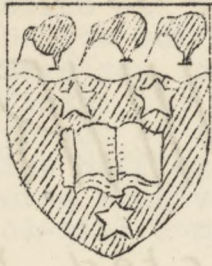


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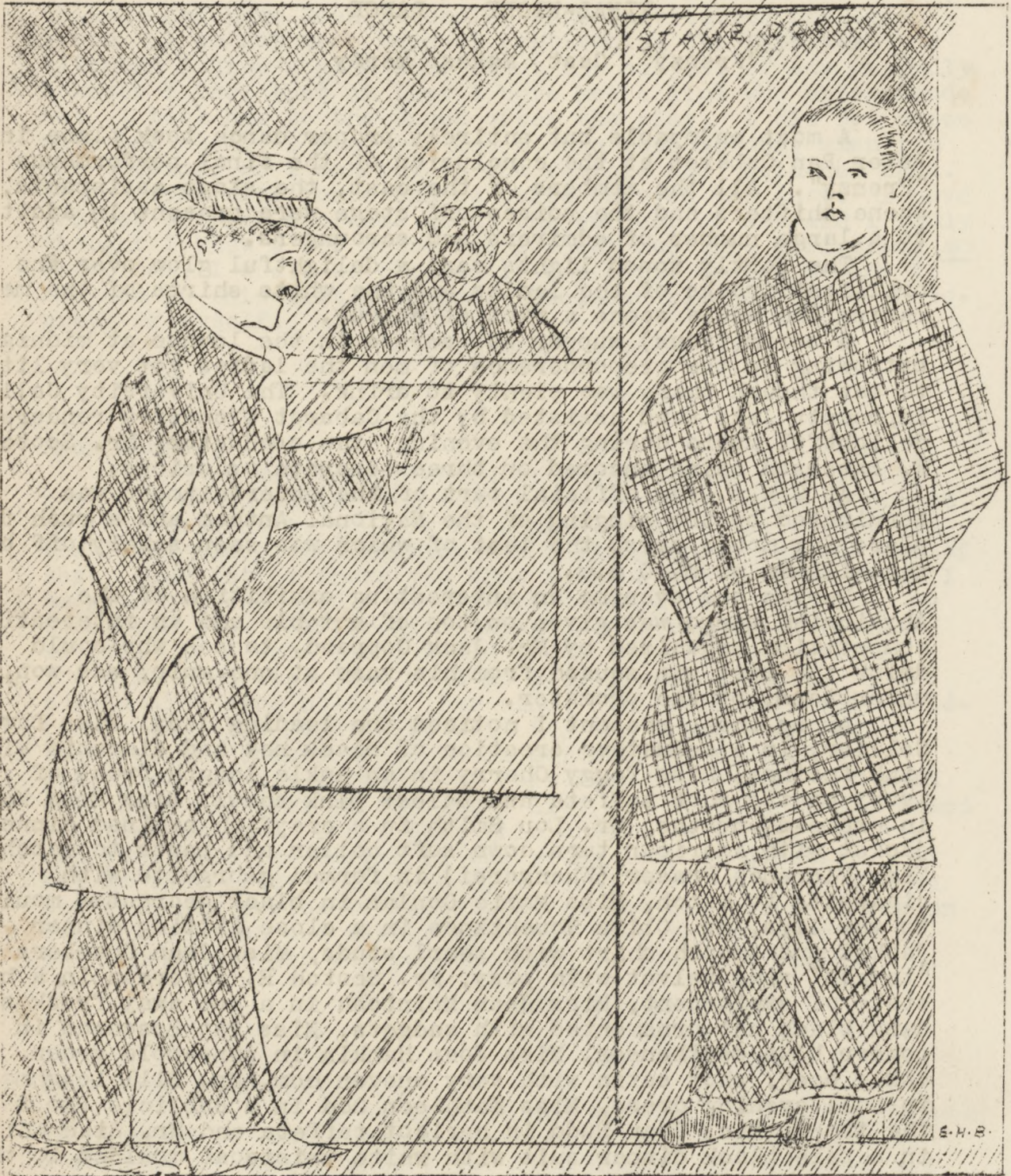
No 3.

SUPPLEMENT



Auckland University College,

Thursday, June 11th, 1931.



WHAT OUR FATHERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH

Gentleman: (at conclusion of second performance of "Frenzy")
Is this the way to the Dressing Rooms?

Student: Yes, right through and up the stairs.

Gentleman: (cheerfully) Thanks, I've got to collect a drunken son.



FINAL-NIGHT DANCE

"Frenzy" Cast Makes Merry

A most enjoyable but entirely proper dance took place in the Peter Pan Cabaret at the conclusion of the final performance of "Frenzy". All the members of the cast, the stage assistants, the scene shifters and the noises off stage were present in addition to a large number of admirers and scroungers.

The softly toned lights cast a delightful glow over the brilliant frocks of the ladies and the white shirts of the men, making the whole scene a riot of colour.

A scrum(tious) supper was served in the lounge at midnight but owing to the preponderance of men the ladies got very little to eat though there was plenty to drink. The University College Impromptu Jazz Band assisted by the Cabaret Orchestra rendered delightful music during the evening, the conductor, Mr. Scotch E. Paterson being encored on three separate occasions.

At 2 a.m. the official part of the entertainment was terminated by the singing of the National Anthem and a rush took place for motor cars, the last of which was seen safely off by the milkman at 5.40 a.m.

During the evening an interesting exhibition of the Abyssinian tango was given on top of a table and an interesting competition organized by Mr. Jack Coppard, to see who could drink the most gin squash from his vase at one gulp, was won, I understand, by the promoter.

