



CRACCUM

FINAL
EDITION

Weather: Spring (surprises)

Temperature: Slight Relapse.

VOL. V. No. 10

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1931.

PRICE 3d.

THE NEW EXECUTIVE



Back: Messrs. Grey, Paterson, Miss Court, Messrs. Postlewaite and Hill.
Middle: Messrs. Harkness, Blow, Miss Turner, Messrs. Robins and Mulgan.
Front: Miss Archibald, Mr. Bertram, Mr. Sullivan, Miss Mulgan.

A YOUNG TEAM

A heavier poll than usual was recorded this year and resulted in the election of the following to the Executive for 1931-32:—Misses S. B. Archibald, B.A., E. R. Court, B.A., and D. F. Mulgan. Messrs. E. H. Blow, B.A., R. F. A. Grey, E. W. Harkness, A. R. Hill, J. A. Mulgan, E. B. Paterson and E. D. Robins, M.A., M.Sc. All the above have had experience on student clubs and committees, and five have served previously on the Executive. A pleasing feature is that the majority are young students and are therefore closely in touch with the mass of the College.

The following portfolios have been allotted:—

President: Mr. Sullivan,

Vice-Presidents: Miss Turner, Mr. Blow.

Secretary: Mr. Bertram.

Treasurer: Mr. Postlewaite (Business Manager).

External Affairs: Mr. Sullivan.

Publications: Mr. Mulgan.

Social: Mr. Blow.

Men's House: Mr. Paterson.

Women's House: Miss Turner.

Tournament: Mr. Grey.

Sport: Mr. Mulgan.

Legal Affairs: Mr. Hill.

Property: Miss Mulgan, Mr. Harkness.

Records: Miss Archibald.

N.U.S.: Mr. Robins.

WOMEN'S HOUSE COMMITTEE

Misses Archibald, Court, Mulgan, Milne, Robertson, B. Warren, R. Gorrie, and R. Macky.

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CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

The following Committee has been approved by the Executive:—

President: Mr. A. B. Thompson.

Secretary: Mr. R. W. Lowry.

Business Manager: Mr. A. P. Postlewaite.

Committee: Messrs. A. K. Turner, J. A. S. Coppard, J. N. Wilson, A. Curnow, and Messrs. Bertram and Sullivan (ex-officio).

ROUND THE CLUBS

Football Club: Saturday, September 26th, First Annual Smoke Concert, Men's Common Room, 7.45 p.m. Admission, by invitation, 2/-. Footballers support your Club!

Athletic Club: To-night, Thursday. Annual General Meeting—Election of Officers for 1932. Room 17, 8 p.m.

Cricket Club: To-night, Thursday. Annual General Meeting—Election of officers for 1931-32 season. Room 19, 8 p.m.

Literary Club: To-night, Thursday. Annual General Meeting. Election of Officers for 1932. Room 37, 8 p.m. Supper.

Tennis Club: Thursday next, September 24th. Annual General Meeting. Election of Officers for 1932. Room 19, 8 p.m.

CONGRATULATIONS

Heartiest congratulations come from A.U.C. on Ron. Bush's unique debut as a New Zealand rep. To score double figures in one's first All Black game and literally win a Test Match is certainly no everyday occurrence, and when a fine all-round display is added it makes the feat unequalled in New Zealand, or at least we are bold enough, without looking up our fathers' old annuals or consulting "Ponty," to say so.

Ron. seems bigger and fitter than ever, and at his present rate seems likely to keep a stranglehold on the All Black full-back position for some time to come.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT
YOUR COPY OF "KIWI"
YET?
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THE SCORE BOARD

VARSITY ON THE PLAYING FIELDS

A BRIEF REVIEW

FOOTBALL

A very successful season has been recorded, with six teams playing in the A.R.U. Championships. The First XV., playing Senior A, started off with five successive wins, and then the rot began and it suffered three successive defeats at the hands of Training College, Ponsonby and Tech. Old Boys respectively. It retrieved itself by two fine wins over Grammar (who actually won the Championship) and an exciting draw with Ponsonby, and finished second on the list.

The following players represented Auckland during the season: V. C. Butler, W. M. Milliken, K. D. Anderson, T. H. Caughey, W. L. Barker and R. S. Stacey. Five members, R. W. Peacocke, G. McVeagh, W. Edwards, D. Carter and W. L. Barker, played for the University team in Sydney.

