

## CAPPING NUMBER



A.U.C.'s Unofficial Monthly Magazine.

Vol. VI. No. 2.

May 10th, 1932

## Editorial

### The Student Constable

An eventful April did not pass without leaving its mark upon this College, and the echoes have not yet died away. We suppose that it was a fine sight to see the student masses rallying to the cause of law and order but it had the effect of leaving our Editorial personage rather cold. It is perhaps rather too much to expect of students that they should realize the issues involved in their actions but one can at least look for something more than childish irresponsibility. The average student would start a riot anywhere at any time merely by swinging his baton and looking as foolish as he habitually does. Our sympathies would be with the rioters. The University special constables were definitely hoping that something would happen and it made our Editorial blood run cold to hear their threats of what they would do when it did. Curiously enough, the only students who saw anything of the street fighting were considerably milder in their outlook when they returned and we are tempted to wonder how many of our warlike children would have been on parade again after a few similar experiences.

As some one, a little older and wiser than the majority of us put it—"The students are very quick to organise themselves to fight the unemployed—what organisation have they on foot to help them?" Perhaps our noble specials who so readily donned badge and arm-band to die for their king and Mr. Forbes, have now realized that their only duty was to protect property, and they have perhaps realized also, some of the problems that thousands of poor and honest people are facing in Auckland today. But we very much doubt it.

### Professor Grossman

The circumstances under which Professor Grossman has left this College are, to say the least of it, unfortunate, but they concern the student even less than they do the *N.Z. Observer*.

From a purely student point of view we cannot but regret the loss of a Professor who, in his relations with his students, was extremely helpful and inspiring, and who exerted an extraordinary influence upon the thought and studies of those under him. As a lecturer we have lost



a man whose like we shall probably not see again, and his enthusiasm for the things of which he spoke was too real to be ignored. He never forgot a student and was at all times approachable, while the wide number of subjects which he had studied and mastered enabled him to help his students in many ways, beyond his own particular subject. Outside the classroom, his interest in tennis will be particularly remembered, and his absence from many other fields of College life will be noticed with regret.

A letter has been sent from the Executive embodying these sentiments.

## What's Wrong With This College?

### I. WOMEN

Periodically someone with more sense than heart delivers himself of a violent onslaught on the University woman—and we presume that there is such a thing by the very fact of the outburst—and then the cheering and the shouting dies and all is peace once more in the looted city. But this time so virulent will be the onslaught, and so bitter the feelings roused by the article that I propose to write, that no self-respecting woman will be able to look herself in the face again. This will be a good thing.

Women are all very well in their place, but it is the object of this article to show that this is not the place for them. Whether or not there is any place to which they can be definitely said to belong is rather too big a question for the writer of this to deal with at the moment, involving as it does a certain knowledge of both metaphysics and zoology. No one will deny that a College is primarily a place for study, and both the men and women in this College fall automatically into two groups, the students and the semi—or quasi—students. Now a man who does not want to work does very little harm to his fellows. He plays poker and wears a track between the Grand Hotel and the Common-room and generally behaves like a rational human being; but a woman with a distaste for work does none of these things. Instead, she regards the place as a sort of grand social club. She loiters in the passages and giggles in the cloisters; she

holds afternoon tea parties for her friends and thinks nothing of shrieking across the cafeteria; she gazes at men and holds animated conversations with them all over the building; three women of this class can thoroughly destroy in five minutes the academic atmosphere of the library, while one alone can wreck any lecture. And the result of all this is that the morale of the men of this College is being gradually undermined. To-day it is practically nonexistent. And all for nothing—what's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba, so to speak. Aren't there enough Bible Class socials, and Higher Thought leagues, and Tramping Clubs—to say nothing of the Amateur Operatic's annual production—all specially constituted to act as social institutions and general matrimonial bureaus for all these young idiots? Why pick on the University?

And on the other side of the ledger are the real student-women, the high-brows who, having a few brains, have been seized with a desire to use them. They have my best wishes and my sympathy. The work that they do, in nine cases out of ten, will be of little use to them, and very often a positive handicap in life. The strain under which they work makes them nervous, irritable and short-sighted. And as a result of all this they usually cease to be attractive to men, which, while admitting that men are poor fish, is a pity for both parties. Higher education for women, by all means, but why not an education on more generous and cultural lines which would keep them sweet and womanly, instead of an education which makes them masses of useless technical information. A man who studies, for example, advanced physics, has some prospect of using his knowledge, but how many women who light-heartedly embark on the same course have any desire or, indeed, intention, of devoting their lives to science. Why, in other words, should a woman, the Mistress of Hearts, seek or aspire to be Mistress of Arts?

