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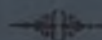


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Mr. Scullin's drastic Budget proposals in Australia, followed as they were by Mr. Forbes' similar, but not quite so drastic, proposals in New Zealand, have made financial articles quite the order of the day in our newspapers; and since it is the end of our own Association's financial year it will do no harm to examine our own financial position, painful though such an examination may be. Candour compels us to observe at once that the financial position of the Association has not improved during the last two years, and the first and most important task to be undertaken by the new Executive must be to put its finances in order.

It will come as a shock to many members of the Association, and indeed to all who have the welfare of the Students' Association at heart, to learn that despite the profit of £313 made on this year's Carnival Play, and taking this profit into account, the Association made a loss of £21/11/2 on the year's working. Further, it is obvious that if the Association reduces the Building Fund liability by £100 odd, as was the intention of the Executive some weeks back, this loss will really become a loss of £120, considering the cash position only. The position is the more painful when it is remembered that the Association in recent years has shown considerable profits. In the year 1927-28 the Association's accounts showed a profit of £639/8/6. This was generally considered most satisfactory, and £400 was voted to the building fund. The following year the profit on the year's accounts fell from this figure to £311 7/8; it was thought, however, that this loss was occasioned chiefly by the heavy loss on the Dining Hall, and that the finances would revive the following year. This year, however, we have no profit at all, but a loss. What are we going to do about it?

As everyone knows, there are only two ways of dealing with a bad financial position—either income must be increased or expenditure diminished. Which can we do? Our income depends entirely on two sources: membership subscriptions, and carnival profits. In the opinion of the writer, carnival profits ought not, except in cases of absolute necessity, to be used for the ordinary expenses of the Association. In the first place they are more or less speculative; any year owing to circumstances over which we have little control (competition from talkies or other plays; perhaps a poor Carnival Play; wet weather, financial stringency; no theatre available; inexperienced or extravagant management, or just plain bad luck) it is possible that we will make no profit or even a loss. This has happened before, and may happen again at any time. And if Student Association were depending on Carnival profits for current expenditure, it would be faced with imminent ruin. Carnival profits ought to be devoted towards extinguishing the Building Fund liability (now standing at £700), and when this is paid off they should be used for building up special funds in the nature of endowments.

Our other item of income is membership subscriptions, and these should suffice for ordinary expenses, when it is realised that they average about £1,100 a year. They have shrunk appreciably in the last two years. From £1,195 in 1927-28, they fell to £1,112 in 1928-29 and again to £1,074 in 1929-30—a total fall of £120 in two years. No amount of taking thought can add one pound to this income: but the fact that it is at present showing a steady decrease should be noted carefully

by next year's Executive. In this connection any attempt to cut down the amount of the Consolidated Fee or to exempt any particular class of students from compulsory payment must be jealously watched.

Income then cannot be expected to increase of itself, and we can do little to increase it; it has fallen in the last two years by £240. It is to reduction in expenditure that we must look for financial salvation. Next year's Executive has two clear alternatives before it; either it must be cowardly and inefficient, or it must be economical and unpopular. This is a hard saying, but none truer has yet appeared in *Craccum*. Next year's Executive has to face the fact that expenditure should be reduced by over £300, compared with this year, in order to put things on a really satisfactory basis, for if it had not been for the Carnival profit of £313, we should have been faced with a loss on the year's working of £335.

What are the chief items where expenditure has increased? It has increased in the last two years by £400 *per annum*. When the increases are shown in detail many of them are small; it is most significant, however, that almost every department shows an increase. A notable exception is the Entertainment and Social item, which this year actually shows less money spent than in 1927-8 or 1928-9. The saving effected by Mr. Grant and his committees, however, though remarkable for the very fact of it being a saving at all, results in a gain of only £4 when compared with 1927-8.

Every other department seems to have increased. Tournament, from costing £117 in 1927-8 increased to £122 in the following year; this year it cost £186. This might be thought excusable when it is considered that Tournament was in Auckland, and the Delegates naturally did their best to entertain the visitors royally. Certainly no money was wasted at Tournament, but possibly too much was spent, and next year's Delegates, when taking away a team, will have to keep down to £110 as a maximum. Administrative Expenses (typing, etc.) have increased by £58 over two years (£34 last year, and £58 this). It is unavoidable that this type of expenditure should increase a little, but it must not be allowed to get any higher. There was a time when students themselves did all the typing necessary, and there are now many students who would help in this connection, either themselves or through their employees. The National Union subscription has been responsible for £30 expenditure in each of the last two years. Do we get £30 worth?