The Senior B team began well, but chopping and changing soon told their tale. During the absence of the N.Z.U. team in Australia the A's called heavily on the B's, with disastrous results.

The Second Grade A team had a very successful season and won the B Section without a play-off. In the Semi-Finals it beat Tech. Old Boys, and in the Final drew 3-3 with Ponsonby.

The other teams, Second Colts, Thirds, and Third Intermediates, played consistently and came well up in their respective grades.

MEN'S HOCKEY

A fairly successful season is chronicled, with an outstanding record by the Second A eleven, which won the Second Grade Championship without a loss, finishing six points ahead of the runner-up.

The Seniors fared badly in the Championship, having to descend to fifth place, but they made amends by a series of wins in the Devonport Shield Competition, which is still undecided, though 'Varsity was beaten last week.

During the season four members represented Auckland, while M. Bay gained his N.Z.U. Blue.

At the N.Z.U. Tournament, Auckland lost 1-5 to Otago, and beat Victoria 3-2.

No less than six members, Messrs.

Robinson, Fraser, Brodie, Ross, Floyd and Taylor, played in the Junior Reps.

3A lost only one game, but had several draws and finished second. Three of this team played for the Third Grade Reps.

BASKETBALL

Another successful season has passed, the most outstanding success being the decisive victories of the Tournament team at Dunedin at Easter. Canterbury were defeated and Otago.

The Senior Blue team played 14 competition games, winning 12 and losing 2. It finished runner-up just one point behind Grammar Blue. The Senior Whites played 14, won 11, drew 1, and lost 2, and finished third, a point behind the Blues.

The Colts played 10, won 1, drew 2 and lost 7.

The Senior B team, as usual, was heavily drawn on and nearly always played short.

During the season Misses G. L. McIntosh, J. A. Alison, Y. Orbell and N. Gallagher played in the Auckland reps. team, of which Miss McIntosh was captain.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

The Senior team has at least a consistent record, having won 3 games, drawn 3 and lost 3. It did not take part in the N.Z.U. Tournament, as a team of sufficient strength could not be got away. Miss M. Mawson gained a College Blue and was selected for the Auckland City rep. team. Several players represented the Collegiate team during the Country Week Tournament.

A junior team composed mostly of girls new to hockey, played consistently without winning many games.

CRICKET

The Seniors, who at one part of the season were leading, finished third in the A.C.A. Senior Competition. A notable event was the selection of A. M. Matheson for the New Zealand team which toured England.

The Third Grade team had a most successful season and won the C Section.

GRADUATION

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Craccum

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Unofficial Fortnightly of the Auckland
University College.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1931.

SWAN SONG

This is the last number of *Craccum* for the year. Already the first signs of spring are said to have been seen and our young men's and women's fancies are heavily turning to thoughts of swot. The library is filling rapidly, the lecture rooms are crowded, the Coffee Evening loses its glamour in the light of knowledge, and altogether the last lap has been well and truly entered upon.

A few brief weeks, and the Terms exams will be upon us, followed by a short spell of concentrated swot, and then the ordeal of degree will begin. And then the College will take its long slumber in preparation for the strenuous days of 1932, when—but we anticipate. Let us look back for a moment.

The College year has been a fairly eventful one, with one or two outstanding features. We opened with the bombshell of the bursary cut and a consequent reduction in roll numbers. Then, before we knew where we were, Easter and Tournament were with us. Our Tournament team was a small one, and as it had to travel to the other end of the Dominion, no one expected wonderful things of it. It rose to the occasion nobly, however, and retained the Shield. Our basket-ballers were the only ones to score a straight-out win, and Auckland's unbroken series of victories was maintained.

A notable feature of the second half of the first term was the "Varsity 'Cheer Up' Procession, in which several hundred students took part. This was an excellently conducted piece of fun which showed that students can still be trusted with the freedom of Queen Street for an hour or two. In May, Dr. Koo, the noted Chinese scholar and lecturer, visited the College and gave two very interesting and instructive addresses. The Harrier Club was formed and held its initial run during the last week of the Term.

On Saturday, May 16th, "Frenzy," this year's Carnival Play, began its season. The play was one of the best we have done in recent years, but many things combined to cause poor houses, and the venture resulted in a loss of about fifty pounds. During the holidays the N.Z.U. team, containing five Aucklanders, went across to Sydney, and after several hard games and a victory over New South

Wales, returned undefeated. At Christchurch the N.Z.U. Hockey Tournament took place, A.U.C. having a loss and a win. M. Bay gained his N.Z.U. Blue in these contests.

