

CRACCUM

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THE FUNCTION OF CRACCUM

PRESIDENT'S OPEN LETTER

A recent controversy has raised the question of the function of "Craccum," coupled with the question of the anonymity of contributors. Many people seem to be shy about seeing their name in cold print underneath an article or letter, and in certain cases I think it perfectly permissible that they should use a nom-de-plume. Fortunately it rarely happens, but the possibility is always with us, that differences of opinion may arise between students and the College authorities collectively or individually. I am strongly of the opinion that "Craccum" is not the proper medium for the expression of student views, in such a connection, until at least the representatives of the students have conducted negotiations through the proper channels. I base my opinion on the following points:—

Firstly, members of the staff do not consider it proper to reply in "Craccum" to charges or criticism leveled by students. I am not sure that I agree entirely with this attitude if it applies to every conceivable difference of opinion. An argument on philosophy, economics or any such topic of this sort might conceivably be carried on in a student magazine, without loss of dignity to the members of the staff. There is possibly a certain implication that the student's word carried equal weight with that of the don, and I think most intelligent students would hesitate to assume such a role. Possibly such arguments are best left to the seminar room. On this I hesitate to express a definite opinion. Where criticism concerns the administration of a Professor's Department however, I think the case is vastly different. Here the member of the staff is quite right to refuse to reply. Freedom of speech for the student cannot imply equality of status, and authority on such matters is with the professor or lecturer. The latter always has the last word. In such disputes therefore the publication of the student view means that the case has probably been one-sidedly stated, and misstatements may go unchallenged. The authorities, however, have other methods of expressing their opinion on the matter.

If the case put by the student is a bad one, or if even a good case is badly expressed, someone will suffer. Who should it be? The Editor of "Craccum" or the student? You will say—if the Editor is fool enough to back a bad case he should stand the consequences, of course—and this is on the face of it a natural enough reply. Is this entirely fair to the Editor, though? In this College, which simply teems with students anxious to appear in print, the Editor's job is a sinecure. He has ample time to investigate

the pros and cons of every dispute that is likely to arise. Would to heaven that this were the case! I could say a good deal about the work involved in Student Associations, and done by people who are quite as busy in other directions as any student in the College, but I shall content myself with the observation that to expect the Editor of "Craccum" to assume the above responsibility is unreasonable and impossible.

What, then, should be the procedure in such cases? I feel that the best method would be for the student, if he thinks he has a genuine grievance, to approach the Executive and ask it to act. If the Executive backs a bad case then the kicks will come to it and will be deserved. It may get kicks for a good case, but it will not mind them then. If the Executive is to cover a student's identity, for that is what it amounts to, then it has a right to be fully informed. I consider therefore that "Craccum" is the wrong medium. There is no time for adequate confirmation of facts, and one man in effect makes the decision. The foregoing influenced me in my dissent from the resolution passed at the Annual Meeting. If students want "Craccum" to serve this purpose then I say let us have no anonymity. If anonymity is desired so strongly then let the student take the whole Executive into his or her confidence.

The basic assumption made by some is that no student dare criticise a member of the staff because of the possibility of victimisation. There are ways and ways of criticising; and if due tact and humility

has been observed by the student he may expect reasonable treatment. If unfortunately irritation has been aroused, then surely it is better for the student to place his case in the hands of those not personally involved, and who are on that account likely to think and act more coolly and dispassionately. If students have been placed in an invidious position through a somewhat lax control of "Craccum" in the past few months, I offer my regrets. Criticism, however, comes best from those who show an active and intelligent interest in the Association which is theirs. Of how many students can this be said?

I am, etc.,

E. P. HASLAM.

"RIDERS TO THE SEA"

LIT. CLUB PLAYERS IN DRAMA LEAGUE FESTIVAL.

The news of the successful production of "Riders to the Sea," by the Literary and Dramatic Club, in the Drama League's Annual Festival should be gratifying to all members of the College interested in the stage, more particularly since, with the exception of Mr. A. J. C. Fisher, who gave some very valuable advice and also assisted with the make-up, everyone concerned in the production from the producer down to the property man, were Students.

Particular praise is due to Miss Norris for her satisfying and sympathetic presentation of one of the most beautiful, if one of the most difficult, one-act plays ever written. The set drew particular praise from

the adjudicator, and the grouping, a very difficult problem on such a small stage with such a quantity of indispensable furniture, was most efficiently handled. The light plot, which adds tremendously to the effect of this play, was perhaps a little crude, but at no time and in no department did the production fall below its customary high standard.

