

CRAECUM SUPPLEMENT

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Auckland University College

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E.H. Blow

HAE REMAI



ENGINEERS AND ARCHITECTS

Make Merry

A very brilliant stage display was the outstanding feature of the Annual Ball of the Engineers' and Architects' Society. The Architects had gone to considerable pains to design magnificent designs and the engineers executed them in true professional style. A large wheel turned showily in an anti-clockwise or clockwise direction - it was either one or the other - emitting sparks and gleams of rainbow effects imparting to the scene that atmosphere of dreamy sensuality aimed at by all ball committees but attained by so few. The ballroom, though not overcrowded, was pretty well filled with engineers and architects and as many friends and relations as they could rake in to save financial loss. Hosts of hosts and hostesses sat in a special little nook in one corner. Among them I noticed Mr. Rocke O'Shea and Miss Bourne. I observed that Mr. O'Shea's professional duties did not deter him from dancing most of the dances. A disappointing feature of an otherwise splendid affair was the inexplicable error of the Catering Committee in allowing for only 180 guests when 186 were present. I overheard Mr. Jack Mulgan declaring in a mournful voice to his partner that he had been rooked as he had had only one helping of fruit salad.

Among those present I noticed Miss Margot Trafford in ivory shot satin with backless ensemble, Miss Margaret Mawson in C green taffeta and cyclone coiffure, Miss Diana D'Esterre in Grammar School tints, Miss Jean Gillies in ivory taffeta with engineer to match, Miss Dorothea Mulgan in camera pink, Miss Sybil Beale in blue and gold laces, Miss Patte Boscawen in velvet with black rings (round her eyes), Miss Ruth Warren in Garden of Eden frock moulded to the hips and Mr. Doug. Lamb in a well cut dinner suit of pale black with ridged shirt and single bow.

A most pleasing feature of the evening was the demonstration by Miss Ballantyne and Mr. Priestly of the latest thing in ballroom exercises.

COFFEE EVENING

The fifth fortnightly coffee (h)eavening was held in the Common Rooms last Monday. A unique feature of this gathering was the consideration shown to the ladies, a large number of whom actually received cups of coffee while quite a few are reported to have got several of the finer types of biscuit.

The College Orchestra provided a really fine programme including the well known but entirely popular "Cheer Up". Their vocal efforts however, did not meet with the approval expected, which is to be deplored as several of the singers appeared to be really singing.

A large crowd (dis)graced the Men's Common Room and shuffled joyfully on the rough surface until the arrival of Mr. Skyrme at 10 p.m.

Among the walkers I noticed Miss Val McCallum in a tailed suit of dusty grey chiffon, Miss Jean McIntosh in a sort of skirt hanging to the knees, Miss Margot Trafford with her two bull pups and her hair in a knot, Mr. Jack Mulgan in grey flannel pants with

sac coat of deepest indigo. He danced once but seemed listless and took no apparent enjoyment. The Misses Fraser sent apologies saying they were unfortunately engaged. Miss Margaret Mawson was present without the personality of her life. Miss Kath Odd danced at intervals with Mr. Kirk and when not thus engaged was secreted behind the piano. Miss Jean Alison was present, having been released for the time from her arduous duties in the College Library. Others I caught a glimpse of were Miss Ruth Warren in an Oxford tweed skirt with 80in. bottom and pleats, Miss Dorothy Stevenson also in a seductive creation perfectly moulded to the waist, Mr. Rix-Troctt casting a paternal eye over things and Mr. Des. Fenwick in a singlurly happy state.

During the evening a private exhibition of the Japanese S.C.M. tango was given by Mr. Robins and his wife.

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 in a thousand ways too numerous to mention.

Are you worried? Have your children got furry tongues? Why are Training College Students allowed to live? Are milk teeth made from casein? Why is the corset called the "foundation garment"? All these things and hundreds more Miss Rufflegs can enlighten you on.

Are you slipping back a bit? Miss Rufflegs can help you back into your stride(s) again. Write to her at once and clear up all those little secrets which are kept from you.

Dear Miss Rufflegs,

Can you inform me what to do in this case - a thing that vitally affects hundreds of men students? My razor blade has lost its dash and no longer gives that clean silky feeling so aptly illustrated on the Q-Tol posters. I have noticed many men about the College in the same predicament and in quite a few cases the extreme age of the blade has left a dirty smudge on the upper lip. What can I do? Please reply this issue as I wish to attend a function on the 25th and should like to shave again before it.

I am
Gil Ette.

Dear Gil,

Your most obvious course is to buy a new "Vet" blade at Harold Spits for 1½d. As the financial aspect of this course will most certainly cause difficulty you have two alternatives. You can go to the police station and ask for a couple of copper: or if you don't like to, you can run eighteen times diagonally across Queen Street at five o'clock and will be sure to have enough close shaves to last you for the rest of the term.

Yours,
Ann.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A kettle placed over a gas ring will boil much quicker if the gas is lit. This has often been proved by the S.C.M. at a Campfire Meeting.

Dress shirts will be found to last much longer if they are not washed, and if the wearer goes straight home after each dance - it's the damp that ruins them.

How to double your income: First take all your change (if any) and convert it into ten shilling notes. Then fold them carefully from side to side and your wad will be found to have doubled.



One of the most interesting men of the Auckland University College is Martin Gloster Sullivan whose second name, as the spelling suggests, has no connection with the well known county. "Sully" as he is affectionately called by his many associates, came to this place from the Auckland Grammar School where he

disgraced himself by winning the Reading Prize in A.D. 1925. His efforts during his fresher year were mainly directed towards livening up the College debates with interjections of no mean merit, but he really came into his own as a facial contortionist.