One of the big events of the Second Term was the visit of the Debating Team from the University of Oregon in July. A public debate at the Town Hall resulted in a fine win for Auckland, and was the only one in which the visitors were defeated in New Zealand. As a result of this debate the Blind Institute benefited to the extent of fifty pounds. Things pursued very much the even tenor of their way after this, the only other social event of note being the Capping Ceremony and the Graduation Ball.

Over a hundred and thirty graduates received their degrees, and the majority were present at the ball, which was held for the first time in the College and proved an unqualified success.

The last week of the Term saw the Executive Elections, and the return by a substantial margin of Mr. M. G. Sullivan as President for 1931-32.

Craccum looks back with mixed feelings. Sales prove that it has remained popular with her two hundred and fifty odd who buy it. Sometimes the tone has been extremely light, sometimes articles have aroused sections of the students to protest, but on the whole the paper has been well received. We feel that it has served a useful purpose and that the labour and tears expended on its fortnightly production have not been given in vain.

To the incoming Editor and his Committee we offer our best wishes for the success of *Craccum* 1932, and hope that their association with the College "rag" will prove as pleasant as ours has been.

To the College as a whole and to the loyal students who have supported it, *Craccum* says au revoir, hoping for continued patronage in the future. We wish all examinees the very best of luck between now and November, and hope that they will put it across the learned professors of the University to the same extent that those gentlemen have complained about in the past.

We cannot close without acknowledging the courtesy, assistance and efficient service of the Dawson Printing Company, to whom *Craccum* 1931 in many more ways than one owes its very existence. Now, as Bede said, "It is finished."

THE RUAPEHU TRAGEDY

Craccum wishes to express, on behalf of the Students' Association, its deepest sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Stanton in their great loss. The College has suffered a great loss, too, for young men of Warwick Stanton's type can ill be spared. A fine scholar and a clean limbed athlete with an enthusiasm for many branches of student service. It is hard to realise that a life with such promise has been cut short.

The College must also publicly acknowledge its gratitude to the searchers who put everything else aside during the grim fortnight. We know that the public looks to us for some expression of thanks, and we give them now—a feeble expression perhaps—but there is sincerity behind it.

Some tangible expression of gratitude—feeble again perhaps—has come from the College Subscription List, which was opened for a few days last week. Twelve pounds is a poor sum beside the hundreds which the search has cost, but the Association feels that it is the spirit and not the amount of the donation which expresses our true feelings. We hope the public will think so too.

YESTERDAYS

Have They a Message for To-day
and To-morrow?

Looking back in 1749, Bolingbroke said that there was scarcely anything around him but ruin and despair. Pitt and Walpole expressed themselves in similar terms.

Wilberforce in the early 1800's said he dare not marry, the future was so dark and unsettled.

Lord Grey, in 1819, said he believed that everything was pointing to a convulsion.

Disraeli, in 1849, said in industry, commerce and agriculture there was no hope.

The Duke of Wellington, in 1852, on the eve of his death, said: Thank God he would be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that was spreading around us.

Lord Shaftesbury, in 1868, said that nothing would save the British Empire from shipwreck, and, coming more to our own times, they had Mr. Joseph Chamberlain saying in 1902 that the Country was done, and now in 1931, politicians of all shades and colours are singing the same dismal song.

NOW READ THIS

"The present moment is one of great distress. But how small will that distress appear when we think over the history of the last forty years: a war, compared with which all other wars sink into insignificance; a taxation, such as the most heavily taxed people of former times could not have conceived; a debt larger than all the public debts that ever existed in the world added together; the food of the people studiously rendered dear; the currency imprudently debased and improvidently restored.

"Yet, is the country poorer than it was forty years ago? We fully believe that, in spite of all the misgovernment of her rulers, she has been almost constantly becoming richer and richer. Now and then there has been a stoppage, now and then a short retrogression, but as to the general contingency there can be no doubt. A single breaker may recede, but the tide is evidently coming in."

Who wrote this, and when?

