

CRACCUM

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FOUR NEW PROFESSORS Special Interview with "Craccum"

As a matter of fact "Craccum" did not interview the four new Professors at all. There was no time, for one thing, and in any case, they would be probably guarded in their utterances and would not say what we really wanted them to say. So here is what they would not have said had we asked them and yet what we would have put down in any case.

Professor W. A. Sewell (English).

"Craccum's" representative welcomed Prof. Sewell most cordially, on behalf of this paper and on behalf of the student body as a whole. Prof. Sewell graciously responded. There was silence for some time, as Mr. Sewell continued smoking his pipe. Asked if he was ever without this instrument, the Professor replied strongly in the negative and said that any attempt on the part of the authorities or any other body to interfere with this particular liberty, would entail his immediate resignation. He was not interested in the discussion about Freedom of Speech, but he was interested in Freedom generally. Asked if he knew about the restrictions on smoking in the Women's Common Room, Prof. Sewell replied that he had never been there (principally because he had never been invited), but if at any time he did go, he should certainly take his pipe. "I have grown very fond of the little thing," he said, as he fondled it in his hand. "I call it 'Toby,' you know. We're really marvellous pals, so it's simply extraordinary what a lot of fun we knock out of life together." Prof. Sewell said he always wore a funny little black hat because in his early years he was intended for the church, but in later life he realised it was a question of Toby or the Cloth, and "frankly," he added, "Toby got me under. However, I always wear the hat—purely a piece of sentiment, you know."

Asked what he thought of the standard attained by the College in English, Mr. Sewell made no response. "As a matter of fact," he added after a few minutes, "I really don't know." Then, as an afterthought, "I really hadn't thought about that; in any case I will ask Mr. Ardern and let you know."

Prof. Sewell remarked that he thought the photographs published before his arrival scarcely did him justice. He drew out from a drawer a newspaper cutting containing the first which was published in New Zealand. "This," he said, "is grossly unfair to me. It portrays me as a remarkably handsome dark man. I am not at all," he added modestly. He then proceeded to show the second publication "This," he said, "shows me as a prominent Greek wrestler, and as a matter of fact I don't wrestle at all." When he first saw these photographs he was almost inclined to cancel his appointment. "But

then, I decided that such an action was cowardly, and I felt that I should come and then try to encourage people to like me for what I really am—just a plain, blunt, honest Englishman."

Asked what he thought of the other Professors, Mr. Sewell remarked that he thought Mr. Skyrme was the pick of the bunch. "However," he said, "I love Prof. Anderson's brogue."

Asked what he thought of Mr. O'Shea, Prof. Sewell said that he preferred to make no statement at the present, but he thought that on the grounds of anno domini Prof. Forder should say something on behalf of all the new Professors. "However," he added, "I would like a revolving book-case—they're perfectly marvellous."

"Craccum's" representative thanked Mr. Sewell most warmly for his outspoken attitude, and said he would call again. As he left he heard a faint scratching of matches, and swift intake of breath and something which sounded like "perfectly marvellous."

Prof. James Rutherford (History).

Prof. Rutherford began by denying that he was any relation to Lord Rutherford and most heartily asserted that there was not an atom of resemblance between them. The Professor continued that his two hobbies were sheep-dogs and history, in that order. He further said that he hoped to make enough money in Auckland by teaching history and by selling his notes, to be able to retire, and buy a colony of sheep and a dozen or so dogs. "Craccum's" representative pointed out that probably by that time the

Professor would be far too old to take any such interest, and in any case, the "note market" was glutted at present.

Although he was a graduate of Michigan, Prof. Rutherford said that he was not actually an American. "In fact," he added, "I can't even speak the language. But I do owe a great deal to that country. I first met Mr. O'Shea there, and from then on my interest in New Zealand and in Auckland particularly was intensified."

Asked his opinions on the teaching of history, Mr. Rutherford replied that he would dearly love to set homework, but he felt that as a young man it was not his place to try to introduce such an innovation into University life.

Asked what he thought about Mr. O'Shea, Prof. Rutherford said that he preferred to make no statement at present, but he felt that on the grounds of anno domini Prof. Forder should say something on behalf of all the new Professors. "By the way," he added, as "Craccum's" representative prepared to leave, "that walking stick which I carry about is not Mr. O'Shea's."

