



TOURNAMENT TOPICS

Canterbury's Crushing Clean-up.

It was freely expressed in Canterbury before the Tournament that, had it not been for Auckland's Jubilee and her offer to shoulder the burden, there would have been no Tournament this year. Be that as it may, Canterbury, freed of the responsibility of conducting it, made no bones about participating in it. Not that they made a complete welter of it—they generously allowed other Colleges to win one event each, as a kind of encouragement—but when it came to cleaning up the big programmes they made no race of it. As a result, the library of Canterbury College will be adorned for the rest of the year by the Tournament Shield and a few others to keep it company; in the persons of the Athletic, Swimming, Tennis and Rowing Trophies.

Canterbury's example was anticipated in a minor way by the Otago Boxing team which won six of the seven contests and showed Auckland some of the best student boxing ever seen in the history of the Tournament. To Victoria went the honour of being the first College to break Auckland's long succession of wins at Basketball. The record was not lightly surrendered, however, and extra time had to be played before the greens could demonstrate their superiority. Auckland had to be content with the Haslam Shield for Shooting which contest, being held in the dead watches of the morning when Phoebus gilds the stone walls of Westfield and the Herald train is on its way to Hamilton, gave little opportunity for suitable rejoicings. Still we are pleased to have saved a bit of our bacon thereby.

Craccum, on behalf of the rank and file, extends its congratulations to Canterbury, and hopes that on a future occasion we may have the pleasure of getting our revenge.

A few notes on the various events have been contributed by the "Pickled Critic" and should prove of interest to Tournament devotees.

SHOOTING

Auckland 233 points, Otago 227 points. I cannot say much about this, as I was not present. Congratulations to Mr Squires and his gunmen.

BOXING

Otago 7½ points, Auckland 1½ points. Truly a great day's sport with several rattling scraps. The plum was that between Britten (C.U.C.) and Dovi (O.U.). The Canterburyan sailed right into the champion, and it looked his fight until he unluckily met the terrible right of the Fijian halfway through the second round and again four seconds from the end. Even then some competent old critics considered he should have got the verdict.

Steele, of Auckland, gave two pretty exhibitions, fully earning his title and the Mayor's medal for

the most scientific boxer. Malcolm and Mulgan both ran their opponents to a point or two and Bill Barker had to fight an extra round before the decision went against him. I thought Bill was not fit enough, and it was his first fight, I think, in which he did not "go in." A big disappointment for A.U.C. Ramsay deserved the big hand he got, for his game show almost at a moment's notice. McCarten (O.U.) impressed me the best all round "fighter" and, of course, Dovi made no race of it in his final.

ROWING

Canterbury 4 points.

Here I got my introduction to the great University sport of Rowing, which I found to consist of combination trunk forward and backward bending, a kind of bastard Water Polo and a great deal of shivering, taken in that order. The Otago crew appeared to enjoy their swimming and reckoned the water about two degrees above Dunedin summer temperature. Auckland however thought it at least 15 degrees below zero. I'd hate to have to pay the damage bill on the borrowed boats! a man in a tram once remarked in my hearing, "the race was a complete 'debbickie'!"

ATHLETICS

Canterbury 23 points, Victoria 7 points.

By the skin of our teeth we have avoided the Wooden Spoon for two whole years in succession. Cheers, men! Cliff Garlick's defection was a big disappointment to Auckland, who hoped to see him possibly turn the tables on Stephenson in the 220. I doubt whether he could have, for the Victorian seemed to glide calmly along some yards ahead of a struggling heap, to win in record time. Bowie and McGregor fought out their Hurdles duel again, with

the same result. The bright spot from Auckland's point of view was Hackett's high jumping. With a badly injured foot and absolutely no science at all, he cleared 5 ft. 8 ins., to win the Trevor Hull Memorial Shield. Hackett's jump is a pure "brute strength" leap. I pick him to be the first New Zealander to beat 6 ft. if he can add a bit of science. Geoff Sceats' Javelin record went west, and the champion, Wooller, had to take a back seat. The Canterbury distance man, Thomson, with a tireless, unchanging stride, made no race of the 3 miles flat, and had he been extended, must certainly have broken the record. Auckland expected great things of Francis in this event, but he cracked up soon after the mile and, although he struggled on for another three laps he was obviously in pain and had to pull out.

The Shot Put and the Hammer Throw went, as usual, to the South Island and we filled our usual Relay place—it was unfair to make Kedgley run the Half in this event, as he cannot stand two hard races in one day and the 880 is not his particular distance.

Prendergast jumped well to get second place in the Long Jump. He should concentrate on the board for one of his best jumps was done a good six or eight inches behind it.

The meeting showed us to be definitely weak in Distance and Field events. I think the reason is that we have no competitors in these events at it until a few weeks before the Annual Sports. Still, we didn't get the Spoon!

BASKETBALL

Victoria 3 wins, Auckland 2.

At last our virgin soil has been tilled, and Victoria now holds the Basketball Shield. But, O ye Gods, and shades of McIntosh, what vile goal throwing! I don't know what was up with our goalers, perhaps they were sick, but they simply let the Shield slip gently and persistently through their fingers. In the first half of the final

Continued on Page 5

THE JUBILEE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As most students, and a few of the general public, are aware, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Auckland University College will be celebrated during the Second Term vacation.

Some years ago when, as somebody has said, there were no storm clouds on the economic horizon of the world, great things were mooted for the Jubilee. Time and the hour have, however, compelled the authorities to draw in their horns considerably and this fact combined with the supreme unsuitability of the dates will rather dampen student interest in the celebrations.

