



A.U.C's UNOFFICIAL FORTNIGHTLY

Vol. IV. No. 8

AUCKLAND, JULY 24, 1930

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Vol. IV. No. 8

JULY 24, 1930

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Editor:

J. A. E. MULGAN.

Managerial:

J. H. MURDOCH.

Our Common Rooms

A.U.C. has always been fortunate in the selection of the House Committees, and since the day when we entered into possession of the new building we have had little occasion to regret the dissolution of the old Common Room Clubs and the substitution of a new regime. Control of the Common Rooms each by a sub-committee of the Students' Association Executive, headed by a chairman who is almost always the Vice-President of the Association, has resulted in efficiency in administration, and it would be unthinkable now to revert to anything like the old system. It may be interesting, however, to turn back the pages of College history for a few moments, to examine that same old system and see just how far we have progressed since the bad old days.

The administration of the Common Room by a Common Room Club, run by voluntary subscriptions collected from those actually using the Common Room, had, of course, the inherent disadvantage of poverty—there were never any funds in hand. This state of affairs we have happily left behind, involving as it did little and poor furniture, bad lockers, and scant care for whatever little property we did own. And yet there was a simple, sweet homeliness about the old Common Rooms—a cheerful, kindly intimacy between the habitués of the place—that one misses in the present scheme of things. Is it that the new College is too big, or that the Common Rooms are too well furnished; or can it be that the men and women themselves are made of different stuff? Or, again, does the fault lie in the administration?

This was the problem which faced a Men's House Committee two or three years ago, when the bright and original idea of the first "Coffee Evening" occurred to its members. It seemed that if on one evening at least per week a fire were lighted, and hot coffee served to those men who cared to sit round the fireside and chat, some degree of the old intimacy of Common Room life might be recaptured. So in 1928 the first "Coffee Evening" was held—an informal musical programme was supplied by Gene Robins, who played unselfishly, uncaring whether anyone listened or not—and the show was immediately voted a great success. It was not long before the Women's House Committee adopted the idea, and for the rest of that year coffee evenings were held once every week in each Common Room, on a fixed day.

The following year the scheme was extended further. It

was suggested to the House Committees that combined functions might alternate occasionally with the "bachelor" celebrations. This was tried out; informal dances were held, and were considered to be successful. This year the combined and single coffee evenings are again in evidence, but it is suggested that they do not now possess quite the same atmosphere as was the case with the original functions.

Why is this? Let it be said at once that the House Committees are not at fault. Perhaps it is the fault of the scheme itself, which when originally put forward was not supposed to cater for the mob; when any attempt is made to draw crowds, it is just here that the "Coffee Evening" tends to fail.

The "Coffee Evening," it is suggested, should not be used to draw a large crowd of students; rather it should be regarded by the House Committees as a definite attempt to encourage companionship among a circle of University men and women who have within them sufficient of the true University spirit to want to sit round the fireside and smoke and chat over a cup of coffee while the old piano does its best. The function can well be enlivened by a few songs, or perhaps at the end of the evening, a chorus or two; but the entertainment should consist in its essence simply of the quiet companionship and conversation of which we see too little at A.U.C. to-day. Such companionship is, of course, a characteristic of a residential University, where the men can sit over their supper and yarn. Here we have no residential college, but at least the residential atmosphere might be successfully counterfeited once a week.

But the Coffee Evening, to be a success, as its originators meant it, should conform to two conditions. First, it should be held regularly on a fixed night every week, through three terms, whether or not it conflicts with any other meeting. If this is done, old students drop in if in town that evening, and others know definitely, without consulting almanac or notice-board, that they will be welcome as a matter of course. And second, the idea of "drawing the crowd" by deliberate entertainment and advertisement should be abandoned. Numbers alone do not spell success. Let regularity be substituted for advertisement; so far as the entertainment is concerned, a little music and a cheerful host are all that is required—hot coffee, a good fire, a good pipe or cigarette, and good company will do all the rest.