Professor G. C. Cooper (Classics, Latin and Greek, but not Hebrew)

As "Craccum's" representative knocked at the door, a dapper little man leaped out and appeared to shape up in a truly noble pugilistic style. "Er—er—could you direct me to Prof. Cooper?" asked our representative gingerly. "I am Prof. Cooper," came the cold reply. A bad start was definitely made with this interview, but here it is, the best we could gather from a now hostile subject.

Asked what he was most inter-

ested in, Prof. Cooper said that he had always been very enthusiastic about old bits of African Latin. A short time ago he came across several of these bits lying together in an unused quarry in the North of Africa. He remarked that the Classical world was delighted. He had brought several specimens to Auckland, but so far had not shown them to the Honours Class. He felt that the other students were a little young for such exhibits, and in any case would never appreciate them.

At this stage "Craccum's" representative felt that Mr. Cooper's attitude was somewhat mollified and he accordingly ventured to apologise for his lack of perception in mistaking the Professor for a boxer, when they first met. Mr. Cooper was very charming about the whole matter and remarked that he hoped, however, that our representative was not a trained psycho-analyst. As it happens, he confessed, it is my secret ambition to become a boxer and, not unnaturally, the tendency shows itself sometimes. Our representative promised to say nothing about this to anyone and the two shook hands over it and wished each other well.

Asked what he thought of Mr. O'Shea, Professor Cooper said that he preferred not to make a statement at present, but he felt that on the grounds of Anno Domini, Prof. Forder should say something on behalf of all the new Professors. "By the way," he added, as our representative prepared to leave, "I would be glad if you would correct the current rumour that my small son's name is Rocki."

Professor H. G. Forder (Mathematics).

"Craccum's" representative decided to leave the Mathematics Professor to the last (obviously, you fool—Ed.). Mr. Forder began brightly by saying that he proposed to alter the whole of the mathematical syllabus in twenty-four hours. Asked how he intended to do this, the Professor said he did not know at the present, but was already engaged on a plan whereby it might eventually be possible to do so.

Asked a series of questions about the College, Mr. Forder replied that he liked his study, he liked his students, he liked his lecture room, he liked Mr. Bullen, he liked the Cafeteria, above all he liked his work.

Our representative thought that the moment had come. Leaning forward, he fixed the Professor with a glassy stare and with whispering breath and bated humbleness (or something like that), said: "On the grounds of Anno Domini, Mr. Forder, what do you think of Mr. O'Shea?"

The Professor beamed, threw back his head, and said in his quiet, determined voice, "Mr. O'Shea is a very nice man."

So that's that.



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PRINCIPAL

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CRACCUM

Newspaper of the Auckland University College Students' Association, June 5th, 1934.

"Under new management" is always a stimulating sign. Well, we hang it out, this year, over "Craccum." If the Conservatives among you heave a sigh of relief, then we must disappoint you—we are Radicals. If the Communists among you leap for joy, we must disappoint you also—we are Conservatives. So, do you see the point? We are whatever you wish us to be—for you or against you—we are leg-pullers.

However, to be serious for a moment—in the first place, we should like to congratulate Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie on his election as President of the College, and wish him a successful tenure of office. We extend a cordial welcome to the four new Professors who have joined the staff and extend to them the wish that they may enjoy their stay at Auckland University College as much as some of us have enjoyed ours. To the many Freshers who have joined us we extend our best wishes and offer the counsel that if they desire to do well in this place they will remember they are still regarded as children and that they must, for the space of one year, be seen and not heard.

So we launch out on this year's programme. If you don't like the paper, write in and say so. If you can write better articles than are submitted write them. If you can be a better editor than the present one, the job is yours. This official has only one hope—that the authorities will see something in the magazine fit to be banned and then he can have an excuse to resign.

A Ping-Pong Club has recently been formed. The membership is quite considerable and a good deal of enthusiasm and interest is evinced. Mr. A. S. Brown is the newly-elected President and Mr. E. D. Robins is Secretary. We hope that from now on the ping-pong room will continue to be used for its original purpose. Ping-pong seems to be the nearest we can get to billiards.