In between these two nasty cases are about six students who are lucky enough to be able to combine study with a normal balance of mind. This is a hard thing for a man to do, but it is a virtual impossibility for a woman; and I fear that every woman who has been weak-minded enough to read as far as this will now set herself down as one of the six. But be careful—six is a generous estimate. Some of my friends tell me there aren't any at all.



## Stick No Bills

Students will have been pleased to notice the last effort of the *hoi en te lei* to bring more joy into our dull lives. How often must students, leaving their pleasant homes in far-off lands, have been appalled by the bleakness and bareness of our College building, by the absence of that home-away-from-home touch that means so much and costs so little, and how often must they have sighed for "light, more light"—the inspiring slogan of the School Journal. What though our Alma Mater be a "gem of architecture," it avails little if its walls be bare and cheerless; or what use Miss Bourne's motherly greeting in the College office if the corridors are chill and draughty. So it is with considerable pleasure that we welcome the Society for the Prevention of Bare Spaces upon the College walls. Although only founded a few weeks ago the Society has already done good work. Several of the more gaunt pillars and blank white-washed walls have been decorated with dainty little notices in an original black and white colour scheme. There is a lack of variety in the Society's work at present—the majority of these captions merely enjoin the student to move on to other pastures, but the movement is yet young, and we hope for great things. Contracts, we understand, are being let for the complete papering of the cloisters with selections from the more interesting portions of the New Zealand University Calendar, and experts are at work on a scheme for decorating the pillars in the central hall with pink entry forms. The bareness of lecture rooms has not escaped the vigilant enthusiasm of the society, and excerpts from past lectures are to be stencilled round the plaster work, and engraved where possible on the desks. It is understood that the executive committee of this Society will conduct a drive shortly to provide funds for the furtherance of its scheme. Contributions of five or ten shillings are payable now to the College office.

## GRADUATION BALL

PETER PAN, MAY 12th.

Double 10/6.

## Carnival Play

After many delays and postponements—the majority of them unavoidable and not unconnected with riots—the Carnival Committee is able to announce the definite dates of its Production. *The Goat's Train* will run from June 20th. to the 25th. at the Concert Chamber. It is felt that the fact that it is being held during term will mean a greater student attendance, and the decision of the Executive to give all profits to charity will provide it with a worthy object and justify the production in the eyes of the outside world.

## The Harrier Club

The rainy season is coming, and with it our activities start. Let us at least be allowed to deplore the fact that the uninitiated are prone to associate us with tin-hares. Having put our house in order at the Annual Meeting, and having elected that stalwart of 'Varsity athletics, G. J. Sceats, as the first Life Member of the Club, we are now well started on our training runs. The Club is numerically the strongest in the Province and should do well. For those who do not want to race, medium and slow packs are formed, so that there is no fear of anyone being left out of the fun. If you come for a run one Saturday you will not regret it—at least we hope not.

## LITERARY CLUB

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11th.

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Mr. Monro will read a paper on  
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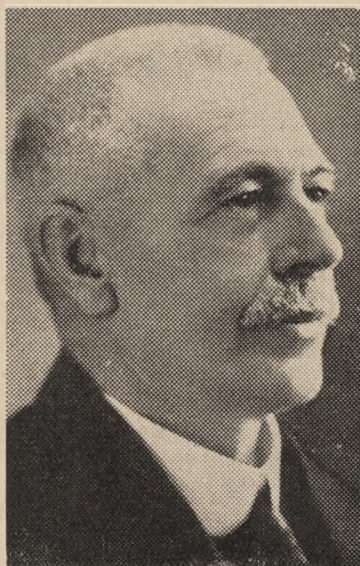
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# GRADUATION CEREMONY

## PROGRAMME

1. Grand entry of Graduates at 2.30 p.m. to tune of *Gaudeamus*.
2. Still grander entry of Official procession shortly afterwards.  
(Both these well worth watching. All the rest of the entertainment is of a serious nature.)
3. At this stage The President of the College will make a short speech. Inset, Sir George Fowlds just before making his speech.



*Professor Burbidge.*

## A History of Capping Celebrations

To the People of Auckland,

As this is probably the last time that you will ever see this delightful and antiquated ceremony performed at exactly the same time

4. Conferring—or should it be conference?—of degrees in the following order, Arts, Science, Law, Commerce, Engineering and Architecture. Spectators are asked to note particularly the new style of headlocks introduced into this ceremony last year.
5. Following a brief interval the Chairman of the Professorial Board will make a still shorter speech. No applause by request. Below. Professor Burbidge making his speech.
6. Humorous element introduced for the first time by the calling upon Mr. Sullivan, President of the Students Association, recently returned from a lecturing tour of Christchurch, to say a few words to the crowd. Below. Mr. Sullivan, body marked with a cross.
7. God Save the King.