The casting was exceptionally well done, the one or two excessively weak minor characters, who seem to find their way into almost every 'Varsity show, being conspicuous by their absence. Miss Ruth Warren carried practically all the responsibility of the play, and as Mourya, gave a very convincing performance. Unfortunately, she showed signs of nervousness which caused her to overplay slightly in certain parts. Miss Betty Warren gave the best performance of the play as Cathleen. Her work throughout was consistently excellent. Mrs. Leatham gave a lifelike performance as Norah, and Mr. Richmond, as Bartley, did exactly what was required of him. Mr. Blair carried the front end of the corpse with befitting gravity and Mr. Haslam "walked on" with the rear end in his usual impressive manner. As the three keening women, Misses Lusher, Perez and Rowland assisted materially in bringing the play to a highly dramatic close. Considering that with one or two exceptions, none of the cast had ever appeared on a stage, other than that in the College Hall, which can scarcely count, the performance reflects the greatest credit on every player.

It is felt that this has paved the way for something even better, and the College may look forward with confidence to the time when its members will take their rightful place in the dramatic circles of this city.

A CASE FOR THE CENSOR.

Student Publication.

It is remarkable that the benign authorities who watch over public morals have allowed the A.U.C. Handbook to remain on sale in the Cafeteria for so many months. The printers found that they had inadvertently included a minor obscenity. Week by week they have taken furtive glances at the "bilious billboards" of "The People's Paper," fearing to see 'Varsity again exposed as a star attraction. But nobody else seems to have noticed the misprint yet, and the Penny Handbook is still available in its unpurgated hundreds.

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CRACCUM

The Newspaper of the A. U. C.
Students' Association

WOMEN'S PLACE IN THE HOME

DECISIVELY DEMONSTRATED

During the last thirty years one of the most pernicious movements in the history of the world—I speak of the emancipation of women from the home—has been slowly gaining ground. In spite of the strenuous efforts of all right-thinking men, and of some women, little could be done to check this insidious growth.

However, it is hoped that some good may result from some important events which recently took place at the University of Auckland, a place of no distinction except for the great assistance it is to the daily press in the matter of providing news of interest. At this place of learning a series of two basketball matches was recently arranged between the women and the men of the Arts faculty. The women's team were all experienced exponents of the art of basketball—indeed, except for intervals for knitting jumpers in lectures they did little else; the men had most of them never even seen the game being played before. Yet what was the result? In the first game the women, aided by the slight skill they had attained by years of practice, gained, it is true, a slender victory. The real reason for even this victory was the fact that the men, actuated by feelings of mercy at the injury of the opposing captain, were too sporting to take advantage of this handicap to the women, and consequently did not give of their best. The second game ended in a decisive victory for the men—men who were novices at the game opposed to those who had played all their lives. No excuse can lighten the shame the women brought upon themselves. Can those who have proved themselves so inestimably inferior to men in basketball, their chosen game, hope to compete with them in the sphere of medicine, law

or politics? No! Let them retire from these activities as well as from basketball and hide their blushes at their incompetence in the complete seclusion of the home.

—LEWIS.

CAVEMAN TACTICS

MATTER MALTREATS MIND

Despite the civilizing influences which women have for so long exerted upon the opposite sex, the two basketball matches recently played between the arts women and men, provided an unexpected exhibition of primitive male savagery. The scientific skill which the women displayed in this their chosen game was unavailing against the brute force of their opponents.

Almost at the outset was the captain of the women laid low. Nevertheless years of practice and experience stood them in good stead. The men, unaccustomed to games requiring such art and dexterity, relied entirely on their greater avoirdupois. But brain triumphed over brawn quality over quantity. In this first contest the women were victorious.

Of the second match it is almost distressing to speak. How sad a thing it is to see men fall from the pedestal on which they have placed themselves! The men, their brutish instincts flamed by defeat, refused to make use of the legitimate weapons of agility and finesse, and preferred to rely on superior physical strength. At first bewildered by such barbarous tactics, then horrified at the savagery so suddenly revealed, the women were forced to give way before the vicious onslaught.

Let not the male in his false pride boast of his victory. Rather let him hide his diminished head in shame that the desecration of such a noble art can be attributed to him.

DEBATES AND OTHER THINGS

OUR NUMEROUS PRESIDENTS.

