



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

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September 22nd, 1932

Student and Staff

There have been strange happenings of late. More mysterious than the hikers' train and the rumours that float around the College, and more vivifying the enthusiasm with which they are received. The rumoured plan to economise at the expense of the history department roused an excitement in the said department that blood alone could quell, and a deputation from the students concerned interviewed Sir George Fowlds "to know the reason why." The deputation was kindly received but it has since been learned that the Council would prefer deputations to apply through the Students' Association Executive. This, by the way, is in curious opposition to the reply given to the same Executive when they approached the authorities last year on behalf of the philosophy students. At all events, we understand that the matter of the history department's staff is to be brought before the Executive, and time alone can reveal the upshot—"Man," as the poet says, "proposes, God in his time disposes."

This last business has raised again the interesting question as to how much, if at all, the student is entitled to find fault with the administration of the College, and with the Staff that are given to him. Education, said an authority of the last century, is the one thing in which the consumer is no judge of the quality of the thing consumed. On the other hand if a man pays for something, he likes to be able to say more or less what he will have

for his money. Few people, for example, would be pleased by a system under which they paid their money—at say Woolworth's—but did not take their choice. It would savour too much of the bran-tub or sixpenny dip—an excellent institution, but impracticable when applied to the world at large.

It seems to us that a student has a legitimate cause for complaint if he finds that drastic economies are being made at his expense, without a reduction in the fees which he has to pay. It is obvious that the substitution of a part-time lecturer for a full-time and (as regards history) more qualified lecturer involves a diminution in value—no matter who is entitled to judge of the value of the thing consumed. (And at this stage, we are forced to confess that we have seen few students willing to consume their lectures or, indeed, to attend them. The edibility is, of course, a matter of opinion.)

On the face of it the history students seem to have a good case. If there are more facts they should be made public—bowing always, of course, to the wise doctrine of expediency. It is to be hoped that this attitude will not be thought presumptuous. But it is co-operation that is required—not a system of barter. The National Union of Students is working to gain student representation on the College Councils. This would make affairs of this sort so much less disturbing to the student world. As it is, we can only watch and pray.

The Editor Apologises

*Hired scribblers every day
Must cast their choicest pearls away.
But what a fate alas is mine,
Who cannot even choose my swine!*

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity of apologising to the many people who have had to suffer through the publication of this unfortunate and misguided periodical during the year. He wishes to apologise particularly to those who have been forced, out of a sense of duty, to read it. He agrees with them that it has seldom or never been worth the threepence which he has demanded for it. He wishes to apologise to the Staff and College Council, whom he has sedulously and conscientiously refrained from maligning during the year. He wishes to apologise to the women of this College whom he allowed to be grievously and inaccurately assaulted and who were too proud and too unconcerned to write back about it. He wishes to apologise to the men of this College whom he has chosen to criticise and to allow to be criticised in a way unworthy of a gentleman. He wishes to apologise for not being a gentleman. He wishes to apologise to the Training College students who do not come under the heading of either the men or the women of this College for permitting a correspondent to address them in blackguardly terms. He considers this to have been an unforgivable thing. He wishes to apologise to all those whom he has mentioned personally in these columns for the sake of raising a cheap laugh. He wishes to apologise to all whom he has not mentioned by name as being an unwarranted omission. He wishes to apologise for this final number. It is a far, far worse thing than he has ever done. He wishes to apologise for ever editing *Craccum* and for ever having the temerity to think he could. He wishes finally to apologise for these apologies.

"I am never well—can't say why," said the patient. "I get a sort of pain, I don't exactly know where, and it leaves me in a kind of—oh, I don't know."

"This is a prescription for I don't know what," said the doctor. "Take it I don't know how many times a day for I can't think how long and you'll feel better I don't know when."

CRACCUM CENSURED

A subscriber recently assured me that *Craccum* was composed entirely of drivel. The Editor's idea of humour was, he asserted, childish.

Of course it is childish, thank heaven! Is *Craccum* to be the ramblings of dusty-eyed cynics with stagnant souls, or of fake intellectuals who quote you a barren acre or two of Bergson, or of refined wretches of poets who can't even laugh at themselves? But *Craccum*, he went on to say, isn't even funny—as much as to insinuate that I was paid to make him laugh. We really don't mind, so to speak, as long as you try to be funny—and this, mark you, with exams about two months off!

So I propose from time to time to put in some clean (please note, Augustine) healthy humour, specially written for the followers of the modern deity Anodyne and guaranteed to give offence to nobody. Thus:

Mr. Jones: When is a door not a door?

Mr. Smith: I don't know. When?

Mr. Jones: When it's a-jar.

Mr. Smith: Ha ha! I must tell that to the fellows at the Club.

