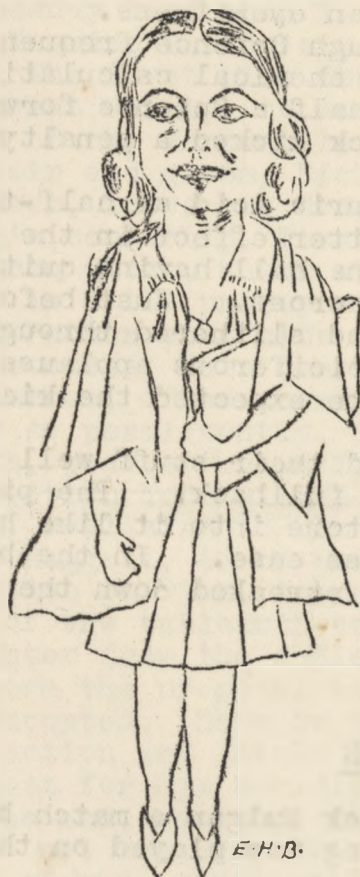


CRACCUM SUPPLEMENT

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PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK



"My thoughts are ever with
my Gene".
Burns (adapted).

This sketch is supposed to represent Miss Irene Turner who is to be Women's Vice-President of the Students' Association for the year 1931-1932.

Irene Turner, who is an old girl of the Auckland Girls' Grammar School, where she was a prefect in 1926, came to this College in 1927

and has since been engaged on an Arts course. From her entry she took a very keen interest in all College affairs and soon took up executive positions on different clubs. She

No. 6 has been a member of the S.C.M. Committee since 1928 and has also served on the Women's House Committee and the Social Committee. As a member of the Stud.

Ass. Executive she has rendered valuable service during the past two years. At the Annual General Meeting of the S.C.M. Rene was elected Women's President of that body for the coming year.

Those of us who have been some years at this College cannot help feeling what a great prototype of the heroine of a well-known novel Rene is and it is confidently expected by many old hands that the world famous record of Lorna Doone will be exceeded in her case. It is thought in some circles that Bernard Wight is basing the plot of his first novel on the courtship of Rene and Gene. This however is not anything like official. Rene is at present in her second year at Training College though it is doubtful whether in view of the recent regulation governing the employment of women teachers, she will be able to inflict the curses of that institution on the unsuspecting offspring of our land. Craccum extends heartiest congratulations to Miss Turner on attaining the highest office (but one) a woman can hope for.



A HARD GO

The annual match between Science and Engineering was played on the Domain on Wednesday, July 29th, and ended in a win for Science by 5 to 3. Science thus retained the shield. Our reporter lost his notes in the Thistle after the game but the following account was reconstructed by an eyewitness.

Engineers tunnelled their way through Science frequently in the first half but were repulsed by the chemical calculations of McFarland. Near the end of the first half a Science forward did his block and got offside and Garlick kicked a penalty for Engineers.

Science drank a few pints of Sulphuric Acid at half-time and thus refreshed tore into it with better effect in the second half. Play became fast and willing, the ball having quite a time of it, but neither side could get across. Just before the final whistle Wayne waxed wonderfully and slithered through a dozen pears of arms to score amid the voiciferous applause of the spectators under the posts. As might be expected the kick was converted by Mars and the game ended.

For Science Newman and Ricketts did their stuff well in the pack while McFarland was outstanding at fullback. The pick of the Engineers forwards were Clarke who tore into it like hell, and Carson who ripped jerseys with effortless ease. In the backs Bunt lived up to his name while Garlick streaked down the line on numerous occasions.

Mr. Norm. Cashmore presided.

ARTS NOT FULL ENOUGH

As the result of the efforts of Jack Mulgan a match between the Science faculty and the Arts building was played on the Domain on Wednesday, August 5th.

The teams were: Science:

McFarland, Hubbard, Emmanuel, A.N.Other, Wayne, Whint, McDonald, Frear, Newman, Ricketts, Bull, Sealy, Hinds, Graham and Colley.

Artists:

Rushworth (St. Johns and Arts), Wilson (Law), Fenwick (Law), Crawley (Arts), Blow (Arts), Barker (Arts), Wallace (Arts), Mulgan (Arts), Rix-Trott (Architecture), Paterson (St. Andrews and Arts), Graham (Commerce), Bertram (Arts), and Gunn (Commerce).

