



ROCKE RUBS IN THE RASPBERRY

PATERSON PLEADS FOR ANOTHER CHANCE IN LIFE

A well attended debate was held in the Law Lecture Room on Monday, 15th June. As Mr. O'Shea (who was able to spare a few minutes to judge the debate) remarked, all strata of College society were represented, from the intelligentsia in the press seats down to the footballers and even lower. As a result the debate was of a popular, rather than academic, nature, and the more refined members of the audience claim to have heard Plato turning restlessly in his grave several times during the evening. The massive brains of the debaters had turned themselves to the question, "That New Zealand is spending too much money on Education." This was a bad thing.

Mr. Miller rose on behalf of the S.C.M. to give a little talk accompanied by an obligato in the deaf and dumb alphabet. In our opinion Mr. O'Shea went too far in describing this as semaphore. We ourselves learnt semaphore when in the Boy Scouts, and we feel positive that none of Mr. Miller's motions could be correctly termed semaphore. His speech was clear and logical, and there was a storm of applause when he drew attention to the fact that in the Year Book, expenditure on *Education* and expenditure on *Training Colleges* were listed separately.

Gordon Herbert Donaldson, ex-leader of the Hongis, gave the negative side his support. Standing with folded arms, he looked the incarnation of respectability, and few would have picked him for the man that drove the "car" through Queen's Arcade. He had taken the trouble to work out the cost of our education per week per head and then to put it in terms of cigarettes. This method, we feel, was hardly fair, but it certainly cleared the air.

Mr. Tasker, a young philosopher, complained that his youth had been blighted by his being forced to learn poetry. A movement to take up a collection for him in the back benches did not get past the initial stages. Readers, however, will be pleased to learn that he can now glance at poetry without feeling any violent revulsion.

Martin Gloster Sullivan, who is being mentioned as the next Bishop of Waikato, followed. His breezy humour was much appreciated and did not suffer through being intoned. As was only natural, he dealt with the cultural side of the question and covered the ground adequately.

Mr. Paterson, who wishes to dissociate himself from the man who founded the Bank of England, favoured the audience, which he considered a select one, with the story of his life. This was well received. He took strong exception to the ideals of the average woman student and appeared to consider women in general a menace to civilisation. The rumour that he has decided not to attend any more dances is not, however, official. Mr. Paterson, who was enjoying himself and seemed to have lots to say, was finally ordered off by the referee, Mr. Ken. Melvin, for exceeding the limit.

Paul Griffiths finished the struggle for the negative side. He was mainly concerned with the struggle between machine and muscle, but left us in doubt as to which side he favoured. His was a good fighting speech, delivered in a confidential undertone to the chairman.

Mr. O'Shea delivered his verdict with the easy aplomb which, we understand, he uses for Council meetings. He regretted an absence of matter, but claimed to have found the debate amusing. We agree. According to his judgment the best speaker was Mr. Miller, with Messrs. Paterson and Sullivan second equal. Mr. O'Shea made no attempt to pick the winning side, stating that if it had not been for the chairman's consideration in stating beforehand which side each speaker was on he'd never have guessed. The audience, however, were quite uninfluenced by this remark, and when a vote was taken the negative was unanimously judged to have won. The joy displayed on Mr. Grant's face at this decision did the heart good to see.

Supper was then distributed on the silver coin system, and was well received.

CONGRATULATIONS

TRAINING COLLEGE DONKEYLICKS PONSONBY

Heartiest congratulations are offered by all 'Varsity footballers to the Training College First XV., which scored such a magnificent win last Saturday. Ponsonby have won the Championship five times in the last six years, but although they were defeated during those years, last week was the first occasion on which they were beaten pointless.

At no time last Saturday, with their best team out and ninety per cent. of the ball from the scrums, did they look like winning. Even at the beginning of the last fifteen minutes, when they realised they were cutting it a bit fine and resorted to kick and smash tactics, they could make no impression, and Training College capped a fine display by scoring again within three minutes of time. 'Varsity might benefit by their lesson in tackling.

