



Weather: Shocking.

CRACCUM

5th
EDITION

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AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, JULY 30th, 1931.

PRICE 2d.

NOTES FROM ABROAD

The following are a series of extracts from letters written by prominent ex-students:—

Percy Minns writes in reference to a visit which an Oxford Rugby team made to France last season: "Biarritz is a wonderful spot with fine beaches for sun-bathing. It is one of the chief paddling grounds of Europe, but all the same it does not come up to Bethel's to my idea . . . The colouring is just as you see it in pictures—a brilliant blue and so on, but the crowd on the *Promenade des Anglais* seems to be composed of all the rich spendthrifts and ner'erdowells of every country in the world . . . Our Commem. Ball is to take place on Tuesday night. It will be a brilliant affair going from dinner to breakfast . . . the tickets are 35/-, and I can't say I've met anyone worth paying that amount to take to a dance."

Percy is spending the summer vacation in Germany with a view to learning the language. He and a South Australian Rhodes Scholar are to stay a month in Munich in a private house at 80 marks a week (£4). Then they are going into the Tyrol where board is cheaper (4 marks a day) for a fortnight, and will finish up with a week at a chalet in Switzerland.

"Dad" Weir writes from the Grand Pump Room!!! Hotel, Bath: "Cambridge is very beautiful and the various Colleges are magnificent with their lawns and walks. We had a lot of fun punting on the Cam and were fortunate enough to see a hand-to-hand contest between two noble vessels, filled with more or less intoxicated gentlemen, which ended in the triumphant sinking of one of the punts."

He also relates several extremely interesting incidents of the dinner at the Savoy Hotel, and mentions that he saw Owen Nares in *Cynria*, and at Cambridge witnessed an hilariously funny performance of *Shaw's Androcles and the Lion*. Apparently the lion was a very ill-bred animal.

Alec McDonald has just gone into residence at Clare College, Cambridge. He is to sit shortly for a special scholarship. Alec is the proud possessor of a second-hand motor bike which he bought for £12/10/- and on which he has travelled as far north as Inverness. He regrets that so far he has not come up to Jack Watt's record and been fined. He was also present at the aforementioned performance of *Androcles*, and also commented on the ungentlemanly behaviour of the lion.

Guy McLeod likes his work in Malay, and has continued and extended his sporting activities. He is a rep. cricketer, and his lowest score for the season was 18! He hopes, too, next season to be 440 yards champion of All Malay.

THEIR LINE CROSSED

AMERICANS BITE THE DUST

KEN MELVIN'S PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

The long awaited debates with the team from the University of Oregon took place a fortnight ago. The big event resulted in the visitor's first defeat, and was a personal triumph for Mr. Melvin, the President of the Debating Society and leader of the Auckland team. The judges and the visitors placed Mr. Melvin in a class by himself, and we might almost say that he literally won the Debate. We are sure that the students (who were hearing him for the first time) are certain he could win any debate at any time anywhere. The able assistance of Messrs. Sullivan and Miller made Auckland's victory all the more clear cut.

Few Aucklanders expected a victory in the second contest, and they were doomed to disappointment. The Americans wiped up the floor with the Auckland second string and, although a lighter vein prevailed, most of the audience went away a little disappointed. (A definite critique of the Debates appears elsewhere.)

ROUND THE CLUBS

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

Literary Club: Wednesday, August 5th, *The Rehearsal*, by Maurice Baring, College Hall, 8 p.m. Admission 3d.

Field Club: August 1st-3rd, Weekend Camp, Swanson. Apply S. C. McDiamid.

Sci. Soc.: Monday, 3rd August, Lecture, *Short-wave Telephony*. Mr. C. Lyons. Physics Lecture Room, 7.30 p.m. Supper.

Don't Forget

"KIWI" PRIZE LIST

CLOSING DATE AUG. 14th

BLUES 1931

The Blues Committee, consisting of Messrs. A. K. Turner (chairman), R. B. Hardy, N. A. Campbell, M. M. Flynn and G. H. D. Grant, has made the following awards for the year:—

FOOTBALL

V. C. Butler K. D. Anderson
R. S. Stacey W. L. Barker
W. M. Milliken

ATHLETICS

H. C. Garlick G. J. Sceats
H. Brainsby R. G. Bush
J. Hely

TENNIS

Leslie Robertson Ruth Taylor
A. C. Stedman

BOXING

B. E. Grey G. J. Sceats
B. Moorhouse W. L. Barker

SWIMMING

Jean Thompson Kath. Bull

BASKETBALL

Jean McIntosh Jean Alison
Cicely Fotheringham

SHOOTING

C. Peat G. E. Watt

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Margaret Mawson

CRICKET

V. C. Butler R. G. Bush

It is possible that a Supplementary List will be issued at the end of the winter sports season.