TOURNAMENT TOPICS

The Tournament Teams arrived at Christchurch recently dishevelled, with, of course, the possible exception of the Lady Horticulturist, who travelled down de luxe the day before. At the official welcome in the College Hall the usual speeches were made. Mr. Alan Hill, however, departed from precedent and made quite a natty little speech all about a little Spoon he had brought down, but wouldn't take back, and history proved him right. The other speakers seemed to be begging A.U.C. to let C.U.C. hold the shield just once more. History also proved them right.

A.U.C. did exceptionally well and in case you can't be bothered to read this article right through, "Craccum" wishes to congratulate the teams upon their fine performance. Last year, on our home ground, we were only able to win the wooden spoon. This year with a touring side, we ran Canta a good gallop for the shield—a very stout effort by our teams.

A.U.C. justified their purchase of a Boat by winning the Rowing by a comfortable three-quarters of a harbour. C.U.C. did not sink and we feel that V.U.C., had they entered, and kept clear of the launch which disputed O.U.'s right on the harbour, would have come third. A.U.C. manfully kept afloat until they were badly wrecked on the Lyttelton Bar Hotel.

By "ringing-in" a few N.Z. Champions, the Athletic Team managed to get on the blind side of the ref. at Lancaster Park and score an unprecedented number of points; whatever the Government may say, these men at least are not spoon-fed. H. K. Brainsby and Phil. Hackett have invented a new ad. for Kruschen, for which A.U.C. have the sole right. Kedgley ran an exceedingly fine race and was beaten by the combination of the Canta team whereby their second string was able to draw Kedgley, allowing their first man to win by a nose.

Clive Steel vindicated the honour of the Boxing Team by winning the Gold Medal for the second time, and was ably seconded by "Basher" Makgill, who would have stirred the heart of even Bill Barker of old.

Our congratulations go to the Basketball Team for its outstanding success. The Auckland girls won everything before them, and emerged victorious for 1934 with the coveted trophy. Margaret Shaw and Gwen Gardener were outstanding among a very good field.

The Swimming tangle which caused all the bother before we left, was unravelled when we got to Christchurch. Jean Thomson, Mary Gillies, and Jane Armstrong all performed well. The men showed no brilliance, either individually or collectively, with only one exception. We managed to win the relay, principally through the good swimming by Jane Armstrong and the plucky effort of C. J. Mathieson.

In the Tennis Championships Gwen Gardener and Ruth Taylor both played exceptionally well and pulled off the ladies' doubles. Miss Gardener and Mr. C. B. Floyd were runners-up in the mixed doubles, but it is some consolation for them and for us to know that their victors were the ladies' single champion and the men's single champion. Like their colleagues in the swimming team, the men in the tennis team were present, but that is about all.

And so the 1934 Tournament Representatives returned with some honour and glory on Friday, 6th April. Canterbury entertained on a lavish scale, and we are grateful to our hosts and hostesses and to the good men and women students of C.U.C. for their royal hospitality.

SPLASHES ON THE AVON DELEGATES DAY OUT.

There have been two celebrated races in History. You will recall that notable one at the end of which the Dodo uttered the now famous dictum, "Everybody has won and all must have prizes." Now, contrary to popular belief, Tournament did not end in the wee small hours of Wednesday morn, April 4th. The afternoon of that memorable day witnessed the most exciting event of the week when the rival delegates of A.U.C. and V.U.C. betook themselves to that river yclept Avon, launched their boats and waged a right royal contest. This event deserves without doubt to be recorded in the Annals of Tournament, since for the second time in history laurels were distributed all round. "All shall have Blues!" is now the cry.

At approximately 2.15 p.m. the A.U.C. boat took to the water at the Antigua Sheds. V.C. was already upriver getting in a little surreptitious practice. The crews were as follows:—

A.U.C.: Cox, Miss M. Shaw; Stroke, A. R. Hill; Bow, I. B. Rushworth.

V.U.C.: Cox, Mr. Willis; Stroke, D. Burns; Bow, Mr. Wild.

Comptroller's Boat: Comptroller, E. P. Haslam; Judge, Mrs. M. Mackay; Blues Committee, Miss E. F. Warren.