THE SCORE BOARD

FOOTBALL

Senior A, 7; Ponsonby, 18.
" A, 6; Tech. O.B., 11.
" B, 14; Roskill, 0.
Second A, 10; Marathon, 0.
" A, 6; Tamaki, 4.
" B, 0; Grafton, 21.
" B, 3; Training College, 17.
Thirds, 3; Tech. O.B., 10.
" 25; Roskill, 3.
Third (Int.), 9; North Shore, 0.
" " 3; Training College, 0.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Seniors, 1; St. Luke's, 2.
" 1; Wesley, 0.
Second A, 14; Somerville, 2.
" A, 3; Mt. Eden, 2.
" B, 1; Training College, 3.
" B, 2; Papatoetoe, 0.
Third A, 5; Mt. Eden, 0.
" A, 0; St. Luke's, 0.
" B, 0; Somerville, 3.
" B, 2; Training College, 7.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Seniors, 1; Training College, 3.
Juniors, 1; Training College B, 2.
" 0; Training College A, 5.

BASKETBALL

Senior Blue, 23; Edendale, 4.
" " 15; Killarua, 10.
" White, 21; Grammar, 3.
" " 24; Waratah, 10.
" Colts, 4; Killarua, 4.
" " 9; Training College, 28.
" B, 1; Surrey H., 10.
" B, 2; Court's, 8.

BIHEBDOMADAL HOWLERS

A triangle is a three-sided square.
—St. Cuthbert's, Form I.

* * *

Bank notes circulate more freely in Scotland than in any other part of England. This applies more particularly to Ireland. —A.U.C. Lecturer.

ROUND THE CLUBS

Hockey Club: Saturday, June 27th. Annual Ball. College Hall, 8 p.m. Double 6/-, Single 3/6. Invitations from Committee.

Engineers' and Architects' Society: Saturday, July 4th. Annual Ball. College Hall, 8 p.m. Special Stage Decorations and Lighting Effects. Invitations for non-students from R. K. Land, Architecture Studio.

S.C.M.: Sunday, 28th June. Address by Mr. O. E. Burton, "What Christianity Means to Me." Music and Tea. Women's Common Room, 4.30. All welcome.

Football Club: Thursday, July 30th. Annual Dance, Peter Pan Cabaret. Dancing 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Double, 7/6.

Literary Club: Wednesday, 8th July. For the first time in Auckland, the brilliant Modern French comedy, "Doctor Knock." College Hall, 8 p.m.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Jack Watt, Rhodes Scholar for 1931, is at University College, Oxford, doing research work in the synthesis of quinine under Professor Robinson, of the Dyson Perrins Lab. While he, Bob Briggs and Norm. Alexander (also ex-A.U.C.) were on a cycle tour of the South of England they were arrested and fined 5/- for towing behind a lorry. Not a bad start for a Rhodes Scholar!

A party of students arranged a week-end at the coast. One of the conveners rang up a friend to invite him. He was not at home, but his mother took the message, which ended with a special exhortation not to miss the trip as *Dorothy* was going. As a result of the exhortation the friend, for whose special benefit *Dorothy* was thought to be going, was prohibited from joining the party. *Dorothy*, we might add, is the name the party have given to their portable gramophone.

Oxford athletics are all run in the winter. Percy Minns did 100 yards in 10 3-10 secs., and 440 yards in 51 secs. at the College Champs. These were considerably better than his New Zealand times and done on footy training only.

NEXT ISSUE FEET OF CLAY

A Poetic Indictment of several of the College staff. Don't miss it.

Owing to an error, the History Notes advertised last issue were stated to cover Paper A instead of Paper B. They are an excellent set, neatly bound, and very cheap at 5/-. Full information about Japanese and United States History is a prominent feature. On sale at Executive Room.

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JUNE 25, 1931.

THE DICTATION LECTURE

(Specially Contributed)

In the fourth number of *Craccum* appeared what, to my mind, was a sound and fair criticism of the most serious phase of our University work—the Lecture.

It is advanced as a very potent argument in favour of attendance at lectures that a student benefits by the cultural contacts—first of all with the experts in any particular subject, and secondly with his fellow students—group discussions under the guidance of the professors and lecturers being designated as the outstanding medium by which such contacts are made. This ideal is excellent in its conception. Having now the *ideal*, what of the *real*, as at present existent?

