of progress from grade to grade.

Were one to approach the oft-mentioned but elusive Man About Town (for which see O. Henry), and were one to ask this mythical gentleman for a definition of an Auckland University student, he would probably reply in the following terms:—

"A student attends classes beneath a wedding-cake tower which I have often read about, but very seldom seen. He periodically sits for exams. which he invariably passes, and it then takes two pages of the newspaper to hold all the results. He goes to a dance at the College every Saturday night, and attends another at Dixieland or the Scots Hall during the week. He delights in dressing up on every possible occasion and is extremely pleased when they put his photo in the paper, as they invariably do. He thinks it funny to drive an old Ford through Queen's Arcade and funnier still to pay a fine for it afterwards. He used to be allowed to have a procession but he committed such frightful excesses that they stopped him—and that's all I know; but I once met a man who was one of the judges at a Tournament Debate three years ago, and he could talk for hours about them."

This is approximately the effect we have on the average Aucklanders who is not interested in University matters. To those who are really interested, and to old-time students, we appear as a lot of degenerates who can neither behave themselves properly nor do really funny things like tying pyjamas on the Varsity tower. We ourselves have very varying ideas on what a student is and what he should be, as witness the great bona-fide student question now happily buried; and there is, admittedly, a long gap between the full-time student who works in the library all day and the student (usually a woman) who takes a course in Journalism and coffee-evenings.

Anyone who has had the patience and courage to read this extremely disjointed article thus far, will, no doubt, be glad to receive a few definite statements in closing as to what exactly is wrong with the College and as to what can be done about

it, in the writer's opinion. And we subjoin these remarks, therefore, with a prayer that they may not cause too much controversy, and a hope that they may arouse some interest.

In the first place, those who are more advanced in years ascribe the different tone prevalent in the College to-day to the influx of students under the free-place system. There is, at the moment, neither time nor space to enlarge upon the evils and blessings of free education, but the fact stands out that, in a University of this size, there should be more distinction made between those who are full-time students and those who treat the place merely as a "glorified night-school," or as a play-ground for their social activities. The full-time students should be banded together more than they are, and they should be in a position to control the College as far as present regulations would permit them. Again, the College should have a hostel—or rather two hostels—to form a centre for student life, something on the lines of the Houses in Christ-church, and why immediate steps are not being taken to obtain these we cannot understand. It need not be an imposing building with spacious grounds—these things will come; but there is an urgent need for some recognised official hostel and those who are interested should remember that a little agitation goes a long way. Then again, since we have no tutors to advise us, we would possibly welcome the appointment of a rector who would fill a position of general authority and be to the College what a headmaster is, on slightly different lines, to a large school. Let it be clearly understood that this suggestion, which is by no means original, is not intended as a slight on the activities of the present staff, who have more than enough—in most cases, too much—to do in coping with their work. As has been said, none of these suggestions are original—in fact, very little in the whole article is original; in fact, why bother to write it?—but perhaps this will serve as a summary of our ideals and of the various criticisms levelled at us and by us from time to time, and if it makes anyone think, we congratulate ourselves and we wish him joy of it.

By *BONA FIDE*.

THE ROYAL BOX

Life in the Raw.

From Our Special Correspondent.

The absence of a University Hostel has often been made the subject of unfavourable comment by those who are good enough to watch over our interests from above. Ever since, in the Middle Ages, the caterer from the *Mansions* absconded with a petty cash and the grand piano (so the story runs) there has been no College Hostel. We have, in fact, no Conan Hall, we have no Rolleston House—though, as regards this latter, from all accounts perhaps it is just as well. The fond father who sends his son with a parental blessing in his heart and a Higher Leaving Certificate in his pocket to face the terrors of the Registrar's Office and to enroll at this University,

is in a quandary. He may send him to Trinity, of *ave atque vale* fame (though we never could quite see the force of this outside its context) where he will have to be by half past ten every night, unless he has a good head for heights. Or he may send him to stay with relations, where he will put cigarette ends on the carpet, and, what with S.C.M. study circles and poker parties, will gradually gain such a reputation for being drunk and disorderly as to cause his recall. Or again, he may give his son to the tender mercies of a boarding-house—a sacrifice to the Gods of Grafton Road and Anzac Avenue.