(For the answer see page 4)

CORRESPONDENCE

(To the Editor)

Sir,—Appended to an article on "A Future for our Language Departments" in *Kiwi*, is a note intended to remove possible misunderstandings. May I suggest that this note itself quite unwittingly tends to obscure the issue.

Now an English Honours student, at least at Oxford and Cambridge, is on a very different footing from a New Zealand Honours student. At those Universities every student taking an Arts course may be described as an "Honours" student.

My rather loose phrase, "combine teaching with literary work," surely does not leave the conception that in an ideal system these two would be synonymous. To this contention the case of Lascelles Abercrombie offers no effective answer. Then, nowhere did I claim that our professors merely mention Goethe, Anatole France and Tennyson. I merely suggested that there is evident unwillingness to treat of authors whose claims to fame are not based upon the approbation of past generations.

Finally, I wish to make it quite clear that the article intended no reflections upon the capacity or efficiency of our staffs. For their work, usually carried out under difficult and dispiriting conditions, I have the highest regard. It was not persons, but an out-of-date system and inadequate conception that I was attacking.—I am, etc.

J. BENNETT.

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For Warwick Stanton

A REMINISCENCE AND AN APPRECIATION

Set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

—A. E. HOUSMAN.

On an athlete dying young.

The circumstances of Warwick Stanton's death on Ruapehu (for death it must be) will hardly bear thinking about. But some things are left to remember. And "remember," so often a fatal word, has a charmed significance here.

We were boarders together at school (though I was a couple of years his senior), and that time is still so near that it seems only yesterday. When he first came, he was quiet and a little shy, but games brought him out of himself, and he soon proved a promising athlete. I remember him in those days as perhaps the youngest spirit in that little world. He had all the normal passions of youth—its sense of adventure, its gay enthusiasms, its no less charming seriousness—and some rather rarer ones. I think he was very happy at school; he was always happy, for he put so much into life that he got more back out of it than most of us. Pictures come thronging of a dark-haired, sun-browned youngster with a clean runner's build, pictures that are inevitably mixed up with games practice, and green-and-gold hours in the baths, and long autumn evenings when there was nothing better to do than knock a golf-ball round the playing fields. I can still see him running with the red jerseys down a country lane, or pyjama-clad in the moonlight in a dormitory rag, or standing up to speak in Big Room in his first senior debate. Such memories are part of the common heritage of youth; these are somehow more precious since he shared them, was in them.

I left a year before he did; but remember hearing in Auckland that he had won the school half-mile, and set a record that will last for many a day to come. One could guess at all that had gone to that (half-milers are made as well as born); and it seemed a full close to his school career. Those who knew Warwick Stanton must remember his capacity for sticking out—he always got his return in at tennis, always kept a spurt for the finish. He took games seriously, though not too seriously, and kept himself trained to a hair in season and out; in his two short years at 'Varsity he was the incarnation of physical fitness. I suppose he was a natural runner; but he had the grace and ease of movement of a trained athlete, and stripped, he had the lithe beauty of a Greek marble. An early 'Varsity memory—one that others, too, must share—is of his winning the Freshers' Half-Mile in 1930, after a splendid race. On leaving school he took up golf; but he played football regularly in the Third Intermediates, and last year he won the Novices' Sprint in the Swimming Carnival.

The two years Warwick Stanton spent as an undergraduate in Auckland made him many new friends; they meant a renewed pleasure to his older ones. He was a keen Law student,

and secured excellent passes in his first year, winning the Butterworth Prize in Constitutional History. In student affairs he took an active part, especially in the Law Society and the S.C.M., and his enthusiasm and energy here, as everywhere, were infectious. All these things mean little, perhaps, in the telling—they do not express him, as a single remembered tone or gesture expresses him. But they stand bluntly to his credit, and they are the proof, if proof were needed, that the brief life cut off on Ruapehu was one of rare promise, and of no mean achievement. It is as certain as any of these things can be certain, that Warwick

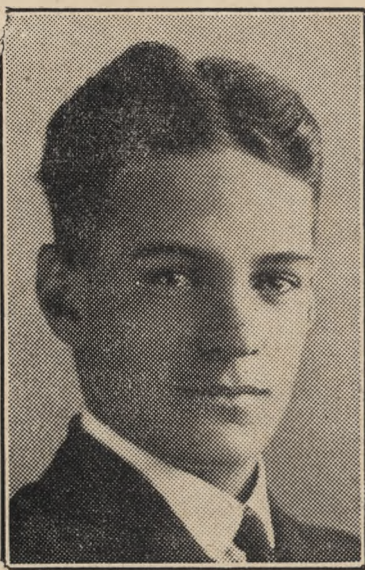


Photo Courtesy "Star."