But the two most important items are undoubtedly Grants and Dining Hall. The Dining Hall lost us £100 in 1927-8, £263 in 1928-9 and £224 in 1929-30. The present Executive have given a great deal of attention to the Dining Hall, but something more will have to be done. It is reasonable and proper to budget for a loss on this institution, for the provision of a reasonably cheap hot meal for students is a proper subject for expenditure: but £200 is too much to lose, and this problem must be tackled afresh, and some heroic measure must be taken. The other item, Grants, is one where the new Executive is going to be unpopular. Grants to Societies and Subcommittees totalled £444 in 1927-8; in the following year they rose to £489. This year they have jumped to £575. With 120 fewer financial members, the Students' Association has granted £130 more for current expenditure. This alone

accounts for £250 loss. The new Executive will have to face the problem of budgeting to make expenditure fit in with income. Any business concern, looking at last year's figures, faced with a decrease in membership fees of £120 when compared with 1927-8, would have lowered its grants from £444 to £324—instead Students' Association raised them to £575. This will not do, and it is clearly up to the new Executive to take a stand.

Lastly, it must be emphasised (though no student conversant with the facts will need to be told) that the present article is in no sense an attack on Mr. A. P. Postlewaite, the present Hon. Treasurer, than whom Students' Association has

never had a more efficient or devoted servant. Had it not been for his efforts, the loss must have been much greater, and we are able to weather the present storm largely because of his foresight. The crisis is due to the fact that the Executive, in spending its income, has listened too little to Mr. Postlewaite, and too much to the demands of the hungry societies and subcommittees. It will be the job of the 1930-1 Executive to listen to the voice of stern economy, and by the practice of the virtues of prudence, thrift, and economy, to help the Association back to its former financial position.

—K.

FAREWELL—A LONG FAREWELL

PERCY AND ALEC

We have spent the last week in saying goodbye to Percy and Alec who by now have left us for other shores and greener fields. We started on Saturday the 26th at the Smoke Concert, but of this we can neither write nor think clearly. Our heart was aching, in fact, and a drowsy numbness paining us throughout the evening—almost as if we had of too much beer drunk, but more through grief and tears, maudlin tears. Clearer in our mind are the events of the grand, combined Coffee Evening of Wednesday, 30th, when Reg Morgan was distinctly seen to smile on at least three occasions, which constitutes a record for the University. Prof. Worley made a typically short and humorous speech—we shall carry to our grave the memory of his joke about the vegetarian and the fly. We gave the departing heroes trunks and rugs and then went down to supper, while all the time Don and Nigel both looked their best—it being election night.

Well, they are gone by now—yes, we have indeed seen the last of Percy and Alec for some considerable time. In the thick of farewells from 'Varsities and Churches they must, at times, have wondered if the long goodbye was ever going to end. But it has—the weariest river and so forth—and they sailed by the *Maunganui* at 3.28 on the afternoon of Friday, August 1st. It was a beautiful afternoon, light on the hills and sunshine on the seas, and the good ship looked its best with Geo. Baildon's jovial face over-looking the railing of the upper deck. Below him and a little to the left was Percy, his hair parted as ever in the dead centre, and he himself appearing not altogether pleased to be leaving us—which was gratifying. On his left again, separated from him by a beery individual with the latest "Truth," was our Alec. His hair was parted (yes, really) a little on one side and he, too, seemed almost sad.

Rarely, indeed, have we said good-bye to two so outstanding students in the one afternoon. Others, of course, have passed like meteors across our path and like meteors and good cooks have vanished into the blue, but rarely have there been two men who, of the same year, combined so strikingly and with such success the varied activities of Mr. Wilson's *bona fide* student. And, as we have said, they have left us.

No more shall we, from the grandstand, soothed by the geniality of our Cherrywood and lulled to torpor by the Members' afternoon tea, rise to our feet as the 'Varsity wing goes crashing down the line to the cry of "Good old Perc." No more when the score is down against us and the hour is late, when the evening mist is falling gently on the ground, and the matches flicker upon the terrace, shall we hear the despairing cry from behind "Give it to Perc." We shall not forget, we *will* not forget, but in hoary deceptitude, when time has left us on the shelf, shall tell our children of the days when Minns played for Auckland, of the days when men

were men and football not a game for women, of the days when Percy pushed the full-back on his face as he dived for the corner. Those were indeed, the days.

