

# CRA C CUM SUPPLEMENT

VOLUME V, No. 4.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th, 1931

## HOW OUR NEWSPAPERS DECEIVE THE MASSES *Star Advt. "BACH SOCIETY CONCERT"*



### What They Expect



E.H.B.

### And The Reality





# WOMAN'S WHIRL



Conducted by

ANN RUFFLEGS  
(late of "The Stun")

## ANNUAL COMMERCE BALL

Although the "old hands" were more conspicuous by their absence, the Commerce Ball committee had no reason to complain of the attendance last Saturday evening in the College Hall.

The Hall was artistically decorated with brown curtains and electric lights hanging from the roof, while the orchestra gave some soulful and inspiring interpretations of the works of some of the more modern composers, the foxtrots in particular being played with a bright and careless abandon which produced a similar reaction on the dancers. A dainty supper was well fought over in the cafeteria, and the fact that everyone secured a prize added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

Amongst those present we noticed Mr. Bill Loughman whose fine exhibition of the Japanese Tango was appreciated by all. We understand there is little foundation for the rumour that he got home with the Dawn. Miss Mavis Stokes and Miss Marjorie Gray, both in evening frocks, appeared to find their duties arduous. Not so Mr. Bruce Bell, however, who being also a member of the committee, was, so we are told, quite entitled to sing an accompaniment to the orchestra - (steps are being taken immediately to remove him from next year's committee. Editor's note.)

Mr. Dave Milliken put in an appearance towards the end of the evening and cast a paternal eye over the merry throng. He could not be persuaded, however, to give a demonstration of the J.D.K.Z. waltz, pleading that he was not in his usual spirits.

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## COMBINED COFFEE EVENING

A most successful gathering was held in the Common Rooms on Wednesday, 17th June. Several ladies and gentlemen and a large number of students were present. Coffee and biscuits were dispensed with in the Women's Common Room. The Committee went to a good deal of trouble to sort out the chocolate fingers (for themselves) and pink wafers were at a premium. I noticed Mr. Blow being most particular to keep the side of the plate on which the cream sandwiches were away from the ladies to whom he handed it. After the biscuits were finished, the sugar bowls empty and everyone had had their third cup of coffee, the gathering gave itself up to less serious matters and descended in shoals to the Men's Common Room for dancing. Lively music was provided by the College Orchestra under the button of Mr. Bruce Bell.

Among those present I saw Mr. Doug. Lamb, a trifle weary, I thought, after the Sci. Soc's. trip to the Brewery in the interests of scientific research. Mr. John Dumble, Miss Margaret Mawson, Miss Rona Munro in her shirt sleeves, Miss Jean Thompson on a sofa by the window, Miss Ilma Corner at the base of the scrum, Signor Antonio Collé with a large display of cuff and his frank open smile, Miss Ruth Warren and Miss Rene Turner with the Personality of Her Life.

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The Women's Equality Movement has been advanced a stage further by the entry of women students into economic research. We are proud and delighted to record the achievement of Miss Margaret Millar Mawson in dead heating with a man for first prize in the Jack Allum essay competition. Miss Mawson chose as her subject "The Hat Industry in New Zealand". It is hoped that although Miss Mawson is a



member of the S.C.M. she will nevertheless turn on a shout for the "Craccum" staff. It is worthy of note that there was the same number of entrants from each sex. If this isn't sex equality, what is?

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Rumour says that the cushions in the Women's Common Room are to be recovered. Now girls, instead of knitting, what about working patterns and making the room brighter. Miss Rufflegs will be pleased to assist you in any way.

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#### THE CONFIDENCE COLUMN

Any of our readers who have any little problem baffling them are requested to communicate with Miss Rufflegs at once. She can help you back to normal health and strength both morally and physically but not, of course, financially.

Do you suffer from galloping consumption or your wife's cold feet? Is your spark plug missing? What causes blue nose? Is it bad luck to walk under a ladder in a stocking? What is "shell shock"?

Miss Rufflegs can help you on all of these points. Don't waste your father's time but go to Miss Rufflegs and end those sleepless nights.

Dear Maggie,

There is no need to worry; such infatuations for the Spanish type never last, and from what I know of her friend, the blue shirt, he is of a particularly persevering nature, and one not lightly to be thrust aside. At the same time, show your boy friend that you are interested in his work; show him that although you have worked in a shirt factory you have an intellect and can talk about the things that matter. Start attending his lectures, sit next to him, if the professor will allow you, borrow his pen, his paper, his cigarettes, read his books and, above all, during English lectures talk brightly and interestingly on everyday topics. Take him to afternoon tea, the Hockey dance, coffee evenings, the S.C.M. camp-fires and the International Questions Society. But don't forget, my dear, to talk disparagingly on every opportunity of his Spanish friend. Open his eyes to her artificialities and show her in her true light as a horrid, sneaking, spiteful young woman with the chewing gum habit.