In connection with this we would like to say that no tour of this University is complete without a visit to the "Royal Box." Situated within easy reach of the 'Varsity (and the British) it commands a delightful view of Carlaw Park and the new Railway Station, while, in autumn, the fading tints of gold and red on the lower slopes of the Domain are a never failing source of tender melancholy to the student boarders.

As far as we can gather, the "Royal Box" is a small replica of Oxford and Cambridge run on co-educational lines. At present the men rather outnumber the women, but, up to the time of going to press, we have received no complaints. Breakfast is served between eight and nine, but mostly at nine; and local residents have told us that it is an inspiring sight to see the men from the *Brown House* (so-called) moving across the road in a solid body a few minutes before the hour. The fact that everyone knows everything about everyone else gives a nice, happy-family touch, and that "home-away-from-home" feeling which we hear so much of but very seldom see.

In this little community, an evening is considered dull on which there is not a party of some description. As far as we can gather, nobody thinks of going to bed before one o'clock unless he or she is ill, when twelve is considered good enough. A delightful little evening of this nature was held on Saturday, 28th June, and was, at the start, well attended. The object of the gathering was to farewell "Stinker" (a cognomen, we hasten to say, not of our choice) Ths., who leaves for Herne Bay—exact destination unknown, but he is reported as being in need of a rest. Proceedings opened at eight sharp, with an entreaty to the landlord to fill the flowing bowl, and this request, which was encored, with variations, several times during the course of a long programme, was complied with by those in charge. Supper, which consisted of rock oysters, cheese and biscuits, was served continuously from eight to twelve (and the same hours next morning). Several good stories were told during the evening and we regret that space alone prevents us from recording the one about the Sultan of Turkey and his Vizier. The main complaint seems to have been that the guests didn't stay long enough; and both parties have our sympathy. Colin went at about half-past ten, complaining of a slight headache, and by twelve the party had thinned out considerably. The five who were left, finished off an enjoyable evening at the Grill, where they coalesced with a gathering from the Kings Old Boys' Re-union Dinner, to the entire satisfaction of everyone.

As we have said, no tour of this University is complete without a visit to the "Royal Box," and the sight-seer should, if time and the absence of the owners permit, obtain admission to the holy of holies, the inner sanctum of the notorious Hongi Club. It will be difficult to mistake this room. The walls are tastefully decorated with news posters in different shades displaying the inspiring legend, "Student Fiend," or "Sequel to Easter Rag," while several photos, happily not life-size, show the ill-famed club in action at the Town Hall, Eden Park, and elsewhere. A violin, two pairs of dancing pumps and a soda syphon complete the setting—in fact, no one can afford to miss this.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CAFETERIA.

Some Inside Information.

By OMEGA.

It is with a lofty and tolerant amusement born of experience that we now look back upon the protests, voiced in these columns at the beginning of the year, against the self-help system in our cafeteria. Far from objecting to the undoubted indignity of having to help themselves, students, we have observed, now take a positive delight in so doing—it is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that many of them revel in it.

There is, *exempli gratia*, the gentleman who stands meditatively picking the biggest scone—this, we would venture to assert, is a ceremony which he would relinquish to no waitress. There is his friend who takes a scone (not the biggest), changes his mind and substitutes a roll, wavers, and finally decides on three bits of brown bread—his, indeed, is an epicurean pleasure which comes to few.

Then again, there is that delightful little sport popularly known as "Getting away with the Butter." At the beginning of the year, three rolls of butter were for a penny—nor were there any complaints against this all-too-generous treatment. Then, with the idea, we imagine, of adding variety to our monotonous lives, the management changed its policy overnight in startling fashion and gave us for our penny, one roll of butter the size and shape of a battered and somewhat underdone golf-ball. This, we felt, was all right—there was a Gargantuan touch about it which appealed to us. It is difficult, then, to describe the horror with which we received the news that butter had risen sharply in price, and that we were now to be allowed a mere two rolls of the old size for our much prized penny. This, we said, with dismay written across our handsome, clear-cut features, this brings the war home to us. And the scone dropped from between our nerveless fingers to fall with a crash upon the glass-topped table.