Nor thee, our Alec, whose hair has but of late lain down to a well-earned rest, shall we forget. Perhaps we shall think of thee most astride the base-line with that hard grim look of Scotch determination that only Harry Lauder has made popular, upon thy face. But more, perhaps, shall we miss thee from the library; for who of those who ever looked and saw, can now forget the keen enthusiastic air with which thou made thy Liddel and Scott look foolish, scanning the wonders and obscenities of pagan lore. But best of all shall we treasure the indelible picture of thy Caesarian attitude as, dauntless, thou addressed the seething congress of a belligerent Coffee Evening. Those were indeed the days.

The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs, the deep moans round with many voices. And the Peter's at the fore and the shaking derricks roar and we're out hull down on the old trail. For you must go, go, go away from here; on the other side of the world you're overdue. You have heard the song, how long? how long? Pull out on the old, old trail... The *Maunganui* is away. Geo. Baildon waves a convivial hand to some contemporary of the "Globe," the beery gentleman drops his "Truth" in the sea, Phil Soljak arrives post haste with the latest *Kiwi* and nearly drops that in the sea, too. The streamers part and drop and though we cheer and Nigel waves his lily hand, we cannot bring them back—for Percy and Alec have left us for well-nigh Elysian shores.

Frater, Ave atque Vale!

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The names of Messrs. J. S. Watt and G. E. Watt have been received as candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships, and have been approved by the Students' Association. A sub-committee made their report on the matter to the Professorial Board last Monday.

The question of payment for repairs to the furniture in the Common Rooms has not yet been settled. An ambiguity has arisen in the agreement originally drawn up between the Students' Association and the College Council, and the possibility of its revision is being considered.

The election for the principal officials of the incoming Executive last Thursday resulted as follows:—President, Mr. J. N. Wilson; treasurer, Mr. A. P. Postlewaite; secretary, Mr. G. E. Watt (all re-elected); lady vice-president, Miss M. Mawson.

The elections for the Executive Committee (seven men and three women) are fixed for August 7.

VACATIONS

AND HOW TO SPEND THEM

By OMEGA

We have reserved this column to remind students per medium of one of our contributors, that the August vacation begins on Saturday 9th of this month. For some people, the vacation began when they first enrolled at this University and is still going on, but there may be still one or two who will be glad to be apprised of the fact that lectures will cease from Saturday next at twelve ac emma. We would also like to remind students that University vacations are not holidays, but are intervals set aside to enable the earnest to get their work up to date, and in some cases a bit ahead. We ourselves when first we entered these sacred portals were under the impression that the vacation was for mirth and revelry alone, and it was with a rude shock that we discovered our mistake. For mistake it certainly was and the system of the gentleman who enlightened us by setting test papers in the first week of the new term is still causing considerable unrest. We remember this same gentleman telling us with tears in his eyes, how, bewildered by the false glamour of his surroundings, he neglected to do any work during his first week at Varsity and was never able to catch up the lost ground. He gained ninety-eight marks in Greek that year and appealed for a recount but he was denied it. It is injustice of this kind that has provoked Mr. J. N. Wilson to his recent vitriolic attack on the University of New Zealand.

As we were saying, the August vacation is only a name to most serious students. There is, however, another school of thought which looks upon these next three weeks as a period in which to recover from the dissipation of the last ten. These happy brethren usually seem to favour a back to Nature cure, the wild open spaces and so forth, and it is chiefly for these people that the Field Club has very kindly consented to organise an annual excursion to Ruapehu. One has only to look at the personnel of the party to see the truth of this statement. Unfortunately some of them have, we fear, been rather deceived. Last year a select committee who knew their business took the party nine miles up a precipitous bridle track and marooned them in the midst of a wilderness of snow and ice with food for ten days. Alcoholic addicts and jazz fiends look back on that holiday as the happiest time of their lives. This year, however, the party is to stay at the Chateau Tongariro with Sir Alexander Herdman and Lord Bledisloe. We hope that we will not frighten away too many prospective patrons when we disclose the fact that there is a dancing floor in the Chateau and a number of bridge tables in the lounges. On the other hand, we believe that the last day of the week to be spent there has been set aside for alpine sports and mountaineering. To those who contemplate roughing it under these conditions we would recommend a reserve supply of bacon and rolled oats as being absolute necessities, while hot water bottles will be at a premium. Dancing pumps, dress shirts and Manning-Foster on "Bridge" are also indispensable.