Still, it is well for us to be interested in an event which, though we may realise it not, is the celebration of the birth of an institution which is playing some part, at least, in the making good of our souls. To have been an average student of the Auckland University College for any length of time has made you a citizen of no mean city, and it behoves you, if possible, to do your bit towards the successful celebration of the Jubilee of the place which, at the very least, is giving you your professional training.

From a student point of view the celebrations began with the "Jubilee" Tournament (the delight of Canterbury College) at Easter. However you may be interested to read the official programme published below. Advertise the Jubilee Celebrations and canvass for the Jubilee Book, which has been specially written and illustrated by prominent graduates and students for the occasion. Details of the book are given in an advertisement in another part of the paper.

CARNIVAL PLAY

The carnival committee has chosen for production this year Mr J. A. E. Mulgan's play *Jubilade*, or *Waitangi and All That*. The play has been specially written to celebrate the Jubilee year, and deals with the history of the College.

If His Majesty's Theatre is available, the production will take place during the Jubilee celebrations. Students are requested to ensure its success in every way possible, both by co-operating with the committee when assistance is required, and by swelling the audience during the actual productions.

Students with acting ability who would like a place in the cast are requested to get in touch with the producer, Mr J. A. S. Coppard.

Matter of a bright and amusing nature is urgently required for the Carnival Programme. Contributions should be sent to the Editor, Mr F. C. Jones.

FOOTBALL

Australian Universities v. A.U.C.
Eden Park, Wed., 17th May, 3 p.m.
First Test
AUSTRALIA v. N.Z. UNIVERSITY
Eden Park, Sat., 20th May, 3 p.m.

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LATE NEWS

MUNGIMUNGITAPO RACES

WELCOME STAKES

1	Handle (Speight)	1
5	Half-Handle (Lyon)	2
7	Nip (Guinness)	3

SYDNEY SHOCK EXCHANGE

Bull's Soil, 98½; Tongue Oil, 100 per cent.; H.C.F., 3 1-7th; Kangaroo Slides, 1416; Harbour Bridge 5000; Body Line Corset Coy. (tightening)

SHIELD CRICKET

At 2.45 p.m. Canterbury had lost 243 wickets for 7 runs (Cromb out 0)

Craccum

Newspaper of the Auckland University College Students' Association, May 11th 1933

INTRODUCTION

Craccum makes its bow rather late this year and in probably the strangest garb it has ever assumed. Autre temps, autre mœurs and Craccum has had to cut its cloth, or rather its paper, to suit the parlous financial conditions of our times. Still, things might have been worse and it is something to keep up the College newspaper at all in view of the extremely adverse circumstances. We hope it will be appreciated and that it will be supported, for its life to a large extent depends on the success of this issue. With these few remarks the editor extends greetings once more to the College and its students and hopes, in the language of the business advertisement, that his rag "will merit a fair share of public patronage."

TO THE FRESHER

You have become an undergraduate of the University of New Zealand and a student of the Auckland University College, which is to continue and conclude the education so kindly provided for you by the fatherly State. A few matters of fact and suggestions are set down here for your use. We are supremely indifferent as to whether you find in them a grain or two of wheat or whether you think it the

biggest lot of damn rot you ever read. We don't want to lead you or to drive you; we're only pointing out a few things that quite a large number of prominent students have found very successful.

The University needs you, and, of course, you need the University, but in these dark days of depression and unemployment you probably need it more than it needs you, so first, middle and last, young Fresher, be humble. Don't be servile, dull or timid, but be humble, even though you have come to us armed with a Junior Scholarship, your First XV. Colours, a Prefect's badge, and a swag of prize books stamped with the lion rampant or the noble ensign of St. Cuthbert. Don't, if you have any or all of these things, hold them too sacred because it is a notorious fact that quite a large number of people who, judged by these standards were complete duds at school, have done remarkably well here, while more than one Secondary School bright light has waned and waned and —

You may find, at first, two things rather strange. Firstly, you will find yourself utterly unimportant here and you who from your Sixth Form pedestal looked down upon and conscientiously exercised the petty tyrannies of our delightful Prefect system over the Thirds and Fourths will now find yourself in the position of the meanest Third former, with this important exception, of course, that provided you are inconspicuous and behave yourself, nobody will bother their heads about you. It is even possible, too, in a year or so that some insignificant little rat that used to control in the tuckshop queue may be an important officer here and worth three of you. So we say again be humble from the start and it'll save a lot of heart burning later on.

Secondly you will find a strange apparent lack of restraint. There are here no beloved form masters or motherly house mistresses to wet-nurse you. No one wants either to drive you or to lead you. Provided you don't interfere with anyone you can go your own sweet way. There are plenty of people ready to point you out the road, but that's about all they'll bother doing. You'll be treated as a young man or a young woman and nothing more. You may have suddenly been relieved of most of the parental control over your habits, finances and morals. Well don't let it get you under and very soon you'll get used to it. Remember that you have probably cost your parents a fair sum since before your birthday, and that it's up to you to keep working steadily when nobody cares a bee's knee whether you do or not.

Do as much as you can in moderation, but never push yourself forward. If you've any real worth then, as sure as God made little apples, you'll come to the fore alright in good time, and if you haven't any real worth then by parading yourself you'll only put yourself in a worse position and make everyone heartily sick of you.