The boats commenced their long pull up the river to the starting place. A.U.C. made a bright start by dropping their rudder, which made navigation a little difficult (dropping it that is, though just quietly it is difficult to know which rope to pull). Gymnastic feats by the Bow soon righted things, however, and Mr. Hill's nice taste in oars having been satisfied by an exchange after complicated manoeuvres, the boats pulled into line under a bridge. Several protests were forwarded to the judge, V.U.C. alleging deliberate fouling by A.U.C. Their pleas were overruled. Comptroller's boat took up station in midstream thirty yards further upstream than the competitors.

The start was brilliant—water everywhere. A.U.C. took the lead at 32. In the first hundred yards Comptroller's boat had to slacken off to avoid running down V.U.C., whose time was rather erratic. For miles up and down stream white foam dashed itself against green banks and the boats, straining under herculean efforts, ploughed their way through wild water and driving spray. Deep gasps from straining chests roared up from the A.U.C. craft, while something suspiciously like violent imprecation drifted in a blue haze behind V.U.C. At half way A.U.C. had a lead of six lengths and were going strong at 36. V.U.C. went up to 38 and diminished the lead slightly by the remarkable feat of pulling in time for at least ten strokes. But A.U.C., skilfully steered by a capable Cox, found deep water and fairly leaped ahead at 42 to finish eight lengths ahead—then utter collapse. In two minutes, however, A.U.C. performed a haka on the bank. Suitable penalties were rendered by V.U.C.,

who then entered a protest concerning certain nurses whom they had observed on the right bank—former had laughed and V.U.C.'s equilibrium had been disturbed. The Comptroller regretted that he could not allow the race to be re-rowed and V.U.C.'s protest was accordingly overruled. Photographs were then taken, Blues awarded all round by the unanimous decision of the Blues Committee. The losers stood ice cream, which happy event terminated one of the most sensational occurrences in Christchurch river history.

We fear that later certain of the above gentlemen were initiated with due pomp and ceremony into the mysteries of the Eliphany Club, Mr. J. B. Rushworth officiating. This took place on the village green and was an event of considerable interest to onlookers. By the way, what is the Eliphany Club and what are its aims?

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CARNIVAL PLAY.

The Carnival Play for 1934 has been selected and approved by the Committee. Mr. J. A. S. Coppard's farce, "Dudless Debit," or, "Why not Dally-More," will be produced in the Town Hall Concert Chamber, during the first week of the Second Term. Rehearsals are already in full swing under the lead of Mr. Coppard. And here may we make a special plea to all students. This is your show—your appearance before the public. If you adopt a supercilious attitude, and condemn the play before it begins, (because you feel, even sub-consciously that that you should have the leading part or that you could have written a much better farce than last year's effort; then frankly you are not playing the game. The old argument which by now is somewhat tiresome to hear, viz., that it is time the 'Varsity put on a play which is really worthy of the institution, is easily refuted. Let the supporters of the argument come forward and write a play—the Carnival Committee would be delighted to accept their offer.

A competition is held annually and about three or four entries are forthcoming each year. Apparently the rest of the student body has no time to devote to such a project—it has only the time to criticise. Last year, the sale of student concession tickets was deplorably low, the lowest it has ever been. In 1932, the Carnival Committee appealed to the students to provide suitcases or portmanteaux, on loan, in order to build up a railway station scene for the play. Not one offer was received. It is high time that students awoke to their responsibility in the matter of the Carnival play and attempted to do something constructive towards its better production. Above all, let us be loyal to the College and cease talking to the outside public about the poor standard of the 'Varsity Play.

THE EXECUTIVE.

Several changes have been made in the personnel of the Executive this year. Reference has already been made to the retirement of Mr. L. W. A. Crawley and owing to the election of Mr. E. P. Haslam as his successor, Mr. Alan Hill was elected Vice-president. Mr. H. C. Garlick has left us to conclude his engineering course at Canterbury College, and Mr. W. G. Blamires has taken up a teaching appointment outside Auckland. Messrs. A. P. Blair and P. B. McCarthy have been elected to fill the vacancies. The following portfolios have been allotted:—

External Affairs - - Mr. Haslam
Social - - Miss Robertson and Mr. Spragg
Men's House - - Mr. Rushworth
Women's House - - Miss Macky
N.U.S. - - - - Miss Warren
Tournament - - - - Mr. Hill
Property - - - - Mr. Lewis
Records - - - - Miss Norris
Publications - - - - Mr. McCarthy
Registrar of Societies - Mr. Blair
Legal Affairs - - - - Mr. Spragg

This
Term -
Kiwi



"WASHINGTON WRANGLERS."