It was in these circumstances that some die-hard of the old school, with that sang-froid, noblesse oblige and honi soit that has made the French nation what it used to be, organised the now famous butter revolt. The first night he gave his order for Colonial Goose or Madras Curry (we forget which), displaying at the same time, with a gay insouciance that went to our heart, three rolls upon his plate: he was let off with a caution. On the second occasion he was warned, and on the third charged an extra penny. He then hit upon the brilliant expedient of hiding one roll beneath his bread. One thing led to another, and now no Zulu smuggles diamonds from the Kimberley mines with more dexterity and success than does our friend get his butter past the lady at the counter. Short of putting it in his pocket he has, to our knowledge, adopted every known method, and save for the occasion when he deposited his ubiquitous third roll neatly beneath his plate and then forgot all about it, with disastrous results, there has been no break in his chain of successes.

Again, some mention should be made of those gentlemen, whose name shall be numberless for obvious reasons, but who have won undying fame by their method of moving adroitly from table to table, and so obtaining three shillings' worth of food for a paltry one-and-six. This is indeed a sport for youth—in fact one well-known University swimmer informed us that he relied solely upon this to keep him fit during the winter.

And the many who, not venturing for this high game, are content to get away with their second course unobserved, derive, so they have told us, the maximum of excitement for the minimum of effort and expense. What indeed, can rival the charm of telling the waitress what one has had when it is all gone?

But, over and above these petty things, we look forward to the day when some inspired hero (we have, let us say, our eye upon the Chairman of the Social Committee, who is a hearty eater and a steady patron of the cafeteria), shall return with his empty plate to the counter and, like the gallant Oliver, shall ask for more. Prosopice!

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME.

The Hongi Club Again.

Supporters, if there are any, of the Hongi Club, will be gratified to hear from an authoritative source that the Club is not to be abolished—at all events not for the moment. The figures of the voting for and against the Abolition Bill of Thursday 3rd July are not yet available, and we doubt if they ever will be, for the House adjourned in some confusion; but the Speaker announced that the motion was lost, and he should know.

The session opened at 8 p.m. before a crowded House, with an attempt on the part of the Speaker to make the Members rise for the opening prayer which, on their unanimous and definite refusal, he read sitting. Of this we only caught the words "totis viribus," and so we conclude it to have been a somewhat biased invocation.

Stephen Selwyn Poultney Hamilton (popularly known as Hammy) then rose to move the Abolition of the Hongi Club, and in about five minutes told the Hongis exactly what he thought of them. He seemed to take particular exception to the so-called pyjama parade of Good Friday morning last. Mr. Fred McCarthy then did his best to restore the credit of the accused, but was shattered by another Training College gentleman who rose to second the motion immediately afterwards. The debate was then thrown open and things began to move rapidly. Objections and points of order were submitted in a fast and furious manner, while the thunderous applause which greeted a successful objection made speaking difficult except at rare intervals. Prominent in this direction were the Members for Waikikuparau, Avondale and Bond, and mention should also be made of the lady member for City, who was overcome with shyness when about to address the House. We submit the only legible portion of our short-hand notes, as giving a fair idea of things as they were:—

Member for Hogan: And in reference to this car . . .

Member for Waikikuparau: Mr. Speaker, point of order, Mr. Speaker. It was not a car.

Mr. Speaker: All those who think it was a car say Aye. (Silence.) The Noes have it. It must have been a perambulator. The Member for Hogan will continue.

Voice from the back: Mr. Speaker, point of order.

Opposing Voice from the back: The baby's lost his rattle again, Mr. Speaker, will you come and find it?

Lady Member: Will the Member for — please remove the chewing gum from his mouth?

Member for South City: Point of Order, Mr. Speaker, we think it's a hot potato!

Mr. Speaker: All those who think it's a hot potato . . .
(CURTAIN)

SOCIAL NOTES

By M. A. U.

The Court of Convocation threw a bright party in the College Hall on Wednesday, July 2nd. There were present some 110 people, mostly graduates, but with a few undecorated spouses (or should we say "spice"?). To these we must add Diana, who created a mild sensation by posing as somebody's wife, and Eije, who came to play the "Raindrop Prelude" during supper. Fryer, who continues to look charming, also turned up by request at about ten, and sang, but what he sang and where he had been up till that hour we are unable to say. The gathering was addressed in the College Hall by Irwin S. Crookes, late alderman, after which supper was served in the women's common room. Although we ourselves, not having a degree and not liking to crash in, were not there, we can say authoritatively that this was a good show and well worth the optional half-crown.