The apparent lack of restraint and the example of misguided people, usually of the just-mentioned "parading" type, may give you a false idea of how to be a real University undergraduate. Don't be misled, however, and eventually you'll find yourself mixing, eating, talking, playing, dancing and studying with the best men and women of the College.

It is not necessary, for instance, in order to be a good fellow to

shout and yell (except at Football and Tournaments), or to use filthy language if you're not used to it in your own home, or to smash other people's property, or to drink beer if you can't stand it without showing it, or to tell dirty yarns if you'd rather not, or to play Bridge, or to spit and throw food, burnt matches and butts on the Common Room floors, or to make a nuisance of yourself in lectures or to grow a toothbrush moustache.

If you happen to be a woman, then it is not necessary to smoke cigarettes, or to drink cocktail, or to engage in slimy conversation, or to neglect your work, or to become a tea addict, or to join the S.C.M., or to parade your body in order to become popular and have a good time. If you're at all attractive, then you'll stand out here like a rose in the desert, and any of the above accomplishments will, in the eyes of the best men, merely take the bloom off the petals. If you're not so physically fortunate as some then rest assured nothing in the line I've mentioned will help you an inch.

Lastly you should be warned that if it is your misfortune to fall for one of the opposite sex, then for heaven's sake keep your blissful dream to yourself or reserve it for your loving family. If you keep it private then you don't feel such a darn fool when the awakening comes for few College matches ever strike.

Well, young Fresher, you'll probably think this a sermon, but rest comforted it can't do you any more harm and may do you much more good than one from the Cathedral. Craccum wishes you good luck and hopes you will enter heartily into student life. Join a couple of societies, play a winter and a summer game for a Varsity team, enter into the social life, work solidly and regularly, and we're sure you'll have a pleasant and profitable time at Auckland University College.

ABOLISHING THE ENGLISH EXAMINER

The external examiner is to be abolished. That is the latest sacrifice our superiors are offering up (on our behalf) to the great god Economy. The local Court of Convocation has protested: and thereby added its somewhat motley notes to the score of voices that are continually crying in the administrative wilderness. But then one of the great advantages of living in a wilderness is that you can always keep at a dignified distance from the voices.

It is urged on behalf of the change that the present system is costly and cumbersome. The costliness we, who pay examination fees, can readily believe in: and some of us know to our cost exactly how many blunders an examining body can commit. It has become customary, for example, whenever a radical change is introduced into the syllabus, for the external examiner to remain unnotified until a full year after it has come into force. But this seems to be the fault of the University of New Zealand, not of the Home examiner: and any simplification of the system on its part can hardly be interpreted by the student as anything but a confession of incompetence.

It has also been said that it is not possible to get suitable men to act as examiners. Distinguished scholars, it is claimed, are too busy

to undertake the work, and we are put off with second-rate men. But this can be refuted by a mere list of names. Findlay, in Education, Clay in Economics, Wyld in Philosophy—these men have acted, or are acting, as external examiners, and no one can brand them as mediocrities.

This, then, is the case for the proposal. Not a very convincing one, you will admit. And the case against it is overwhelming. In the first place, there can be little doubt that the prestige of a New Zealand degree will be appreciably lowered. It may be said that a Colonial degree carries little enough weight abroad anyway: but that is no reason why we should not keep it as high as possible. Secondly, there is the effect on the Professors themselves. It is not in the least disrespectful—they would be the first to admit it—to suggest that New Zealand may become a backwater where they will drift placidly away from the latest developments in modern thought. The University recognises this in granting them periodical leave for study abroad. By preparing students for papers set by distinguished English scholars they are forced to avoid the danger: and we feel that they will agree with us that it should be avoided at all costs.

But, apart from this, the whole scheme is made quite impracticable by the curious composition of the University. Only an external examiner can arbitrate impartially between candidates from four more or less rival colleges. We do not suggest that internal examiners would consciously show favouritism: but they could hardly fail to recognise the work of their own advanced students, or to be prejudiced in favour of the fruits of their own teaching. There was once a distinguished foreigner who saw a football match for the first time. He commented that it would be much fairer to allow the players alternate kicks at the ball. Presumably the authorities, working on the same lines, have decided to award Senior Scholarships and first class Honours to representatives of each of the four Colleges in turn according to the identity of the examiner for the year. That is the logical outcome of the proposed alterations.

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STUDENT OPINION.

THE RHODES SCHOLAR FIASCO

One had often wondered (in a spirit of idle curiosity) exactly how the Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee made its decisions. And the committee's sudden move last year very much increased that curiosity. For immediately after it was announced (in the proper accents of benevolent regret) that the committee could find no suitable candidate among the hopeful batch arrayed before it, one of its members came forward with the statement that not too few but too many of the candidates had been suitable. The committee, this gentleman declared, had found itself in the proverbial, if somewhat unflattering, position of the donkey surrounded by so many blades of grass that it could not make up its mind where to start. And, rather than do injustice to one of the candidates, they had decided to do injustice to the lot.

This statement, it is true, was immediately and authoritatively denied. One feels that it would have been denied in any case. No body of men could possibly keep quiet under such a complete and startling accusation of incompetence. The committee was appointed for the express purpose of choosing between the candidates. If it found itself unable or unwilling to do so, it had no real option but to resign—or to dissimulate.

But let us be charitable towards the committee, and accept the official explanation. It now appears that one of the most distinguished of its members was allowed to emerge from its deliberations with only the foggiest of ideas of what had been decided. And, considering the gravity of that decision, this is surprising, to say the least of it. Yet it remains, remember, the most charitable explanation of the whole curious business.