CHANSON D'ENNUI

As we have not been having
Much poetry lately,
It occurs to me that
We might do worse
Than
Open the ball to-day
With a little lyric of the
Popular sort;
Which looks
Very easy to write but I
Assure you it is ever so much
More difficult
Than
The
Old fashioned way of writing poetry.
However
A little of it
Goes a
Long
Way.

It is said that the smallest book in the world is the Italian "Who's Who."

COLLEGE BLUE AWARDS

As men grow older the victories of their youth become to them increasingly glorified until they appear the deeds of supermen, and the mole-hill of yesterday becomes the mountain of tomorrow. If man endeavours to picture some future state of life he will find that his imagination is strictly limited in quality; but when his imagination is used as a parchment on which to describe the triumphs of his youth, he discovers that it is still limited, but this time in quantity, not in quality—this limitation is evident in man's implicit modesty.

Mainly to these two apparently innate faults in man's make-up, the fact that he magnifies his own personal triumphs of the past, and his tendency (due to lack of understanding) to permit his imagination to over-ride truth in the interpreting of history, can be attributed the indignant outbursts of denouncement which arise from holders of University blues when it is suggested that the standard set by the Blues Committee is too high.

Analysed, the only argument of these older Blues is only "Keep up the standard"—to what it was when they won their blues. This implied statement is nothing but an admission of pride, an inward feeling of superiority, for the outward expression of which, by endeavouring to place limitations on the numbers of blues awarded, they demand fame, whereas conceit alone is the true reward.

The standards set in awarding Auckland University Blues, especially in football and boxing, is too high, and a committee which is so incompetent as to depend upon outside standards for its awards immediately admits its incapability to handle so important an issue.

In football it is essential for a man to be a provincial representative to gain his College Blue. This is not right; especially when young students are competing for their places against hardened and older players, many of whom have little other interest in life than Rugby, and who, having played previously for their province, have an undoubted mortgage on their positions in the A rep. team. The injustice is still more apparent when we consider that the provincial team is picked by a sole selector. Indeed, our committee do admit their inability when they favourably balance the opinion of one man against their own. Perhaps, after all, they are right. Schopenhauer, the philosopher, said that a thousand blockheads cannot make one wise man.

In boxing, to gain an Auckland Blue, a man must fight his way into the N.Z. University finals. To be beaten by half a point in a close N.Z. Championship battle means losing all claim to his blue. Again we find injustice evident and incompetence implicitly admitted by the Blues Committee through their dependence on outside standards for their awards.

According to the constitution the standards set are: (1) Ability, (2) Fitness, (3) Interest in the College. The Blues Committee is also given power to set up its own standards, but I consider that these things were enumerated deliberately as points of guidance. Nothing is affirmed about non-University standards. An ear is supposed to be given (see Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2 1.79—Ed.) to the recommendations of the Sports Member and to the Captain and Coach of the various teams. In the past it appears that the recognised auditory organ has been manoeuvred into a listening position but the sound of advice has ricocheted hopelessly from the auricle into a vacuum.

It is time that some alterations were made with regard to the standard set for the awarding of our College Blues. I recommend that local blues be awarded by the Captain and the Coach together with the Sports Member of each sporting body. If the Captain and Coach are unable to judge a player's ability by the end of the season then I cannot see how a disinterested committee can improve the position.

In conclusion I would recommend that some attention be paid to this matter at the half-yearly meeting of the Students' Association when legislation is considered. Interested present day sportsmen should seek their rights. They should not suffer in silence from an inferiority complex.

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COLLEGE NOTES

The Annual Meeting passed off quietly and without enthusiasm. At one stage of the evening there was not even a quorum to grant the Harrier Club a few representative blazers and give Percy Postlewaite the right to sign his own name to his own cheque. The library was dragged and the Architects' studio yielded a handful, while the report that songs and dances were being held increased the numbers to about fifty. Business proceeded briskly and with few interruptions. Some amusement was caused by Mr. Barker's statement that the Graduation Ball ended at twelve o'clock and not at two. The meeting found itself unable to accept his testimony. The Harrier Club was granted its blazers and everyone seemed satisfied with the accounts and annual report as rendered. The meeting was then held up for about half an hour to wait for the results of the elections. During this time a quartette of male voices sang a debased kind of negro spiritual which was much appreciated. A casual observer would indeed have taken the gathering for an informal smoke concert rather than for the one really formal gathering of the year.

BLUES' DANCE.

The Blues' Dance was the best attended function of the year with the exception of Freshers' Welcome. A surprisingly small number of Blues were present, but this was probably due to the late announcement of the awards. For the rest, a galaxy of fair men and beautiful women danced the hours away to the music of Bruce Bell and Boys, who are an improved combination and should do well. Cynics will say there was room for this improvement of which we speak. Supper was a welter, and crockery and food seemed to be flying in all directions. We understand that the Social Committee is considering a scheme to give everyone a bun and a glass of milk and let it go at that. The next dance held by this committee will be in November.