—K.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The question of repairs to furniture in the Common Rooms came up for discussion on July 11, when it was decided to appoint Messrs. Wilson and Postlewaite to confer with the College Council on the matter.

The annual elections for the Students' Association Executive will be held on August 7. The president, lady vice-president, secretary and treasurer will be elected on July 31. Mr. R. Smith has been appointed returning officer.

A letter was received from the N.U.S., outlining a scheme for the formation of a general committee in each College. The matter was deferred for the consideration of the incoming Executive.

A letter from the College librarian, on July 18, stated that a serious loss of books had been revealed by the annual stock-taking, and that the co-operation of the Executive was desired for the minimising of further losses. Miss Mawson and Mr. Watt were appointed to confer with the registrar on the matter, with the Executive's recommendation that the librarian's desk should be moved to the main library entrance, and that text-books used by large classes be kept on a separate shelf for special supervision.

The question of the award of blues to freshers under special conditions was discussed at length, and the Blues Committee was asked to report on its advisability. An improved design for blues certificates was submitted by the secretary and approved at the same meeting.

A GLIMPSE OF THE LATE VICTORIANS.

Some of "Craccum's" Ancestors Reviewed.

We have before us for a somewhat belated review several interesting and highly entertaining periodicals, namely Numbers 1, 2 and 3 of the Fourth Volume of a magazine entitled "The Collegian," issued by the Brett Printing Co. (now no longer existent), in the year 1901. In addition to these we have received Vol. 1. No. 1 of what is undoubtedly the most striking publication ever produced by this College. It is called "Marte Nostro" (which we find by reference to the Editorial and confirmation in our Lewis & Short means "under our own auspices") and is a magazine written entirely by the ladies of the College in the year 1903. It was with a pleasurable sense of anticipation that we first opened these periodicals. We had heard so much of those good old days, when the College was a College and not a night-school or a wedding-cake, and here, we felt, was an opportunity, at last, to glean a definite impression uncoloured by the glamour that inevitably surrounds the days that are no more. Then, again, we felt that we were treading on hallowed ground. Whether all these publications that have risen and fallen in the few years that make our history are preserved or not, we cannot say, but, we felt, with just the same air of condescension and patronising approval, may the Editor of Publications in the year 1960 look back upon our own poor efforts if they have not long since gone down into the nameless dust.

"The Collegian" was produced three times a year. It was nearly twice as big as *Craccum* and what it did say was to the point. For instance, in August, 1901, one F. C. Long (now a missionary in India) wrote to suggest that the football team should give up Rugby and take to Soccer. We ourselves, on occasions like the Ponsonby match at the end of last year, have seriously thought of making some such suggestion, although other games beside Soccer occurred to us at the time; but we lacked Mr. Long's fine candour and reckless frankness, and the letter stayed unwritten. His reasons, however, we find, on further perusal, to have been not dissatisfaction with the achievements of the Rugby Fifteen but "the lack of sufficient teams to provide a regular series of matches for one another." In connection with this same football team we find scraps of news that are not altogether without interest, as:

"Varsity arrived at Avondale (absit omen, Ed.) one man short and secured the services of a native as full-back. . . . As usual we had no barrackers and the need for practice was evident."

Or, "For once we had a barracker and so can give a fairly full account of the game."

Or, "We were two men short, but Suburbs gave us one to make things even."

This last is surely worthy of record; truly has it been said that the fine old days of sporting football are gone. We have yet to hear of Freddy Lucas saying, "Well, Norm, I see you're one man short—would you like Hook or Jamieson, or shall I play myself?" *O, tempora, o mores!*

In the same number we find two pages on the Christian Union, as it was then, that are perhaps not unapplicable to present day conditions, and it is interesting to find the same opinions expressed some thirty years ago that are occasionally to be heard to-day:—

"The objects of the Union (says the unknown critic) are numerous and most praiseworthy. We felt almost overwhelmed on reading of the work it was proposed to do, of the many officers to be elected and the committees to be formed. Yet, after a great expenditure of ink and energy in writing notices there were not enough students at the

annual meeting to form a quorum. . . . It certainly appears to an outsider, although perhaps it is scarcely safe for such a one to judge, that the members devote more time and attention to the organisation of the Union than they do to the work that forms its object. . . . It is easy to see that, in a community given over to vice, or with a particularly dull moral sense, such a body as the Christian Union might be most invaluable. . . . It is absurd to suppose that any Union, however powerful it may be, can deepen spiritual life or make more earnest Christians. Such happy results are more likely to be obtained by personal influence and example."