Craccum extends its congratulations to the winners of Blues and reminds the student public that their achievement is not a slight one in the athletic world. It is significant that the standard is high enough to exclude winners of N.Z.U. Blues from gaining College Blues.

BIHEBDOMADAL HOWLER

Child (describing a week-end): " . . . then we had to get ready for Sunday School and our happy week-end was over."—STD. 3.

'VARSITY BATTERY

AN APPEAL FOR RECRUITS

(Specially Contributed)

The recent decision of the Government to reorganise the system of military training on a voluntary basis has met with a most enthusiastic reception. Our own students, we are pleased to note, have rallied round, showing a marked keenness to lend their support. As a result, a complete section, the 60 pounder gun section, of the 18th Medium Battery (the only one in New Zealand) has been allotted to 'Varsity recruits, to be manned entirely by students, a state of affairs which has never before existed.

The parades are to be held at times which will not interfere with lectures, nor deprive students of any part of their vacations. With the keen recruits who are volunteering, there should be none of the evils which poisoned the old system, e.g., a parade held up by one or two sets of dirty buttons, or a whole section penalised for one miserable offender, etc., etc.

There is something fascinating, something of "Je ne sais quoi," in working alongside a person of one's own educational standing and intellect, and with whom one has something in common. No more will the Sergeant-Major (the officious —) throw his weight about and roar at No 5 to mark time with his left foot; but the wheels of harmony will mesh smoothly, and all will go merry as a marriage bell.

Then think of camp. A week at Rotorua, on full pay, and with full travelling allowances; how is that for a holiday? Why it's cheaper than a holiday at the West Coast (and, perhaps, a trifle hotter.—Ed.).

Now, if when you've read this, you don't feel that you'd like to join, read it again (if you can bear the strain), and if the same feeling persists, then return your *Craccum* to the publishers and we guarantee you won't get your money back. (My oath!—Ed.)

Should you know of anyone who desires further information, kindly refer him (or her) to Mr. Gibb of the School of Architecture, or to Mr. Squires of the School of Engineering, which gentlemen will be only too pleased to give further advice.

You play Football or Hockey for your College; why not drill with your 'Varsity section, and make a bird of it? We don't mind if you eat onions or whether water tastes wet in your mouth; all we want is to see you make a "welter" of the 60 pounder section and give the other Batteries the raspberry. If you don't believe in helping your country to get rid of its thousands of rounds of obsolete ammunition, well join up just the same, and have a good time.

"It is for the Battery!"

FOOTBALL & BASKETBALL CLUBS

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Unofficial Fortnightly of the Auckland
University College.

JULY 30, 1931

DEFENSIO

We have a faint suspicion that No. 7, our special issue, was not a popular one and, furthermore, that the unpopularity resulted from two features. First we are accused of gross inconsistency in denouncing in a leader the tone of a Mock Trial conducted by the Law Society and on the opposite page publishing a report of the affair in all its "glory." Now we indignantly repudiate this charge, and wish to explain that the report was published to *justify* the editorial. We challenge anyone to say that the report as published was anything more than an impartial bare report. It may have been inaccurate in part—most reports are—it certainly was not a complete account of "every thing" that was said.

Our critics also maintain that the question was not a "nice" thing to put in the 'Varsity magazine, and that it will tend to give outsiders a false impression of the tone of College social life. Our reply is brief, and we think to the point. The show in question was not a "nice" thing to put on, and if outsiders have got the impression that the report reflects the moral tone of the *whole* 'Varsity we are very sorry. But we do not think that impression has got abroad, although we hasten to assure any parents who may be concerned for the daughters' moral welfare that such things as the recent Mock Trial are certainly few and far between.