Some amusement was caused by the variation in the announcing of election results. The list as given out on the night of the election bore no very striking resemblance to the list as

finally declared on the following day. "Confessions of a Returning Officer," a novel in three volumes by J. B. Rushworth, will appear shortly and will tell the whole story in his own plaintive words. Interviewed by a representative, Mr. Rushworth, who has gone away into the country for a few weeks, said that he would be very glad to do the job again next year if someone else would do the actual counting of the votes and take the responsibility. He considered it a shame that more people had not stood for the Executive. It showed in his opinion a total lack of interest and it also made things so uninteresting for the returning officer. He thought it a splendid idea of the Executive to want the results within two hours of the closing of the poll. Mr. Rushworth stated in answer to a question that he knew Mr. Adams only slightly but hoped to meet him shortly.

Mr. O'Shea in an interview shortly before leaving for Ottawa and the far East revealed to a representative of *Craccum* some of the secrets of his strenuous life, and how he manages to work 36 hours in every twenty-four.

He rises apparently at 4 a.m., bathes and dresses hastily and gallops to the office on a racehorse. Running upstairs to his room he punches a ball for an hour and rings for all his stenographers, balances a chair on his head and dictates a shattering statement to the press.

Long before dawn breaks he has answered his letters, had a dip in the Albert Park pond, and drawn up a scheme for the establishment of a University in each suburb.

For the next eight hours he writes uninterruptedly, while seeing callers, and dictating to a stenographer or Sir George Fowlds' next year's policy. At 7 he has a cup of cold water and some cheese rind. He then throws off a sketch of the next capping ceremony and is interviewed by the *N.Z. Observer*.

At midnight he skips, breathes deeply and then rolls into bed on one side, just in time to roll out on the other and gallop once more to the office for the new day.

He attributes his power of getting things done to his ability for doing them.

POETS' CORNER

A professor, after careful observation, has arrived at the conclusion that an African finch has a vocabulary of about 300 words and an alphabet of about 24 letters. It does not sing when it opens its mouth but makes a short speech instead. Further, it speaks prose and not poetry. How jolly it would be for all of us if all those people whose vocabulary is limited to 300 words were confined to prose.—Ed.

INCOMPATIBILITY

There were no tuning forks then, old barrister,
This from the Bishop's secretary
Flood, flood and nothing else
With a rank moon pendulous below,
And rain like zebras
In the snarling alley.
Within the husk I descry
As who does not?
A fuller register of sorrow
Smoothed and made tranquil
As a diadem made tranquil
Blown in Argus by the sea.
Hush!
Even in the doorway peering
The same disconsolate God.

—ANON.

comparaison odieuse

où le diable est ce chat damné?

„and perhaps a reviewer should give thanks that there is so little of it“—james munro bertram in phoenix

mice
are nice
little grey mice
warm snugly little mice
very nice

but rats
mean slinking rats with festering tails
are not nice
not at all nice

municipal ratcatcher

SHOULD A NEPHEW KILL?
AUNTIE SAYS NO.

"THE PHOENIX" No. 2

The second number of *The Phoenix* maintained the typographically excellent standard of the first, indeed Mr. Lowry may be held by this and by his *Kiwi* to have justified his claim to be recognised as a "fine printer."

As regards the letterpress, the mainstay of the number was undoubtedly Mr. R. A. K. Mason's short story. This has received considerable praise artistically, while being criticised from the side of technical details. The average man has not the necessary knowledge of psychology to adjudicate on the question of Maddox's stroke and whether or not such a state of mind is possible in a man. I have heard people with a knowledge of farming criticise the details of the twenty-five thousand acre farm, and while such criticisms may seem trifling they have a certain importance which no author can afford to overlook. The story remains, however, a striking piece of prose. There is a power about all Mr. Mason's work which is lacking from most of the writers around us.

"Music at Home" I thought rather obvious—indeed, for *The Phoenix* shockingly so. Miss Munro's story is as good as anything she has

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written. The poetry was slightly more intelligible than that of the first number but not very much the better for that. Mr. Curnow has a decided talent but his verse at present is too pretty, a mere succession of images without any body. I should like to see him do something really stark.

The controversy between Messrs. Paul and Munro on the one side and Mr. Bennet on the other seemed hardly worthy of the amount of space given to it. The two former gentlemen appear to have the best of it as far as it has gone. The priesthood of which they write is far from mythical—at least on the evidence of the first number it must be held to exist. Even in this one we read of K.M. and it is taken for granted that we know who he or she is. "As K.M. said to T.S.E. one day discussing the works of D.H.L."—and so on.