Stanton would have made a fine lawyer, and a finer citizen. We must not be tempted to think lightly of our loss.

One thing more I would like to say of him. Warwick Stanton accepted life more completely and unquestioningly than anyone else I have known. And by this (though I do not know that he ever thought about it) he was nearer the great secret of the Art of Life, that redeems the Pain of it with the Beauty. In no self-conscious romantic way, he "lived deep, and let the lesser things live long." They will not trouble him now, those lesser things; and we that are left will take from him strength and fineness and courage to carry on. If he is a symbol—and he must always be a symbol for some of us—it is of all the clean and lovely things of youth, the wonder and the ardour and the joy. Anyone who was ever out tramping with Warwick Stanton will remember how he always went on ahead—it was one of the most characteristic things about him. He went on ahead on Ruapehu; and now he has gone on ahead of all of us, leaving us the poorer indeed for his loss, but the

richer and the gladder for his way-faring.

I cannot forget how we went to buy a watch together, just before he went up to National Park. That watch is ticking on my wrist as I write; the mate of it, somewhere on Ruapehu, does not tick. . . . But if a watch has stopped, and a life stopped with it, it is for us to keep a memory alive. It may be we can learn from a death; it is very certain we can learn from a life. "If I were ambitious," wrote one who has greatly toiled for the generations, "I would desire no finer epitaph than that it should be said of me: 'He has added a little to the sweetness of the world, and a little to its light.'" I do not think it is an extravagance of friendship to claim that epitaph for Warwick Stanton. And for this that we take from him, there is an infinite obligation. Pray God we be not unworthy.

—J.M.B.

MORE NOTES FROM ABROAD

The following extracts are from Percy Minn's letter which unfortunately arrived too late for inclusion in *Kivi*.

"My first year is over now—it has gone like a flash—and when I look back I find I have crammed a good deal into it. Since last August 1st I have traversed half the globe to England, toured Ireland, made a "Rugger" trip to Bordeaux, another to Biarritz and Pau, spent three weeks at Nice on the Riviera, plumbed the depths of Parisian life, and am now spending the long sixteen weeks vac. doing the 'Grand Tour.' I have enjoyed life at Oxford immensely. It is certainly a grand spot. My college, Balliol, is one of the soundest—in the first rank all round. I am more than pleased to be there because that very fact alone carries a great deal of weight in England. We have two Rugger Blues—Butts Lamport and myself—and two Cricket Blues—including the Nawab of Patandi who got the record score against the 'Tabs.'

"It was a grand show—our cricket win over the 'Tabs.' Tab-slogging is our toast. I think we will beat them at Rugby next season. Last season we drew 3 all—we gave them a big shock right from the jump and should have scored three tries in the first twenty minutes. Our captain—Steve Hofmeyer was a grand man—a South African—a wonderful leader and the possessor of a wonderful repertoire of songs! Next season

Bill Roberts, the fly-half, is skipper, and Butts Lamport secretary. We have the makings of a sound side, I think, better than last year. We will have much stronger entries, including Stanley Osler. I hope Butts Lamport strikes form. He is definitely slower in getting the ball away than during the N.Z. tour in 1929. He played wonderful football against us at Auckland then. I was not pleased with my own form last season either. I'm certain it takes time to get acclimatised as all the overseas students have the same trouble. Oxford, especially, has a terribly enervating climate.

"At the University I'm reading the Honours School of Philosophy, Politics and Economics—the most comprehensive general course in Oxford at the moment. It includes a knowledge of History and two Modern Languages. I have French and am now over here in Bavaria trying to get hold of the German. I sit for my trials next June, so till then I have to go like mad.

"This long vacation is proving a most enjoyable one. The first fortnight I spent in London, during which time I saw the Test. It was a great show. 'Dad' Weir gave a fine all-round display. I was sorry Mathy could not play as he would have proved very useful. I had a very enjoyable time seeing all the boys at the *Great Central*, Marylebone—I finally slept the night in 'Budge' Hintz's room—he had an engagement. I'm trying to meet 'Dad' in Paris for a few days at the end of the tour, and show him the Eiffel Tower and a few other things.