In 1929 Martin Sullivan decided to become a parson and entered St. John's College, the cloisteral seclusion of which was no doubt destroyed by his advent. In spite of all this however, his popularity grew and he became a live wire of the Men's House Committee and last year a member of the Executive with the portfolio of Property - a sinecure usually attended to by angels and ministers of grace.

He graduated B.A. this year after having dabbled in Latin and English for some time and done the usual flukes in Education and History. This year he kids himself, in his spare moments, that he is reading for Honours in English. The hearts of all of us to out to him in this his hour of travail.

In his expansive moments Martin Sullivan will admit to being a member of the Executive, the Men's House Committee, the Publications Committee, the Literary Club and the Carnival Committee, and speaks wistfully of the canonical bar which prevents him being a member of the Social Committee. We understand that at St. John's he is a member of nearly every Committee there is.

"Sully's" most recent success was scored in deputising for the part of Napoleon in "Frenzy". Although he looked nothing like the famous general he swathed himself in towels, stuffed his boots with newspaper and did his best to make himself less angular. His acting left nothing to be desired.

Of his future, we can but surmise. We are sure he will never attain to the "dignity" of the Bishopric, but we are equally sure that he would make a worthy successor for Jasper.

Martin Sullivan is to debate for A.U.C. to-morrow night at the Town Hall, and we feel confident that his natural fluency of speech coupled with his clerical training and his fund of wit will play a considerable part in the success (if any) of the local team.

The artist wishes to apologise to the visitors for making their State Seal serve for their University badge. The truth is that their librarian has neglected to send us a copy of their calendar - that's what our librarian says. We trust that on their return they will remind their librarian of our librarian.

THE SCORE BOARD

Last Saturday's Games

Football:

Pollard Cup:	'Varsity	8	Training College	15
	Second A	21	College Rifles	11
	Second B	3	Otahuhu	9
	Thirids	8	Oratia	13
	Thirid(Int)	14	Marist	0

Men's Hockey:

Seniors	1	Mt. Eden	0
Second A	6	Papatoetoe	1
Second B	1	St. Luke's	5
Third A	2	Somerville	0
Third B	1	A.G.S.	13

Women's Hockey:

Seniors	10	E.G.G.S. b	5
Juniors	1	Diocesan B	2

Basketball:

Senior B	8	Training College	14
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Congratulations are extended to Jean McIntosh (captain), Y. Orbell, Jean Alison and Nellie Gallagher who represented Auckland at Basketball in the challenge game against Wellington on Saturday. Auckland's victory by 22 to 17 owes a good deal to the fine goalthrowing of Miss McIntosh and the superior height and weight of Misses Alison and Gallagher.

LITERARY CLUB NOTES

Two plays have been presented since the last issue of "Craccum". On Wednesday, June 24th, Miss Cherry and Mr. Grey produced "This Woman Business" by Ben Levy, a modern comedy which had a great run in London a couple of years back. It contains a great deal of brilliant dialogue which did not suffer greatly by being read. The audience thoroughly appreciated the show and the producers are to be congratulated. The following was the cast:

Nettlebank:	Betty Warren.
Jean Crawford:	Jean Rudd.
Brown:	M. Sullivan.
Hodges:	N. Ellison.
Addleshaw:	F. McCarthy.
Sir Arthur Bingham:	E. B. Paterson.
The Explorer:	E. Brodie.
The Butler:	B. Bertram.
Honey:	A. Hill.

The outstanding performer was Mr. Sullivan whose portrayal of the middle aged family man was excellent. He surely means to make this work his life's.

On Wednesday, 8th July, Mr. Paul produced "Doctor Knock", a translation from a French comedy which is also reported to have had a great run in Paris some years ago. The play is a satire on the medical profession and the action takes place in a small provincial town where an ambitious quack doctor takes over a practice. His motto is "Carry an umbrella - and then let it rain". He speedily convinces nine-tenths of the population that they need medical attention and enlarges his income accordingly. The play has a good deal of humorous satire but very little of it appeared to go over with the audience. The first act dragged interminably and spoiled what slight merit followed in the other two acts. The principal parts were played by Mr. Paul, Mr. Postlewaite, Mr. E. B. Paterson and his "Baby". The outstanding performance was that of the car.

SOME APPREHENSIONS FOR THE DEBATE

To my mind the Deb. Soc. has erred in choosing for the Big team



A lay preacher



A divinity student

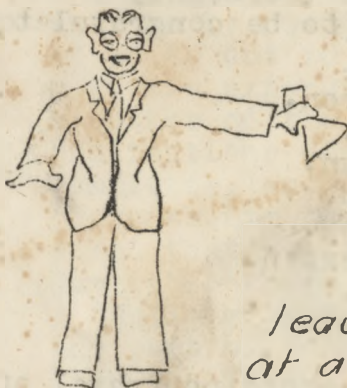


and the S.C.M. President

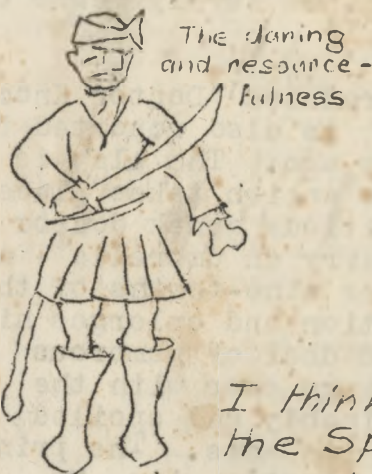
While I am in favour of the Bible (and many other things) in School I still think that this predominance of Christianity and sermonising will tend to



send too many of the audience, as well as the judges and the chairman, to sleep



leaving the visitors at a very great advantage



The daring and resourcefulness



The organising genius



The wisdom

I think the Deb. Soc. should have chosen the Spirit cast from "Frenzy" and thus made Auckland's victory secure.