



CRACCUM

LATE
COMMON
ROOM
EDITION

Weather: A Frost.

Temperature: Polar.

Vol. V. No. 5.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, JUNE 11th, 1931

PRICE 2d.

"FRENZY"

A CANDID REVIEW.

Our fifteenth annual extravaganza was produced during the first week of the vacation and, except for the financial aspect, proved a great success. It was the first straight play for some years and the change from musical farce was welcomed by all save a few die-hards and perhaps the unemployed ballet girls of yesteryear.

The author, Mr. J. A. S. Coppard, is to be congratulated on his piece, with its intriguing plot and its abundance of healthy humour. There are some who compare "Frenzy" favourably with "Bill Stony" and other masterpieces of previous years, although there are a few very old hands who thought the earlier version much better.

The play had some outstanding weaknesses and a couple of glaring inconsistencies. The navy scene, for instance, was not the hilarious success it might have been, owing perhaps to the fact that the characters were not flesh and blood navvies that you and I meet in our streets, but vaudeville comedians without much comedy. We cannot see why second-rate Cockney pronunciation predominated nor why the navy on the barrow near the winch was got up as a stoker.

Again, the Spirits' scene, advertised as the most hilarious one in the show, absolutely failed to produce more than a couple of laughs. It was such a serious affair that the "Herald" critic was impressed with its literary merit of no mean order. We do not wish to detract, however, from the merit of the actors in this scene.

The major parts were, with one exception, capably, and in a few cases excellently, played. We share the palm equally among Mr. Lawrie, Mr. Moir and Mr. Kingston. Mr. Lawrie had a very difficult part, and one that, slightly less skilfully played, might have ruined the show, but not once did his acting cause any silly laughter, and every night he was given a solid round of genuine applause. Messrs. Moir and Kingston were the life of the show, the latter's antics and remarks appealing greatly to every house. Take those two away and you would have had a tame show. Mr. Moir's masquerade as the Rev. Granite Botham, though curiously enough not seen through by some of the audience, was one of the hits of the show, and his "Ten to one, dear me, how time flies" brought down the house each night.

Mr. Grey was an excellent hen-pecked Marmaduke and gave a very capable portrayal of the dictatorial Marmaduke. Some of his patriotic speeches dragged a little, though through no fault of his. Miss Collier's part, a slightly colourless one, was considerably enhanced by her attractive voice and personality. She committed one technical error in giving us the impression now and again that she really loved Joseph, but perhaps, after all, we were the only ones who noticed it. Miss Cherry was quite satisfactory as the he-woman boarding-house keeper. The part did not suit her and at times we thought we saw her actually smiling in the midst of a particularly tough henpeck. Miss

Munro tried to make the best of her unsatisfactory part and failed, although she went down with legs flying. We should hate to see a real servant girl going out for her afternoon off in the nineteenth century rig-out that Miss Munro had on.

The "Immortal Shades" were exceptionally well chosen, and Buonaparte himself could not have looked more like Napoleon than Mr. Edwards did. His get-up brought him a special round of applause on the Vice-Regal night. Mr. Gregory made an excellent Captain Kidd, and strode and growled and swore in true piratical style. Mr. Paterson was well suited to his part, and many people thought his performance the best in the show.

Mr. Smith's *Twelve City Councilors* was a glorious success, and made the houses rock with mirth. We should have preferred him to have sung it without his disreputable get-up and the pet crayfish, as we don't think 'Varsity needs to put over the George Wallace stuff, especially when it has such a pearl of a song. Messrs. Moir and Kingston's duet was also well done and appealed greatly. Some of the verses might perhaps have been made a little more topical.

Most of the minor characters were weak, and some of them were puerile. Mr. Williams as Schwinoffsky was a notable exception, and Mr. Colley was quite good in the barber's shop scene.

We cannot close without congratulating the orchestra, and handing out a large-size bay leaf to the editor of the brilliantly funny programme. We hope this review will be taken in the same spirit as the twelve City Councilors took the hits at their efforts before the public, and we remind the broken hearted of the old adage about a thin skin and a thick head.

BIHEBDOMADAL HOWLER

Little Girl: Please, sir, I know an Englishman who married a French girl and they live down our street and they breed Alsations.—Std. 2.

STUDENTS FINED

BREACH OF NEW DANCE REGULATIONS

Two students who had committed a breach of the regulations regarding liquor at dances were punished by the Executive by a fine and a suspension.