Those apparently were the days when most societies needed reforming and the rest abolishing—not as we are to-day when the slightest breath of criticism is taken as treason. The Editor of the "Collegian" goes on to annihilate the Debating Society. Speaking of their proposal to alter their constitution, he says:—

"The only thing that would benefit the Debating Society is a complete change of air. It has run down completely—in fact, its health is almost as bad as that of the Football Club. The Football Club must be overworking itself—it needs exercise. It, too, ought to revise its constitution and play hockey."

One imagines that the Editor of this publication must have been very much sought after. One can picture him, like his famous prototype in Mark Twain, leaning back with a pleased smile as a bullet crashed through the window, and saying, "Ah, I thought that personal column would be a success."

The piece de resistance of these volumes is, however, an account of what must have been the first, and what was very nearly the last, Capping Day procession. In emulation of our own quiet efforts, they let the ceremony itself proceed in "an eminently dignified way," enlivened with a few songs and an occasional interruption. After this function tea was provided at the College by the ladies and as it was raining the procession was postponed until the following night. At half-past six the next evening some forty odd set out down Shortland Street to make history, and perhaps geography. It was a new departure for the University, and apparently it took the town by surprise for the first few minutes—in fact, the procession got as far as Karangahape Road before meeting with any opposition. In this locality, however, things began to move rapidly. The first casualty was a Chinese lantern and the next a student. As the chronicler says:

"The sound of the songs and the musical instruments was now varied by the dull thud of missiles striking a banner or one of the members of the procession, and the crash as a lantern was struck and knocked off its pole."

The line closed up and, making use of their poles, the student force retreated in good order to the University. Here the enemy gave vent to its baffled rage by breaking about six windows, but the writer does not say who paid for them.

This is indeed a story, an epic to tell one's grandchildren, a saga to sing by the Common Room fire of a Coffee Evening. Unfortunate indeed are we, born into this age when a wholesome respect for the law, and a system of democratic free education, prevents so much as a sod being thrown at us when we descend upon the town attired as we ought not to be.

"Marte Nostro" follows very much the same lines as the "Collegian," but we can trace with some distinctness the touch of femininity. An interesting parallel to a recent basketball

match is recorded, being an account of a game between St. John's (men) and the A.U.C. ladies' hockey team, won by the latter by five goals to three. One significant sentence stands out:—

"However, in the second spell St. John's had decidedly the worst of it, they had to play *uphill* with the breeze in their faces."

Criticism of the men's hockey team which was started in that year has a Louis Wain touch:—

"Hull would probably have done better had he not got a whack with the ball. . . . Bedford roamed about like a roaring lion, talking loudly and indiscriminately."

In conclusion, we quote from an Editorial headed, "The Twentieth Century" in the hope that the sentiments of the author may yet fall on fertile soil:—

"For the future, our development must depend upon ourselves rather than upon others. . . . We trust that in the coming years every student who enters our walls will realise that besides a duty to himself he has one to the College—a light and easy duty if each will perform it, but grievous and wearisome if it is light-heartedly thrust upon few. A little thought, a little interest, a little work from each—and we need have no fear for the future."

Verb. sap!

OUR POKER SCHOOL.

Impressions of Chinatown.

By OMEGA.