Sad it is but true, that prominent members of the student body, intent on dragging the Washington Debaters from their stronghold on the Mariposa, had to resort to strategy, approaching singly the Cerberus at the gate. Mr. Rushworth, disguised as a labourer; Mr. Blair, wearing a sunny smile; Mr. Lewis, with his umbrella; Mr. Reed, with a new tilt to his hat; together with other lesser weights, announced, "I am the President of the Students' Association."

Cerberus is reputed to have signed the pledge. Miss Johnston, and Mr. Boyce also found on the wharf, insist that they told another story—but won't say what it was.

BURNS FORCIBLY KIDNAPPED.

At length our representatives stormed the vessel, and, after walking many miles, succeeded in rescuing one lone debater from a mass of reporters. Mr. Rushworth, who had not signed the pledge, murmured something about being "too sober for words," but calmed down when Mr. Robert K. Burns admitted to being singular.

Illness, fear, Chinese bandits, and the 'Star' reporter, are respectively accused of responsibility for the absence of his comrade in arms.

COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

The struggle for supremacy continued when a large horde invaded the Consulate on the Sabbath Day. Bobbie Burns, sitting in the fire, was surrounded by the flower of our youth. Miss R. Macky, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Johnston, Messrs. Haslam, Blair, Hill, Melvin, Thornley, Lewis and Monro, together with the business manager, were among those present.

DEMOCRACY AT THE BAR.

On Monday night the fight would have been on in earnest, if everyone had not been too happy. But all was smiles. From Poss guarding the money at the door, to Kenneth guarding the water on the table, happiness reigned. Even the poor shivering wretches on the platform seemed quite happy.

Yet, under the friendliness, Mr. Burns persisted in thrusting dictatorship upon us, and in spite of the valiant efforts of Miss Johnston and her doughty colleague, Democracy fell before his onslaughts.

The judges provided balm in Gilead, but Democracy still lies low. Our defenders wept not however, but seemed mightily to have enjoyed themselves. Mr. Burns too, seemed happy not only in his victory and everyone who has any hope of doing so and many who haven't, went forth murmuring darkly — "We'll introduce this method here."

DEBTS MUST BE PAID.

Burns "primus, secundus and tertius," as Algie hath it, smote Messrs. Melvin and Thornley hip and thigh before 1,000 spectators in the Town Hall. He almost made us feel that America has a right to her own after all, which was unkind of him, and forced Mr. Melvin to the denial that Caesar could claim that which was his.

Our warriors fought sternly and valiantly, but Robert Burns carried off the victory.

THE NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

With the recent visit of the American debater, Mr. R. Burns, under the auspices of the New Zealand University Students' Association, some queries were voiced as to who and what the Association was. To the average student, if he is aware of its existence at all, the N.Z.U.S.A. is merely a name, and it is felt that with a little more publicity the organisation may receive a greater measure of support from the student body.

The Association, formerly known as the National Union of Students, consists of a central executive (at present in Otago) and a corresponding representative from each of the other Colleges. It exists to deal with questions which concern all four Colleges, and to promote some degree of unity among New Zealand students. The annual Joynt Scroll Debate is under its control, and it is at present concerned with such problems as N.Z. Blues Regulations, special hotel rates for students and student representation on College Councils.

It is further attempting to interest students, not only in New Zealand, but also in overseas University affairs by the establishment of a new service, through which medium items of interest may be exchanged. But perhaps most significant

ant to the individual student is the fact that the Association is affiliated to the Confédération Internationale d'Etudiants, and New Zealand students travelling abroad are entitled to claim, through the N.Z.U.S.A., privileges such as are granted to students in other countries. The N.Z. Branch is labouring under the handicap from which most N.Z. student organisations suffer, viz., the isolation of New Zealand from other parts of the world. However, the Association hopes that by tackling the more practical problems of University life, its influence will be more keenly felt, and that in the near future it will become part and parcel of general student activities.

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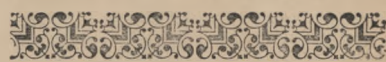


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EXECUTIVE ACTIVITIES

The new Executive held its first meeting on Friday, September 7th, in the Executive Room. Among those present were Mr. E. P. Haslam (in the chair), Misses Warren, Norris, Robertson and Shaw (in gowns), the secretary and business manager, Messrs. Hill, Stacey, Rushworth, Spragg, Lewis McCarthy and Sealy (in mufti). After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, the correspondence was received.