The first half was very even both sides alternately attacking and defending. Bill Barker made several bright barges for Arts but lost his opportunity at the physiological moment. At last Nigel Wilson chafing at the inability of his backs broke through to the Science twenty-five where Rushworth dribbled on to score in the corner. Blow failed to convert. The reverse stung the Science team like a whiff of Ammonia and their forwards rushed to the opposing twenty-five. After a loose rush Frear secured and fought his way over for Hubbard to goal. Half-time came a few minutes later with the score Science 5 Arts 3.

A different tale was told in the second half. The Arts forwards had shot their bolt in the first half and their pants came and went in quick succession. The slashing onslaughts of Tony Colley eventually bore fruit and after four and a quarter minutes' play he flung himself across the line for a well earned try which Hubbard failed to convert. A few minutes later

Macdonald repeated the effort. Hubbard missed but made amends by scoring and converting from the kick off. A.N.Other was the next to add to the Science total and just before time Colley, to prove his earlier effort was no fluke, bashed by brute force his way across and the game ended Science 22 Arts 3.

It would be unfair to single out any one competitor for special mention but notable performers were Frear and Newman in the Science van and Wayne and McFarland in the backs. Jack Mulgan who was the only man even half fit on the Arts side toiled manfully but lo, what is one among so many? Crawley was the best of the bunch who were playing in the back positions. Scotchy and Rix attribute their failure to hook the ball to the fact that whenever they put their feet out the ball wasn't there. Tony Colley kept both packs amused with a running fire of comment. First Aid had to be administered to Mr. Blow who was kicked severely in the entrails and to Mr. Gunn whose leg was at one stage thought to be broken. Happily this was not so.

Prof. Bartrum gave every satisfaction with the whistle.

LITERARY CLUB

The Literary Club provided fun in plenty for its audience on Wednesday last when it presented "The Warming Pan" by W.W.Jacobs, and Maurice Baring's play, "The Rehearsal".

The first play centres round the efforts on one Dick, who seeks somewhat vainly, to woo and win Kate, the daughter of Mr. Boom, late of the Mercantile Marine. Kate offers no encouragement and in despair and gloom, Dick tells of his failure to the father. Father, however, knows his daughter well, or thinks he does, and directs Dick's courtship, first by suggesting a farcical hunt for his tobacco pouch, which all the while reposes safely in his own pocket. Kate is still unresponsive, even rude, and Dick's despair deepens.

Father then hits on a more subtle plan which unfortunately for its success, Kate overhears. The idea is to use Raggett a (re)tired fisherman, of advanced years and unprepossessing appearance, to woo Kate so persistently, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, if need be, that she will fly, seeking protection and release from this offensive lover, into the arms of Dick, realising in him at last, her true affinity.

Raggett, to be prepared for his wooing and proposal, has to practise on Dick, transformed for the occasion, with the sudden aid of the tablecloth to serve as a skirt, into Kate. The howls of laughter from the audience as this stage are long and loud. There follows the proposal to Kate by Raggett, who, to his consternation, is accepted. Kate is having her revenge, but Dick misinterprets her action and thinks only that she is a mercenary hussie, taking Raggett for his worldly worth. It all turns out in the proper way in the end, however, the both Kate and Dick are happy. Although we do not see Raggett again we feel sure that his relief at the news of his escape will be almost breathtaking - with gin in both pints!

As Boom, the father, Mr. Cam Laurie, in his best "Frenzy" voice, gave a splendid portrayal of the knowing, quick-tempered parent, used always to getting what he wants. Mr. Laurie's idea of playing a nautical part, however, seems to be to don an aged Hongi Club beret, a pair of gum-boots, and to cover his face with a growth resembling that of a Father Christmas, who has fallen precipitously down the chimney on Xmas Eve.