A notice which, we are sure, must cause considerable amusement, hangs from a lamp bracket in the Men's Reading Room. It has been there so long and to so little purpose that habits of this quarter of the building have come to regard it more as an article of furniture than as a placard conveying vital information; but the visitor, to whom it is new, may read:—

STUDENTS ARE WARNED THAT GAMBLING IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED IN THE ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

Which things being so, as Cæsar would have said, and taking into consideration our zealous and highly efficient Executive, we come by a simple Euclidean process to the logical and highly satisfactory conclusion that there is no gambling in the College. With regard to this we can only say that some gentlemen use very expensive matches (ranging from 1 to 6 a penny) as chips, and those who keep their reckoning on paper seem curiously enough to be concerned with finance at the end of every game, which, to the casual observer, may seem somewhat illogical.

It would be neither effective nor reasonable to adopt a highminded and censorious attitude towards our young gamblers. They may or may not be drifting to destruction, and, quite frankly, we do not care. Nor would it be seemly to take up the "boys will be boys" attitude, or to say that "we like to see the young devils having a good time," because it would not be true. We don't like to see them having a good time; we don't like to see them unhappy—in fact, we are not very keen on seeing them at all. Nevertheless, even putting aside the ethics of this question, there is another side to it which affects us all, and that is its influence upon the social life and spirit of the College.

As we have said, it would be presumption on our part to condemn the practice of playing cards for money. There will always be people who class it with Alcoholism as the second rung on the ladder (or should it be the broad and easy path) to Hell: but we do not propose to ally ourselves with them. We are not, in short, entirely ignorant of the fact that among the elect of Remuera, and elsewhere for that matter, it is fashionable to play bridge for money. Yet, as there is a bad side to racing, just as the totalisator attracts the touts and the crooks, just as a race is often lost before it is begun and a boxing match decided before the gong sounds, so a poker school in a College inevitably attracts, like iron filings to a magnet, the lesser lights of the University, the would-be "bloods," the imitators of men. By no means all card-players in the Common Rooms play for money, and among the dozen or so who occasionally do are some of the leading men of the College, men who, individually, do the University a great deal of good. But with them are some three or four—perhaps six—who, in their own small way, are bent on converting the Reading Room into a kind of semi-innocuous Fan-tan resort. They have not, as yet, produced their opium or cocaine, but one is given the impression that it may happen any day. Amid a haze of well nigh impenetrable smoke, and a less tangible, but all-encompassing, screen of bad language, they exchange their sixpences and half-crowns with all the sophisticated wickedness of a Monte Carloist; and then retire to the Common Room and tell everyone about it.

It is with some hesitation that we choose this method of drawing attention to what is, after all, a very insignificant evil. We do not want to give the impression that the men's quarters are a hot-bed of vice to which no mother can safely entrust her son. Nor do we want a Professorial inquiry—although some will say that we exaggerate the power of our press. Nor do we want the House Committee to organise a raid similar to the hawk-like descent of our local constabulary on a Grey Avenue restaurant some three weeks ago. One is tempted to toy with the picture of Mr. Grant—A.U.C.'s most law-abiding citizen—and his men, Martin and Foxrott as sergeants, surrounding the Reading Room with drawn batons and loaded revolvers—but not for long. Having once directed the attention of the College to the activities of the Fan-tan, Rouge-et-Noir, Vingt-et-un, and Poker Syndicate (Incorporated), our work is done. Ours not to act but merely to agitate, and, in any case, from the specimens we have seen to date, there should not be need of much action.

FAREWELL TO P. C. MINNS

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A CLOCKLESS UNIVERSITY.

By "BONA FIDE."