*The Boy President.*



and in exactly the same way, you are urged to take a good look at it. Next year, if the College still stands where she did and does, we may have our big night, of which there has been so much talk and so little execution. Just picture it, ladies and gentlemen, the Town Hall one big blaze of light, and this charming and antiquated ceremony lasting from 8 till 10 p.m., followed by—but you'd never guess—a Ball and all this in honour of the College's Jubilee year. Whoopee, as the Americans say. And if things seem a little quiet this year, well aren't we all? But next year, or at any rate sometime, or perhaps only never, we are going to have a really good time. And won't that just be nice?

### "Ballade Against Doctors."

(With apologies to G.K.C.)

God made the wicked doctors  
Upon some wicked plan  
To wrack the bodies and the souls  
Of His imperfect man.  
And while the sun is glowing  
And gently falls the rain,  
The doctor comes to mock us  
And make us groan again.

The doctor, he discloses  
His plots in different ways;  
He poses and he poses  
Upon alternate days.  
And though he come with physic,  
With powder, or with pill,  
Yet, all the same, his greatest joy  
Is laughing at the ill.

Now men may see his black frock coat  
And trousers with their stripe;  
The doctor chuckles gloatingly  
Until his plan is ripe.  
He punches and he hits you,  
And slaps you on the chest,  
And rocks with evil laughter  
As he sees you there undressed.

The brutal doctor doctors,  
He leads you to the Styx—  
His minions in the chemist shops  
Sell ink at four and six,

And should this water kill you  
He'll wave his arms and sing,  
And as he writes his growing bill  
He cheers like anything.

The evil-hearted doctor  
May wave his stethoscope,  
His fondest motto always is,  
"Let's banish life from Hope,"  
Till *mortis in articulo*  
His patient then he sees,  
And after that the doctor  
Just gathers in his fees.

Some lucky day our stands may change,  
And then we'll give him beans;  
For then at last will come the end  
That justifies the means.  
And as he lies a-facing death,  
His top-hat by his bed,  
We'll shake our stethoscopes at him,  
And chuckle till he's dead.

—"NEPHROS."

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## Correspondence

(To the Editor,)

Sir,—In your last issue, "Libertino," in a mystical and totally obscure letter, tries to deliver an underhand blow to those who are, very properly, set in authority over us. These beings have decided, not without due thought and deliberation, to prohibit women smoking in the Women's Common Room, and again, very properly. Once smoke gets in, drink gets in; once drink gets in, why, anything may get in. The simple query is not "Should Women smoke?" but rather "Should women attend our University at all?" They have no use there. They are neither useful nor beautiful; neither things of glory or utility. Certainly the majority of University women *may* have some useful, albeit humble office in life. That, I would be the last to admit. Theirs is a plain, a very plain dignity. But it is unfitting in the groves of Academe as it is in the chorus of a musical comedy. As someone has so aptly said "Our University women either hang their sex about their necks or else have no sex to hang."

Trusting that you, Sir, will use your influence in the matter,

I am, etc.

AL. ARAAF.

(To the Editor,)

Sir,—It must be evident to any intelligent reader of our newspapers that the Cult of the Nude has, of late, been gaining rapidly in popularity throughout Europe. This, I think, can be attributed to the fact that the last shreds of Post-war Victorianism are being

torn apart. We rejoice, Sir, in this tendency towards a return to a more natural life. Is this University prepared to take a bold lead; to march in the van of progress, by forming a "Nudist Club," admission to refused only to Training College Students as tending to prevent its being regarded in a serious light? Thus we will keep before the citizens of Auckland our watchword of "Progress," manifested already in the gas-stove architecture of our Noble University and by the super-select band of literati within our all too unappreciative midst.

I am, etc.

PANTAGRUEL

### MUD FOR MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

(To the Editor.)

Sir.

Will you allow me space to howl with anguish over the present state of the Men's Common Room and to ask what the members of the Men's House Committee think they were appointed for? On Friday last, after a long absence, I was at College, and having an hour to waste I wandered into the Men's Common Room there to have a smoke and read the newspaper to while the time away. The condition of the place angered and disgusted me. The furniture was scattered helter-skelter through the room, with the piano pushed up against the wall at one end. The fireplace was full of luncheon rubbish and garbage. Two or three lights were out, the bulbs being missing. Cigarette ends and newspapers littered the floor, with never an ashtray to be seen. In a word the whole place was like the waiting-room at a fifth-rate boarding-house, only worse.