A letter of thanks was received from Lady Frances Ryder in recognition of a former Executive's gift as a token of appreciation of her kindness and hospitality to New Zealand students.

Chief of the correspondence was a budget of information from the Dominion and Empire Organisation, asking if the students of A.U.C. were capable of taking an intelligent interest in their literature. The secretary was instructed to reply that the Executive was always prepared to attempt the impossible.

Mr. A. R. Hill was re-elected vice-president of the Association, and the meeting then proceeded to the main business of the evening, viz., the allotment of portfolios. Sentence was delivered as follows:—

Women's House Committee: Miss E. P. Warren.

Social Committee: Miss P. C. Norris.

N.Z.U.S.A.: Miss B. F. Robertson.

Property: Miss M. H. Shaw.

Tournament: Messrs. Hill and Rushworth.

Men's House Committee: Mr. Rushworth.

Social Committee: Mr. R. F. Spragg.

Registrar of Clubs and Societies: Mr. R. S. Stacey.

Legal Affairs: Mr. A. R. Hill.

Sport: Mr. J. D. Lewis.

Publications: Mr. P. B. McCarthy.

Records: Mr. E. Sealy.

The list of recommendations from the Blues Committee was also ratified by the Executive.

The President then reported on the Carnival Play Advisory Committee. As the Students' Association feels that the profits on the extravaganzas of the past few years have been unnecessarily large, it was recommended that the Carnival next year take a form appealing only to the more cultured of Auckland, viz., Gilbert and Sullivan. We hope that with Mr. Hollinrake's generous offer of assistance and the enthusiasm of his Glee Club, that each and every student will at least be made to realize that there is a Carnival Play.

The only other item of importance was a vote of condolence to Mr. Rushworth on his recent engagement.

NOTES

Two more Craccums are to appear this term. We are in need of contributions. Relieve your textbook-tortured mind by writing a scattering satire on something or other, and send it in to the Editor. He will be deeply grateful.

We have been asked to contradict the rumour that when Ruapehu blew up, Mr. Haslam apologised to it from force of habit.

MEETING EXTRA-ORDINARY

COMMERCE COMMITTEE'S CURIOUS COMPANY CONVENTION.

One of the most successful Mock Meetings of recent years took place under the auspices of the Commerce Society at the end of last term. An extraordinary general meeting of shareholders of the Misquota Co-operative Bacon and Duck-egg Marketing Association Limited was held to consider certain amendments to the Company's Articles of Association.

The Chairman, Guinney Pygge, Esq., after having apologised for the absence of one of the directors, the Hon Bobby Karph, who, owing to the import restrictions was unable to be present, called upon the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. The secretary, being a person of some literary ability, had prepared the minutes in blank verse. The concluding stanza may be quoted:

This concluded all the business,
Save the voting of a bonus,
Of a bonus to the chairman,
To the chairman of the meeting,
Which he said was duly carried,
All the proxies voting for it,
Proxies in the chairman's favour.
Then the members wildly incensed
Threw the chairman through the window,

But the meeting had to end when Wyvern Wilson tolled the Curfew.

Some criticism was levelled at the secretary, both for his lack of businesslike brevity, and for his appalling literary style, and the meeting passed on to consider the amendments to the Articles.

It was decided that "the number of directors shall be not less than one nor more than twelve A" — thirteen it being explained, was so unlucky. The meeting also agreed that the office of director should be vacated if he:

"(a) criticises 1YA, W.E.A., or R. O'Shea.

(b) is twice in succession or three times at intervals banned by the Broadcasting Board.

Upon a shareholder asking what the Dickinson was the meaning of that, he was told that if he could SEE well it would be obvious. It was further provided that a director should lose his seat if he "doubts the omniscience of any Professor of English Literature."

Having laid down that no eggs of a controversial nature should be marketed, and that bacon might be sold by the side or by the pound, whichever is the rasher, the meeting passed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, who in private life is Mr. Julius Hogben, and went off to supper well satisfied with its evening's work.

—RUFUS.

UNIVERSITY

So here we are, all birds of a different feather,

Who don't quite know why we have flocked together,

To study in the cars we park—or parks,

To gather marks in law, or lore from Marx.

—E.D.M.

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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

To the Editor,
Dear Sir,

What is really wrong with the Auckland University College? We have resented bitterly in the past the accusation that it was simply a glorified night school and a "swat shop," and have tried to persuade ourselves that there was no ground for such a charge. But even the most loyal defenders must find ample cause for disquietude in the astounding lack of any esprit de corps in practically every branch of the College's activities.