The second criticism is levelled against the Supplement, which it is claimed is fast developing into a spiteful chronicle of the doings of certain women students, and a glorification of a few men of the editor's clique. Now we deny that either spite or favouritism move our contributors in any way when they write for the Supplement which is meant to be even lighter in tone than *Craccum* itself. Should any young lady have been genuinely upset or ridiculed by anything in the "Women's Whirl" we hereby unreservedly apologise, but we are sure that most of our women are sports enough to take a hit in the spirit in which it certainly is intended.

WHAT ABOUT AN
ARTICLE FOR "KIWI"?

LANGUAGE FOR DEGREES

(Specially Contributed)

Craccum is to be congratulated on opening its pages to discussions of matters of serious and vital interest to our Student welfare. I would like to see added to the topics under discussion, that of the compulsory requirement of a foreign language for a Degree Course. In these days of a nine-unit requirement it is pertinent to enquire why a language is compulsory, and why much valuable time has to be spent in laboriously attempting to acquire what is, for at least 80 per cent. of students, merely a pass for examination purposes.

What claims are advanced for the compulsory inclusion?

The theory of "cultural value" in the light of modern educational doctrine is an exploded myth. If the language is to have a *practical* value (and this is about its only claim) how many students now taking a language ever hope (or wish) to use that language? What of the numbers who are taking Greek, French, Latin? An honest investigation will reveal that the great majority of students have neither aptitude nor liking for a foreign language, and certainly intend to relegate it to the region of forgotten things at the earliest possible moment. For them its utilitarian value is *nil*, and, what is worse, it is occupying the time of a subject of real value.

The present age is an age of specialists. Even those who aspire to be teachers realize that language work in the schools is a "specialist" subject, and is only dealt with successfully by a person qualified beyond the pass stage and specially interested in language work. For those whose work requires it I would say *theirs* is the study; but it is beyond understanding that the majority should be sacrificed to ensure that a minority *might* (the italics are mine) derive some ultimate gain.

The remarks of a distinguished Professor of Modern Languages in a Scottish University, who recently retired after fifteen years in the Language Chair, are illuminating. Summarising his experiences after all those years of active work, he stated that in his opinion language work in the Universities was a dismal failure, and he could not say that he had turned out from the University fifteen students really qualified to deal successfully with a foreign language. So much for the interest of the students, and without interest in a subject—well the conclusion is obvious.

Surely it is to the interest of our New Zealand University to be of some real assistance to its students and to realize its obligations in the matter? The standard of attainment can still be maintained without the *hindrance* of a foreign language.

Much more could be said, but I will leave the suggestion with you to see if other students are willing to discuss this phase of our Degree work.

MEN'S COMMON ROOM

The House Committee wishes to notify men students that it has now appointed stewards to assist in maintaining discipline in the Common Room and during Coffee Evenings. A spirit of license among a certain section of men has sprung up this term, and the Committee are determined to restore sensible law and order.

KIWI

Kiwi will not, as previously advertised, be published this term. The explanation is direct and to the point. The closing date was set down for July 20th but up to the morning of that date hardly a single article had been sent in. In despair thereat, the Editor cancelled the publication date and arranged for *Kiwi* to appear in the second week of the Third Term. Imagine his mixed feelings, however, on examining the box on the *afternoon* of the 20th and finding it simply crammed to suffocation point with contributions of all kinds. The new arrangement must stand, however, and the closing date has therefore been extended to August 14th.

Several students have written asking for suggestions as to subjects and, while we think a contributor will write best on a subject of his own choosing, we nevertheless offer a few remarks on the type of matter wanted. Definitely creative work is, of course, most desired, though articles on subjects of student and general interest will also be welcomed. Various aspects of the present economic situation, especially in regard to education, should offer scope. One or two good reviews, especially of New Zealand literature, are desired, and prospective competitors are reminded that the Prize List now includes a Short Story Competition.

So far only one pen sketch has been received, and artists are reminded that a prize is offered for the best black and white illustration.

A considerable amount of serious verse has been sent in, but the depressing effect of the economic situation seems to have been reflected in the scarcity of light verse. We should like several more contributions to the humorous verse class.

SPORTS NOTES

The A.R.U. Championship is now in an extremely interesting stage as the result of 'Varsity's draw with Ponsonby last week. Grammar now head the list with 16 points and 'Varsity and Ponsonby follow with 15. One more series is to be played, and many things can happen, though under the present arrangement 'Varsity cannot win the Championship outright. A win for Grammar over Ponsonby will give the former the Championship. Wins for Ponsonby and Varsity will bracket those two as winners. A win for Ponsonby and a loss for 'Varsity will see Ponsonby champions for the third year in succession, and lastly, a win for Varsity and a Ponsonby-Grammar draw will see Grammar and Varsity bracketed. It is just possible that in the event of a bracket the Rugby Union may allow a play off as it did in 1928 when 'Varsity beat Ponsonby by 22 to 8.