THE SCORE BOARD

FOOTBALL

Senior A,	11; Marist O.
" "	13; Manukau 3.
" "	14; City 5.
" "	20; College Rifles 9.
" "	15; Grammar 6.
" "	3; Training College 8.
	P. W. L. D
Senior B.	5 1 4 —
Second A.	5 3 2 —
Second B.	4 — 4 —
Thirds	5 2 3 —
Third (Int.)	5 2 2 1

Don't forget Saturday next, June 13th. Game of the Season—'VARSITY v. PONSONBY.

HOCKEY.

Seniors	3, Wesley 3.
" "	6, North Shore 7.
" "	2, Somerville 5.
" "	0, St. Luke's 7.
	P. W. L. D.
Second A.	5 5 — —
Second B	5 2 2 1
Thirds	5 3 — 2

SEDDON STICK TOURNAMENT.

A.U.C., 1; V.U.C., 4.
A.U.C., 3; O.U., 1.

N.Z.U. BLUES

M. Bay; L. Watts
R. Smith; H. Forsythe

BASKETBALL

Senior White,	18; Senior Blue, 16.
" "	12; Grammar B, 14.
" "	Blue, 23; Grammar, 4.
" "	Colts, 6; Waratah, 18.
" "	18; Grammar, 2.
" "	B, 14; Killarua, 2.

Craccum Gift Scheme Competition

C COUPON
(not transferable)

ROUND THE CLUBS

Literary Club: To-night, Thursday, June 11th. 3-act Play, "Inhefitors," by Susan Glaspell, produced by W.E.A. College Hall, 8 p.m. Admission 3d.

Commerce Society: Saturday next, June 13th. Annual Ball. College Hall, 8 p.m.

Literary Club: Tuesday next, June 16th, Paper, "Tales of the Dead Men Tell," by J. Bennett. English Honours Room, 8 p.m.

Field Club: Grand Scientific Display and Photographic Competition. See posters on College boards.

Hockey Club: Saturday, June 27th. Annual Dance, College Hall, 8 p.m. Admission: 6/- double; 3/6 single. Invitations from Committee.

Sci. Soc.: Monday, June 15th. Lecture, "The Great Barrier Reef." Physics Lecture Room, 7.30 p.m. Supper.

S.C.M.: Sunday, June 14th. Address by Rev. Cruickshank. Consecration ceremony and tea. Women's Common Room, 4.30 p.m.

House Committees: Coffee Evening next week. Watch notice boards.

NEWS IN BRIEF

A team of debaters from the University of Oregon, U.S.A., will arrive in New Zealand at the end of the month and will debate against A.U.C. some time in July. Now, you interjectors, think of something really funny for a change!

'Varsity congratulates Training College on its win last Saturday. Every year the faculty upsets our little apple cart, but always its victory has been well merited.

On Saturday next 'Varsity meets its old rival, Ponsonby, and, as both teams are level at the top of the Championship table, a battle royal should result. Every available student should be present to barrack for 'Varsity on Saturday.

There is no truth in the rumour that Miss Le Coweye is prosecuting Captain Kidd for using a certain adjective on the final night of "Frenzy." The adjective we regret to state was one more properly used to describe a battle with heavy losses on both sides.

From the photograph in last Friday's "Star," Bill Barker and Jack McVeagh haven't been backward in coming forward over in the Sydney 'Varsity Women's Common Room. We think Bill will be taking the Negative when the Debating Society argues the subject that a woman's place is in the home.

Miss Collier and Miss Munro emphatically deny that they heard George Hawkins use the words *dash* and *blooming* during the play. Miss Cherry, however, distinctly heard him say *bother* on two occasions.

Craccum takes this opportunity of congratulating Messrs. Peacock, Barker, Edwards, McVeagh and Carter (A.U.C.), and Messrs. Bush and Hodge (ex A.U.C.) on their selection for the University team.

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Unofficial Fortnightly of the Auckland
University College.

JUNE 11, 1931.

"FRENZY"—THE FINAN- CIAL ASPECT

In view of the praise given by the dailies and the excellent receptions each night, it is a little difficult to explain the financial loss on this year's play. Different people have different theories. Certain die-hards blame the change from musical comedy to straight farce. We cannot agree with them, for although last year's show produced three hundred pounds it was, in our humble opinion, the weakest Varsity show, as a show, put on in our time, while "Frenzy" was the best we have seen. Now, of course, the inference that the other extremists draw, is that the sins of the fathers came home to roost this year.