For the serious student we advise the following programme for the next three weeks. Two hours before breakfast on Greek Verbs or Integral Calculus; three hours on Anglo-Saxon and Analytical Geometry until lunch, and the afternoon to be spent in running through set books until the type begins to jump about. Should the student feel stale in the evening a few hours at Dixieland or the Commercial Grill will clear his head and set him up for the next day's work.

N. U. S.

(A Contribution from the Executive of the N.U.S.)

Since the formation of the New Zealand National Union of Students at Easter, 1929, the average student has heard little of the organisation, and as a result is critical rather than sympathetic and encouraging. At the present time, there is a tendency to belittle the N.U.S., and to ask what is its use; to ignore its actual accomplishments, and to think rather of the things it has not done. Knowledge of the aims and progress of the work of the N. U. S. will enable the members of its constituent organisations, of which Auckland University College is one, to appreciate what the N. U. S. has done, is doing, and intends to do, for the benefit of students in New Zealand and abroad.

Until the N. U. S. is able to get its publicity through a magazine of its own, students will be informed of its activities by means of contributions to the various College magazines. In this, the first "news bulletin," little can be mentioned except a few facts which, though known to most, are apparently not realised by many who criticise the National Union of Students.

Almost all other countries, having several Universities, now have unions of students, combining all the student interests of the nation. New Zealand, having only one University, separated, however, into several colleges, had not, until last year, any organisation which represented the whole body of students of the University of New Zealand. By the formation of the National Union of Students in 1929, this country has come into line with other civilised countries. That alone should make the N. U. S. worthy of support as the only comprehensive co-ordinating factor in New Zealand University life. The vast possibilities of this organisation as the University grows are such that it is worth while consolidating for the future, not stifling at its birth; if those who are adverse at present will help with their influence and active support, the N.Z.N.U.S. will become, as it is intended to be, a body truly representative of national student opinion.

Criticism has been levelled at the N. U. S. "because there is nothing to show for a year's work and subscriptions." This is only a partial truth; few newly-formed unions, handicapped by similar difficulties of organisation through distance and diversity of interests, hampered as the N. U. S. has been through the apathy and imperfect support—begotten mainly by ignorance—of the very members of its constituent organisations, and occupied as much in "finding its feet" as in trying to run before it can walk, have in their foundation year accomplished more than has the N. U. S.

To those who are unwilling to let the N. U. S. grow gradually in usefulness, and who demand immediate results, can be pointed out such tangible achievements as three tours beyond New Zealand, the recent establishment of a system for obtaining textbooks more cheaply, an attempt to standardize New Zealand University Blues, benefits to students abroad, plans to improve the lecture system, etc., etc. That the N.U.S. has not yet accomplished its whole programme has been due to the difficulties attendant upon a first year's working and a scattered organisation. Sympathy and support by those who wish the New Zealand National Union of Students some time to be a force acting for student welfare, similar to Unions of longer standing in other countries, will ensure an earlier success for the N.Z.N.U.S.

STUDENTS

PATRONISE ANNUAL SOCIAL WEEK
AUGUST 12th to 15th—(See Notice Board)

WANTED—BRIGHTER ELECTIONS HINTS ON HOW TO WARM THE COLLEGE UP

Old-timers, who, if we are to believe their stories, practically set the College on its legs, have told us that in no way is the degeneracy of the modern student more clearly shown than in his manner of treating the annual College elections. "In our day," they have said reminiscently, "the man who wanted to be President had to be a quick thinker and very slippery on his pins. We remember the time dear old Steve ——— was regarded as a certainty for the job till some one got him with a tomato on the night of the election and then the crowd just laughed him out of the room. They had no use for a man like that."

At the time we recollect venturing some defence, pressure of work, new and healthy love of law and order, no rough element in the place now—but it didn't ring true (especially the last bit) and when the octogenarian had left us we chewed the bitter pen in silence. It seemed to us merely another link in the chain of evidence which was gradually proving our degeneracy, and we resolved to call the attention of the College to the position while the impressions of this year's stagnant elections are still in their minds.