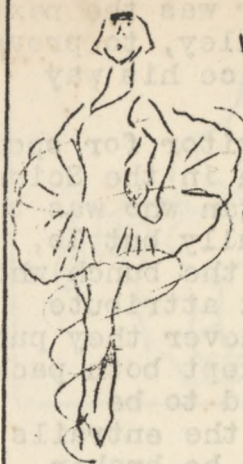
Mr. Hector Monro was also very well cast as Raggett. Mr. Monro has a facile way of becoming any character or of making any character become him. We are not just sure which it is that makes his acting so entertaining.

Dick was played by Mr. Eric Blow who suffered more than the rebuffs of Kate in the course of the play. He was at his best in the scene where Raggett practises his proposal, and receives for his pains, a douche of cold water from the irate father, who feels Dick is being almost too like his Kate. Mr. Blow's falsetto voice was excellent and his false teeth were very sound.


As Kate, the rather distant and unapproachable daughter, Miss Nancy Callis provided much of the amusement and threw the implication of her very name into her treatment of poor Dick. She rebuffed the disconsolate lover with that same easy candour reminiscent of Tom Walls at his best.

The second play, which was a marked contrast to the first, but just as humorous, required, as Mr. Alan Hill requested, the imagination of the audience. The scene is laid in the time of Shakespeare, when an amateur theatrical company are rehearsing the

(Contd. next page.)



WOMAN'S WHIRL



Conducted by

ANN RUFFLEGS
Late of "The Stun"

FOOTBALL FLING

The annual dance of the Football Club was held in the Peter Pan cabaret on Thursday, July 30th. We understand that the College Hall was not considered big enough and that there were also other reasons. Patrons were disappointed to find that no arrangements has been made for a police raid and that the dance was almost orderly. We understand from the dance secretary that the sergeant in charge of all night-club work held out for too high a figure and as a result negotiations collapsed. The pièce de resistance of the evening was provided by a cream cake which hit Mr. Lowridge in the face. The popular manager took this in excellent part however, and only threatened to throw the offender out if there was any more of that sort of thing. We also understand that a divinity student of Caledonian extraction broke his alcoholic virginity by quaffing a glass of rather abnormal ginger beer. Interviewed afterwards, this gentleman stated that although he spat it out immediately it burnt his tongue at first but that otherwise he found the sensation rather agreeable. He complained of a slight singing in his ears and a tendency to see in duplicate what he knew, at the back of his mind, only existed singly, but stated that he did not mean to let this interfere with his enjoyment of the dance.

Everyone seems to have thought this dance a good one - even the committee and chaperones. Norm Cashmore was seen about midnight trying in vain to waltz past the band and complaining that "he couldn't get past the middle of the noise". The daring and resource of Captain Gregory Kidd failed to procure for him a first supper ticket and representations are being made about this. It was a pretty sight to see Rocke and the boys all going "Oho, aha together" and generally speaking there were many regrets when the band rose to play "God Save the King". And so home to bed, breaking a few vases en route.

HONGIS HOLD HECTIC HOP

The Hongi Club made whoopee at Mangere during the week-end to a supper of mussel-fritters and pigs trotters. A band of hired syn-copators played "Springtime in Old Wyoming" and "Happy Days in the Rockies", and other popular numbers. The hall was tastefully decorated with fly-blown streamers and the mudflats looked their best in the dark of night. Among those present were Adjutant Colley - rather more quiet than usual but still the most talkative man in the room, Rix-Trott looking pale and interesting, Bill Loughman in a state of utopia, and many others too numerous to mention. Altogether it was too good to be true.

LIT. CLUB.

famous dramatic play "Macbeth". Shakespeare himself is there, seeing his play mutilated, ready to write fresh lines when they are needed or withdraw some that do not suit the players. The gem of the show comes when the harrassed producer sends Shakespeare away to write a dozen lines, preferably in verse, to fill up a gap and to give Macbeth a chance to soliloquise. Shakespeare, played by Mr. Fred Robertson (and pipe), returns in an incredibly short time having dashed off his immortal lines "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," etc., only to receive a particularly ripe raspberry from the company. One sympathises with the producer, Mr. Plank, and the stage manager, Mr. Evan Rudman, in their realistic despair. As Lady Macbeth, Mr. Evan Harrowell made an auspicious entrance and most successfully murdered the immortal lines of the sleep-walking scene. Macbeth was played excellently by Mr. Curnow and the minor parts were successfully dealt with by a crowd of willing helpers.