*The Drink of Drinks!*

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Contrast this with the condition of affairs some three or four years ago, when House-Committees understood their job and did it. It may still be remembered by some students that there have been House-Committees in the history of the College whose members took a pride in making the Common Room a place worth living in. It may be that the Women's House-Committee still preserve this idea, but the Men's Committee might just as well never have been appointed, if my observations on Friday were a fair sample of conditions at A.U.C.

Perhaps some member of the present Men's House-Committee, a little less lethargic and more self-respecting than the rest, reading these lines, will stir himself out of his smug self-complacent inaction and do something to restore to the Men's Common Room a little of the atmosphere which the original House-Committees of 1926-29 tried to create.

I am, etc.

ELDERLY GENT.

#### OUR RIOTERS

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In view of the rush of students to join the baton brigade recently formed for the stimulation of rioting, the latest addition to the furniture of the men's common room is very instructive. This is an enamel plaque bearing the curious inscription:—36 inside: 46 outside. It has obviously been wrested from a Wellington tramcar, and has been given a place of honour

next to the entirely superfluous directions about Aurora Terrace and Rolleston Avenue.

Now I begin to understand why the University and the special police have joined forces. It is rightly felt that the recent lamentable riot was a gross infringement on our prerogative as students. If this sort of thing is allowed to continue no-one will be able to distinguish a University man upholding the honour of his college at a tournament from an ordinary rough having a spree down town. We can congratulate ourselves on the firm stand we have taken, and that we have been successful in convincing the police that these disgraceful outbreaks will not be tolerated anywhere except at a University Night in a cabaret.

Yours etc.,

CRACK'EM.

#### OUR OBSCENITY

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—That "Craccum" is an unofficial publication and avowedly a seeker-out of dirt, is no excuse of obscenity. Your readers are of both sexes and various religious beliefs. To parade before them an error of typography and an accident of phraseology, which by implication becomes a vulgar insult to Christian belief and common morality, is worthy only of degeneracy.

If indecency is essential to "Craccum's" humour, then we may hope its intellectual barrenness will consign it to a speedy and well-merited oblivion.

Yours respectfully,

"AUGUSTINE."

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## OUR YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES— Some Unkind Thoughts on the "Phoenix"

the phoenix out monday: only a limited supply of capitals available.

\* \* \*

But a *leaven* of politics may help to ballast a publication . . .

\* \* \*

Where new and therefore advanced critics teach newer and therefore still more advanced children of genius to say "complex-complex-complex" until they say it all together and in exactly the same way, throughout the length and breadth of this land—which is the right meaning of "original" and "unconventional," isn't it, little ones?

—ALFRED NOYES.

\* \* \*

With little fear as to its effect upon our own circulation we welcome yet another University publication, the *Phoenix*, hot from the committee room and Caxton Lowry's reeking hands. A contributed review below deals faithfully with the *Phoenix*, and we offer our other poor scurrilities on the same subject with a humility which is on the Editor's part quite sincere, and with a slight feeling of added security in the thought that the *Phoenix's* authors may not bother to read them.

The first number of the "Phoenix" has exceeded and fallen below our expectations in no uncertain way. According to the editorial it sets out to be a literary magazine "with something of Dominion significance." I think there are few who will deny either the value of such a magazine or the possibility of its foundation in a University centre. The suggestion in some quarters that such an ambition is over-presumptuous, can only be taken seriously if there are others in the Dominion more qualified to carry out this aim and equally prepared to make the necessary effort. I do not know that there are such. Granting then the real worth of such an aim, how far is it furthered in the present number?

In the first place I think no one will deny the excellence of its form. In printing, design, arrangement and general lay-out, it is so singularly appropriate that there is no exaggeration in describing it as a work of art reflecting the greatest credit on the taste and discrimination of those responsible; and the flaws and inconsistencies to which the editorial draws attention are not important enough greatly to detract from the general impression which one receives.

It is regrettable that praise can go very little further. I have no intention of discussing each

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contribution separately, but there are one or two comments which I think should be made in certain cases and a general criticism of the whole content to be made finally.

First a reference to Mr. D'arcy Cresswell's "Welcome." After making all allowances for the invidious nature of his task, for the probability that it was impatiently conceived and hurriedly written, it remains an astounding fact that a man of literary tastes can produce such frothy rubbish and be guilty of such muddled thinking. It is impossible to understand how it escaped alive from an undoubtedly competent editorial staff, to find its way to the unsuspecting printer. For there are values greater even than that of courtesy.