"DEBATING DUEL DUE."

The Debating Committee of the N.Z.U.S.A., has taken the treacherous step of inviting an invasion of New Zealand by a debating team from Washington, U.S.A. When asked by our special correspondent why they had done this, the Committee cleverly exculpated themselves by the brilliant retort, "Why not?"

Details of the attack have not yet been finalised, but the visiting army of two, both men, (bad luck), will first descend upon these shores somewhere at the beginning of the second term. The visitors will probably be twice pitted against A.U.C., and, not content with this, the cowardly brutes will also deliver short lectures after each debate, (audience permitting). In order to find persons brave enough to repel this dastardly attack, a trial debate will be held early in the second term. All warriors are therefore urged to sharpen their weapons and polish their armour. Anyone foolish enough to wish to billet a member of the attacking force, (mother permitting), should communicate with Mr. Reed, Hon. Secretary, Debating Society.

ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced of Doris, daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Grant Cowen, of St. Matthew's Vicarage, Auckland, to the Rev. Martin Sullivan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Sullivan, of 26 College Hill, Auckland.

A.U.C. tenders its heartiest congratulations.



Martin Sullivan, of course, needs no introduction. We all knew and admired him as our President during the past two years, and are proud to have a graduate of this College doing such fine work in the Parish of St. Matthew's.

On being asked to explain his most unexpected conduct, Mr. Sullivan was unable to answer coherently, but managed to state that everything had been very sudden and that for the moment he was unable to control himself with any great success. He appeared to be rather excited, but it is hoped to obtain a satisfactory statement from him when he has become used to his new status of an affianced young man.

We feel that Martin has proved somewhat of a "dark horse."

All power to him and best of luck to Miss Grant Cowen.

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Question 2: A suit costs £5/15/6 at Olsen & Greer's, and £7/5/- elsewhere. How much would a similar suit in asbestos suiting, with a kilt substituted for trousers, cost in real money?

Note: £1 sterling=4.883½ dollars=25 New Zealand shillings=96 yen. Say yen.

Question 3: What do you think of the examiners?



Question 4: Discuss Olsen & Greer's "New Departure" Tailoring, making special reference to its fit and style. Enlarge on its low price and good value. Illustrate with panegyrics.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Sir,—

Incidents at a recent function held in the Women's Common Room lead me to suggest an improvement that might be made in the control of the College. In the first place it was observed that wives of members of the Staff indulged in smoking in the Common Room without permission. I am assured it was without permission because their hostesses have been forbidden to grant that permission. Also, it is reported that permission was asked to knit during the function by the wife of a Professor who quite recently expressed disapproval of such unseemly practices in public gatherings. My suggestion is this: should the only work of our Professor's wives in the College be merely to break College rules at College functions? I feel that if the work of the Council were handed over to the bona fide wives of the staff, a great liberalising influence would be felt.

Yours, etc.,

D.

Dear Sir,—

At a time when the statesmen of the world are doing their best to bring about disarmaments of the nations and to inspire, if possible, peace in the hearts of the peoples, it is distressing that the only expression of any corporate student opinion visible on this subject is that of those students interested in the strengthening of military forces in the Dominion. Notices appear at various times calling for volunteers for the 'Varsity squad in the Battery. I feel that something should be done to show that student opinion is not so militarist as this would give one to understand. Must we take it that the Executive is in agreement with the aims of this body whose notices appear on their boards?

With regard to the students who participate in the activities of the Battery, I do not maintain that they are necessarily deserving of unqualified condemnation. The childish appeal of a uniform is potent, it is known, far beyond childhood. None of us who went through the period of compulsory military training from which we have advanced, are ignorant of the attractiveness of the fun and the physical life of our territorial camps. I dare say the appeal is not less for the Battery when its camps are held at Rotorua. But I do feel that these students might, if they gave the matter more serious consideration, be willing to forego this training: be it in physical development, which can be obtained in any branch of sport, in discipline, which can be obtained any where, or in military tactics which are designed merely for the more efficient destruction of our fellow-creatures.