As for the reviews, C. R. Allen makes a good case against Mr. Mulgan ever having written *Golden Wedding*. I am inclined to think that he is right. The attack on *Pencarrow* was, in my opinion, rather unjustified and was probably inspired by the excellent notices that the book had had elsewhere. It is a terrible thing to agree with a popular verdict. Mr. Bertram's review of University prose should serve the good purpose of annoying a few people, and may be held a good stimulus for that reason.

On the whole this is a production still worth the shilling which its publishers demand.

J. M.

Heard in the corridor.

"Have you read this story in *The Phoenix*?"

"No."

"I've just read it. I don't know what it was about."

"But—er—did you finish it?"

"Oh, yes. Quite proper and all that, you know—but I'm still wondering what it was about."

"How do you mean?"

"Well—I just don't know what it was about."

A good story is going the round of the clubs. It appears that at a recent meeting of the Court of Convocation in the Women's Common Room, Professor Anderson asked if he might smoke.

"I don't mind if you burn," said a member of the Women's House Committee who happened to be standing by. No action is being taken in the matter.

RUGBY REMINISCENCES

SOME MEMORABLE TRIES.

By THE GROUNDLING GRADUATE.

The last number of *Smad*, the periodical magazine of Victoria College, has an interesting article entitled, "Who Scored That Try?" wherein are discussed a number of great tries scored in Wellington. I feel we may take a lead from Victoria and say something of the famous tries we have seen scored in Auckland. I have approached a number of prominent College footballers and all were unanimous about two particular efforts which I myself had selected as probably the finest I had seen.

The first was the most vital. It was the great scoring run by Goodwin, 'Varsity wing, in the second match against Ponsonby in 1928. It was the Championship Final, with both teams level on the list, two minutes to go, and Pons. leading 13-10. The 'Varsity backs were slinging the ball about desperately and from one rush it came to Goodwin just over half way on the terrace side. He swerved out past two opponents, crashed through a tackler and set off for the line with his awkward, spider-leg run amid a growing roar from the crowd. Fraser, the Ponsonby fullback, braced himself and dived to put him out at the corner, but the long legs swerved clear and a delighted yell from nine-tenths of the crowd proclaimed that Goodwin was over. Ponsonby's proverbial luck held, for Ron Bush missed a fairly easy kick and the teams left the field with honours even.

There was a sequel two months later when the same teams filed on to a sunbaked park to fight it out again and it was in this epic struggle that Percy Minns scored his magnificent try, an effort that simply cannot be adequately described. He took the ball almost standing outside the twenty five on the stand side. Immediately, however, he was bounding forward. His scoring chance was a hundred to one against, but somehow he swerved past no less than five opponents, with the touchline only five feet away, and then we saw him literally gather himself up and hurl himself across. The crowd had been almost silent during the run—it seemed so hopeless. Now they went mad and the sight of Prof. Walker tossing his hat high in the air like a Grammar boy and shaking hands with all and sundry around him was one of those rare privileges we have in life.

Hosts of others are quoted.

There was that glorious one scored by Wanoa for Auckland against Hawke's Bay in 1927. It was perhaps the most brilliant "team" try ever scored on Eden Park. I think it was Walter Batty who began a forward short passing rush on his own line. The whole Auckland pack swept down the field handling superbly in turn until near the other twenty-five, Wanoa got it. He ran a yard or two and then glanced round wildly for someone to pass to. There was no one, but neither were there any opponents to pass so he jogged on and touched down between the posts.

The most "electric" try was surely that scored by "Fatty" Haslam last year against Wellington. He scooped the ball up at top speed and shot through eleven men—I counted them—before selling the fullback the world's greatest dummy and then touched down under the posts.

Another fine club try was that scored in 1929 by Jock Peacock when Training College beat Grammar O.B. 8-6 in one of the grimmest and most exciting games seen on Eden Park for many years. Six of the seven College forwards handled in turn before Peacock ran across unopposed. As the paper report said, "this was Rugby"!

A memorable "gift" try was scored by Tom Casey for Auckland against Taranaki in 1926. Handley Brown, All Black 1924 and captain of Taranaki, for some unknown reason took a mark over his own goal line. Then when he kicked, whether he meant to do a snap punt or whether he simply miskicked, the ball shot straight to Casey, who touched it down in a surprised, half ashamed manner, and, a goal being kicked, Taranaki had made a present of five points to Auckland.

I had almost forgotten the notorious "hooted" try which gave Ponsonby a last minute win over

'Varsity in 1929. 'Varsity were attacking near the Ponsonby line and from a set scrum a passing rush began. Keene, the rover (they had them in those days) joined in but threw a lollypop pass towards Dave Sitotter. It never reached him, for Lucas jumped high and intercepted it. He sidestepped several players and then tossed to Cammick what the crowd considered a pass just two miles forward. The referee, however, who was thirty yards away, let it go and eventually Lou Hook scored. Then the hooting began and continued for some time. The referee was quite a long time changing after that game!