In 1632, Comenius, in his "Great Didactic," wrote as follows: "He (the teacher) must stand on an elevated platform, and keeping all the scholars in his sight at once, allow none of them to do anything but attend and look at him. He must imbue them with the notion that the mouth of the teacher is a spring from which streams of knowledge issue and flow over them, and that whenever they see the spring open, they should place their attention like a cistern beneath it, and thus allow nothing that flows forth to escape."

Many of our lectures unfortunately form a close parallel to this cistern-plan, and, to quote a prominent educationalist, "too often the minds of students are thought of as jugs to be filled, and the hoary custom is to have the professor examine the contents of

the jugs from time to time to see how much has leaked out."

In the first instance, the method of "filling"—per medium of a note-book—is open to serious psychological and educational objections. Note-taking should *follow*, not *precede* the study of any topic, and if it is considered that a student should "keep ahead" of the lecture, that consideration is unsound. Surely the first acquaintance to be made with a subject should be together with the expert, not preceding him. If the student is able from "set" books to precede the lecturer, why the necessity of the lecturer?

Secondly, the term "lecture" for these periods of association between professor and student is an unhappy one. Slossons defines a lecture as "that mysterious process by which the contents of the note-book of the professor are transferred through the instrumentation of the fountain pen to the note-book of the student without passing through the minds of either," and an impartial view of many of the present lectures compels us to subscribe to this definition.

But all is not gloom! To listen to several of our lecturers who really are enthusiasts in their particular subjects and who "feel" the subject, is an intellectual treat. There is a joy in the presentation of their subjects, but these lecturers do not merely dictate notes. The choice of many subjects for degree courses is influenced, I would say in many cases dominated, by the knowledge of who is the lecturer. The criticism is not one of the lecturer personally, but of his method of presentation. Even in the lectures which are such an ordeal for the student at present, when the lecturer deviates from the very long dictation of notes to a very short explanation of content, an immediate interest on the student's part is very apparent—a meteor along the milky way—but like the meteor only a bright flash, leaving a more intense darkness from whence it came.

And just to deviate for a moment to the question of the issue of notes. Notes are made chiefly for reference purposes. They correspond to the plans of a building. But they are not the building itself, and to spend ninety-five per cent. of the lecture hour in "drawing plans," leaving five per cent. to put up the structure, is a practice both wasteful as it is absurd.

That printed notes can, and do, form a valuable background, is evidenced by the fact that not only in our own College is their issue carried on, but the many successful coaching colleges adopt the practice—indeed, it is their only medium of contact with their students. All the mechanical aspect of providing a basis of study is eliminated, and their students are able to proceed with the study itself. Too many of our lectures are "marathon" races in which

students are physically exhausted by the "means" before the "end" appears in sight.

We assume that our professors have a plan of procedure which they have committed to paper in some detail. Why not make this available? As to cost—instead of an additional ten shillings fee added to lecture fees, here is an opportunity for the College to appreciate the fact that the slender resources of their students have been subjected to the 10 per cent. cut, as well as the College resources. As Dr. Belshaw will carefully explain, the Marginal Utility of that 10/- is much greater to the student with a small income than to the College with a proportionately large income. Again we point out that in a Lecture group of 60 students, at 10/- per set of notes, the additional income is £30. The cost of materials and labour to produce these notes is not £30, or even £15.

Lastly, if the changes suggested were made, would they be appreciated? (They are easily possible.) I say without hesitation that they would be not only appreciated, but acclaimed, and the College would immeasurably benefit in the raised standard of work which must automatically follow. We have a College of which we (and "we" includes College Council, Staff, and Students) are justly proud. As a student, I unhesitatingly say we have a staff second to none in New Zealand for competence and keenness.

May I then respectfully urge that those who guide our University destinies consider the above statements with a view to securing both greater efficiency and happiness in our fine institution?