When the new University Building first began to take shape the main tower was immediately hailed as the joke of a century. Press photographers snapped it from all angles with very similar results, since, like Rangitoto, it looks the same whichever way you look at it. Reporters excelled themselves with arresting head-lines as, "Is this Stormont's Latest and Best?" or "Why go to the Pictures for a Laugh." Southern visitors were found helpless with laughter in Albert Park and only an occasional one survived to tell their friends about it—which was, all things being considered, fortunate. It was not until about two years ago that a prominent tourist happened to mention to a journalist that he thought the 'Varsity tower a very striking bit of architecture when seen from a few miles out to sea, with a shroud of early morning mist or evening fog about it. The remark slipped in at the bottom of the column, and the College architect nearly died of heart failure. Sir Charles Fergusson followed this up, and now Lord Bledisloe has dealt the tower myth a knock-out blow. The many-headed, who take their cue in architecture, as in everything else except football and boxing, from the Press, are now united in a rapt adoration of our picturesque battlement. Southern visitors now look at it and cough discreetly—they are, in fact, annoyed because we got the idea first. Nearly everybody, however, has to date missed the major point. While talking for hours about the architectural precedent and significance of the tower, they have neglected to perceive its material value. It is no exaggeration to say that, metaphorically speaking, it is the tower alone that is holding the College together; inasmuch as it contains and supports the only clock in the building which can lay claim to an approximation to standard time. We say *approximation*, having chosen the word with care. We realise that, when the Town Hall shows three o'clock, the 'Varsity will often inform the seeker after truth that it is already five minutes past the hour. But these are mere trifles; five minutes in the race of life and lectures may have a momentary significance, but in a hundred years where will it be?—nowhere, you rightly say. The fact remains that when the Common Room clocks stop, and start again, the time-piece in the 'Varsity tower does at least go on for ever.

The clock in the Men's Common Room is one of the crying scandals of a backward age. One could excuse its desire to be always ten minutes fast were it not that, at certain periodical but unstated occasions, it is ten minutes slow. Old-timers have told us that in the spring of 1928 a member of the House Committee was seen setting the clock right, but we cannot authorise this rumour. The only suggestion that we can make is that it might be shown to Mr. David Silk or Mr. Dawson in the near future—but this would cost money.

The Men's clock is, as we have said, a scandal, but it has this advantage over the Women's—it goes. The Women's clock was presented to them and apparently they are afraid it will wear out; the hands were last seen moving slowly round, as if in great pain, about three years ago.

Above the library door there is another clock which is very useful at dances. Within the library there is a pendulum clock from which one may read the time at a distance of almost three yards on a clear day. Clocks in the lecture rooms are luxuries to be sternly denied—a lecturer without a wristlet watch is like a ship without a rudder and must rely solely upon the cough-and-yawn frequency for the concluding moment of his address. Under these circumstances one views with sympathy the movement initiated last year to give the College a sun-dial. We ourselves will gladly donate five shillings for the privilege of knowing what the time is on a fine day.

A WOMEN'S HONGI CLUB.

A correspondent writes as follows:—

You may or may not be aware (knowledge in your case depending upon your reporting staff, which, I take it, is not very large) that there is a movement on foot to form a Women's Hongi Club in the College. I am uncertain as to whether or no the members have been sworn to secrecy, but by the time this reaches your readers the news will no doubt be common property. One is tempted to disregard the whole affair were it not of general interest to the College and did it not contain one or two disturbing features.

It is now over a year since the formation of the original Hongi Club caused so much discussion and, in places, bad feeling. Looking back with the unbiased wisdom of the historian, one remembers that two things in particular were objected to at the time, the election ticket and the arbitrary and exclusive method of selecting members. In addition to these many of its antagonists have from time to time seen fit to associate the Hongi Club with disorderly behaviour—notably on the last night of the play this year.

As regards the election ticket, I think that the general opinion is that it was a mistake. It was the first attempt at anything of the kind, and it introduced a dangerous and regrettable spirit into the College elections. The Hongi Club's defence, as stated at a recent debate, is that its members were not obliged to vote by this ticket and that the ticket, not their own members alone, but those who represented their ideals. There is, with regard to the second complaint, no law against a club being exclusive. Oxford and Cambridge are full of clubs which represent different sets, etc., and to which membership is restricted. On the other hand, no body of students is entitled to set up a bar of exclusion and, at the same time, to claim to represent all that is best in the College. As I see it (and I may be wrong) the Hongis have confused their ideas and their ideals. They should, in the first place, have formed their club and, pursuing the same course, have come to be regarded as the rallying point of the better elements in the College. A College spirit can be gained in many and in different ways—they also serve who only stand and wait. As things are at present it is rather annoying and humiliating for those who are not in the club to be continually and openly regarded as unpatriotic members of the College. In short, Mr. Editor, may I, confessedly a mere woman, be allowed to say that less notoriety and more serious thinking would take the Hongis further and faster.