I must finish up now, leaving unmentioned no doubt what you consider the best try ever seen on Eden Park. I cannot stop, however, before I mention the daddy of all tries. This was scored, not on Eden Park, but on the Domain and in a House game between Sharland's and somebody. A dapper wing flew down the line, evaded all opposition, and touched down near the flag. Then he complacently picked up the ball to take the kick and was unceremoniously and violently flung on his back—he had scored over the twenty-five line.

BOXING CLUB

Mr. W. L. Barker is making a valiant effort to put more life into the Boxing Club in an effort to retain the shield which was so brilliantly won at last year's Tournament. The club has shifted its training quarters from Mr. Henry Donovan's gym. to Mr. Eugene Donovan's gym. in the Pitt Street fire station. All interested in the classes which are being held should communicate via the rack with Mr. Barker.

The Drink of Drinks!

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CORRESPONDENCE

EVERY STUDENT A PRINTER.

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—For a whole year and a half I have hung round this hole and held my epistolary horses. I shall now slobber a bibful.

As an educational institution this College is a complete fiasco from start to finish, and might as well be converted into a printing and publishing establishment not later than the next Xmas vacation.

The "senior masculine element" of which your correspondent speaks I find on examination to have insufficient qualification to take posts as senior masculine scavengers of the Common Room. Let the senior masculine element get back to the land and plough and pig-farm to its heart's content.

Let the senior feminine element keep to the common room and knit bed-socks.

Let the junior feminine element sit round and watch it.

Let the junior masculine element sit and eat coke.

Let the Education Committee consider carefully these suggestions.

Let me see a proof of this letter before it goes to press.

Yours, etc.,

CAXTON LOWRY.

COMMON ROOMS.

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Sir,—On whose authority are the Common Rooms, upper and lower, top and bottom, closed during the length and breadth of the vacation?

On one occasion, desiring to wash my hands before being introduced to Sir George Fowlds, I had to climb down the chimney to get to the hand basin and got half way down before it was forcibly borne in on me that the chimney was too narrow either to climb down or climb up. Mr. Postlewaite is rightly indignant at having to pay for repairs to the chimney.

Hoping you will look into it,

Yours, etc.,

MAZARIN.

MORE ON PRINTING.

(The Editor, *Craccum*)

Dear Sir,—Speaking with the authority of eight years' experience as chief and only printer to the *Te Puke Telegraph* and to this College, I should like to clear up the confusion evidenced at the Literary Club's Annual General Meeting as to the exact difference between a "printer" and a "typographical adviser."

A "printer," as defined by the Royal College of Surgeons, is a person whose consumption of liquor is so large that his eyes fail to line up by two ems and a non-pareil. His conversation is always in 72 points heavy face, set solid, with a shriek four picas away in the other direction.

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A typographer in terms of the Orchards Inspection Act of 09 is a spindle-shanked son of a gun with long hair, long finger nails, and a long bill at the tobacconists. His nose is the same shade as blue laid ledger, quad crowned seventy, his top margin is a little thin and his gutters all to glory, but otherwise he dummies out to perfection.

Trusting that all is now clear to everybody.

Yours, etc.,

"GARAMOND."

Pantagrue, your few remarks, were neither wise nor witty,

And for you one can only feel a tolerant sort of pity,

And should you think your schoolboy style has point and subtlety,

Perish the thought, and write no more, my word bemuddled P.

For one to write must be possessed of something like a brain,

And your attempts show that your skull one simply can't contain,

Also, my friend, might I suggest before you criticise,

A knowledge of your subject is a matter worth surmise.

Now if, dear P., you would us have this notion entertain,

That by your nom de guerre you mean "I of the giant brain,"

Let me proclaim in every clime, in frigid, temperate, tropic,

The good old greyness in your dome is less than microscopic. —CLAUDIUS JULIUS.

YE TRIOLET.

Curious things triplets. Not so curious as the pantoun, of course, but curious the way they encourage otherwise harmless people to break into song. A friend of mine threw this little thing off one day without effort.

If I gave up myself to Art

And you and I lived in an attic,

There might be scandal for a start,

If I gave up myself to Art.

. ? (censored, Ed.)

They'd think our morals most erratic,

If I gave up myself to Art

And you and I lived in an Attic.

The average man would have let it go at that, but he seemed stung with illimitable inspiration and wrote:

If I wrote verses in an attic

And lived a life distinctly Wilde

My dress effects would be dramatic

(If I wrote verses in an attic)

Such garb as would be symptomatic

Of morals just as quaintly styled,

If I wrote verses in an attic

And lived a life distinctly Wilde.