Among those present I noticed the leading lady; Miss Dawn Collier, in a seductive creation of black net and diamante with pink facings, Miss Peggy Cherry in an ankle length frock of ivory castle shot taffeta and palest pink shawl, Miss Rona Munro in crème-de-menthe, Mr. Lou Smith in a crayfish stained dinner jacket with American turn down soft collar and pants to match, Miss Florence Fraser (Whangarei) in formal georgette with cigarette to match, Miss Marie Conlan in black georgette moulded to the lips, Mr. Clive Youchtknee in a close fitting dinner jacket and smooth shirt with pearl studs, Miss Jean Chambers in "tomato" ring velvet with posy, Mr. Scotch E. Paterson in a high state of excitement, Miss Jean McIntosh in a cut away frock of dark black net ornamented with gadgets, Miss Pat Boscawen in powder blue seethenees, Miss Joan Hankin in pineapple green, ankle deep, shot satin with very uneven hem, Mr. Bill Loughman in full evening dress, Miss Kathleen Odd in a cubicle (most of the time), Miss Jean Rudd in haricot taffeta and Mr. Stan White in a pale black dinner suit with white waistcoat moulded to the hips.

----- ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED

Muriel Olga, only daughter of Mrs. M.K.Sturt, Ridings Road, Remuera, and of the late S.G.Sturt of Suva, Fiji, to Leslie Knox, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C.R.Munro, of Clonbern Road, Remuera.

Sheila Betty, second daughter of Mr. C.E.Archibald of Takapuna, to Lawrence William, youngest son of the late T.F.Holt and Mrs. E.H.Holt of Mount Albert.

THE CONFIDENCE COLUMN

Any of our readers who have any little problem baffling them are requested to communicate at once with Miss Rufflegs. She can advise you on all matters of the heart, the head, the habits and many other things too numerous to mention. Do you suffer from hay fever? Are both your legs right? Have you an overdraft? Why is the sky blue? Which comes first, the hen or the egg? Miss Rufflegs can help you on all of these points. Don't go to the doctor, go to Miss Rufflegs. All letters will be answered in order of being received. Write at once and keep that Grammar school-girl complexion.

Dear Miss Rufflegs,

I am a student of the Auckland University College and have been attending that institution for some years. I am not much good at captivating the fair sex although I know a good deal about the subject of sex generally. However I feel that at last I have met a girl who understands me. I took her to the dance after the play. I did not dance with her much. I find you can't make much headway when you are dancing, so I sat out in the cubicle and held her hand. It was very nice there and we quite enjoyed the show. I have written several articles about the subject of sex and I really thought I knew a lot about the subject but this girl seems so different, I would be pleased if you could advise me how to advance in this little matter. Enclosed please find a photograph of myself.

Yours sincerely,

Hector.

Dear Hector,

I was very pleased to receive your nice little note. I would advise you not to use scented paper in future. My instructions to you may be summed up in a few words. In the first place stop writing and talking about the subject of sex. Your letter shows you know nothing about it at all. I am glad you enclosed a photograph because that will help me to advise you. Different looking people require different advice. If I were you I would dress as well as possible. You will find that that will be your greatest asset. You should also stop holding her hand. The method is quite old-fashioned. You might also wait for the young lady after lectures and endeavour to be in her company as much as possible. If you parted your hair down the centre and used some hair restorer on the upper lip, you would probably stand a better chance. Don't take this advice as final. If you can send me a photograph of the young lady in question. It may be that after seeing that, I shall have to write you an entirely new series of instructions. At all events carry on for the present and always remember that the weather is a good opening topic for conversation - even in a cubicle.

Your sincere friend,

Anne Rufflegs.

Dear Miss Rufflegs,

I am only 16 and working in a shirt factory in Newmarket. Until three weeks ago I was very happy and worked at my shirts with a carefree heart. But now I do not know which way to turn for my boy friend who is a third year student at the University has not taken me out or spoken to me since the night he took me to the show at the end of "Frenzy". It all started with a drink he had from the vase presented to Mr. Coughard or someone and it seemed to affect his mind, for he took a violent fancy to the partner of one of the blue shirts. Since then he hasn't seen me. What should I do about it?

Yours blightfully,
Maggie.

Dear Maggie,

I will reply fully next issue. Don't worry. - Anne



One of the best known characters in the Auckland University College is Bernard Noble Wight, a scion of the noble line who founded the well known island. Bernard has added

No. 2 tone to the College for many years and we hope he will continue to do so for many more. His cheerful elegance has brightened up many a dreary half-hour in the Men's Common Room. Bernard graduated B.A. in 1928 and since then has been taking an advanced double Honours course in Body Plasticity and Sartorial Splendour. His most recent success was scored as the "cheer up" procession Queen, a rôle for which he is uniquely adapted. Mr. Wight is an accomplished musician and an acknowledged connoisseur of clothes, Turkish cigarettes and obscure liqueurs. He is also an excellent raconteur and a fine after dinner speaker. Bernard has further aspirations. He recently confided to Craccum's Special Correspondent that he desired to become an acting-member of the Literary Club. He feels himself called to take the part of a dame, and is at present corresponding with Mr. George Wallace and Mr. Jim Gerald in preparation for his debut as Winsome Winifred, in Women, Wire and Witchery: by William Whoopee.

Bernard is now said to be on his way back from last month's Harrier Club meeting. In official circles it is thought that he will be back in time for the next run.

When they ring a mel-
ancholy knell
On the old church bell
For A. B. Chappell
If he goes to Hell
(and he might as well)
I bet he'll tell
The Devil

A tale with a moral that makes him yell.