KIWI CONTRIBUTIONS

Students are reminded that a prize of half-a-guinea is offered for the best contribution in each class. There are now six classes, as the Committee recently decided to award a prize for the best short story. We hope to see more purely original contributions this year. The closing date is July 20th, which leaves just three weeks, and all students are urged to write *now*. The following are the classes:—

Serious Prose, Humorous Prose, Serious Verse, Humorous Verse, Short Story, Pen Sketch.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A CRITICISM

(To the Editor)

Sir,—There is an old saying, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." I think this might well apply to the remarks in your paper concerning "Frenzy," for in my humble opinion, which I think would receive strong support among my fellow students, your criticism, whilst certainly candid, is certainly not justified. I regret that in parts it even goes so far as to be unworthy of reproduction in print. The veiled insinuation in your opening remarks with reference to "Bill Stony" and "Frenzy" is uncalled for and untrue. To use a favourite *Craccum* term it is puerile to a degree. The abuse poured on to the navvies scene could be countered by a request to the critic to read his carnival programme or old editions of the newspapers and note that "Frenzy" was a "farce," which term is defined in the dictionary as "a ludicrous play." I must say I fail to remember any advertisement stating the spirits scene as an "hilarious one," much less as the *most* hilarious in the play, and I think praise is due to the actors and the author for the very fact that the scene was received with such appreciative applause by the audience and such laudatory terms by the press. Poor Miss Munro! She surely must feel very keenly the fact that she failed in her part. She did not please the critic, although she pleased her audience, judging by the generous applause which greeted her stage efforts each night. As for her dress, surely Mr. Critic is not so wrapped up in Chaucer, Sheridan, Shaw and Barrie that he cannot appreciate some of the contributory factors to the success of a farce? As for remarks in other parts of the paper regarding behaviour of students on the last night, surely we have heard enough of this in previous years. Some of it may have been a bit over the fence, but believe me it might have been a lot worse, so let us be thankful that we didn't receive what we might have received.

I also, sir, take exception to the abomination appearing on the front page of the Supplement, second only in childishness to the "Star Twinkles." Not only is the drawing itself childish but the alleged "joke" permits of an interpretation which is an accusation against members of the cast and calls for an apology on the grounds of general untruthfulness.

Might I, in closing, remind the editor and artist that the majority of his readers have now left school and do not appreciate to the same degree that which would have amused them in the third form of the secondary school. Returning to the artistic side of the paper I will close by quoting that old Spanish saying, "A footballer's feet do not an artist make." I am, etc., CAPT. CONFUCIUS KIDD.

[The writer of the "Candid Review," when shown the above letter, said he was unconvinced by anything in it, not even by the implication that Chaucer wrote plays.—EDITOR.]

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CORRESPONDENCE

A CANDID REPLY

(To the Editor)

Sir,—I support your candid critic in most of his views on "Frenzy," but object to his attack on Miss Munro, whose performance I thought in no way inferior to the others. It does not encourage a woman much when she gives up two or three nights a week for a couple of months at rehearsals, plays every night for a week to the best of her ability, and then is picked to pieces by a "Varsity critic—also an amateur.—I am, etc.,

"FAIR GO."

THE "ARTIST'S" REPLY

Dear Captain,—I think you are exaggerating. I had no idea my wretched Supplement ranked second to the "Star Twinkles." It is indeed an honour to have one's work compared with a publication which delights thousands of men, women and children every week. Ask Professor Grossman.

I am extremely sorry if *Craccum* readers interpreted my drawing to mean that more than one of the cast was drunk. That would indeed constitute an untruthful accusation.

I quite appreciate the appropriateness of the old Spanish proverb, but what am I to do when my sprigs hurt my feet and my miserable drawings don't bring me in enough to buy a new pair of footy boots?—I am, etc.,

THE "ARTIST."

[Further correspondence appears on page 4.]

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LITERARY SECTION : Conducted by G. K. Chestandtum

BOOK REVIEW

In these days of commercialised art, when too many writers assume a strained and hollow versatility in order to cope with the changeable breeze of popular favour, it is refreshing to find a writer adhering, with the selfless fidelity of true inspiration, to a single all-pervading theme. The little work before me* is a collection of lyrics written round a single subject. It is anonymous: the author, with the humility of the true artist, has identified himself completely with his message. He does not seek the aid of an imposing binding, an impressive title-page, or a eulogistic preface to commend his work to the public. These lyrics have been published serially through the public press, and it is touchingly characteristic of the author's genius that he actually seeks to prefer the more obscure and out-of-the-way corners of his chosen journals.