I know it can be argued that our Government is giving a lead in increasing its expenditure on the Defence Force and the Navy. But it is worth considering to what extent such an action is representative of public opinion—unfortunately so silent on the subject. The Government may claim to be representative of public opinion—it is not just now at all willing to give the public a chance of saying if public opinion in New Zealand is in such a disastrous position (which I refuse to believe), it is the task of a University to give a lead to better things. If a

University is to be in any way representative it should be representative of the highest and noblest ideals of the community, not of its lowest, most barbarous and military.

Yours, etc.,

E.

LABOUR CLUB

Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Sir,—

I trust I will not be misunderstood and that the Shades of Sojak will not appear when I use a quotation from Holy Writ in your paper.

To me the quotation appears very apposite indeed. It is the lament of Elijah on Mt. Carmel before the assembled Hosts of Israel and Prophets of Baal. "I, even I only remain a Prophet of the Lord," said Elijah. The same sentiment is echoed by the members of the newly formed Labour Club and may be seen in their attitude towards anyone who cannot draw extensively from a vocabulary edited by a Firth or a Russian Film Co. The Political self-righteousness of these Ladies and Gentlemen (for let me tell you there is mixed bathing in the pool) exceeds even that of the most bigoted Banker.

I am vitally concerned with the welfare of the Working Class because financially I am one of them, but yet I am led to believe that unless I fully appreciate the Mana which surrounds the term Labour, and am prepared to smirk with these modern Elijahs I therefore cannot sponsor the under-dogs' cause.

I fail to see that either of the above conditions is necessary to this end and I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, for space in your excellent paper to ask for advice that will help me to find a profitable method of elevating and assisting my many Confreres in poverty.

Yours, etc.,

COMPANION OF JEHU.

I wandered through the O.E.D. In search of something quite absurd When all at once I saw a word. A word of frightful symmetry; It is some dancer, so I thought, Who's slipped in where she did not ought.

So thinking I did straightway look To see what it did really mean, For nowhere, not in speech nor book.

Was ever such a word I ween. I saw 'twas from the Spanish got And meant, at first, a rotten pot.

A dish the Spanish thus did name, Equivalent to our Irish stew; From this it grew till it became A miscellaneous medley too. It in this sense Ben Jonson used, To mean a muddle much confused.

Ah! now this fascinating word Has struck a chord of memory; Now I remember where I heard Its echoing sonority; 'Twas in the Hall of 'Varsity O obscure Lit. Society!

So "olla-podrida" became A quite intelligible name.

M.E.

JOTTINGS

1. Freshers' Welcome was as well attended as usual. The same speeches, the same crowd, the same supper, the same disappointment when everyone lined up before the lecture room and saw the man in front secure the better partner.

Graduation - - - - -

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2. The Free Discussions Club is not banned yet. Everything is talked about from Hitler to Douglas Credit. Some of the staff still come—some never talk—some never cease.

3. The Men's House Committee have instituted a new scheme—a combined coffee evening that wasn't a coffee evening. 7d. per head and you found the inner meaning of "cheerio." Chairman Rushworth and chairwoman Mackay are to be congratulated. They tell us that more is to come—so in the meantime, cheerio!

4. The Literary Club is still struggling on with its amateur dramatics. Some day all the members will learn their parts, and Professor Sewell then won't go home disgusted. A play cannot be properly produced, or decently acted with only a fortnight's preparation—and nobody knows that better than the Literary Club audiences. Still, the "School for Scandal" was very well done—or shall we say read!

5. A prize is offered to the student who can revivify the Debating Club. A team from Washington U.S.A. is due here this year, but Auckland University College's chances don't look very bright, with the material at its disposal. Freshers' Debate provided the poorest standard of speaking in recent years. There are many men in the College who are and would be good debaters. The Club should organise a good second team's programme and interest these people. Let good subjects be chosen, instead of the footling efforts of the past. Let some personal canvass be conducted and above all let the debate itself be properly organised and handled. A good chairman is essential. If the present officials of the club cannot achieve this, then they should resign, and if no one is interested enough to take their places, then let the club die. At present it is being flogged into life.