Congratulations are extended to Bill Barker on his selection for the Auckland team to travel to New Plymouth on Saturday.

CLUB SECRETARIES

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"QUALITY AND SERVICE"

CORRESPONDENCE

(To the Editor)

Sir,—Some time ago, when your paper was the proud owner of a cover, a suggestion was made by some unknown contributor to the effect that the College should demand brighter elections. Now, with the approach of spring, (a signal, as you may remember, for Caesar to move his army across the Rhine) election time has come round for students as well as for Mr. Forbes. Now is the time for the proletariat to demand its bigger and brighter election. I submit a practical suggestion.

Let the Editor of Craccum (this merely to obtain a hearing), the President of the Debating Society and some representatives of the Literary Club form a Committee with the express object of organising an election campaign. I presume that there will be at least two candidates for the office of Student President. Let this Committee hire the local hall or one of the common-rooms—taking care to comply with all the regulations in either case. Then let each candidate address the gathering for a stated time—other candidates being, of course, excluded during their opponents' speeches, but not necessarily locked up as in the famous Eden by-election case (see Gunson v Melville, 1926).

A candidate for the Presidency must have a definite policy. The slogans "Vote for Grant and down with the drinking regulations" rise to the mind as does the answer "Vote for Sullivan and save the children." "Vote for Robins and the Millennium" is a cry that seems to require no answer. Interested students would, of course, attend and ask questions on which they require enlightenment. As for example: "Do you favour doing away with the Women's Telephone?" or "What do you think of Mr. O'Shea?" or "Why is the Hongi Club?" and so on.

One drafts a prospective candidate's speech something as follows:

"If elected I intend to reduce the Student's fee and increase the grant to all societies. Free beer will be on tap as well as coffee at all functions. I propose to borrow £70,000 from the Registrar and divide it among the undergraduates in alphabetical order." (At this stage a tomato hit the speaker in the mouth. Laughter.) And so on.

Well, sir, what about it?—I am, Yours, etc.,

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH.

(To the Editor)

Sir,—It is pleasing to learn that our Student Executive has at last made a long-delayed appointment, that of Business Manager for the Association's affairs, and I congratulate them on this very progressive move. Further, it was very gratifying to note that its first choice was Mr. A. P. Postlewaite, to whom every student owes a deep debt of gratitude for his unselfish and gratuitous work in the past years. The choice of the Executive was both a happy and a wise one, and I trust that every student will extend his or her loyal support to "Pess" to make our Association even more efficient than in the past.—I am, etc.,

AN OLD HAND.

RETURNS FROM DEBATES

We are pleased to record that the recent debates with the Americans resulted in a profit of fifty pounds to the Jubilee Institute for the Blind.

THE OREGON DEBATES

A FEW REMARKS

A.U.C. provided the only team which was capable of defeating the debaters from Oregon. So much, at least, the judges informed us: and no one is likely to question their decision very seriously. But it must be admitted that there were some respects in which the visitors could give us points. For there are debaters and debaters: or perhaps it would be more correct to say that there are debaters and orators. There is the man who appeals to his audience in impassioned tones, and shouts well-rounded periods at them until he has fairly swept them off their feet by the sheer force of his eloquence; and there is the man who lounges back, with a half-smile on his face, and rips his opponent to pieces with a quiet but incisive stream of wit. In delivery, in power, perhaps in eloquence, the Auckland team was manifestly superior; but in wit, in forethought, in what may be called the subtleties of debating, the visitors might well have been declared the victors.

Craccum has already pointed out the enviously ecclesiastic bias of the Auckland representatives; and they very early adopted tactics which the unkind critic might describe as pulp-pounding. Mr. Melvin began by denouncing armaments. To say that he got to grips with his subject straight away would scarcely be adequate. He got a strangle-hold on it, hurled it to the floor, and concluded by triumphantly jumping on it. We gathered that, on the whole, he had rather a poor opinion of armaments: and it is only fair to say that, when he had finished, so had the audience.