We agree with them to a certain extent, but think that weak advertising, wet weather, Charlie Chaplin, and the general depression all helped to bring down the profits.

The die-hards, of course, argue that the bigger your cast and the more chorus and ballet girls you cram on the stage, even if only to give a pathetic apology for the "Rosemarie" totem dance, the bigger will be your house. According to them fond mamas and proud papas and scores of admiring relations and friends will flock to see their Emmas and their Myrtles act in the Varsity play. Therefore they are prepared to dish up anything with a few songs, a plot that need have nothing to do with the title, and a host of minors, chorus singers and useless spare parts. We shudder to think what the loss would have been had such a musical show been put on this year. Now our only chance is to hope that the success of "Frenzy" will have a beneficial effect on the receipts next year.

KIWI

TO APPEAR THIS TERM.

It is proposed to publish "Kiwi," the official College magazine, about August 8th. We hope to make our magazine more fully representative of the talent in the College, and students are therefore urged to set to work on articles now, before the examination pressure starts. All kinds of contributions are required, and good black and white sketches and headings will be especially welcome. Prizes of half a guinea are offered for the best—

Serious Prose Article.
Humorous Prose Article.
Serious Verse.
Humorous Verse.
Pen Sketch.

ANOTHER VIEW

The annual Carnival Play was a more than usually successful production this year from an artistic standpoint, although it may be said to have failed financially. Detailed reports are not yet to hand, but little profit is to be expected from the play according to the Business Manager. There were better houses towards the end of the season, and it is to be regretted in some ways that the performance could not have been staged for another two nights. The fall in profits is sure to be used as argument in favour of a return to musical comedy, but, without venturing to resuscitate that controversy at this point, it should be stated that the Carnival Committee is quite satisfied to have staged a performance of some literary merit rather than a third-rate musical comedy, and that the general feeling is that the decline in receipts is due to the times and not to the play.

Life behind the scenes was on the whole less exciting than usual. The cast felt called upon to do some acting, and there was not that easy feeling of irresponsibility that accompanies a chorus part. Also the absence of large bebies of chorus girls waiting in the wings to do a ballet dance, while perhaps robbing life of interest, undoubtedly gave things a more business-like air. On the other hand, George Hawkins and his overworked fellow scene-shifters could always be relied upon for a Remarque touch and the three ladies in the cast are all understood to have learnt something.

Thanks of the students should be extended to Mr. J. A. S. Coppard, who, as author and producer, can claim all credit for the success of his play. A criticism of "Frenzy" from a student point of view appears elsewhere in this issue, but the excellent newspaper notices received undoubtedly label this year's carnival play a success.

"FRENZY" STAYS IN AUCKLAND

PERCY POSTLEWAITE
MAKES FRUITLESS TRIP
TO ROTORUA

The Carnival Committee regrets to announce that it is unable to undertake the responsibility of producing "Frenzy" in Rotorua, as was proposed. Mr. Postlewaite went to Rotorua at the Committee's request, but after a long series of interviews with local business men he was unable to obtain adequate guarantees against loss. The Committee felt it impossible to guarantee any loss with Student Association funds, and that it was unfair to expect the cast to undertake any financial responsibility. In any case it would have been possible to play on one night only and so the Committee takes this opportunity of announcing there will be no trip this year.

SCENES BEFORE THE SHOW

IDIOTIC ANTICS ON THE
LAST NIGHT OF "FRENZY."

It is the usual thing during a Varsity play to expect a certain amount of hilarity on the part of the students before the curtain rises. On the last night students are usually given a little licence in this matter; as a general rule they do not fail to respond. This year was no exception to the rule. Witty gentlemen filled the "gods" at His Majesty's long before the play was scheduled to commence, and decided to wile away the tedious hours with a little quiet fun. Their first efforts resulted in considerable damage to the drummer's apparatus. This was no doubt screamingly funny to the perpetrators who, we need not mention, did not offer to repair the damage. Having decided dangling paper on the end of a string was becoming a little tiresome, the brainy gentlemen of the party then decided to open up a fruit campaign. Characteristically they chose a lady for their first victim. One half-wit (and half, we feel, is a little too generous) stood up and, taking careful aim, struck the lady with an over-ripe tomato. Her dress was completely ruined, and her hapless plight convulsed the thrower and his colleagues. We would like to mention that this particular incident received special mention in the N.Z. "Observer"—a tribute to the wit of the Varsity. On the rise of the curtain, the opening prologue was drowned by catcalls and other animal noises proceeding in a quite natural way from a body of students. The members of the prologue then kindly acted as a target. Bags of flour mingled with sulphur or some other pleasant substance and over-ripe fruit came down in abundance. The prologue then retired, having fulfilled its duty nobly (in drawing fire from the enemy). During the final chorus the menu was further enhanced by the presence of fish, in fillet form. We feel it our duty to comment on yet another point. Some gentleman with fine discernment for absolutely sheer filth, hurled painted toilet paper all over the theatre. This was so disgusting that even the people responsible for it did not have the audacity to laugh.