Under these circumstances we are faced with the Hongi Club; and one is inclined to be rather amused. In an attempt to emulate the notorious Hongis it is hard to say just how far these ladies will go. The pyjama parade at Tournament time, four years hence, should draw a big crowd. So, too, should their advertising stunt at the Play next year, and their performances at future Capping ceremonies will, I am sure, be fast and furious. It is not yet definitely known whether they intend to unite with their male co-actionaries at these functions, but I presume their primary object is to place on a firm basis the women's "hoolie" alluded to by your correspondent, "Old Timer."

Meanwhile, the minutes of the preliminary meeting on Tuesday, 15th July, are not to hand, but, as I have said, we will doubtless hear all and everything very shortly. What I should like to put on record is my protest against the idea that the twenty original members or the self-constituted president are either the best or the worst that our Common Room can produce. They are, as I see it, representative of nothing, but, let it be said, they mean well.

Yours, etc.,

ONLY A WOMAN.

MELISANDE AGAIN.

My darling Toots,

Well and here I am again dere its just too sweet of you to kepe on writing to me youve no idea how hard i wurk and my dere the dances and things i have to go to *positively* fatiguing. Well we had another coffee evening with a rele orchestra Guy and Scotchy and Ken too sweet. But Toots pet I wuz so disappointed. i could see Nigel wanted to danse with me but hes so shy and in the end went home urly and i wuz left alone. My dere we had an excuse me and you should have seen the boys running after me and Kath and Lill so spoilt my dere. And Toots that tall fair boy Nevil you know thats always with that tall dark gurl too sickening my dere so regular well he tripped little Betty up trying to be funny and my dere Des nerely hit him on the jaw so existing.

And we had a bridge party at Marjorys and you know dere Ian and Barry got so wild when I trumped their trix too rude. Well and I was at the grammer ball too dere. Such a mob. Freda and the two young Tildens you know Toots the tennis players and Joan from across the water but i dont know who with and Tot and Pat and Betty and Bill with a Spanish looking gurl my dere too like Cleopatra for all the wrld. And Li came at about eleven with all the korus gurls from love lies *positively* divine.

And that reminds me did i tel you that Ronas forming a womens Honghee Klub such a thrill. *Absolutely* all the vamps my dere Helen and Rona herself and a hole lot more

i cant remember they all sined their names in blood dere never to tell about it and i cant think how it got round.

Didnt you adore the english football teme Toots such hair and so ruff and big id love to go to dixiland with wun of them. We had a gorgeous time at Eden park Everybody was there and you know that nice architect with the fair hair wel he gave me a drink of bere at lunch time too intoxicating and my dere someone threw a sod rite through Ailsas umbrella such a frite.

And the Bloos ball such fun simply everybody wuz their and Freda presented the sertificates rite between Nigel and Kink such a thrill for the pore gurl Percy didnt look the least bit knocked about and Vic was so bright considering. Joan you know the little blond was their and Barry with oh youd never guess and her sister was their too at least i think thats who she went with. And their was such a funny crowd about thirty of them basketball or hockey or sumthing absolutely strange and lost too pathetic.

That reminds me Toots pore old Nigel has hurt himself agen you know that biff he got at hockey and his eye, my dear, a yell from start to finish. Well he cut himself on a tennis net on Saturday too painful He should rely take up marbles but even then he mite swallow one hes so impulsive.

Write soon luv

Your own

MEL.