Now it is all very well for the candidates for the post of President to wander up from business to the College at about two o'clock on election day to distribute a few electioneering smiles and then to go back to work again. That sort of thing may do them a lot of good but it doesn't get us anywhere. What we want and what we will, next year, insist on having, is a series of political meetings where the candidates can address us and can tell us exactly what they propose to do. Speeches to last ten minutes and to be, if possible, uninterrupted, will be followed by questions and the meeting will then pass a vote of confidence, no-confidence or perhaps will just break up in disorder. Under this system we would very seldom have three candidates.

The Presidential elections this year were fraught with riotous possibilities, and yet—what happened? Practically nothing, and, indeed, one glorious opportunity passed by unheeded. When Mr. Wilson and Mr. Grant, on the very eve of the election, were both together on the one platform, having been asked to address a representative gathering of students, some of whom had dined both wisely and well, then, my countrymen, might we not have expected a little amusement—but did we get it? What Mr. Wilson should have said, is this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my unpleasant duty to-night to farewell Mr. Percy Minns, who, by the way, is my idea of a *bona-fide* student. But before proceeding to that topic I would just like to tell you a few things about that unmitigated black-guard, Mr. Grant, who has had the nerve to put himself up against me in the Elections to-morrow. At the present moment he is lurking behind the curtain on my left, but in a few minutes you will be able to see what a poor sap he is. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the support you have given me and I have now much pleasure in presenting this suitcase and rug to Mr. Minns." (Applause.)

When Mr. Grant appeared we should have expected him to reply something after this fashion:

"Professor Worley, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Wilson. When I came here to-night I was under the impression that this would be a fairly respectable gathering. That it is not so can be deduced from the fact that Mr. Wilson was permitted to speak more than ten words. I am a man totally unaccustomed to public speaking nor do I pride myself on a fluency

and power of rhetoric beyond the ordinary, but if there is one subject upon which I can speak with any force and vigour of expression, upon which I can unrestrainedly let loose what poor forces of contumelious vituperation I possess, that subject, ladies and gentlemen, is Mr. Wilson. I do not exaggerate when I say that" But we will leave it there.

Anyway we have given you the idea and it wants now but a little organisation and the whole is complete. Let it never be said that the old spirit which made the Tournament Debate of three years ago such an unmitigated brawl, is completely lost to the College.

CAPPING DAY IN DUNEDIN

STUDENT HUMOUR CRITICISED

With all its gay irrelevancy, sportive abandonment and peculiarly scholastic humour, the annual descent of gown upon town came round again. Fools they are one day in the year, these students, and it is likely that fools they will always be on that occasion. Yet they do not alarm us, though in some of our citizens there must surge a premonitory qualm as the winter term draws near. It has ever pleased these gownsmen of the University of Otago to be boisterous neighbours to a peaceable town.

Those unfortunates who have in the least manner attracted to themselves the limelight of publicity must "take the count." The winter term was ever the time for such discomfiture. As has been the case for some years past the students combined with their festival of nonsense a useful and humane mission—the raising of funds for the relief of necessitous cases among the ranks of the unemployed. This was accomplished by means of a street collection which had the excellent result of securing no less than £205 as a contribution to the local funds.

Such outstanding events as the wreck of the Manuka and the Byrd Antarctic Expedition could not be expected to pass unnoticed and the much-discussed Coster Ball at the Town Hall had too many possibilities for humour to be passed over. "If you have any rotten ideas that simply cannot be expected to work, bring them along. Your council needs them," was the way the subject of the new traffic control arrangements at the corner of Stuart and Cumberland streets was introduced.

It is understood that the student censor banned one stunt before the procession left the University. He might have exercised his authority in the matter of one or two others which concerned matters better left undiscussed in public. The license which police and civic authorities extend to the students is more generous than wise in the view of a number of people, although the majority accept everything with the best grace in the world.

The procession was the cause of a great deal of merriment and diversion among the large crowd of spectators, and from that point of view must be adjudged a success, and even after the dispersal of the ordered display the general public derived no little amusement from the antics of the carnivalists, who comported themselves in the most gratifying manner. Of course, as usual, nothing was sacred to them. They entered where they would, and accosted all and sundry, but inasmuch as those things were among the day's trials people did not mind in the least. The mayoral peroration delivered in the Octagon in accordance with custom was a singularly amusing and effective interlude in the day's nonsense, and was obviously enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Otago Times.