We are quite unable to account for the behaviour which we have described. The cast give their services and their talents freely, and it does seem a rather peculiar appreciation of their efforts to hurl offensive matter at them. Moreover, the play is specially staged for the students' benefit, to pay off their debts. To ruin the performance by constant feeble interruption is a sure way to help to make the play a complete failure. We desire our readers not to misunderstand us. We appreciate *humour*, but buffoonery, in our estimation, is the only name we can give to the conduct of students in recent plays. Let us have something funny by all means, but the throwing of sharks' heads and decayed vegetables does not seem to us to be in the least degree humorous.

(Correspondence appears on Page 4.)

CLUB SECRETARIES

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LITERARY SECTION: Conducted by G. K. Chestandtum

HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP OUR SOCIETY MEETINGS

No. 5.—THE E.S.F.

I've been asked to suggest a few possible ways

Of improving, or making more gay,
(A commendable aim in these very dull days—

Yes, an aim I approve, I may say.)
Of improving the meetings as mentioned before,

That are held, so the notices state,
By the E.S.F. people in room 24

Once a week, ev'ry Thursday at 8.
I feel certain that this was suggested by one

Unaware of the awful affair
That occurred at their last, for the things that were done

Were sufficient to stiffen one's hair.
The announcement was made that the subject would be

Of great interest and value as well
That the speaker would deal with it admirably,

It was, namely, "The Meaning of Hell."

All the people had gathered (though heaven knows why)

And were silently seated in rows
And the speaker had risen and settled his tie

And had uttered the words—"I propose,"

When they heard a peculiar rumble or roar,

Felt a little vibration as well,
And observed to exude through the cracks in the floor

A peculiar sulphurous smell.

With a snapping of timber, a charring of wood,

And a smothering gust of hot air,
There appeared through the floor a strange trio that would

Be enough to make anyone stare.
There were two little creatures about a yard high,

That resembled a pixie or elf.
But though novel, they hardly attracted an eye,

For the third was the Devil himself.

He looked rather worried and seemed rather cold,

And one prong of his trident was bent,

And his garments seemed faded and tattered and old,

And one horn had an obvious dent,
But he gave a fine bow and then over his face

Spread a Mephistophelian grin,
And he said, "Well, I'm glad that

I've got to the place,
I had trouble enough to get in."

"I hope you don't think that I'm being too bold,

For I'd hate you to think I was rude,

But the notice said 'Everyone Welcome,' I'm told,

Or I wouldn't have dared to intrude.

And the subject is one, as I think you'll admit,

That I've studied for quite a long while,

And I thought that perhaps my impressions of it

Would be useful," said he with a smile.

"A good deal of nonsense," he said, with a frown,

"Has been said about Hell, and I'm led

To believe that at times it has been written down

By unscrupulous people now dead.
A young fellow named Milton was

one of the worst,
And he told a long falsehood in rhyme.

It's a gross pack of lies from the last to the first.

Why, the man wasn't there at the time!

"And another named Dante was one of the mob;

They believe ev'ry word that he wrote.

An itinerant journalist out of a job!
Why, I tell you he lies in his throat."

While all this was in progress, a devil, or elf,

One of those that had come through the floor,

Feeling just a bit bored, thought he'd solace himself,

And unnoticed he slipped through the door.

It was then that he got his first taste of the place;

He drew back and curled up like a worm,

For the poor little devil stared straight in the face

Of none other than our Mr. Skyome
With a yell and a shriek he set off just as fast

As he could, and careered up the stairs,

And most thankfully came to a refuge at last

Under one of the library chairs.

His respite was short lived. He was destined to hear

As he gibbered and shook at the knees,

The voice of Miss Minchin, so frigidly clear,

And the chorus was—"No talking please."