This amazing lack of self-assertiveness, this severe concentration on a single ideal, seems to suggest that this author is one of the most remarkable men of our day, and it is a pity that more is not known of his history. Early in life, apparently, he became obsessed with a burning conviction of the remarkable virtues of Wood's Great Peppermint Cure—and for a number of years now he has dedicated all his energies to hymning the glories of his avatar. To date he has composed 15,375 lyrics: and never once has he deviated from his chosen theme. This argues a resolute self-restraint, a granite singleness of purpose, which is almost breath-taking. As might be expected, this has manifested itself in a severe classicism of style. It is significant that not one of his lyrics exceeds eight lines in length. There is no other poet, not even Mr. Housman, of whom so much can be said.

Yet despite his conciseness, and the consecration of his muse to a single message, our poet is not altogether restricted in his range. With a brief yet sure touch, he skims over many of the subjects dear to the human heart, and tells with a touching simplicity of its joys and its sorrows. And invariably the stern organ-note of his lyricism swells out into that noble refrain which forms its inevitable last word. This refrain is in itself a remarkable example of the poet's gift of concise and convincing expression: for it sums up in four simple words, three of them monosyllables, the whole of that great central inspiration which for so many years has irradiated his very being.

Yet, magnificent as is this achievement, it must be confessed that our poet possesses the defects of his qualities. An analysis of the 15,375 poems before me reveals that no fewer than 52.43 per cent. contain the word "endure"; 42.89 per cent. contain the word "assure"; and 4.71 per cent. contain the word "pure." No sympathetic critic is likely to quarrel with the author's inspired fidelity of purpose, but surely this is carrying constancy a little too far.

*Variations on a Single Theme (author unknown). A lyric sequence published serially through the public press. Our copy from Sandford's.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP OUR SOCIETY MEETINGS

No. 6.—SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

I have tried in this column to suggest ways of brightening up the meetings of Societies in this College by presenting readers with a description of imaginary events of a more unusual and exciting nature than have actually occurred at such meetings in the past. I had intended in this issue to deal in a similar way with the Scientific Society. I am sure my readers will be glad to know that this is now unnecessary. Stimulated by my efforts (may I modestly suppose?) the Scientific Society has risen to the occasion in a truly remarkable manner, and brought to this pressing problem a thoroughgoing scientific solution. I refer to beer. On Wednesday, June 17th, the Scientific Society held an excursion to the Lion Brewery. In the face of that stroke of genius my own miserable efforts stand appalled. It shows that the spirit of science is not dead. The same inquisitive and speculative nature that has led scientists to such conceptions as the Bohr atom and the constitution of dimethyl- $\Delta^{2,6}$ -octadiene-8—al, has led the Scientific Society to a brewery. Let the originator of this magnificent movement stand forth. He is the man we have been looking for, and I willingly vacate my self-appointed position as Instructor to Societies and offer it to a more successful exponent of my views. I feel that my part is finished. One more fitted for the task than I will carry on the good work.

To my bitter regret I was unable to join the brewery party, but I have managed to obtain a full report of the proceedings from an eye-witness. I believe he was also an ear-witness and a nose-witness. If the style of the report is anything to judge by he was a mouth-witness.

REPORT

Ten little scientists round a keg of beer.

About to make the liquor in it quickly disappear.

Determined to enjoy themselves they broached it with a cheer,

Ten little scientists round a keg of beer.

Ten little scientists feeling very fine,
One took a little drink and then there were nine.

Nine little scientists standing pretty straight,

One staggered giddily and then there were eight.

Eight little scientists, sure they were in heaven,

They all took a little drink and then there were seven.

Seven little scientists called the brewers bricks,

They took another little drink and then there were six.

Six little scientists, very much alive,
One hiccupped violently and then there were five.

Five little scientists sitting on the floor,
One of them was very sick and then there were four.

Four little scientists chuckling with glee,

The fourth one fell asleep and then there were three.