This even now would have been all right but he was foolish enough to leave these verses on show in the College printing works. This is what he got:

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If you make art your aim in life
 And in an attic flout convention,
 You may have trouble from your wife
 If you make art your aim in life,
 'Twould only cause domestic strife,
 (Divorce would take your whole attention)
 If you make Art your aim in life
 And in an attic flout convention.

And this:

The modest shrinking triolet
 Must pleasure give to those who write 'em.
 For they ecstatic cry "Oh let
 The modest shrinking triolet
 Rhyme on." The readers sigh "Oh yet,
 To Hades—if you must indite 'em."
 The modest shrinking triolet
 Must pleasure give to those who write 'em.

And still:

To write this ineffectual verse,
 Especially on art and attics,
 Savours of lunacy or worse,
 This very ineffectual verse.
 Oh shades of padded cell and nurse,
 And regions sacred to ecstasies.
 They write this ineffectual verse,
 And—oh my God—on art and attics.

And even then:

Let him write verses in an attic
 Among admiring solitudes;
 Whenever he may feel ecstatic
 Let him write verses in an attic,
 Tend to become a shade erratic;

But why should we endure his moods
 Let him write verses in an attic
 Among admiring solitudes.

So my friend, who is a dangerous man when
 roused, replied as follows:—

God bless you earnest versifiers,
 You too art-minded trioleteers
 Such fine effusiveness endears
 (God bless you) earnest trioleteers
 To one whose heart goes out to triers
 With pride paternal, nay with tears,
 God bless you earnest versifiers
 You too art-minded trioleteers.

SECOND PRIZE SHORT STORY

As he walked through the wood towards her
 house he imagined himself as a knight riding
 to claim her. The wood was Broceliande. There
 was magic everywhere . . .

The moon rose.

In the dark under her window he called
 quietly to her.

Presently she leaned out.

"Elaine," he said.

"Launcelot," she answered.

He strained his eyes to see her more clearly.

"I must come to you."

"But how?"

"Love knows the way."

"Ah, my brave knight."

"Let down your hair and I will climb up."

There was a long pause.

"Don't be a damn fool," she said peevishly.

Hellaby's Prime Meats

"Better Meats that cost you no more"

OUR PRIZE SHORT STORY.

Slowly she gazed at him was this love she asked this curious thrill. And the clouds falling, falling through her brain gave back the deep endlessness of the moment. She cried Oh oh twice. He regarded her in a burning silence and she was suddenly convinced of the divine futility of life. Then deliberately and with a fixed purpose he caught her a tremendous blow on the jaw and she fell like a log. "One, two three, four" he counted all his boxing blood surging uppermost

(We shall leave him counting.)

HEARD AT A HOUSE IN REMUERA
LATELY.

"Good evening. I don't think I've met you before."

"No. Are you er . . ."

"Yes. I've come to your dance. I'm a bit late."

"And these—"

"Oh, these are some people that followed me in. I don't know them so I can't introduce you. Is that the supper room at the end of the passage?"

"I'm afraid I don't know—this isn't my house, you see."

"But isn't it your dance?"

"Oh, yes, but somebody or other suggested this house. I don't know who it belongs to."

"Perhaps it was the owner that was being thrown into the street as I came in."

"Possibly. It's so difficult to know about people at these shows."

"Well, anyway, we've met. I hope you'll come

to a dance we're giving next week at 32 Grande View Road."

"That's my house as a matter of fact."

"Now isn't that interesting."

"It is rather."

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB

A propos of a letter in last number of *Cracum* a correspondent writes as follows:—

Sir,—I consider the suggestion of forming a free discussion club an excellent one, and I can only put forward the hope that it will not be allowed to lapse beneath the pressure of other University affairs.

I would recommend a start being made early next year, and hope that someone in a position to organise such a society within the College will take up the matter. Might I also add a plan for the complete informality of such discussions if they eventuate.—Yours, etc.,

DAVID HUME.

[Another correspondent also wrote supporting the suggestion.—Ed.]

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BUSY SEASON PROMISED

At the Annual Meeting of the College Athletic Club the chairman, Mr. G. Sceats, promised Athletes a busy season and stressed the importance of beginning training early and competing regularly throughout the season. With the object of building up a strong team for the next Tournament, the Committee proposes to continue the Field Day series again this year and has arranged for the first of these to be held at the Auckland Grammar School on October 2nd, the Saturday between Terms and Degree. All athletes are urged to book this date now and make a big muster for the opening day.