He left in a hurry and next tried the door

Of the office of Mr. O'Shea.
You can guess that he didn't stay there any more

Than he had to—he didn't delay

The poor little devil was chased here and there,

And chivied round hour after hour,
Till he finished at last in the atmosphere rare

And refined, of the 'Varsity tower.
And there he lurks day after day in the cold,

And night after night in the dark.
His punishment cruel for being so bold

For indulging an innocent lark.

His most terrible punishment comes at such time

As they're holding a 'Varsity dance,
When an amorous pair up the staircases climb,

With a whisper and giggle and glance.

For the agony tears through his body and brain

At his words, in the atmosphere dim.
Then it tears ten times worse all the way back again

When he hears the rot she says to Him.

The moral of this tale I tell
Is this: When boys act badly

(And girls as well)
They're sent to Hell

And meditate there sadly.
But should a little devil be

Bad tempered or unruly,
He's sent quickly

To 'Varsity,
A dreadful sentence truly.

[Perhaps it would be well, as time is fleeting,

To say a word or two about the meeting.

Room 24, when entered by a cleaner
Was empty (so she says, and I have seen her).

Its walls were blackened, smoke was everywhere,

There was a nasty smell of burning hair.

There is one thing inexorably plain—
Not one of them was ever seen again!

I spent some time in verifying this,
Most being people that you'd never miss.

An explanation that is gaining ground
Is one I personally think is sound.

I'll mention it (although I'd rather not),
The Devil flew away with all the lot!]

LITERARY CLUB

With so poor a play as "Umbrellas," it was small wonder that the players, Miss Diana D'Estere, Mr. Blackwood Paul and Mr. Bruce Bell failed to reach any heights in their acting on the last Thursday night of the term. The play has no merit at all—it is scarcely worth considering.

As Tilly Bailey, the reformed wife of Eddie Bailey, umbrella maker and repairer, Miss Diana D'Estere played unconvincingly in a wooden manner. Eddie Bailey, portrayed by Mr. Blackwood Paul, is a poor credulous soul—unnatural and lifeless. Mr. Paul made the most of a wretched part.

As Bob Thussock, one-time friend of Tilly, in her wicked days in the Pierrot Troupe, Mr. Bruce Bell gave the one touch of real acting. A man of his ability should be given a better chance.

It was a welcome change to see John Drinkwater's "Little Johnnie." But I doubt if there could be anything more difficult than the task of presenting a play of this nature—or of any nature, for that matter—to a 'Varsity audience, which refuses steadfastly to disassociate the personal element from the characters of the play.

"Little Johnny" is not a comedy, though it has some humorous touches, yet the puerile members of the audience decided to treat the whole performance as a comic show.

With all this to battle against, the players achieved a remarkable success and there was much that was really fine about their work. Mr. Eric Blow, with dozing watchfulness, as is the manner of judges, portrayed the character of judge at the trial of James Bennett, accused of murdering John Quayle, aged 11 years. For the prosecution appeared Mr. Bertram, a trifle nervous and indecisive for such work. He was more than overshadowed by Mr. Sullivan as counsel for the defence, who surely means to make this work his life's.

There was much that was natural about the work of Mr. H. Monro, who appeared as the sorrowing father of Little Johnnie, and of Miss Nancy Callis, as the boy's mother, knowing, as only a mother knows, her boy's belongings. Miss Natalie Jacombs made a sweet little sister for Johnnie, while as his Grandmother, Miss Marjorie Grey provided the thrill of the evening by so conclusively proving the prisoner's guilt.

Mr. W. Barker made a fierce local sergeant, and Mr. Owen thoroughly upheld the dignity of Court proceedings by his constant demands for silence. The Clerk of the Court had a difficult job, with almost nothing to say all evening. This was done with easy nonchalance by Mr. J. Lowry.

As witnesses called by the prosecuting counsel, Mr. J. Bennett and Mr. Crawley ably filled smaller roles. And last, but not least, the prisoner, who played, perhaps, the hardest part, but who did it splendidly, with apparently no effort. Drinkwater must have dreamed of Mr. McCarthy when he wrote the part.

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NEWMARKET.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LIBRARY NUISANCE
(To the Editor)

Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to a matter affecting the well-being and peace of mind of a large number of students. I allude to the librarian's barbarous practice of calling sharply for silence every now and then. Time and again I have gone into the library, settled down to hard swot, and am on the point of evolving a satisfactory definition of wealth for Prof. Belshaw when I am suddenly interrupted by an angry cry of "No speaking in the library!" and the precious sentence is lost again.