Three little scientists feeling pretty "blue,"

The third saw a yellow snake and then there were two.

Two little scientists left there alone,
One said he'd had enough, and then there was one.

One little scientist, the liquor nearly done,

He gulped down the last of it and then there were none.

A PROTEST

Though not, I much regret to say,
A member of the E.S.F.,
A fellowship both bright and gay
Whose members are, it seems, quite deaf,
Or blind, or otherwise unfit
To know what has been said of it,

I must protest on their behalf
Against a poem (Poem? No!)
Written to make the students laugh
(Their sense of humour's very low)
The E.S.F. the subject is
Of this disgusting treatise.

A person, most irreverent,
Whose name is not disclosed; in fact

Who has a marked poetic bent,
But shows a shocking want of tact;
Infers its members all pell-mell
Were carried off one night to Hell.

Why did he choose this Fellowship,
Among whose ranks he cannot be?
He here has made a blatant slip,
A wandering from verity.
The E.S.F.! Why pick on them?
Did he forget the S.C.M.?

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NEWMARKET.

CORRESPONDENCE

A SUPER CANDID REVIEW

Sir,—I am surprised that your criticism of "Frenzy," which seemed to go out of its way to pick unnecessary holes in the performance, left its real weakness untouched. Most people will, I fancy, agree with me that the play as a whole was a remarkably entertaining farce: the dialogue was quite clever and the "curtains" extremely effective. But whenever the author became serious he was obviously straying out of his element. The "political message" (sic) of the play was lamentably crude. It is, perhaps, a sufficient condemnation of it to say that it was warmly approved by the local press. It radiated a cheerful contempt for the dirty Communist and the grasping Capitalist, and showed a touching faith in the mental powers of the sane, clean middle classes. All very nice, but not quite a solution of New Zealand's problems worthy of a University. It may be, of course, that the play was never meant as a serious solution of such problems: but, personally, I cannot get rid of a lurking suspicion that here and there the author was really serious. And it was only when he was serious that the critic could find anything to cavil at.—I am, etc.,

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VISITING DEBATERS

The Debating Team from the University of Oregon, U.S.A., is now in New Zealand and will be in Auckland from Monday, July 13th, until Thursday, July 16th. It will contest two debates against A.U.C. teams. One will be held in the Town Hall and it is hoped that the subject will be about armaments. The other debate will be in lighter vein and will be held in the College Hall. Interjectors are urged to get their wits furbished, as the Americans are pretty good at repartee.

INHERITORS

It was a happy thought which prompted the Literary Club to invite the W.E.A. Dramatic Club to play Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" at 'Varsity. The production was excellent, and most of the acting was equal to professional standard. It was unfortunate that it came during the first week of term, as this undoubtedly affected the attendance. We extend our sympathy to those regular patrons of the Club who missed such a fine performance.

"Inheritors" depicts American student life and, incidentally, reveals a few home truths about the political and judicial systems of the United States. The author's aims are, first, to show the beauty of unselfish devotion to the service of less fortunate humanity, and, second, to remove a good deal of the "glory" of American democracy. If Miss Glaspell does not distort facts, then the play gives one or two eye-openers.

It has one defect in being a little too sentimental and a trifle drawn-out at times. We realise, of course, that to an American audience these might not appear defects at all, and even for us they were to a certain extent overcome by the excellent acting.

The parts were all well played, but three performances were outstanding. Miss Herrick, as Madeline Morton, was excellent, her voice and personality being uniquely suited to the part. The part of Felix Fejevary the Second was also excellently played by Mr. Lindsay, his scene with the

GRADUATION

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Professor being especially good. Mr. Constable, as Ira Morton, gave one of the finest character studies we have seen.

The minor parts were all so well done that it is impossible to single out any one performance. Miss Cherry and Miss Lusk were well suited to their parts, while Mr. Colhoun and Mr. Maxey put over well the few touches of humour that the play contains. Mr. Richmond's part was a rather difficult one, but we think his performance very much what the author would have desired.

We take this opportunity of publicly thanking the W.E.A. Dramatic Club and of warning students against missing any future performances at 'Varsity.

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