Altogether, we cannot help feeling that this is not good enough. The committee had no right to make its arbitrary and unprecedented decision without the very best and clearest of reasons. It would have been a grave step to take at that time. Just now it is almost indefensible. Economic conditions are at their very worst. It is more true now than ever before that the brilliant student has no opportunity of doing himself justice while he remains in this country. Many careers are being stunted because graduates have no opportunity of proceeding overseas. And, because it chooses to cling to some impossible ideal, or because it misses the veneer of social polish which the Governor-General apparently finds essential, the committee has deliberately chosen to stunt two more such careers. We are starving in the wilderness (it does not help us much that it is God's Own wilderness): and the manna thoughtfully provided by Heaven for our relief is being shut up in the bank because an over-conscientious committee "fails to see the necessity."

For there can be little doubt that almost any of the candidates would have done creditably at Oxford. The money spent on them would not have been wasted. It may be urged that this is not enough: that Cecil Rhodes wanted leaders, not mere scholars, and that it is better to wait until the right men turn up than to choose those who are unsuitable. But if there were no such

paragons last year, is it reasonable to suppose that there will be four this year? For there can be no question of a falling off in the qualifications of the candidates. The Auckland candidates last year were quite up to the standard of most previous years. The truth seems to be that the committee has decided to raise the standard. Very commendable in theory, no doubt. But how are we to produce better men in the future than we have had in the past? The brutal fact seems to be that "leaders of the country" (at least according to the committee's specifications) do not turn up at the rate of two a year. But because we have no supermen, are we to refuse encouragement to the very fine men we do have? We may not be able to fulfil all the rosy dreams of Cecil Rhodes perhaps: but for Heaven's sake let us achieve something! In times like the present it is a sin and a shame to lock up money that is badly needed in the vain hope that some day we may find a sort of fairy prince who is really and truly worthy of it.

D. H. M.

EXECUTIVE NOTES

Mr E. B. Paterson has resigned from the executive to brighten the lives of the Presbyterians of Wanganui, and Mr G. O. Adams has been appointed in his place. He has been allotted the portfolio of Legal Affairs, and that of Social Affairs has been transferred to Mr W. M. Milliken.

The following Blues Committee has been appointed—

Convenor: Mr J. N. Wilson; Committee: Messrs K. Anderson, V. Butler, and R. B. Hardy.

Arrangements for the Jubilee Publication are proceeding satisfactorily. Already enough subscriptions have been received to cover the cost of production.

The matter of providing a suitable war memorial in the College is under consideration.

It has been decided to arrange a competition for the Young Cup, which has been awarded for inter-faculty football.

As a concession to Training College students, their Association membership fee has been reduced to twelve shillings and sixpence.

SOTTERIES.

SYNCHRONISATION

ST MATTHEW'S CHURCH

Services 11 a.m., 7 p.m.

Preacher: The Rev. M. G. Sullivan
Anthem: "The Heavenly Voice."

—Advertisement in "N.Z. Herald."

Mr Meredith said that evidence would be brought to show that veronal, when taken persistently, had an undermining effect on the moral sense. There were samples of the drug in the court, and the jury would have an opportunity of testing them for themselves.

—"N.Z. Herald" (Account of Nurse Kerr Trial)

PEARLS FROM THE PRINTING HOUSE

During the long vacation the cloistral quiet of these northern halls was shattered by the sudden advent of two bright spirits from the south. After doing their utmost to paint the city pink, they eventually departed, leaving behind them a quantity of empty bottles, several broken (or at least cracked) hearts, and the two following poems, which they pinned to the walls of the printing-house.

THE FINAL BLAST

When the last trump gives forth its sound
And angels don the jury look,
Lowry will keep God hanging round
For proof-sheets of the Judgment Book.

To which the second bright spirit replied:

BLAST—COUNTER-BLAST

When pearly gates admit the surging throng,
And social climbers take the fatal climb;
The Judgment Book will be produced so long
As Postlewaite collects the ads. on time.

TO-DAY'S HOWLER

He was the connoisseur of all eyes.

POPULAR PERSONALITIES

No. 1: THE PRESIDENT

This is to introduce to Freshers, and possibly some others, some facts about the life of the Rev. Martin Sullivan, M.A., who for the second year in succession is guiding the destinies of the Auckland University College Students' Association.

From his earliest months, Martin Sullivan has been famous for his pronounced gift of the gab and his ability to talk people into things. As he progressed through the various stages of Kindergarten, Primary School, Grammar School and University College we find the oratorical horizon of Martin Sullivan widening and widening until it reaches to-day to the extent of the pulpit of St. Matthew's. Indeed Sullivan's Super Sermons are the talk of the church-going public, and people have been known to come from as far as Mt Eden and Remuera to hear them.



Martin Sullivan's University career has been a distinguished one for he graduated M.A. at the end of his fourth year, was elected to the Executive at the end of his third, and became President the following year. All this time he was also a student of St John's College. He has represented the College at Debating, and last year had the honour of being placed runner-up to K. R. Melvin in the first contest for the Bledisloe Oratory Medal.

Craccum looks confidently forward to the day when Archbishop Sullivan, Primate of New Zealand, will address the students of A.U.C. on Capping day and stress the importance of devotion to duty and a sense of humour.

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB.

Opening Evening

Mr O. E. Burton's Address
A long-felt want was supplied in the Men's Common Room in the evening of March 17, when the A.U.C. Free Discussion Club was inaugurated. The proposal was introduced by the Chairman of the House Committee, and Dr R. P. Auschutz explained the aims and objects and introduced the speaker for the evening, Mr O. E. Burton.