Have patience and tact and everything will turn out all right.

Yours sincerely,  
Ann Rufflegs.

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Dear Miss Rufflegs,

I am extremely disturbed by one thing. Can you tell me whether when a person dies of a broken heart their heart really breaks?

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am,  
Elva Fule.

Dear Elva,

The term "to die of a broken heart" is usually regarded as a metaphorical expression. Cases have been recorded, however, of actual rupture of the cardiac organ under extreme emotional excitement. I would advise you to consult for further information on this subject The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Dr. E. B. Gunson and Mr. Bernard Wight.

Yours sincerely,  
Ann.

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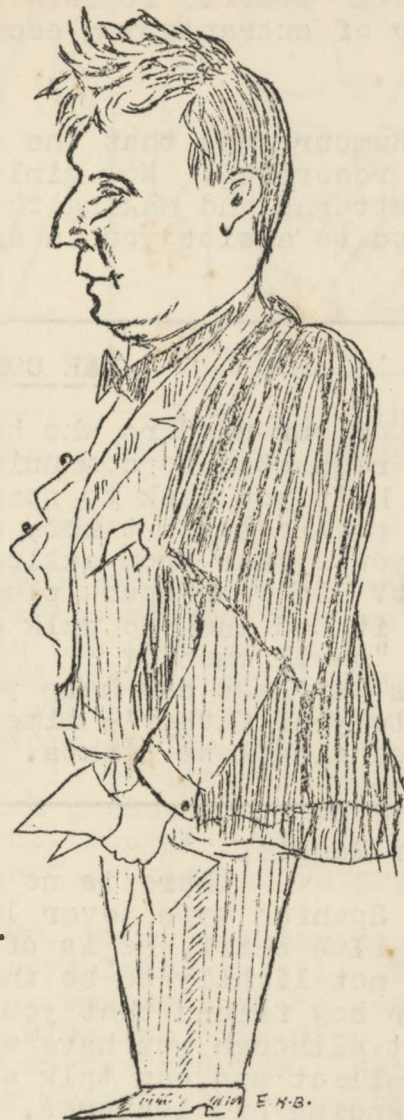
They say it was Turner M.A.  
Who thought on this problem one  
day:

What the answer would be  
If the price of our tea  
Were increased by threepence  
a day.

Arthur Postlewaite, standing  
close by,  
Was quite willing to give it  
a try.

He made the revision  
With such great precision  
The result was a students'  
outcry.

Reprint,  
"Craccum", 1929.



One of the most devoted servants of the Auckland University College is Arthur Percival Postlewaite to whom the above sketch is alleged to bear a slight resemblance. Poss., who has No. 3 looked after the Students' pennies in an honorary capacity since 1926, has just been appointed Business Manager of the Students' Association. The financial business of the Association has now become such a big thing, calling for much more time than it is fair to expect an honorary treasurer to give, and when the new position was created Arthur Postlewaite was naturally the first choice. We feel sure he will continue to direct our money matters for many years to come.

Arthur Postlewaite attended the Auckland Grammar School which he left at the age of fifteen to join the N.Z. Expeditionary Force. He took part in the immortal landing at Anzac and fought on Gallipoli until severely wounded and was then sent to hospital in England. During his convalescence he visited France. In 1917 he returned to New Zealand and underwent treatment at Rotorua.

Poss. is a keen sport being a live member of the Northern Boxing Association and a regular attender at Eden Park. His own football career was cut short by his war wounds but he still dons the gloves and stands up to a hard three rounds.

Actually Arthur Postlewaite is a serious student but like many of us he has had to arrange his swot to suit his many meetings. He has become a sort of well balanced pivot on which the Students' Association swings. At the mention of the word "finance" every eye in the Exec. turns to the ruddy countenance of Poss. usually to be met with a sad shake of the head followed by the war cry of "We must cut down expense". Students need have no misgiving as to the use to which their guineas are put so long as the cheery Arthur Postlewaite is in charge of them.

[Stop Press: We wish to point out that we could not get a better likeness of Poss. as he himself objected to our wasting more than one stencil on him. They cost money. -Ed.]