

# CRAC CUM SUPPLEMENT

Vol. V

No. 8

Auckland University College

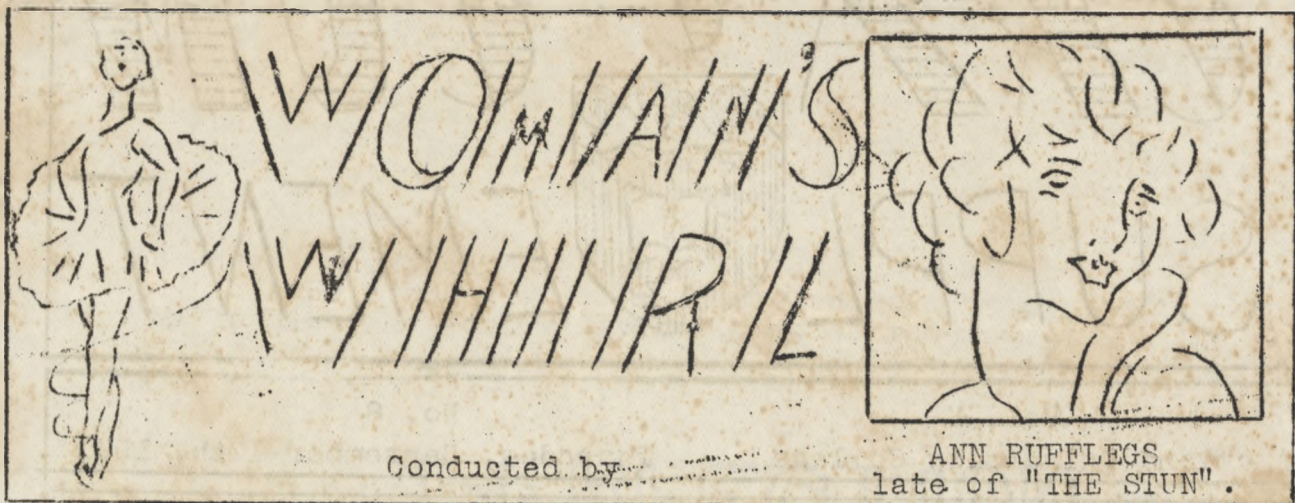
Thursday, September 17th, 1931

A NOTICE NOW APPEARING ON AUCKLAND TRAMS  
STATES AMONG OTHER THINGS THAT "CHILDREN UNDER  
THREE, IF ACCOMPANIED BY A GUARDIAN, FREE".

The Artist conceives the case of the child  
under three NOT accompanied by a guardian.



" -- OUT OF THE MOUTHS etc."



----- GRADUATION BALL -----

Colour, youth and beauty. Soft lights and shady nooks. Seductive strains and perfect harmony of atmosphere. That was Grad. Ball 1931.

A stage set with a kaleidoscopic representation of the Arts Building in a drunken reverie. The Philosophy Room transformed as by magic into a fairyland of greenery and Ardathian haze and the Law Room set out as for the Queen of the May. That was Grad. Ball 1931.

The French Room festooned with streamers of blue and silver and dotted with massy oak tables groaning under the weight of a supper which might have brought tears of joy to the heart of a Prussian infantryman. That was Grad. Ball 1931.

The Council Room seething with a mass of Latin sailory which at intervals infused its gold braid and its oiled hair with the teeming masses which lined the hall. That was Grad. Ball 1931.

The Committee or whoever was responsible is to be heartily congratulated on the decision to hold Grad. Ball in the College, the scene of so many academic triumphs and despairs, and all with whom I discussed it were unanimous in hoping that it will always be held here. The orchestra was divine, the hoods superb and the frocks delicious. The supper I thought fell a 'trifle' short of what we had been led to expect but the soup was excellent (for the profits).

There was almost a total lack of horseplay during the evening though a haka performed by a number of the younger lads brought a tremor to the bold heart of the worthy First Sea Lord of the Chile navy who doubtless thought his men were about to be slaughtered and boiled down to thicken the soup.

There were many favourable comments on the Committee's foresight in screening off a number of the lounges with fernery and toning down the lights. I myself found this a very acceptable feature, too. There were a few tight squeezes in the hall during the early dances but later quite a number preferred to have them in the lounges and this made for freer movements in the hall.

The thanks of all are due to Mr. O'Shea and his energetic crew under the leadership of Scotchy and to Messrs. Morrison and Mitchell of the Architecture Studio who spent a considerable portion of the Second Term preparing the stage decorations and also to the Field Marshall of the Chile navy who so kindly spared so many of his quarter-deck staff.

It was impossible to see all the dancers but a few whom I noticed were young Martin Sullivan with a most charming creation in red chiffon, Mr. Scotch E. Paterson in his usual happy state though I was told he approached-bottled liquids very gingerly, Mr. Tommy Elison making speeches most of the time, Sir George and Rocke together in a cubicle and Percy Postlewaite with, we are pleased to relate, Mrs. Postlewaite.

Of course I noticed a number of the more sensual looking Chileans accompanied by ladies whom I took to be females of the species.

## D E B A T E

A very interesting debate on which party should rule New Zealand took place in the Law Room on Tuesday night.