As a result of the election the following men will take office:

President:

Sir George Fowlds.

Vice-Presidents:

Professors Algie, Anderson, Bartrum, and Belshaw.

Committee:

Messrs R. P. Auschutz, E. H. Blow, F. C. Jones, S. P. Hamilton, R. W. Lowry, D. H. Monro, J. A. Mulgan, and F. H. Robinson.

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AUCKLAND

LITERARY SECTION

Edited by J. MUDDLETOP MARY

HISTORY NOTES

The following notes on Colonial History have been drawn up for the use of History Students by Messrs. Shrimphet and Muddlin. The first of the series, printed below, deals with New Zealand and environs.

NEW ZEALAND

Part I

Origins, Beginnings and Establishment.

A : The Morioriums

The origins, beginnings and establishment of our country are lost in the fog banks of antiquity but are usually considered to have been the work of the Morioriums or Moratoriums. These were fat, wingless people with fawn coloured skins and pink eyelashes who are supposed to have devoured their young, thus leaving no traces except in the Chaplin Islands and Half Noon Bay.

B : The Maoris

The Maoris (Govt. Natives) came to New Zealand from the mythical (fabulous) island of Hawaii somewhere in Polynesia or Magnesia. The first Maoris came in canoes and contemporary paintings show them to have been men with prominent ribs and stark, staring eyes. They brought several useful things, including their wives and four valuable seed potatoes. In New Zealand they lived mainly on fern root boiled in huge coppers (kapa Maori). They gave the country the name of Aotearangi, which has been variously translated as "The Flying Cloud," "The Long White Man's Burden," "The Flowing Bowl," "The Cloud by Day," and "The Pestilence that Stingeth like an Adder." Their chief occupations were fighting and carving, the latter being a necessary sequel to the former, and indeed the tribal haka (hoax) was Haeremai te taua (Carve or be carved).

Part II

A : Discovery

New Zealand was discovered by a Dutchman named Tasman in the year 642 ? 1462 ? For this work he was highly honoured by the Dutch Government and always known thereafter as "able" Jantzen Tasman. On landing in Tasmania, which he first discovered, one of his men saw a wallaby (bandicoot) which he superciliously thought was the Devil. Hence Tasman called the place Devil's Island, or Man Demon's Land, which name still persists in school atlases and on old postage stamps.

Tasman may have discovered New Zealand, but little credit is due to him as it was probably there all the time. His greatest work was undoubtedly the introduction to the Maoris of white man's flesh (korka). His name is commemorated in the famous Maori disease. Tasmania or passion for white man's flesh, in Tasman See or Bishopric of New Zealand, in Tasman Briar Pipes and in Cape Maria Van Demon (Mary the Devil) who was his mistress and wife of the Governor of Barataria.

B : Discovery

New Zealand was discovered by Bert Cooke in 1769 (the year of Victories or year of Disgraces). To Cooke and Tasman both is due the honour of discovering New Zealand, but Cooke has the additional merit of having founded the country. This he did by introducing pigs and potatoes and cutting kauri trees because they had no branches till the trunk ended. Objecting to the name Cape Maria Van Demon as a low Dutch thing, he substituted the name Old Nick's Head. He also found out that the North Island, as its name implied, was an island by discovering Crook Straight. Since his day, many travellers have found this place very crook. In addition, he christened Cape Fowl Wind, where his botanist, Dr Colander, first "got wind of the wild fowl called the Moa," which the Maoris had about their pas to keep down the grass. Other places named by Cooke were Ship's Cove, where a Maori cove signed on as ship's boy, and Farewell Spit, where he spat in defiance of the Maoris on leaving.

In all, Cooke made three (3) voyages to New Zealand before being murdered by an Aloha Aue while surfing on Waikiekie Beach. The voyage on which he was killed proved his last one to New Zealand.

Cooke is notable in history as being the only man to sound the Heights of Abraham, and the first sea captain to discover a cure for scurf which he accomplished by the use of lime juice. Later captains added cream and glycerine, which is the standard remedy in use to-day. His name is perpetrated by a statue on the Cooke Brewery, in Captain Cooke Blackberries, and the Cooke Highlands or Southern Scalps where, for many years, he lived as a Hermit. His hut (considerably renovated) is now used as a Tourist Bureau.

PART IV

The Wailers and Speilers

As a result of Cooke's tours Englishmen began to drift into New Zealand waters, and the first of these are always known as the Wailers and Speilers. The former were itinerant descendants of the ancient troubadours and medi-evil minstrels, who developed a speciality for wailing. They eventually migrated to U.S.A. during the Gold Rush, and their descendants are to-day the chief feature of gramophone records.

The Speilers were so named because their avowed object was to cheat the Maoris by buying huge tracts of land, flax, soap (M. taniwha), chewing gum, Marys, spars (Helensville, Waiwera, Tepid Baths) and tatoo marks for such trifling things as army blankets, kegs of talcum powder, soldiers' buttons, crochet hooks, second mortgages, cocktail and Q-Tol. It is interesting to note that the various Woolworth families scattered throughout the Dominion are direct lineal descendants of the Wailers and Speilers. Most of the Speilers married Maori Sheilas. Another name for them was "the Land Narks."