MELISANDE SEES LIFE.

My Darling Toots,

Well dere things have bene bigger and brighter than ever this last weke or two you know i think the men only get rely lively about this time of yere. It must be the great spring urge or sumthing anyhow some of them have been absolutely too passionate lately ive bene quite embarrassed and my maidenly blush you know the coy young thing touch *positively* wurked to death. The Honghees threw a nice little show at ye olde Pirate Shippe some of the lads i danced with quite intoxicated me i seemed to be walking on air. And Toots pet, could yu tel me what they mene when they say theyre on their bicycles? Don was their of corse with the usual but Paul semed to have charge of the show. The olde Pirate Shippe captain was a most affable old buffer he only interfered when the furnitchoor was being nocked round too much. Rix was by himself but he didnt seme very sad about it. They say he took a party to the rendayvoo after but i dont know quite. You know the turkish bath place. And dere old Fred kicked up more row than any one except perhaps Ralph and Bill but then they were hardly ever inside so its not fare to make theze comparisons is it?

Wel and on the saturday i went to footy agen and saw Beamish and the boys at work. I didnt see any of the lot i saw the weke before Barry and the two bright young sisters or anyone else but it was quite good fun and in the evening we were out at Dixie of corse. And, my dere, practically the hole of Orkland was their too. Wel and on our way bak we looked in at the Grill and met orl the boys from the Smoker with a keg of bere, Cuthbert and Barry and Fryer and lots more and they semed so pleased to see us. You know its such a shame we arent alloud to go to those smokers they say this wun was an absolute brawl. Rok went home urly when the fun started and the boys began to enjoy themselves. i hurd that Ben was a proper job but what that menes i dont know.

Wel wednesday was the farewell to Percy and Alec and it was some show for a Koffee evening believe me little baby. We had Reg and the boys to play to us instead of the yung amatures and the only fly in the biskit was we had to pay a bob to get in. But they couldnt katch me Toots I hung round the dore till all the boys came up from the footy dinner and shot in with them. And old Prof held up the show for about three kwarters of an hour and then Nigel and Don tried to make a few more jokes but i didnt larf. The supper was a positive scramble till they opened the doors and then i had a big chair and not all to myself either. Wel we went on to midnite singing the old Steine song and then orl went home in the last tram to Onehunga id not idea so many boys lived out that way before.

i forgot to tell yu that i went to Rookery nook with the female Honghees, such fun. We drank glass after glass of orange squash and superphosphate at the buffet till my brane was *absolutely* reeling and then staggered in kicking up a frightful shine. No one got thrown out it was really rather a shame but we got a lot of exsitement and wun or two people looked round when we came in.

Then dere the Football danse saying goodbye to the boys who are going to Suva they say they live on nothing but lager bere when theyre there the heats so *terrific*. Anyway it was a good show only fritefully crowded and farely brite too.

Pore old Cash and Don ran dead level for the world's wurst speeches and to see Dave conducting the nashional anthem was a pretty site and you can say i sed so. To the grill after where more of Dave Bill and Ralph and John with some of Remueras best and fastest and so to bed.

i spose yu have hurd by now Toots, that Nigel is going to be President agen. Yu know i positively ador these strong silent Muzzeleeney kind of men and anyway hes easily the nicest looking of the three so theres no kik cumming from yores truly,
MEL.

THE BOOK REVIEW COLUMN

We have before us for review the Otago University "Capping Carnival Book" for 1930 profusely illustrated and containing about eight parts libel, blasphemy and obscenity to one of humour. The general impression that it has left with us is to confirm the conviction which we had before, namely, that Dunedin is a hot place and the students are keeping it so.

The Otago University Show was divided into four parts. The opening drama was entitled "MacDeath," and we are informed that this play is seldom if ever, for obvious reasons, found among the late Bill Shakespeare's works even in the unexpurgated edition. The author appends the following gratuitous note:—

"The rumour that the three hoary old witches in the opening scene are the National Council of Women sitting on the Obstetrical Egg is only partly true."