Miss Rilda Gorrie's short story is memorable if only by reason of the fact that, with the exception of three and a half pages of verse, it is the only original literary contribution published. It is a pleasant story, but so simple that one suspects a deeper meaning than is apparent at a first reading. Searching for this, numerous possibilities present themselves, but none with sufficient certainty and clarity to be convincing.

Most of the other contributions are interesting, and Mr. Bennett's essay on the necessity of criticism is particularly delightful. But the graciousness of his style would be a delight, no matter what he wrote about, and though his subject is important, unavoidably we regret that he does not apply his skill in other directions.

That thought brings us to the general criticism forecast earlier in this review. It

amounts to this:—that in fifty-two pages of print there are only seven pages of what can truly be described as original literary work. The rest is introduction; or somebody's opinion of other people's original work; or notes and comments on somebody who has done original work in the past; or will do original work in the future; or somebody's translation of other people's original work; or an exposition of somebody's opinion about Russia or somebody else's opinion about criticism. Are these people dead that they should have to turn to others for their thoughts and feelings? Is their life nothing but a scrabbling among books—have they ideas only by proxy and emotions only vicariously? I do not believe it. Yet for all the evidence to the contrary in the Phoenix they might be cross-indexed animated libraries.

So while agreeing with Mr. Bennett on the necessity for criticism we think we are entitled to ask where, in the Phoenix, is the original work we are to criticise; and we would remind him that just as one can only become an artist by attempting artistic creation, so one will only become a critic if one restricts oneself to attempting criticism.

The fact is that there seems to us to have been an error in editorial policy. If the Phoenix is to be of any use to New Zealand literature at all, primarily it must collect and publish original literary work—work that is the delineation, the interpretation in the finest possible artistic form of the life that *we* are living—work that gathers, blends, moulds, and communicates experience in ways that will construct new meanings for us—meanings capable of

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immediate possession and enjoyment, and instrumental for further consumatory experience. If there is no such work there is no reason for the Phoenix to exist—if there is print it.

I would like to end this review with an appeal for recognition of the very real and valuable energy and enthusiasm which have gone into the production of the Phoenix. It may be that some readers, exasperated by the ungainly antics and various cries of the birds, are inclined promptly to wring its neck. Yet even a phoenix, new-risen from the fire, may without dishonour admit to a little huskiness of the throat and some stiffness of the joints. It is a beautiful bird and perhaps in the future it will learn to sing and to soar. For a year at least, or until we are sure it will do neither, I think it deserves our support.

JOHN DUMBLE.

## Came The Dawn

A POEM

In the cold and clammy dawn of yet another day  
Mr. Skyrme awakened with a feeling of dismay;  
A feeling of foreboding and a sense of something wrong,  
Perhaps another riot to disturb his peace and quiet.

He got him up with caution, he got him up with care.

Musing all the while on Hutchison the Mayor,  
Then he hurried him across to the student block.

Noting well the time by the watch-tower clock.  
He opened up the doors with considerable care  
Expecting p'raps to find—well, never you mind—

All seemed quiet and all seemed well,  
But then, of course, one never can tell.  
So he paused him awhile in his well-known style,

When suddenly, stopo-my-heart, what was that?  
A low, dull moan from the Common Room floor  
Just inside—and behind the door.

The blood in his veins ran chilly and cold.  
Altho' he's a man both intrepid and bold;  
His hair rose an inch, perhaps two at a pinch,  
As his duty he hurried to perform.

No burly unemployed, no bombing communist—  
But most harrowing of sights and most frightening of frights,

There upon the ground in a gentle manly swound,

The very inoffensive and our pleasant Mr. Paul.  
"Brandy," he gasped, with a deep-seated groan:  
It was certain that he meant it by the pleading in his tone.

Mr. Skyrme knelt down beside the prostrate form

In the mystic shadows of the creeping dawn.  
Mr. Paul raised his head and his pallid lips said,

"There are others much worse than I.  
Others like to perish and maybe to die."

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Mr. Skyrme said, "Where?" Mr. Paul answered,  
"There!"

And nodded his head to the printing-room door.  
Mr. Skyrme got him up and went to the bowery,  
The pride and the joy of the sophical Lowry,  
Now a scene of confusion—no optic delusion—  
There all the young Idea—limp and wan with  
woe,

Huddled in dejection, muddled in a row.  
Bennett scarcely breathing, uncritical and mute,  
Smitten and defeated, really rather cute.