It was, in a way, magnificently done. But we must confess to a slight sensation of relief when Mr. Wilson rose and, in his own quiet way, gave us the speech which Mr. Sullivan described later as a one-act play. We wish the Literary Club could stage a play half as entertaining. As a witty piece of satire on politicians and their methods, it was truly admirable. We ourselves were helpless in our seat during the entire speech.

Mr. Lex. Miller adopted a style which neatly blended the easy nonchalance of the visitors with the forceful oratory of his colleagues. He did not offer much criticism: but then Mr. Wilson, with a superfluity of cunning, had not made clear the devastating use which was very shortly to be made of his remarks. And so, after a hazy reference to the need of an international police force, he proceeded with that bland denunciation of war and weapons which was to be turned against him so adroitly. More subdued than Mr. Melvin, he was still forceful and effective, and he showed in addition a lightness of touch which was very attractive.

His namesake, Mr. Miller, seized on the reference to the international police force, and delivered a speech which we suspect of owing a good deal to the southern debate on the League of Nations. Though hardly as brilliant as Mr. Wilson, he was by no means lacking in wit. In particular he had a neat habit, sometimes very effective, of inserting a sting in the tail of his sentences.

Mr. Sullivan began with some breezy criticism and then, with startling suddenness, soared into what was obviously a carefully-prepared speech. His tone was once more predominantly clerical, and he discoursed of faith and the need for mutual trust in a way which must have made St. John's proud of him. His delivery was pleasing, and betrayed the president of the Literary Club.

With the advent of Mr. Pfaff the real merit of the visitor's achievement became apparent. It is one thing to declaim set speeches with the approved rhetorical flourishes; it is quite another to take a subject, put upon it an ingenious but perfectly legitimate construction, get your first two speakers to make their points so as to leave your opponents in the dark as to their application, and then to leave your final speaker to drive them home with sledge-hammer force. Mr. Sullivan had spoken of a one-act play, but even he did not realise that what was being staged was a three-act play, and a three-act play with a most surprising denouement. Mr. Pfaff was the only one of the visitors whose style was at all rhetorical. Cleverly hoisting the Aucklanders with their own very convincing petard, he repeated their own censure of armaments and proceeded to apply them to the inconvenient clause about the "police force," which had so far been carefully ignored. He then sat down, leaving Mr. Melvin exactly ten minutes in which to remodel his entire plan of attack.

Mr. Meivin rose to the occasion magnificently: and it is not too much to say that it was this speech which won the debate. Looking back, we are not quite sure how he did in fact escape from the trap which had been so carefully prepared for him: but it is a tribute to his prowess that it sounded quite convincing at the time. Altogether, it was a feat of some magnitude: and we are not surprised at the discerning judge who gave him ninety per cent.

It was at the second debate that the weakness of the oratorical method became apparent. Auckland could scarcely expect to win this debate: it was something to put up three men who were equal to the Americans; to find six was obviously beyond us. Consider-

ing that they formed a confessed second string, Messrs. Adams, Barker, and Rowe gave quite a creditable performance, and have no reason to be ashamed of their defeat. But their methods, it must be admitted, showed a lamentable lack of versatility. They offered little or no criticism; but were content to declaim set speeches.

Mr. Adams was by far the most successful. His speech had been carefully prepared (not to say learned) and his delivery was forceful and effective. Mr. Barker gave the impression of reciting a high-flown speech which was scarcely suited to his temperament and appearance. His flowers of rhetoric were cast before an audience which unfortunately refused to take him seriously. Mr. Rowe had some carefully-thought-out arguments to submit, but failed to grip his hearers.

The more confined precincts of the College Hall suited the visitors and their conversational style very well. They had no difficulty at all in defeating their opponents, slashing their arguments in a manner at once amusing and forceful.

The interjectors showed rather more intelligence than might have been expected, and once or twice made remarks that were almost funny. The mock debate staged by the Hongi Club is hardly worth mentioning, although it was relieved from complete dullness by Mr. Paterson's brilliant interpretation of a professor of philosophy. After him, however, the performance tailed off miserably. It is perhaps unfortunate that only the latter part was broadcast.

—D.H.M.

OVERHEARD AT VICTORIA

Nervous Student (after first economics lecture of the year): Please, sir, is this the same course as is taken at Auckland?

Prof. Murphy: Not only the same but also infinitely superior!

—SMAD.

All Students Drink. . .