Of the next item on the programme, "Varsity Blues," the unknown critic says,

"Like most of Remarques books it is free from swearing, though the intimate nature of the plot, the relationship of Fanny and Arthur, and the stage manager, together with the bedroom scene and the adjoining bathroom scene that will be played if time permits, allow the censor to recommend it as more suitable for adult audiences. Thus it is a production that will be rushed by both young and old. Its soul-stirring theme song will rend your heart and tear it out by the bowels (N.B. free use of medical terms) and the male chorus will hurl it back at you."

The author has no hesitation in recommending "Whoopee"—a great epic of the inane, as being an unparalleled portrayal of animal lust and the passions of the flesh. Moral men, he says, will unhesitatingly condemn it as dealing with an aspect of human experience not suitable for the ordinary stage. The last presentation which was entitled "Confined," is said to have contained more Cooanats, more Interference, more Glorifying of Modern Girls and more Sunny Sides kept up than any of us had previously seen; and this panegyric concludes with an exhortation to us all to hear the theme song "Tropical Moon" (our copy not yet arrived). Taking it by and large we are most sorry to have missed "Varsity Blues" or "Not too Bledisloe," A Farce in Three Screams by Foul Remarque, in which all names were "entirely malicious" and the furnishings were kindly lent by the Borstal.

(Our copy from "Royal Court.")

THE WOMEN'S HONGI CLUB REPLIES AIMS AND OBJECTS

We publish, by arrangement, the following authoritative statement regarding the so-called Women's Hongi Club:—

Had it not been for the quite un-called-for outburst of your unknown correspondent, who has chosen to sign herself "Only A Woman," we would have hesitated to avail ourselves of any opportunity for publicity. But the impression given by this letter is so harmful to our newly-formed Club as to warrant our giving you this rather premature statement of our aims and objects.

In the first place our Club is only loosely called the Women's Hongi Club. It has, up to the present, no official name or status and has only been referred to by some as a Hongi Club because of the similarity of its manner of formation and some of its ideals to those of the original Hongi Club. To follow up the analogy and talk of "pyjama parades" is ridiculous in the extreme and, we consider, rather malicious. In the second place your correspondent goes on to talk of the self-constituted president (who by the way was unanimously elected) and the twenty original members as being neither the best nor the worst that the Common Room can produce, and as being representative of nothing. Now by this very allegation of their being representative of nothing, "Only a Woman" has laid her finger on the whole significance of, and the reason for, this Club. Its members are, indeed, representative of nothing; it is, as a matter of fact, the setting up of a faction such as the S.C.M. and other similar organisations tend to become, that they have most to fear; but on the other hand they do claim to be drawn from every element in the Common Room, and so in a general way this Club can, or hopes in the near future to be able to, claim to represent the Common Room as a whole.

The old system of Common Room Clubs which was the subject of an Editorial in your last issue had this to be said for it, that it aroused more interest among the students who were continually called upon to take an active part in the regulating of their social activities. With the increase in numbers we have a new system by which, having once elected our representatives on the Student's Association and on the House Committee we are more or less compelled to retire and give them a free hand. Now it is quite impossible for the five or six women who are now in control of our Common Room to give us everything we want. This is not a complaint against their administration—they give a great deal of time to our needs, and are probably the ones most fitted to represent us—but they cannot do everything. The twenty-first birthday party on Thursday last was an example of the spirit which prevails among women students; a function which should have attracted a large crowd, was attended by hardly twenty, all told.

We have set out, under the patronage of Miss Bourne, to attempt to create a more general College Spirit. By forming a Club we are only trying to do collectively and regularly the things that have been done hitherto singly and in spasms. The very fact that such a Club exists will encourage others to rally round what has been up till now an extremely ethereal ideal. We propose under the name of the Club to hold parties and picnics, to form a choir and to entertain at Coffee Evenings and in many other ways to do things socially which at present are more or less indefinite, but which with a little help and encouragement, will speedily materialize.

Having once, thus stated our aims and objects we can retire from a publicity which we have never courted, but let it be said, here and now, that neither the ridicule of "Only a Woman" and her ilk, nor the apathy of others, who will not participate, can destroy our enthusiasm.

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Or forgotten your portmanteau on the train,
Don't bid the thing good-bye, in consternation,
You'll get a chance to buy it back again.

Just gaze on those umbrellas—aren't they topping?
Just see the bargains that they're knocking down.
It's certainly a cheaper place for shopping
Than any Winter Clearance Sale in town.