PART V

The Missionaries

As soon as white men began to settle in numbers in New Zealand, Missionaries were sent out to teach them Christianity. The first missionary was Samuel Marsden, a

C of E man, whom the rude settlers nicknamed "the Parson Bird." Marsden landed at Kororareka, which he could not pronounce, and changed to Rustle. On Christmas Day, 1814, he preached the first sermon on the pretext, "Lo and Behold, I bring you puddings of great joy." History says little of Marsden after this except that he taught the Maoris to fight only on Sundays and holidays.

Other notable missionaries were the Rev. Bransby Williams, Bishop Pompador and Bishop Selvedge. Selvedge rowed stroke for Cambridge in the days when Oxford used to win, but abandoned this career to become first Bishop of Magnolia. He is famous for having swum rivers in flood and for having walked into Auckland before dark without any clothes. This work made him Bishop of Rich Field in England in 1860.

PART VI

Busby and the Wakefields

After the novelty of the missionaries the next thing in New Zealand history was the "Settlers." When a sufficient number of these settled a man named Busby was sent out to keep them in order by, as the British Government said, "immoral persuasions." Busby was known to the settlers as "a big gun without men of war." Later he played a great part in the singeing of the Treaty of Wairakei.

We then come to the famous Edwin Gibbet Wakefield, "the leg-theorist of 1830," whose book, *The Art of Carbonisation*, is still a standard work to-day. He founded the N.Z. Coy, and sent the first colonists as distinct from wailers and speilers, soldiers, settlers, missionaries, escaped converts, etc, etc, to New Zealand. These sailed in the ships Govy and Furoro, and landed (by a strange coincidence) in Wellington on Anniversary Day, 1839. They were welcomed by Wakefield's brother who had the nickname of "kernel" Wakefield (because he was "a bit of a nut"), and founded Wellington Province named after the famous Iron Horse.

(In our next issue this interesting and scholarly account of the story of Our Country will be continued with the absorbent story of Captain Hook and the Missionaries.)

THE NEW PROFESSOR

I

*Oh Sanskrit and Hebrew and such
I do not profess to be pat in
You may talk, if you will, Double
Dutch,
To me it will answer for Latin
For the books that I daily read o'er to
myself,
And fondly caress as I place on the
shelf
Are wholly concerned with the hand-
ling of pelf,
And that is the chair that I've sat in.*

II

*Yet, granted that names erudite
Rarely figure in lists of directors
And oil that's burnt at midnight
Will seldom call forth a prospectus
Still I must own that I feel rather
grand
When, writing to those in an overseas
land,
I sign (in a language I don't under-
stand)
"Saxum, Collegae praefectus!"*

III

*So I have hit a plan
And an excellent one I confess 'er,
Whereby of all kudos I can
I'll shortly become the possessor
Twill be pleasant, I own, at the
Rotary Club
When next I go down there to pay in
my sub
To realise I am the man they dub,
Rotarian Brother Professor!*

"Mr Palmer is the Bunyan of our days. Like the greater thinker he is out for battle."

—Hubert Wolfe in the "Observer."
But there's an h— of a difference between that and Bunyan.

ANOTHER IMPENDING APOLOGY

THE ARTCRAFT THEATRE
"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE."
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LAST WEEK'S HOWLER

If untrained people were allowed to fly aeroplanes there would be more deaths than berths.

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Tournament Topics Continued
one particular goaler missed four sitters in succession. No wonder Professor Belshaw groaned! Miss Turner performed prodigies in the way of defence, and this was, to me, the one really bright spot in the Auckland exhibition, except for one or two fine passing bouts and a couple of Bennie Osler goals by Miss Gardner. The general opinion was that the defeat will be a good thing for Auckland Basketball. I hope it will be, and, Mr Coach, please, a little goal throwing practice!

TENNIS
I did not see a great deal of Tennis, but was lucky enough to see the excellent final between Misses Sherris (C.U.C.) and Taylor (A.U.C.). It was anybody's game until the last. Miss Taylor lost games in the first set through messing easy kills, but her second set was a beauty. Had there been no interval between the second and third sets she might have repeated the dose for the Canterbury was definitely rattled. Barnett and Co. proved superior, and so Canterbury took the Tennis shield in their stride.

HOOLIES
The excellent standard of 1930, when a hip was dislocated, was not quite reached this year but, still, several interesting brawls were put on. The Tournament funds benefited, I believe, by quite a fair sum as the result of the Domain affair. Mr Bell did yeoman service with a piece of scantling and his swiping would have made a Secondary School teacher green with envy. Ginner Ramsay showed us a little of the nudist cult, and an Otago forward amused the amphitheatre by running hard and

jumping feet first into several scrums. An excellent drunken revel was put on at the Tepid Bath on the evening of Easter Monday. Mr Scherer here distinguished himself by a valiant but unsuccessful effort to completely undress himself whilst suspended in mid air.

HAKAS
Not quite the volume of yesterday's thought I, but nevertheless some creditable efforts. Victoria, in a happy moment, brought up a song and haka leader who proved well worth his excursion rates. This gentleman was possessed of an excellent Maori voice and a repertoire of songs and limericks that would have put the late lamented Stiffy and Mo in the shade. The Southerners all had several hakas, the short Otago one ending with a fervent exhortation to "bash 'em" was most effective.

HOPPING
The three branches of this important sport viz hotel, hall and grass, in that order, were easily up to standard. The noble efforts of the S.A.M. (not to be confused with the S.C.M.) did a great deal towards successful lubrication, and the consequent smooth mellow running which follows. The Hongi Dinner was a howling success and paved the way for the roaring success of the Swimming Sports when the megaphonists shouting at the tops of their voices could nearly be heard by those right alongside them.