* * *

The men's House Committee is to be congratulated on the way in which it ran a coffee evening (unmixed) on the 26th ult. Thanks to the novel idea of not announcing the function beforehand, there was a very select attendance of about twenty people when Martin and Don appeared with the cups, urn and biscuits at 8 sharp. These twenty people certainly did brighten

up considerably when they saw what was happening, and a few more poker enthusiasts were attracted from the wings, making a grand total of at least twenty-five. There was nothing wrong with the coffee, though we suspect the Committee of having got down on all the chocolate biscuits. With the idea of not making the evening drag, these same gentlemen had neglected to ensure the attendance of a pianist, and so, when everybody had had three cups of coffee and the biscuits were all gone, there was a general exodus. The House Committee stayed to wash up. There is, we understand, a movement on foot to have one of these every night.

* * *

Women with corns will be pleased to hear that Bill Spatts and Barry Doss-house have been taking dancing lessons at a shilling a time for the past three weeks. Approached by our representative, these gentlemen modestly disclaimed any intention of giving an exhibition dance in the near future, but intimated their readiness to take the centre of the Hall at 'Varsity dances from now on instead of going round the outskirts with the tide.

* * *

A dance given by the Social Committee on Saturday, July 5th, attracted an orchestra and about thirty-five couples. To the credit of those who braved the weather and missed Bachhaus to attend, he it said that they were a very select lot and they reaped their reward in about six fruit salads apiece. All the old hands were there and it has been suggested that season tickets should be issued as a mark of appreciation. A very popular item was the polonaise—a rare sight in these times of formal dances, and well worth repeating at the next affair of this kind.

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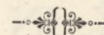
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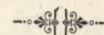


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LIBELLOUS SEQUEL TO COLLEGE PLAY

Broad Humour in Local Court.

The Law Society provided a bright little entertainment in the College Hall on Friday, 27th of June. In a court action which lasted two hours, Allah Jove Allworthy claimed damages of £10,000 against J. N. Wilson, Barrister-at-Law, and J. C. Andrews, Research Chemist at Westfield, for alleged libel. The allegedly libellous statement was a topical verse from "All Quiet on the Waterfront," as follows:—

Now Allworthy has a divine right,
Believe it or not as you please,
He talks tommy-rot nearly all night,
Because he has parrot's disease.

Conflicting medical evidence was called as to whether the plaintiff had really suffered from psittacosis, and the consensus of opinion seemed to show that he had. The symptoms, according to the medical experts who appeared, are a tendency for the hair to become ruffled and feathery, for the root of the tongue to gravitate towards the middle, leaving both ends swinging, and for the muscles of the tongue to become flaccid and leathery.

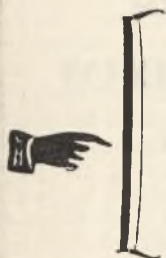
Jo Ward, the younger, one of the Big Cracks from Arapuni, appeared again as a parson and, as at the Freshers' Welcome, his humour was broad and frequent (as far as we could see no objections were raised by anyone). Mrs. Higgins, the sailors' friend, from "Gasometer View," Freeman's Bay, was summoned to tell a delighted audience a few facts about her so-called boarding-house. Mr. Smelly Sumph, alleged Chief Sanitary Inspector, gave us the best, or perhaps we should say the most popular, joke of the evening—a joke, however, which we should hesitate to reproduce in these columns.

After two extremely able speeches from the learned counsels, the Judge summed up, extempore, in about half an hour—no mean achievement, considering the wealth of evidence with which he had to deal. Judgment was given for the defendants, and the house adjourned to a cold and supperless night. Altogether this was a very good show, entailing a lot of work, and the Law Society is to be congratulated.

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NEWMARKET.

CARNIVAL PLAY.

Change in Production.

A radical change is probable in the type of production to be presented in future, according to a recommendation of the Carnival Play Committee, adopted by the Students' Association Executive on July 4th. A non-musical play with topical reference is desired, for presentation on a less elaborate scale than formerly. Owing to the general "wiring" of the public theatres for the screening of "talkies," the abandoning of the musical comedy theme for the Carnival Play has now proved inevitable. The probable venue will now be the Town Hall Concert Chamber, until, perhaps, a theatre in the proposed Fine Arts building becomes available.

An extension in the closing date of the Carnival Play competition will also be considered. It is hoped by this change that a greater response from students will be secured.

The net profits from "All Quiet" were £316. According to booking returns, the outside public comprised two-thirds of the total audience, a fact which contradicts the general belief that the Carnival Play does not arouse the public interest.