Mr. Garlick was re-elected Club Captain, and the new Secretary is Mr. G. Adams. Several interesting matters were discussed at the conclusion of the general business. The question of a club sweater or pullover was discussed, and eventually it was decided to recommend to the Executive that it go into the matter of arranging for an official College sweater which could be used for all sports. A white sweater with a blue V neck and the College badge was suggested.

The chairman expressed his satisfaction at the loss of the wooden spoon this year, and stressed the need for improvement in field events before we can reasonably expect to win the shield. All hefty men are urged to give the matter of Field events their consideration. Previous experience is not necessary, and expert coaching is available.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The new Executive with their portfolios is as follows:—

President: Mr. M. G. Sullivan, Chairman Carnival Committee.

Women's Vice-President: Miss D. Mulgan, Chairman Women's House Committee.

Men's House Committee: Mr. S. S. P. Hamilton.

Social Committee: Mr. E. B. Paterson; Secretary, Miss Warren.

Legal Affairs: Mr. W. M. Milliken.

Sport: Mr. L. W. A. Crawley.

Publications: Mr. E. H. Blow.

Member for Affiliated Societies: Mr. S. MacDairmid.

Tournament: Mr. J. Mulgan.

Property and Records: Misses R. Macky and B. Robertson.

Secretary: Mr. E. P. Haslam.

Business Manager: Mr. A. P. Postlewaite.

PAINFUL ECONOMY.

Old Eli was going around the town with a face of dissatisfaction, and, when questioned, poured forth his voluble tale of woe thus:

"Marse Geo'ge, he come to me las' fall an' he say, 'Eli, dis gwine to be a hard winter, so yo' be keerful, an' save yo' wages fast and tight.'

"An' I believe Marse George, yas, Sah, I b'lieve him, an' I save and save, an' when de winter come it ain't got no hardship, an' dere was I wid all dat money jes' frown on mah hands!"

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Commerce Society Meeting

Considerable interest was attached to the Annual Mock Meeting held last week at the University College, by the Commerce Students' Association, a very large attendance being secured.

The meeting, this year, was comprised of the creditors of Mr. Jerry Bung, designer and builder of the famous "JERRY BUNG BUNGALOWS" which, unfortunately, had recently become rather infamous owing to the action of the City Corporation of laying a circular concrete tunnel-like edifice straight through the block of Jerry Bung Bungalows erected in one of the City's most desirable suburbs. Mr. Bung plaintively stated that, indeed, one of the occupants of these attractive dwelling places, lapsed rather outrageously furious when this modern improvement of civilization was projected into his drawing-room.

A very lucid set of accounts, presented to the creditors by Mr. Bung's able book-keeper, Mr. Dubb L. Entree (who frequently worked seven hours every day of the week except Saturday), showed a deficit of £17,660. This deficit Mr. Entree stated, had been kindly made as low as possible by Mr. Bung, who, as there would be no available cash for the creditors in any case, desired to be as considerate as possible.

To this end, Goods Held on Consignment (Book Value, £1,500—estimated to realise £1,000); Libel Case Pending in Hawkes Bay (estimated to realise £4,000); Property held in Trust for his nephew (valued at £3,000); Tickets in Lottery (book value £50—estimated to realise £500) were included in the Bankrupt's Assets.

Replying to queries re these entries, Mr. Bung stated that as the owners of the goods had apparently forgotten them, he considered he was entitled to sell same and retain the proceeds. Libel Case would be explained later on in the evening. Mr. Bung's nephew enjoyed a very delicate constitution, and he, Mr. Bung, had done his best as a Trustee, by sending him to Invercargill on a single railway ticket.

Mr. Entree replied for Bankrupt re Lottery tickets estimated to realise £500 from £50, stating that as he and his former employer contemplated further ventures in this direction at a later date, he was compelled to reluctantly refuse to disclose their infallible system to the public.

These explanations were accepted by the Creditors.

A further item in the Assets (3 motor cars, book value of £2,500—estimated to realise nil) was questioned by a creditor whose voice was frequently heard in objection. Mr. Bung stated that as the objector's claim totalled £1,000 only, he was entitled to ask about one car only. Creditor chose the Rolls Royce (book value £1,000). Bankrupt stated this car had been given to his wife who sold same for £800. The money, he believed, had been spent in two weeks by this lady, main item of expenditure being a certain sparkling amber liquid. Creditor then stated that he believed Mrs. Bung should be present at the Meeting, but upon Counsel for Creditors, Mr. I. Noah Lott, enquiring *which of the Mrs. Bungs* was being discussed, the matter was closed.

Another creditor who desired information about the second car, a Packard valued at



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£1,000, was dismissed when it eventuated his claim was for 2/6 only.