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for the man
about
college

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THIRTEENTH ANNUAL LAW BALL

"Dulce est desipere in loco"—and the legal fraternity, realising the wisdom of the poet, cast aside their professional cares and gravity on the occasion of the Thirteenth Annual Law Ball, held in Scots' Hall, on Friday, the 11th July.

Effective decorations, tuneful dance music, and an excellent supper, combined to make a very enjoyable evening. The committee was privileged to entertain the Hon. Mr. Justice Smith and Mrs. Smith, Lady Herdman, and a number of senior members of the Bar, and their wives. The academic staff of the Law Faculty were well represented and the Junior Bar, as represented by the cream of the legal talent of the university, were present in force.

It is gratifying that the Ball should receive each year the increased support of senior practitioners, and doubly gratifying that the atmosphere of the Ball should be conducive to such gallant, athletic, terpsichorean efforts on the part of such senior men, many of whom proved themselves at least the equal of their younger friends.

Our representative was privileged to be present at the function, but in the enjoyment of the moment, such things as lists of those present, description of dresses and so forth, were unfortunately forgotten; but it is understood that many of the leaders of college life were present in company with many well-known habitués of those exclusive resorts so beloved of the society papers, and let it suffice for us to say that the gowns were, as the advertising agencies say, "of the most chic."

May we congratulate those who attended this delightful function on a well-spent evening and commiserate with those who were unfortunate to miss what was undoubtedly the best ball of the year.

ANNUAL SOCIAL WEEK.

The second Annual Social Week held under the auspices of the Federation of University Women, the Court of Convocation and the Students' Association, will be held in the first week of the August vacation this year. A programme which we have to hand announces a play by the Little Theatre and items by the Chamber Music Society on Tuesday, August 12. There will be Bridge Evenings on the 13th and 14th, and the week will conclude with a dance on the 15th, which is sure to attract a number of students.

Tickets, 7/6 double, are on sale at Lewis Eady's on presentation of invitations obtainable from Students' Association.

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"Skyrme Lodge" a Fact.

We are pleased to be able at last to inform our readers that the cottage (so-called) which has been in the throes of aedification for so many months, is now complete. Now, of a winter evening, its windows glow with cheerful warmth and the reflected conviviality of a blazing hearth. Those who find their coats locked up in the Common Rooms can now obtain the keys immediately and are requested to wake Mr. Skyrme any time from midnight onwards by throwing gravel against the third window from the left.

There was, as far as we know, no attempt at an official opening ceremony made. We had, in our innocence and faith, pictured Sir George with Prof. Worley on his right throwing open the door with a proud gesture and the College trooping in on a tour of inspection. Then we had visualised the president of the Hongi Club drinking the first glass of water from the kitchen tap, but this, too, is not to be. A proposal for a house-warming is now being considered by the House and Social Committee, and we should have definite information shortly. Something on the lines of a kitchen tea to which everyone brings a frying pan or a pot is anticipated.

The building is nicely finished in white stucco, with red tiles and porcelain fittings. The narrow windows are all on a slope to signify a stairway, and so make it quite clear that the building is two-storied. The house has no tower as yet, but it is said to be arriving from England shortly. As has been mentioned before, the University makes a very nice background.

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By OUR YOUNG IMPRESSIONABLE.

Romance is born of music and the scent
Of violets dying with unopened flower,
So poets say, in verse: and I have spent
These years, and never knew until I went
And saw the moonlight on the College Tower.

That they were wrong: but now, I understand.
Given the moon at full, and be the hour
Whate'er it may: even admit the band
Be out of tune, the floor like gravelled sand,
I only ask for moonlight on the Tower.

Byron they say, saw much too much of life
When young, and so became bitter and sour;
Wrote verses to a quite fictitious wife
And died of fever in the midst of strife.
He never saw the moonlight on our Tower.

Shelley wrote lyrics, which are often read.
They have, I understand, a certain power.
But Shelley wrote of broken hearts, instead
Of happy days; but then, as I have said,
He never saw the moonlight on the Tower.