E. Africa



Picture!—Extensive plains of luscious waving grass dotted with cattle. Now realise—these animals are WILD—the brilliant Zebra in herds of fifty or so; wildebeest with ruffled manes, hartebeest, konjoni, buffalo, and smaller antelope by the thousand.

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HOCKEY

The rep. team experienced their first defeat at the hands of North Shore, although a draw would have been a better indication of the game. As an exposition of hockey, it was excellent though towards the conclusion it developed into a battle between North Shore forwards and 'Varsity backs. The 'Varsity forward line was certainly not up to its usual form, and unfortunately had to play a man short for the last ten minutes, Seelen retiring injured.

In the forwards Don, Hay, and Bestic, were outstanding. The half-line acquitted itself favourably, Storry at last showing some of his old form.

At full-back, Brown and Ellison were always reliable. Crawley in goal was not up to his usual standard.

In the following Saturday's game, the A team defeated the Senior Whippets decisively, thereby maintaining their lead with St. Luke's in the Championship.

In the Second Grade, Varsity A were extremely unfortunate in being defeated by St. Luke's, after one of the best games of the season. With coaching, this team would undoubtedly annex the Second Grade Championship.

'Varsity unfortunately have lost an excellent centre-forward in Don, who has been transferred to Hamilton. He has represented the club for some years and was a likely contestant for Auckland Representative honours this year.

—N.J.E.

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CORRESPONDENCE

EXAMINATION FORMS AGAIN.

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—I write to draw your attention to an administrative blunder that is apparently to be perpetrated annually from now on without protest or complaint from those who suffer by it. I refer to the way in which Entry Forms are distributed to students. Some two thousand of these are left outside the Registrar's office, and those requiring them are requested to help themselves. They do so, and, for about three weeks, these forms are used for scrap paper round the College; most students take two or three, so as to be on the safe side, and often come back for more. With time running short (all entries must be in by the 10th) others go to the office for the first time and are informed that, as the forms are all gone, it is now necessary to write to the Registrar in Wellington for them. Even this is bearable, a week before the closing date, but on the last day or two it causes a great deal of anxiety and perhaps considerable expense.

Apparently the Office is able to disclaim all responsibility in the matter with impunity. "We gave you a sufficient number of forms," they say, "and if they are gone and some of you have not yet received any, it is no concern of ours." Why these forms cannot be handed out in the office individually, as is done in every other New Zealand University College (I state a verified fact), no one seems able to explain. At the expense of slight inconvenience to one of the typists this could easily be done and would immediately check any wastefulness. It appears, however, that we must go on from year to year until we learn to behave ourselves better and take only one form each—a truly touching tribute to the theory of evolution of species.—I am, etc.,

SLIGHTLY ANNOYED.

SHOULD WOMEN HOOLIE?

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—In expressing an opinion through your columns concerning the behaviour of a certain section of the local and visiting students during the recent tournament, I must apologise for the fact that it will be somewhat ancient history to your readers. I think, however, that the matter is of sufficient importance to warrant comment even at this juncture, and in view of the fact that Tournaments are annual affairs this all too inarticulate expression may yet do some good.

I refer to the scene which occurred at the close of the athletic sports on the Domain on Easter Monday last, when a number of women students indulged in what had up till then been confined to the men, that is, a "Hoolie," or in more general language, a brawl. Now, the greater section of the public finds a good deal of amusement in the antics of men students fighting for trophies, and no one would venture to suggest that these should be curtailed in any way. But we have now to face the question, "Should women hoolie?" and I venture to presume that student opinion will be definitely against the establishment or encouragement of so dangerous a precedent. I hope I am not taking up a grandmotherly attitude when I say that such scenes are in no way ladylike and are certainly contrary to the best 'Varsity traditions. It was the custom in my day, and, I have occasion to believe, still is the custom, for all fighting to stop when any trophy has been handed over to a lady supporter. This and other unwritten laws lend tone to what would otherwise be a continual and unruly brawl, and we cannot view a breach of tradition of this kind with equanimity.

I would like to say that I am not attacking Miss Lloyd, the central figure in this episode. In my opinion she did the best thing under the circumstances in maintaining a firm grip of the local kiwi, and should the women's hoolie become a recognised feature of Tournaments, we have nothing to fear in that direction. The movement was instigated, however, by some of our visitors—I think from Victoria—and although it did not occur again, the possibility of it becoming a regular sight in the future is too disturbing to be put briefly aside.—I am, etc.,

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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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