GRADUATION CEREMONY AND BALL.

The policy of holding the Graduation Ball in the College, adopted in recent years was fully justified by the success of the function this year and the enjoyment obtained by those attending. Soon after the close of the Graduation Ceremony in the Town Hall, couples began to arrive and Graduates came at intervals, late or soon according to the time taken to collect or dispose of bouquets and other tributes, and to receive congratulations.

Soon, dancing was in full swing and the main floor of the building presented an animated and colourful spectacle. Dancing was carried on both in the College Hall and in the Library. The latter was hardly recognisable as a place of quiet and study, for lest the minds of the dancers should be haunted by unpleasant associations, books were obscured, as well as injunctions for "silence" and "no speaking." In the Hall, the ingenuity and hard work of our architects had transformed the stage into a representation of a Spanish night scene, beneath which ran the inscription, "La Fiesta," which inspired various interpretations during the evening. However, it conveyed excellently the spirit of the evening.

The two orchestras of Clyde Howley's Internationals provided excellent music throughout. There was some little doubt as to whether they were playing simultaneously or alternatively. Policy seemed to differ, but we observed telephones were provided through which the leaders carried on conversations at times so we presumed they kept in touch as to programme. The music was relayed also to a lounge-room. This, I take it, to remind sitters-out that it is time they gave up their partners. This lounge-room was certainly a pleasing place for sitting-out and kindred occupations for those who could find comparatively secluded places in which to practise them. The lounge-room

was Professor Anderson's lecture room with some extremely pleasant modifications of its customary furniture.

Supper for the large number of dancers was served in two lecture-rooms as well as in the Women's Common Room and the Dining Hall staff is to be congratulated on the service and the general smooth-running of supper arrangements.

Altogether a large number of guests spent a very enjoyable evening, and the general happy atmosphere of Graduation time was kept up in true Varsity setting till later even than the so-called small hours.

THIS SMOKING BUSINESS.

Professor Sewell knew nothing about it. No one in the College knew anything about it except the two who hatched out the plot over a plate of sausages in the Cafeteria. The thing had been going on for several days—almost a fortnight. The English Professor would smoke his pipe in the corridors, which of course, as we all know, is strictly against the rules. Of course he could be reported. But that would be too obvious. So the two thought of a better way. "Where ignorance is bliss . . ." they took as their motto. It was to be done in this manner. A was to approach Mr. Sewell as he tripped lightly along the corridor—his pipe firmly clenched between set gums. (We understand that the only time it is not so set is when he is lecturing and even then we know that he holds tightly to it in his pocket.)

A is then to assume his role of college student official and approach Mr. Sewell in this wise "Excuse me—but I am bound to inform you since you are a fresher, that smoking is permitted only in the Men's Common Room and in the Registrar's Office. I shall be grateful if you will refrain from the habit except when you are in either of those two places. If I find you breaking this rule I shall

shall have no option but to report you to the House Committee and have you fined." Now of course the whole thing will be clear to Mr. Sewell. The plain truth will be that he has been mistaken for a fresher!

The plot thickens. Two courses will be open to the Professor. To apologise — put his pipe in his pocket, slink away somewhat confused, (and this would be scarcely dignified), or reveal his identity to the poor unfortunate who didn't know him; (but this might be even more undignified).

The story, of course, would be bound to leak out. A really is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. If Mr. Sewell doesn't tell about the incident, he will and he will tell the whole truth. Mr. Sewell knows that A will talk but because he doesn't know that A has been gently pulling his leg, therefore doesn't realise that A will tell the whole truth. So he must off to a meeting of the Professorial Board and tell the story first. But what shall he say? "I have been smoking in the corridor. But that would be a bad start. Shades of Egerton and Seagar would bound to be hovering round and the very visible form of Walker might growl. On the other hand—confess—"I have been mistaken for a fresher." Horrors! That might finally lead to a resignation.