Mr. Curnow, the Plutonic, looking terribly  
sardonic,

Was shaken from his customary air  
Of detached superiority and sleepy idle stare.  
Munro, tho' not exactly dazed, was startled and  
amazed,

Yet surviving rather well—strange to tell—  
And over by the wall clinging to the press,  
His feet deep embedded in the usual dirty  
mess,

That is left upon the floor to make the cleaner  
sore,

Lowry gibbering wildly, puzzled more than  
mildly.

Robertson, surprised and clutching at his hat,  
Was gnawing his reflections like a bone upon  
the mat.

But worst sight of all, the heart to appal—  
Lament, O ye Oxford, and weep if you're able,  
We'll send you the news if you pay for the  
cable,

Mr. Bertram quite dead from the feet to the  
head.

Mr. Skyrme stood amazed, his eyesight con-  
fused,

His senses revolving, his logic bemused;  
He cried, "Tell me quick, who did this dirty  
trick?"

A groan rent the air most horrible to hear,  
And a wailing voice arose the tale to unfold.  
"Twas no physical violence that rendered us  
thus,

No roistering rioter did this to us.  
But a Philistine yob, a low-brow, a scum,  
A regular half-wit, a green-shirted plum,  
Uninvited he came here, uninvited remained,  
But with breeding we bore him, and no-one  
complained,

Till our feelings he jolted, our aesthetics re-  
volved,

For he said, (the nit-wit, the great rubber-  
head),

With the greatest condescension and never any  
flurry,

"I think I rather like Mr. Middleton Murry."  
—R. GORRIE.

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 In French to Dora once a week,  
 And when you get your proses back  
 The scarlet writing hides the black.

—N.S.D.

### THE IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING STUDENT

(Guaranteed all English, as now written.)

I have heard much criticism of "The Phoenix," but personally I think it was delightful, especially the editorial. One or two articles seemed a little vague, but there was none of this about the editorial. It was written with *une simplicité charmante*, though a certain elusiveness tinged it round about the *Sehnsucht* and the *Sturm und Drang*. The *leit motif* of the thing seemed to be "Mr. Murry," but Mr. Bertram has definitely started the *Kulturkampf*. Still he must remember the *hoi polloi* is yet bound by *erdgeist* and take as his motto, "*Festina Lente*"—or perhaps he would prefer "*Eile mit Weile*."

Is he urged on by *Zeit geist*, or is his *rara avis* a mere *Zeitwert* of his? If he is serious about it, *das heisst*, if his *cacoethes scribendi*

is to continue, then *caveat emptor* lest the *epea pheroenta* carry *Wahreit und Dichtung* beyond the ken of man. And let the editor also beware lest the *canaille* turn and give him *Fisolen*.

## Freshers' Welcome

Freshers' Welcome proved as popular as ever and we are given to understand by the Social Committee that, contrary to custom, there were some freshers present. A pleasing programme of speeches, songs, and a short sketch, entitled "Life in the College Office," kept the crowd amused until supper time. It is understood that the Registrar proposes to take action for libel on the grounds that the shirt worn by Mr. Sullivan was an outrage against all canons of taste. Dancing in rather tropical conditions prolonged the evening until after twelve when the police took action and the lights were put out.

A dance held by the Social Committee on April 23rd was only moderately appreciated by the outside world in spite of the reduced prices to meet the times, and the reduced clothes to meet the undergraduate. Plenty of supper and a mass of fruit salad resulted for everybody, and the more gastronomically inclined were well satisfied. The orchestra unfortunately belonged to the Reg. Morgan style of thought and did its stuff rather sadly. Streamers and a polonaise were bright spots in the evening, and Bill Barker's exhibition of hurdling was a rather too well attended performance.

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# A Few Random Thoughts on Tournaments

## THEIR OBJECTS—IF ANY—AND THEIR EFFECTS

A University Tournament is, on the face of it, a good thing, and yet, in view of the large amount of time and money that is given to it each year by the four Colleges, an examination into its actual value to students would perhaps not be out of place. There is little doubt that it has grown a long way beyond the ideas and the ideals of its founders, although in doing so it has only kept pace with the times in which we live. Our pleasures are more expensive and our Tournaments have bordered on the extravagant for some time. This depression will have the good effect of showing students that they can enjoy themselves much more cheaply than they have done in the past—and if everybody, to take a concrete example, drinks beer instead of sherry they will be all the better for it.