Messrs. Kingston-Smith and Haig representing the Forensic Society championed Reform, Messrs. Barnes and Mason of the Junior Labour Party argued for Labour, and Messrs. Sullivan and Paterson representing the College made humorous remarks on the spur of the moment.

The first speaker was Mr. Barnes who, adopting a posture a cross between that of Napoleon at Leipzig and a Doan's advertisement, thundered forth socialism into the ears of a slightly sceptical audience. His main grievance seemed to be against one Coates and a number of cowboys with mammitis whom he claimed existed on the Kaipara flats.

Mr. Haig spoke next in a quietly confident way on the hot headed madness of socialism but seemed a little diffident about actually championing the cause he had espoused for the evening. I noticed he did not stay to hear the result.

Mr. Paterson made some praiseworthy attempts to raspberry the serious arguments of his opponents and concluded with an appeal for the Government as the Depression was world wide.

Mr. R.A.K. Mason was in extremely confidential form and scattered epigrams and condensed sentences with joyous abandon to the front benches. He did not exactly support anything, as was only to be expected of him, but caused a mild sensation near the end by a threatening attitude of his right hand. Mr. Mason in a fit of passionate oratory hinted at half a dozen gentlemen who had grown fat on the public purse but refused to say who got away with the profit on the Cafeteria.

Mr. Smith was the only man to add weight to the argument although he began with a few reminiscences of Macaulay. He apologised for the sins of the Reform Party, eulogised its good deeds and promised an unblemished record in the future.

Mr. Sullivan castigated his opponents in humorous vein and brought down the house when after criticising the mention of mammitis he said Mr. Mason had a worse disease, Bolshevism, which went to the head.

If Mr. Barnes had been inspiring in his first effort he was 'magnifique' in his second and the audience simply sat spellbound as tirade after tirade poured forth until he had to loosen his belt instead of tightening it.

The judge, Mr. Forbes Eady, gave a witty summing up in Gaelic and announced Mr. Smith the best speaker with Mr. Barnes a good second. According to his marking Reform won by two points from Labour.

### AU REVOIR.

Ann Rufflegs takes this opportunity of bidding au revoir to her many readers and admirers and hopes to assist them again in their little troubles next year. She hopes all will have a pleasant examination time, with a nice hot vacation. Remember a good cure for sunburn is to lie in a shady place with a blanket over the non-costumed portions of the anatomy.

Well boys and girls, lots of luck and plenty of engagements and all that.

Your affectionate friend,

*Ann Rufflegs*

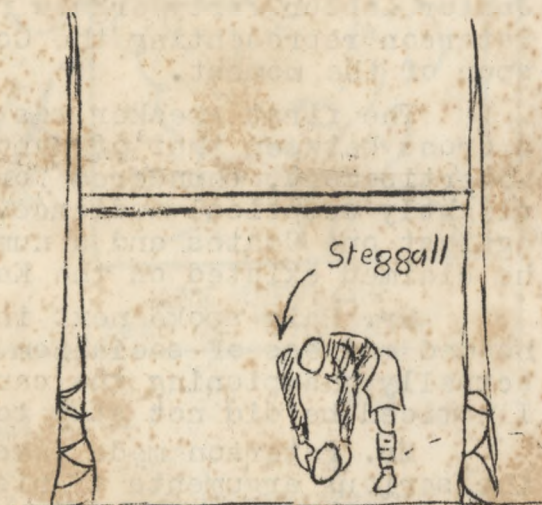
# TEST MATCH TALK by E.H.B.



The A.R.U. has been complaining lately about the number of old men who scrounge into Eden Park on Player's Passes, but it forgets



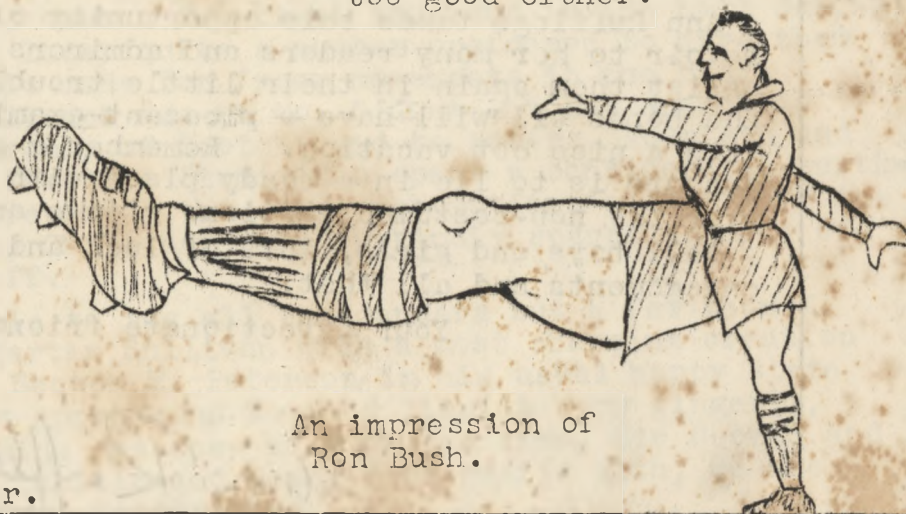
The N.Z. centre was also responsible for some bloomers, although



that a few of them were playing in the All Black five-eight line last Saturday.



the Australian pants were not too good either.



An impression of Ron Bush.

Photograph of a thrilling incident in the Curtain Raiser.