TOURNAMENT BRAWL
The usual student social success.
GENERAL IMPRESSION
A good thing.
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for "JUBILADE"
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Where there's smoke there's fire, and
where there's fire there's PHOENIX.

PHOENIX

A PAPER WITH PUNCH

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REVIEWS.

PHOENIX, VOL II., No. 1.

"We must throw away," says the Editor of Phoenix, "both the rose-tinted spectacles and the dark ones. The hour for realism is at hand." But surely he has deceived himself. For the rose-tinted spectacles of the romantic are as nothing to the aggressively red ones through which our contemporary views life. We are transported to a new and uncomfortable world, where there are no shop-keepers, and no navvies, but merely the petty bourgeois, who are more or less half-witted, and the proletariat, who are the mute but by no means inglorious Milton's of our day; where the highest form of art is represented by motion pictures showing lots of workers in lots of factories containing lots and lots of wheels; and where, by a little judicious juggling with (more or less) philosophical terms, parallel straight lines may be made to meet (for free man is the glassless society).

This is the New Faith; and, since the old ones are crumbling daily about our ears, it is perhaps as

well that we should be allowed to hear its evangelists. It is a pity, perhaps, that they are quite so aggressively conscious of being the chosen people: but then that is the privilege of evangelists the world over. And it is surprising that they should have been given a pulpit by the literary club, which has, after all, other work to do. Perhaps it will be urged, however, that purely literary work of a sufficiently high standard was not forthcoming. Students who feel that the Club's magazine has become unduly political in trend (and that view is expressed in our correspondence columns), should write for it themselves. At present the evangelists seem to be the only people about with sufficient energy to keep Phoenix going.

As it is, however, the poems in this issue, if they are not superlatively good, are at least not particularly bad. The one short story is pleasant, if not particularly exciting. And the review of Plain Talk is a really brilliant piece of writing. We wish some of the other contributors would learn from it the lesson of style.

—D.H.M.

WISE STUDENTS STUDY

Their Appearance

There's still a lot of schoolboy in them, and they still treat their clothes badly. There is only one way to cope with the situation—get into the habit of sending them to PORTER'S for expert attention.

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OFFICIAL FUNCTIONS, ARRANGED BY THE
COLLEGE COUNCIL:

Sunday, May 21st, at 2.30 p.m. Divine Service in
College Hall.

Monday, May 22nd, at 8 p.m. Reception in Col-
lege Hall.

Tuesday, May 23rd, at 8 p.m. Graduation Cere-
mony in Town Hall.

(Invitations to the above functions obtainable
from the Registrar of the College.)

INFORMAL FUNCTIONS ARRANGED BY THE COURT
OF CONVOCATION, FEDERATION OF UNIVERSITY
WOMEN, AND STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Saturday, May 20th, 7.45 p.m. Conversazione in
the Students' Rooms of the College. (Invita-
tions obtainable from committees of the
Court, the Federation, and the Association.)

Friday, May 26th. The College buildings and the
Common Rooms will be open from 4 p.m.
to 8, when past students of the College are
invited to arrange to meet their contempor-
aries. A hot meal will be available between
the hours of 5.30 p.m. and 7 in the Dining
Hall. In the evening a special Graduates'
Night has been arranged for the Carnival
Play in the Town Hall Concert Chamber, to
which graduates will be admitted at special
rates. It is hoped that this function will be
largely attended.

Graduation

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The Gist of the Matter . . .

There once was a time
(To-day it seems queer)
When I'd never bought things
From Olsen & Greer.
No wonder I used to
Look shabby and drear,
Because I refused to
Buy garments from here!
They sent me their folders,
Sans favour or fear—
Those tailors and clothiers
Called Olsen & Greer.
I found out they sold things
Without any peer—
Those trousers and suit kings
Called Olsen & Greer.
First floor, Dilworth Buildings
(The Post Office near)
Their name's on the windows,
Viz.:—Olsen & Greer.
I paid them a visit
(Curiosity mere),
"The tailor's place, is it?"
Yes, Olsen & Greer.
"I want a new suit,
Do you sell such things
here?"
"You bet your sweet life!"

Chuckled Olsen & Greer.
"The last suit I had
Lasted less than a year."
"Ours will last three,"
Replied Olsen (and Greer).
"How much will it cost?
Will it be very dear?"
"Two-thirds of the usual,
Said Olsen & Greer.
"I like a good cut—
Do I make myself clear?"
"You'll get it from us,"
Promised Olsen & Greer.
"I like a smart finish
With rolling revere."
"We'll see that you get it,"
Said Olsen & Greer.
"I'm perfectly satisfied
(Cheer after cheer!)
With goods I have purchased
From Olsen & Greer.
My counsel to all men
(Look on me as a seer)
Is "BUY ALL YOUR CLOTH-
ING
From OLSEN & GREER."

—A.K.B.

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CORRESPONDENCE
The Phoenix

To the Editor,
(" Shall the bird rise ? ")

Sir,—

Shall the bird rise, and of this what? So the question is mooted. It did rise and to some considerable height and glory in its second flight of last year—but this—shades of the cherished ambitions of those who brought the original Phoenix to birth.

This hope of theirs that now lies fallen in the dust—its glory was of short duration—it now lies fallen, plucked of its distinguishing feathers. The end of its life is surely in sight—deliberately has the trap been set, deliberately has it fallen into the snare.

Of all the hopeless, half-baked college publications, airing grounds for the views of a few ardent propagandists — clothes props for half formed philosophies, well Phoenix is well in the running for the prize.