Do not misunderstand me, in advance.
Though offers rain upon me in a shower,
I do not write my credit to enhance,
I do not write to advertise some dance,
But just because of moonlight on the Tower.



You may feel quite satisfied with your present Tea. We suggest that it is because you do not know of a better.

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SOME TOPICAL VERSE.

(On hearing of a country school committee's request to the
Auckland Education Board for plain, if not ugly,
women assistants.)

Now when our committee
Gets girls that are pretty,
They say it's a pity,
And lodge a complaint.
They hate women teachers,
Incompetent creatures,
With elegant features
Of powder and paint.

The headmaster tingles
With horror at shingles;
When silk-stockings mingles
With adverbs and nouns,
He feels it his duty
To banish the cutie,
And abrogate beauty
In trenchers and gowns.

The beautiful daughter
Of Eve is a snorter;
She isn't a quarter
As good as the girl
Whose face is a pattern
Of stuff that's been sat in:
The ugliest slattern's
An Absolute Pearl!

—R. G. P.

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CORRESPONDENCE

COLLEGE CONTROL.

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—I take strong exception to a suggestion made by your contributor, "Bona Fide," in your last issue, to the effect that full-time students should be in a position to control the College. "Bona Fide" apparently considers that all part-time students, of necessity, "treat the College as a playground for their social activities and a glorified night-school."

From the general tone of his article, "Bona Fide" would appear to be a full-time student with pronounced anti-American views and a broad dissatisfaction with things as they are in New Zealand. Some of his views are sound, particularly would I commend the emphasis he lays on the lack of personal contact with our professors and lecturers. But his reforms are nearly as sweeping and twice as ineffective as the Hon. Atmore's. Perhaps he would like to follow up his suggestion that we should have a rector, and nominate one? We certainly do need a hostel—that is a self-evident fact—the point is, in what way is it to be obtained?

"Bona Fide" must realize that this College is being kept alive solely by the part-time students whom he anathematizes. The Common Rooms are dull and deserted by day, and if somewhat noisy by night, 'twere better so. Does "Bona Fide" think that the small handful of full-timers, who are for the most part neither outstanding nor inspiring, could run all the social and administrative activities of the Students' Block? As I see it, he has some dim idea of setting up another Oxford here in Auckland, and a very fine idea it is too. But at the present moment it is a sheer impossibility and will remain so for another century or more.

Let us give credit where credit is due, i.e., to the

PART-TIME STUDENT.

WOMEN SHOULD SMOKE.

(To the Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—As you and your readers are probably aware, smoking is prohibited in the Arts Building except in the Men's Common Room; and I write to draw your attention to the considerable feeling that exists against the prohibition of smoking in the Women's Common Room. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that this feeling of which I speak has by now grown into almost open rebellion. I myself have seen ladies smoking at times within the Common Room, and I am informed that it is the custom for many to indulge in an after-dinner cigarette on the stairs above the main doorway to the room and on the balcony outside of an evening.

Now, sir, this to my mind is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. Were we living in the Victorian age we would doubtless accept without a murmur a prohibition against what is, after all, a question of private and personal import. But in this so-called era of enlightenment and social reform it is with a shock that one meets this kind of old-world domination. Universal suffrage and the penny post have swept away, in theory at all events, barriers that purport to distinguish between the sexes; and only in an occasional instance such as the one that has inspired this letter do we find so archaic a relic of feudal days. Like the American prohibition laws, this regulation places us all in a very awkward position. Imbued with a certain loyalty and respect for our College, we are loath to defy the authorities. On the other hand, many of us feel that we owe a far greater measure of loyalty to our sex and also many of us would, and do, enjoy an occasional cigarette.

One hesitates to write on such a subject, surrounded as we are by old women of both sexes who will immediately place smoking and drinking in the same category and prophesy our ultimate ruin with holy fervour. But I cannot in justice to my sex or to my ideals let another week go by without a protest, however ill-received it may be. I am, etc.,

MY LADY NICOTINE.

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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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