Mr. Bung stated that the main contributing factors of his present position were, firstly, the action of the City Council of laying improvements upon his property, thereby reducing the value of the Bungalows from £7,500 to £1,500, and, secondly, the fact that very inferior materials had been furnished him for the erection of buildings in Hawkes Bay, in spite of the fact that he ordered only first grade articles as usual. The result of this was that the roofs of these buildings had the greatest difficulty in remaining firmly fixed in position, hereby seriously endangering his reputation as a builder. Libel Case pending in this connection, for £4,000 was naturally included in the Assets as £4,000.

When the gravity of his position became clear to him, Mr. Bung commenced an orgy of entertaining in an endeavour to recoup his position. This was certified to by the manager of one of the local cabarets, who moved a motion of sympathy for the bankrupt, nobly declaring his intention of waiving his claim for £2,000 if the other creditors would follow suit. This was seconded after some discussion by Mr. Entree who had loaned Mr. Bung £1,000 secured by Bill of Sale over a Launch dated 2nd August (Statement of Affairs dated 31st August of same year). However, as it had previously been proved that Mr. Entree had no security for his claim and in any case he had seconded the motion fully five minutes after it had been first moved, Mr. I. Noah Lott, counsel, declared

his disapproval of this. Questioned why, Mr. Lott successfully finished the discussion by stating with decision that the Law Books said so.

Following the suggestion of one of the creditors to hold the Lottery Tickets in trust, and in the event of their proving winners, to pool the money thus obtained, thereby ensuring at least something for all the creditors, this motion was carried unanimously. The official Assignee, Mr. Ivan X. Toogrand, hurriedly declared the meeting adjourned at this stage, as it was fast nearing time to lunch.

Mr. Steen, M.Com., A.R.A.N.Z. (Official Assignee) then ran over the various points of Bankruptcy Law brought out in the Mock Meeting, for the benefit of the students present, and a very entertaining evening was concluded with supper served in the college Dining Hall.

REAL CO-OPERATION

A young salesman was married recently. He left his wife one morning promising to be back that night after a tour of his territory. The next day no word had come from him. His wife, much upset, telegraphed several of his salesman friends in cities through which he would pass to see if they could find him. The husband arrived home in time to receive six telegraphic returns from as many different towns: "George is all right. He is spending the night with me."

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TOURNAMENT 1933

Students will remember that Tournament is to be held in Auckland next year, the rotation being changed on account of the College jubilee. Mr. A. K. Turner is to be Chairman of the local Tournament Committee. It was felt that a man with some previous experience (Mr. Turner was Chairman of the last Tournament held here) was required; and Mr. Allan Hill, who was elected to the position at the Annual Meeting, very generously resigned to allow Mr. Turner to be appointed.

The fact that Tournament is being held here will mean a great deal of extra work for all students, and the Executive wishes to appeal to all to help in returning the very generous hospitality which our representatives have always experienced in the other centres. There will be a demand on every student in this matter, and you are urged to help your delegates in all directions.

FOOTBALL NOTES

By W. L. B.

When the Auckland touring team returned from its southern tour the Club competitions were recommenced with a match on No. 1. at Eden Park between Manukau and Varsity. It was a great game from a grandstand point of view, Milliken got four stitches in his ear and Stuart (Manukau) got a similar number in his head.

All eyes were on Pat Caughey but both forward packs decided to settle the game among themselves for the first half hour or so. The ball was like nothing so much as a pickpocket found at a wrestlers' smoke concert. When the ball finally came out Caughey went through the opposing team like a circular saw through matchwood to score under the posts. On time he got another score. Ron Stacey, who was probably the best forward on the field in this game broke away, sent the ball to Mulvihill who sent it on to Caughey for a good score. Varsity finished up with a popular win of 13 to 3.

Bush who is showing great form again got the other eight points. Butler and Mulvihill's deadly tackling had a good deal to do with the victory. Indeed every man played the game

of the season, but I have an idea that some of them were merely trying to work up a thirst for the farewell dinner to Mr. O'Shea in the evening. Later complications proved the success of the endeavour.

The following Saturday Varsity defeated Otahuhu by 17—14 in a good game.

During this game Bert Palmer, the well known All Black, collapsed and died. His death was regarded with true sorrow by all Varsity men, many of whom knew him and liked him as a great sportsman.

Later in the game Vic Butler in attempting to cross the line collected a Sunday in Hospital. He is now recovered. W. V. Boswell, the club's Secretary, also had a few days in that institution with a football injury.

Early next month, at the pleasure of the Auckland Rugby Union, and if the Cricket Association do not demand the ground, the remaining matches of the competition will be played. If degree examinations and vacations do not intervene Varsity will be playing for a high place in the 1932(?) competitions.

Good luck, Blues.

The teacher was questioning his class of boys on their favourite author. "And now, boys," he said, "supposing you were making me a present of a book, what author would you choose?"

"'All Caine," was the reply, in feeling tones.

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