What of the desire to build up tradition in creative art—a tradition in New Zealand literature ?

To quote the editorial of the first Phoenix ; " a paper must have a background and a policy, . . . The background of the Phoenix is literary, its policy aesthetic."

It was explained that "aesthetic culture meant culture with a spiritualising potency.

This we expected from Phoenix, and instead with this, the first issue of this year, we find it sunken to the levels of a Sunday paper of the strongest agitating policy (though a policy couched in academic terms).

Not am I saying or trying to prove that this agitation is something to put behind one, nor am I stung with a guilty conscience and now trying to hide behind illusions and criticism. Oh, no indeed, but because I do cherish a hope for Phoenix I do raise my voice in protest against the direction Phoenix is heading. We are proud of our possession and desire for it growth into maturity, not death in infancy.

Last year Phoenix had criticism levelled at it for savouring too much of Murray and Elliott and the ilk. Well could the following issues even have a little of these, a little criticism and note of contemporary literature instead of mere propaganda, first, last and always.

One denies not the worth of the bargee—but bargees are not the only types on the horizon.

The typography of the Phoenix is excellent, the wording of the

articles in the very best academic manner, but saying that one is saying all. Let Phoenix be a little wider in its writings and its growth will be the greater and its life the surer.

We have in New Zealand quite a number of papers of the " Plain Talk " type, but we have not one of the definitely literary type—and it was hoped by the original editors of Phoenix that it was to rise to this. Nor need a literary journal refuse to take cognisance of passing events—for they are bound up with the " cultural " (how one hates the word) life of the country.

" Will the bird rise ? " Now it is a question—will the bird be allowed the use of its wings ?

I am, etc, E.T.

WEDDING BELLS
SCOTCHY SKEWERED

Martin Marries Minister to Merry Maiden

(From our Special Correspondent, Hopson St., Friday.)

All Epsom and Hobson Street (including parts of Wellesley St.) were agog with brimming excitement to-day when Edward Benis Paterson, noted and popular student of Auckland University College, took to wife Patricia Boscawen, also a popular student. Och aye, she lugged bonnie!

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Martin Sullivan in St. Matthew's and the accused was attended till the last by his henchman, Jack Mulgan. The Revs. Budd and Black watched the proceedings on behalf of the Presbyterian Church. The bride was a dainty creation of loveliness while Edward had chosen a becoming suit of dark navy. The going away frock consisted of a three-piece ensemble of grey with handkerchief to match. The Hongi Club attended in force, and showered cheers, hakas and confetti on the happy pair.

Later a reception was held at the home of the bridegroom's mother (i.e., bride's mother-in-law; i.e., Mrs. Paterson, Senr.). Here the health of the bride and groom was drunk on the motion of Rev. Sullivan, seconded by all present. The Revs. Budd and Black were still keeping a watchful eye in the interests of the Presbyterian Church.

Later the happy pair set out for parts unknown, where, as a little bird told me —! After this Scotchy will settle down as Student Pastor of the Aramoho District, Wanganui.

Good luck to Scotchy and Pat from A.U.C.

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SOCIAL NEWS

(By our Laddie Reporter)

FRESHERS' WELCOME

Freshers' Welcome proved the usual success, though the engine room temperature and the fog of the night knocked all the spare energy out of the boys and consequently there were no hoolies, hakas or crocodiles, and even the light hearted strains of Marching Thro' Georgia could not produce the customary stamp and wild abandon of yesteryear. A pleasing feature was the fact that quite a few Freshers attended the function. The first half of the programme was composed of addresses of welcome, a short farce, and some topical verses by the Terrible Tippling Trio. Martin abandoned his dog collar and kept us amused, while Alan changed his socks or something, and Prof. Egy (who was a Fresher in the year Wordsworth published the Lyrical Ballads) welcomed the youngest on behalf of the oldest. Supper was very well received and then dancing continued till twelve.

Amongst those present I saw Dave, who was recently made Chairman of Social Committee, in a prison clip, Mollie McMahon in Dolly Varden clobber with leg o' beef sleeves, Harvey Thomson in a brown study, Edome King-Mason as the Ace of Spades, Kath Bull in typhooned coiffure and ivory sackin', Dorothea and finance.

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LITERARY CONTEST

WHAT ARE THE TEN MOST BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH WORDS?

The following lists of the most beautiful words in our language have been sent by various prominent literary men. Read each list carefully and then select from the whole lot the ten you think most beautiful, and send it, together with three penny stamps, your cuff links and half a pound of peanuts, to the Editor.

The competitor who, in the opinion of the Editor, sends in the list nearest to the general choice, will have his list, together with his name, published next issue, and receive a complete set of Match Box Labels!

List of Mr Compton Mackenzie:

Carnation	Heart
Azure	Silence
Peril	Shadow
Moon	April
Forlorn	Apricot

List of Mr U. N. de Grad:—
(Eng. I., 1931-32-33.)

Footy	Handle
Buckshee	Counter-lunch
Spot	Yarn (abstr. n.)
Sheila	Feed
Bed	Loaf (verb)

List of Mr R. A. K. Mason:—

Bargee	Bowels
Tripe	A * * * *
Onions	B * * * *
Bloke	C * * * *
Guts	Russia

*Deleted by order of Students' Association.

List of Mr Allen Curnow:—

God!	My God
God! !	Erotism
Christ!	Obscurity
Christ	Christ!
O. Christ!	Jesus! ! !

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