The only justification for a Tournament is the opportunities it gives for meeting students of other Colleges, and once this is lost sight of it might as well be abandoned, for in itself it does more harm than good. And the question that naturally arises is this, are the right students meeting each other? Now, there is no doubt that a purely athletic Tournament brings together men who tend to be thick in the head as well as in the chest and legs, the type that is called "hearty" at Oxford, that can eat well and drink well and sleep well, but is not given to overmuch clear thinking. The way in which the debate was forced out of the Tournament shows what value the athlete places on the more intellectual side of life. So

that a University Tournament at present means that some hundreds of pounds are spent annually in getting together the brawn of the University world, while there is no evidence of a similar sum being spent to get the brains together. Yet in twenty years' time the athletes will be suffering from athlete's heart, or dying of apoplexy, while the men who have had the sense to use the brains they were born with will be called upon to do something for the country, and it will be a toss-up whether they rob widows or orphans by going into business or break their hearts by going into politics and arguing with bovine farmers and ignorant socialists. The real trouble is that the so-called "intellectuals" of the Colleges need a tournament far more than the athletes, who are a pretty cheery crowd given to enjoying themselves under almost any circumstances. But the average "intellectual" is by nature a recluse and given to narrowness of mind and a scorn of the good things of life on the material side, and a week in Wellington this last Easter would have done him as much good as a fortnight by the sea. The only solution of the difficulty seems to lie with this last class. If the brains of the Colleges would have the good sense to go to tournaments as barrackers and meet each other there instead of regarding the whole business as a vulgar brawl, there might yet be some hope and justification for the Tournament. For they would there learn to respect the good points of the athletes and these latter would be kept more wholesomely



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in their place than is the case at the present time.

I should like to close this article with a few nasty remarks on athletic women. If it be agreed that a University Tournament does not get the best men of the Colleges together, it is fairly obvious that the position will be worse in the case of women. To my Victorian mind the athletic woman is about as far from the ideal as she could be. She develops arms and legs which are abnormal and repulsive, her speech is vulgar, and her outlook is comparable to that of any young office girl. There are, of course, exceptions, but the indictment is generally speaking true. This really explains why so many men drink at the Tournament Ball—there is so little to keep them sober. There is no solution of this difficulty unless some great man should have the courage to expel women from the Tournament for ever, but I have yet to meet the man who has the good sense to think of it and the courage to carry it through.

## Tournament 1932

Tournament 1932 wound to a glorious and inevitable conclusion, and the last echoes have long since died away; yet we feel that we may be permitted to chronicle its events even at this late stage if only for record purposes, and although the full story of how this College's representatives behaved themselves in the capital city will never be divulged, there is at least a substratum of truth for everything that appears in these columns.

The journey down was, as it should be, fairly quiet, although colour was provided by F. C. Jones' dressing gown which flashed through the carriage at uncertain intervals. Cases of rather unorthodox behaviour were reported to the Tournament delegates from the rear carriage from time to time, but nothing was done in the matter and nearly everybody went to sleep sooner or later. The first light of dawn showed Bill Barker's rugged features stretched along one end of the carriage. A gentle smile played round his mouth and his right hand twitched spasmodically as he sent the Otago champion down for the full count in the eighth round.

The train was boarded at Paekakariki by some very business-like delegates who distri-

buted "lucky packets" in the approved style. At Thorndon the "nude guard," fresh from opening the Ladies' Waiting Room in the name of decency, greeted the train, and after about half-an-hour's orderly confusion everybody dispersed to their billets. The welcome at the College in the afternoon followed its well-ordered course. Nigel Wilson spoke on behalf of the Aucklanders with a sincerity that was at once surprising and refreshing, while an absence of any of the old gags that made "All Quiet on the Waterfront" such a furore distinguished this speech from any he had previously made. Very few of the visiting athletes contracted anything serious while the photograph was being taken, but a biting southerly, made the business something of an ordeal, and the photographer was the type of man that should be taken away and quietly buried.

Saturday was the sort of day that all the visitors spoke of as typically Wellington weather, and all the local men just kept quiet about. The Tournament was well under way with boxing, swimming and tennis and the rowing race in the afternoon. The boxing finals in the evening were the piece de resistance of the Tournament. Rassie won his fight in convincing style and had the satisfaction of beating the man that defeated him last year. Zinzan dropped his man in the second round, and the evening wound to a glorious conclusion when Barker slugged his way home to victory against Hartnell, the heavy-weight champion, giving Auckland the Boxing Shield for the first

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time in history. A display of fencing during one of the intervals was tolerantly received by the crowd, although a certain section could be heard demanding blood. This demand was ignored.