This morning the Department is disposing
Of property that citizens have lost,
In the luggage room for months it's been reposing,
And must be cleared regardless of the cost.

There's everything from motor-bikes to braces,
The auctioneer is giving them away.
His hammer is the joy of bargain chasers,
But has it helped the N.Z.R. to pay?

—R.G.P.

Field Club Expedition to National Park

The members of the party are officially 25. The cost of the party will be approximately £6/5/0. All members who have not paid in £6/5/0 must forward the balance as soon as possible to Miss R. E. Schmidt or Mr. A. D. McKinnon.

The dates of the party are August 24th to August 31st, leaving Auckland by the 7.45 p.m. express, Sunday, August 24th, for National Park and returning to Auckland Monday morning, September 1st, leaving National Park 11.12 p.m. Sunday, August 31st.



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Blue smoke is drifting
Across a shrouded tree;
White mists are lifting
So tenderly—
The tide is drifting
Out to sea.

Stillness unbroken,
Save for a sound
Softer than spoken
Love notes should sound—
Soft silence broken
All around.

Tide-ripples breaking
Whispering low,
Endlessly making
Ebb and flow,
Quietly breaking
Far below.

Sole languor stealing
The sad heart of me,
Soothing and sealing
Love's misery.
Beauty comes stealing
Over the sea.

—J.B.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE LITERARY CLUB

The Editor, *Craccum*

Dear Sir,—The following may be premature criticism, as I understand the question, of which I write, is to be agitated at the next general meeting of the Literary Club. Nevertheless, I would like very much to see it discussed in your columns as it may interest more than those who are sufficiently keen to attend a meeting.

It seems to me, and I know that I am not alone in the views I hold, that the Literary Club has wandered rather from its aims and objects; it has, in fact, suffered, just as the Little Theatre has suffered, from being too popular. The literary evenings at which papers were read and discussed have been almost completely dismissed from the programme this year and the only one that was held attracted about six students. On the other hand, there have been any amount of dramatic evenings at which plays were presented to a fairly large and often noisy audience, followed by supper and dancing. So popular have these entertainments become that the public—if I may use the word in this connection—are dissatisfied if they are given anything else. When about three weeks ago the Club presented two really good Irish repertory plays, criticisms of their seriousness and lack of action was freely expressed, and the general impression seemed to be that the players had failed lamentably. They certainly had failed in that they did not amuse their audience; but the question which I now venture to raise is, are these critics the ultimate criterion, and is it worth while pleasing them at the expense of a more serious-minded element who have with them the majority of the players and the committee?

It looks almost as if it were time that the Dramatic and Literary sides of this club were divided and if the Dramatic section still shrank from putting on anything except Milne and Shaw, perhaps the Literary department might be excused if it attempted to do so.—Yours etc.,

HISTRIO.

THE POKER SCHOOL

The Editor, *Craccum*.

Dear Sir,—I take strong exception to an article written by *Omega*, whoever he may be, in your last issue concerning the so-called Poker School which he maintains exists in the Men's Common Room. With this gentleman *Omega* I am forced to associate the Editorial staff of *Craccum*, for without a strong feeling in favour of the afore-mentioned *Omega's* views you would never have given space and prominence to so forced and wholly misleading an attack. I am driven to reply through your columns in the absence of any other paper which will reach the same public as did the original libel, but I have little hope that you will print any matter which does not directly meet with your approval.

Things have come to a pretty pass when our morals and ethics have to be submitted to an anonymous member of the S.C.M. (for such I conclude him to be) for consideration and criticism. Clearly he knew little of his subject but like most fanatics became fired with an idea and at the same time saw an opportunity for the employment of a little sarcasm and general vituperation—the easiest and most damning phases of literary art. If *Omega* had in the first place studied the game of Poker he would have realized that it is possible to play for a long time and to win or lose very little although the stakes may be heavy, which, in the Men's Common Room, they never are. The element of luck is so great that in the long run things must come out fairly even and the habit of playing for money only lends interest at the time to the game. Again gambling is, when all is said and done, a matter of personal or private import. It is presumption on his part to dictate to those who have their own money and their own time to dispose of at will.

As I have said I do not expect that you will publish anything which contradicts your own beliefs and convictions, but in the hope that there may yet be enough freedom of the press in this College to enable the other side of a regrettable question to be heard,

I remain, etc.,

POKER FIEND.

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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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