Now, sir, this calling out defeats its alleged object of keeping the library free from interruption, for when two people whisper or talk softly they rarely, if ever, disturb anyone, whereas the sudden sharp warning of the librarian interrupts the whole library. Necks are craned to see who the delinquents are, smothered laughs and silly giggles are heard, and it is usually several minutes before the library is settled down again. Then, for perhaps ten minutes, you can hear a pin drop and there is not the slightest interruption, or at least so you think, until suddenly once more comes the librarian's cry of warning to two students you hadn't the least idea were even in the room.

Thus the iniquitous process continues, and after a couple of hours there have probably been about twenty minutes of absolutely compulsory interruption. I am, etc.,

COMMON SENSE.

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WINTER IN THE COLLEGE
(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—Our College is in the throes of a rigorous winter. Down in the boiler room, the caretakers—stripped to the waist and bathed in an agony of perspiration—pile coal and coke on to a blazing fire. Up in the library about four people are warm and the rest are rightly reproved by the librarian for having chattering teeth. It has been estimated by a young scientist that in the larger lecture rooms, 4 per cent. of the class are warm, 90 per cent. have their faculties numbed and their feet cold, and the remaining 6 per cent. die of influenza and pneumonia. But anyway, let us thank God for the winterless North.

We have Shakespeare's authority for saying that it is a jolly time of year. It is the time when the House Committee "bear logs into the hall," so "giving the ratepayers some return for their money" (our quotation from one of Coppard's works). It is the time when all the really solid work is done (this from E. M. Blaiklock and others). It is the time when the student is expected to go to a dance every Saturday and a ball during the week, to a dramatic performance on the Tuesday and a coffee evening on the Thursday, and a football practice on the odd night. But anyway, as Shakespeare says, it is the jolly time of the year when icicles hang by the garden wall.

I submit the following as happy thoughts for the winter term:—

1. To walk quickly along the open cloisters when it is raining.
2. To dance quicker dances twice as fast and to walk briskly up and down between them.
3. To park the car at a dance as near to the door as the Social Committee will let you.
4. To wear warmer clothes.
5. To meet hotter people.
6. To burn with indignation every now and again.
7. To draw up a schedule of the work that will have to be done in the last term.

I am, etc.,

JACK FROST.

HISTORY NOTES

A set of notes designed to cover the whole syllabus for B.A. History I., Paper A, has been prepared by an Honours student, and will shortly be on sale. Interested students should communicate with Mr. M. Sullivan, of the Stud. Ass. Executive.

GRADUATION

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A MODERN EPISTLE

THE EPISTLE OF PROF. THE PAT. TO THE
LATIN STUDENTS OF AUCKLAND

To my well beloved in the Classics—Greeting. I, Pat, a sojourner in the wilds of Africa through your fault, in my Sabbatical year, was sorely grieved to hear of the great failure of Latin III. in recent exams. Unto the Matabele I cried in anguish but in a tongue they did not understand, concerning the great blot on my name, and the deep anguish of my soul. Me they would have as king and desired to paint my body a darker hue, which thing I constrained them. I beseech you, therefore, brethren, of Latin III. this year, that ye work boldly as ye

ought to work and that ye beware gingerly of all examinations wherewith ye are set. Scorn not the crib but apply not yourselves too diligently thereto. Suffer the proses before you and wrestle with all your might with all strange phrases and words. Look ye wisely unto Bradley and all his paragraphs, especially 404, I beseech you. Hearken diligently unto my well beloved Musgrave—Salute all the Saints and others in the Greek Class. Fight the good fight. I myself will shortly come to you.



UNIVERSITY BLAZERS

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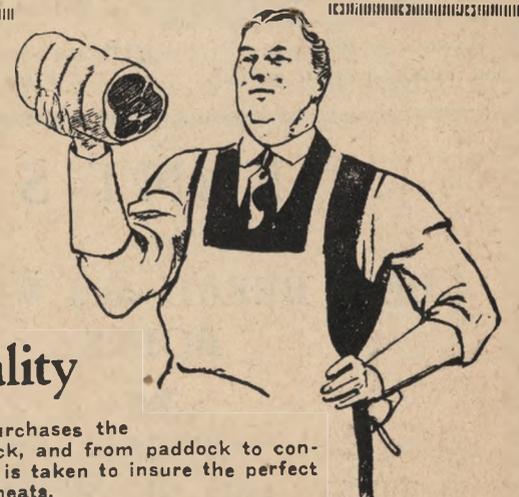
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