A dance at College finished off the evening. On Sunday about six religious services were arranged, and the probability is that all of them were held. A drive in the afternoon out to the Brown Owl was well attended and the evening closed quietly with a gentle rain falling and a party at Professor Murphy's. Monday, the day of the athletics, was fine and clear, and a fair breeze blew. The only foam that flew, as far as we could see, was in the bar of the Caledonian just across the road. The Auckland team by no means disgraced itself and had the satisfaction of losing the wooden spoon. The basketball final between Auckland and Wellington proved very exciting, and the winning goal was thrown from about forty yards away on the call of time, to give Auckland a victory by one point. A very happy dinner at Barrets (which is best approached via the Empire and the Grand) was well attended by the Aucklanders, and everybody seems to have enjoyed the swimming finals which followed. D. H. Symes, the Canterbury swimmer, proved too good for Rixtrott, but the women swam well and a victory in the relay gave the shield to Auckland. A dance at the College afterwards proved brighter than ever, while several people spoke fondly of Rodney Pankhurst, the "Seatoun Sauve-qui-peut." Tuesday was a beautiful day and showed Wellington at its best to those who had eyes to see it. The tennis finals were disappointing from our point of view, but the all-round superiority of the Canterbury players gave them a well-deserved win, and they thoroughly deserved the Tourna-

ment shield which was decided by their tennis victories.

Tournament Ball was a bright and merry affair while it lasted and a happy little party given by the manager of the Green Parrot to a few of his friends concluded the night's entertainment. A rather tired looking crowd said good-bye to the Aucklanders—who were the first to leave—at two o'clock, and the journey home began. Palmerston provided a welcome break and Penny Bowden's reminiscences were much admired, but it was a very tired party that debouched on the platform of the Auckland station the following morning. Three days' sleep and a diet of milk and water restored most of the team to their pristine freshness and few of them are now any the worse for their holiday.

Anybody who took part in this Tournament must have realised the difficulties under which the Wellington students were working, to make it a success, with talk of postponement away and talk of depression at home. Yet when the time arrived everything went without a hitch and their entertainment and hospitality was as lavish as ever. It would be difficult, not to say presumptuous, to express the thanks which everybody must feel for the good time they were given, but we can, at least, look forward to Tournament 1933, which will be in Auckland, as an obvious way of repaying a part of our debt.

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## The Impressions of a Fresher

"Bewildering" is the word that would probably convey the impressions of a Fresher as he gazes at a score or requests, instructions, and enjoinings, the majority of which are signed by the inevitable and inimitable blue pencil.

The first notice that strikes the eye, reads as follows:—"STUDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO LEAN THEIR FEET AGAINST WALLS OR PILLARS AS THIS RESULTS IN A NOTICEABLE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE BUILDING." One presumes that in this noble institution there is a class of acrobatics under the able supervision of a member of the Professorial Board; otherwise how can an ordinary student lean with his feet against the walls, without some tuition on the subject?

Even the fresher has heard of that widely discussed, and I should imagine, rather unpopular rule prohibiting women from smoking in the common room. One very much wonders how the signatory with the blue pencil would view a breach of this rule. Imagine this gentleman walking in the Women's Common Room (presumably after knocking) and upon seeing the fair delinquent puffing away in a comfortable arm chair, stopping suddenly and wondering how to deal with this unenviable situation. While debating in his mind as to the next procedure, he might remember the old proverb, "DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR," and retire quickly, quietly and guiltily. However, if he were a married man he might take the bull by the horns, (being quite used to that sort of thing), and inquire into the reason for the flagrant breach of discipline. The majority of readers, knowing the gentleman in question, can imagine the outcome of this incident better than the writer, who has not yet had that privilege.

—E.L.Y.

## S. C. M.

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I bow my head in solemn grief,  
Beat out my pipe, not overclean,  
Twisting the sad tobacco leaf,  
I weep, my Lady Nicotine.

Tears, idle tears, I cannot know,  
Whither they rise, or what they mean.  
Suffice it—one has dealt a blow  
At thee, my Lady Nicotine.

Woman no more may take her case,  
With cigarette or pipe serene,  
Spend remnants from her lecture fees,  
On thee, my Lady Nicotine.

Oh Puritan, who dost not smoke,  
There yet remains for you unseen  
The evil venom of the joke  
Played on my Lady Nicotine.

Someone has plucked the heart away  
From all our joyous youth. I ween,  
No longer can we taste in play  
Thy joys, O Lady Nicotine.

The ash lies cold upon the tray,  
The matches sulphurous and keen,  
No longer flare in colours gay  
For you, my Lady Nicotine.

Give us our opium and cocaine,  
And let the drinker's glass be seen  
But never taste the drugs again  
Of evil Lady Nicotine.

O praise the light of other days,  
The far-off glory that has been.  
We throw our gaspers on the blaze  
For thee, my Lady Nicotine.