"After leaving London I spent ten days in Dorset with one of Lady Frances Ryder's hostesses. Lady Frances is a wonderful woman, and

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most hospitable to us from down under. I had a grand time in Dorset—it is one of the loveliest of the counties.

"I set out for Germany with a South Australian Rhodes Scholar a fortnight ago travelling via Tilbury to Dunkirk and thence to Cologne. From Cologne I went up the Rhine past Bonn and Coblenz to Mainz—a most interesting trip. The river seethes with life—a constant stream of heavily-laden barges passing down from Mainz to Heidelberg, beautifully set on two hillsides with the Isar dashing down in between to join the Rhine at Mannheim. Then crossing the Danube at Ulm and on to Munich. Here we stay for three weeks and then go on to Garmisch about fifty miles south in the Tyrol.

"On August 31st I go to Geneva through Sir Thomas Wilford, who is doing great work over here as High Commissioner. I've landed a three-weeks' job there as New Zealand observer at the League. Not a great amount of work, free entrance to all meetings, and 800 Swiss marks (£32) into the bargain! It's a wonderful opportunity and I'm going to make the most of it.

"Things are very difficult over here politically. The French seem to be responsible for a lot of the trouble. They are rather selfish, full of enmity towards the Germans and determined to exact the last pound of flesh. They are going to be a very disturbing factor. The Germans are excellent people, extremely friendly towards the English and wonderfully thorough in all they do.

"Well, hoping you will remember me to all, I'll say, 'Gute nacht! Aufwiderschen.'"

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THE ALARM CLOCK

Alf Onslow was always late. The manager of the Phoenix Clock Company, where he had a position as a canvasser, was continually complaining about the late hour at which he arrived at the office in the mornings. Nine o'clock was the time when he was supposed to start on his daily round, but of late it had been nearly ten before he had started out from house to house, explaining to the house-holders the merits of the Phoenix Alarm Clock. For the benefit of those not acquainted with this charming little invention, it might be stated that an alarm clock is an instrument designed to exude, at a given hour in our slumbers, a most distasteful ringing sound, and thus introduce us to the Arctic-like atmosphere of the early morning. Incidentally, it might be stated that, if at some unexpected moment any alarm clock were to repeat all that had ever been addressed to it, it would be safe to say that even the worthy Barnacle Bill would be able to pick up a few points—but that is irrelevant.

The Phoenix Clock Company were very proud of their alarm clocks, and, of course, Alf Onslow shared in their pride. They were neat little things . . . very cheap . . . guaranteed never to fail you . . . absolutely dependable . . . very well, madam, I'll call some other time.

The likelihood of Alf Onslow's continuing in the employment of the company was very questionable when once again he was brought before the manager for lateness. The manager was a very busy man and wasted no words.

"Onslow," he said, "you were late again this morning. What excuse have you to offer?"

The tide of Onslow's sea of excuses was, by now, definitely out, but he resolved to do his best.

"Well, sir,—" "You slept in again, eh?" "Er—"

"H'm," came from the manager. He paused for a moment and surveyed the man before him. "Isn't there anybody at your home," he continued, "who could wake you up in the mornings, if you can't wake up yourself?"

"No, sir. I—"

"Well, why haven't you got an alarm clock, then! Here you are, every day telling our customers how wonderful the 'Phoenix' is, and you don't own one yourself! Get one, then, and if you don't turn up on time to-morrow—you know what to expect!"

"Yes, sir."

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EIGHT
STORES

AUCKLAND

EIGHT
STORES

"QUALITY AND SERVICE"

Accordingly, Onslow placed a "Phoenix" on the table next to his bed that night, and having set the alarm for 7.30 a.m. went to bed.

Next morning, when he was awakened at 12.15 by the alarm bell, he knew that it was no use going to the office—they wouldn't listen to him!

—MAC. R.

STUDENTS!

Remember

Your Cafeteria

Needs You.

And you need the Cafeteria
Three Courses for 1/-.

BIHEBDOMADAL HOWLERS

Professor (discussing an Elizabethan play): "I've never seen this play acted and I'm quite sure it hasn't been done for the last two hundred years."

* * *

Extract from fourth form essay: "There are about a hundred aggravates this year at the University."

—T.G.S.

WHO WROTE THIS?

—Macaulay, in the "Edinburgh Review," January, 1830.

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