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THE RED HAND

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It was the Red Hand's workshop. Disreputable machinery stood along the walls, and parts of an obsolete motor engine littered the floor. The Red Hand was at work on one of the three lathes, all in the last stage of disrepair. Filth and grime were everywhere, but seemed not to trouble the Red Hand who had before him a long tube, an electro-magnet, a switch, and a battery. On a gas-ring was a crucible of molten Skewersite. The Red Hand was just completing the pistol at which Novel Skewers had worked so long. He chuckled, making a noise like a hen excited over its first egg, or like beer pouring from a bottle and, a terrible sneer creased his face. Triumph was in his grasp!

As the short winter day drew to its close Novel Skewers unlocked his door and entered the hall of his flat. An odour, horrible to describe, filled the room. Fear clutched at his heart and got a strangle-hold on the pit of his stomach. The Red Hand had been here—in his flat—looking at all his private things—his letters—his photo of Gertrude. As he strode forward his eye fell on a note on the table. A dirty, smudged note it was, and, as he read it, he gritted his teeth with rage. It was brief: "If you wish your sweetheart to live," it ran, "meet me at the corner of Symonds Street and Alfred Street at 5.30 to-night."

THE RED

Ah, it had been well done! With the devilish cunning so common amongst those not quite right mentally, the Red Hand had worked his scheme. As Gertrude had come out from work he must have caught her—must have

carried her off. Even now she might be in agony—might be dying.

He snatched up his hat and coat and, without waiting even to brush his hair, rushed into the street. He looked at his watch and with a gasp of dismay noted that he had only ten minutes—and nearly a quarter of a mile to walk. There was no time to take a tram—he was in a hurry. As he walked he thanked his stars that he was a member of a tramping club and was ready for such a time as this.

At the corner of Symonds Street and Alfred Street stood a figure enveloped in a dirty yellow overall pulled up over his face. In his right hand he held an ugly looking pistol, and in his left a terrified Gertrude.

Almost on the tick of seven, Novel strode up, hot and panting after his exertion. As he came level with the corner, the Red Hand lifted up the pistol and pulled the trigger. There was a gasp and a horrible cry and he pitched forward on his face.

Gertrude rushed into Novel's arms. "How did you do it, dear?" she gasped.

"I didn't," he said, his mouth full of hair, "he did it himself. On that day he looked in the window and listened, I changed the plans and he manufactured a pistol that shot backwards."

LIFE

(N.B.—In this school of poetry the form of the verse expresses the mood of the poet.)

Hungry—waken,
smelling bacon,
which, added to some eggs and marmalade and bread,
contrives to make me feel I have been fed,
but that sensation soon is fled,
and Famine's ghastly tread
finds me instead
half dead.
But morning-tea and bun
carry me on
till luncheon, which consists of soup and salad and a pie,
in no small measure helps to fortify me for the waste of arid, dry investigations scholarly,
which occupy my idle hours till cake and tea at half-past three help me
to live till dinner comes to soothe my pain
and at the College Cafe I obtain a meal which will suffice, tho' plain,
to help me bear the strain till home again
amain
to dine once more on left-overs, not wisely, but too well,
and so to bed, to hear once more, in dreams, the breakfast bell!

—UNSATISFIED.

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GRADUATION

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EVENT OF THE YEAR

GRADUATION BALL

For the first time Graduation Ball will this year be held in the College Hall. Graduates and students need, however, have no misgivings as to the quality of the affair which is confidently expected will exceed that of previous years.

A special committee has been appointed to arrange decorations on a lavish scale, and set up cubicles in two of the upstairs lecture rooms. The French lecture room is to be used as a supper-room where a sumptuous repast will be served from 10 p.m. until 11.30 p.m.

Dancing will begin at 8.30 and continue till 2 a.m., when hot soup

will be distributed, also on a lavish scale. The music will be supplied by the Dixieland International Band which will render all the latest hits as well as many of the old favourites.

From this description it will be seen that all classes will be thoroughly satisfied. The aesthetic taste of the artistically minded, the rhythmic susceptibilities of the dance fiend, and the gastronomic capacities of the gourmand have been catered for on a scale hitherto unattempted in this College.

Remember the date!

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14th.

Double Ticket, 10/6.

Single Ticket, 7/6.

For invitations both for students and non-students apply to the Librarian or the Secretary, Mr. A. R. Hill.

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