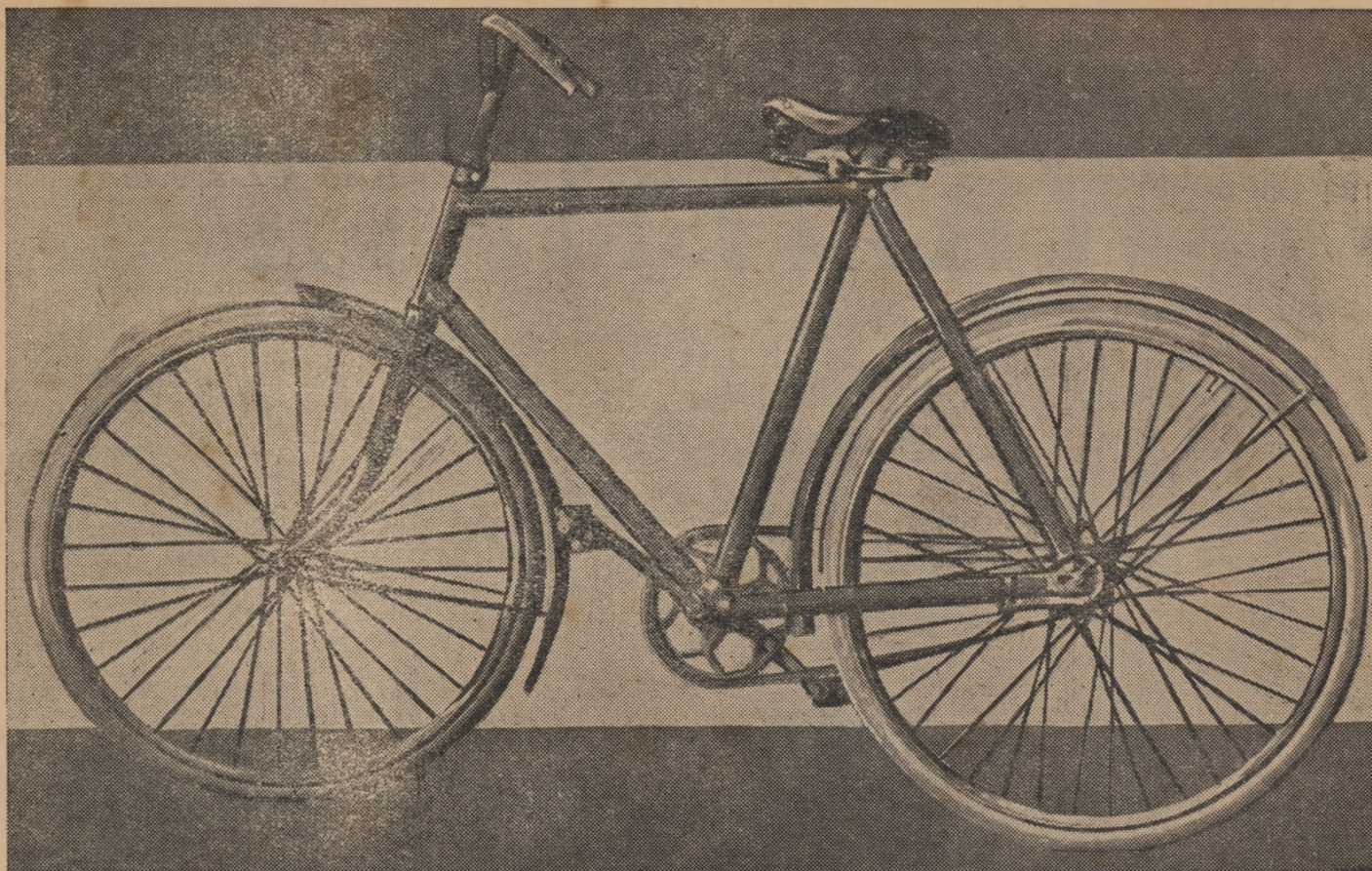
No! the simplest thing in the long run would be to risk what A might say. After all he was only a Student Association official doing his duty as he thought to a fresher, and cut out smoking in the corridor altogether.

This is only a plot of the imagination. The interview certainly never took place—but it might be worth trying.

COMING EVENTS.

June 5th—20th — Carnival Play.

Concert Chamber.



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