The average student seems content to dash into lectures and that done to dash away home again. He contributes nothing to the University except his fees and nothing at all to the building up of a corporate university life. Presumably he gets something out of his classes, but he can get little or nothing out of College life and its associations, and most certainly he contributes nothing to it. He is very good at criticising inanely the labours of the few really loyal and interested members but it never seems to occur to him that a little less talk and a little more work on his part might produce better results.

At the last Students' Association Executive elections, out of nearly one thousand students, two hundred and forty odd were sufficiently interested in the body that controls student activities to go to the bother, such as it is, of recording a vote. The efforts of the faithful few who spend time and trouble over the various functions of such organisations as the Literary and Dramatic Club, and the Debating Society, are met, sometimes not even with criticism and disapprobation which would at least be stimulating and indicative of some degree of interest, but with utter neglect and apathy. And when the honour of the College is at stake before the public, and every ounce of support is needed for the annual entertainment, the great majority of students neither take the trouble to sell tickets, nor even to attend themselves.

Is it that we get the wrong type of student into our College, or is it that, once in, the atmosphere of the place blights all enthusiasm and loyalty? Whatever the reason, something should be done about it, and done quickly.

Yours, etc.,

GIVE AND TAKE.

(The following letter from an ex-student of the College may be of interest to our readers.)

A LETTER
(From C.J.H.)

2nd June, 1934.

Ceylon, we think, is a delightful place, and at the same time it is not unbearably hot, but unless one attains a fair altitude in the interior country, it is never cool as we know it in New Zealand. Generally plenty of rain falls throughout the year, which means that the grass and trees are really beautiful. Cinnamon Gardens, the Residential Quarter in Colombo, is truly most delightful, and I should imagine one would have to go a very great distance before it would be possible to obtain settings for bungalows. Most bungalows are of a two-storied nature, have large airy rooms, and are comparatively cool, being fitted with fans, etc. One has Ceylonese

servants to do the heavy work in the house — cooking, cleaning, etc. Almost every European has a motor-car as there is no suitable means of conveyance. In Colombo itself there are 2,000 Europeans, while the Ceylonese number approximately a quarter of a million. Outside Colombo and particularly in the planting community Europeans number about 4,000, while the Ceylonese number 6,000,000.

The interior of the island or "up-country" as we call it, is extremely beautiful and at elevations of 4,000 and 7,000 feet the climate is really gorgeous. Nuwara Eliya is the hill station at an altitude of over 6,000 feet and is only 4½ hours drive from Colombo by a wonderful road. Whenever we feel somewhat under the weather we take a week-end in Nuwara Eliya to recuperate from the heat. Up there three or four blankets are necessary, while fires are found in most rooms. Down here of course it is most exceptional to find a bungalow with a chimney while, if it is so cool that the clubs it is more or less the main topic of conversation.

As regards sport Colombo reminds us of Noel Coward's "Words and Music," particularly in the scene "Mad Dogs and Englishmen go out in the midda' sun." Nearly every European is frightfully keen on sport in Ceylon in the belief that it keeps him (or her) fit. One can get practically every kind of sport except bowls. Tennis and golf my wife and I play a good deal, but I must admit that I have often wanted to play Hockey here as well.

A foolish question; are you interested in politics? Here we have to be, since every move affects us vitally. Recently a New Constitution came into force in Ceylon and now almost every Ceylonese has a vote. Our Parliament is called the State Council of Ceylon, and it contains 40 members elected by the people, and two or three Europeans only. It is a great experiment, and naturally there are many who are very much opposed to the new order of things. As Ceylon is the Premier Crown Colony, some of us feel however, that experiments in administration must be made for the good of the Colonial Empire. In New Zealand I do not think it is generally known that we are entirely separate from India. There is, in fact, a greater measure of self-government in Ceylon than now obtains in India, and many feel that the success or failure of the Ceylon constitutional experiment will be a deciding factor in the matter of India reforms.

I wonder if there is anything else that might interest you. Things that are of every day occurrence in Ceylon might prove of interest to you in New Zealand but, for the life of me my mind is becoming blanker than ever. Of course, we have buried cities in the jungle, the remains of vast irrigation works of the ancients; a tribe of people called Veddas who are almost pygmies, and absolutely primitive, etc. One can also obtain hunting in certain parts of the island, but it is somewhat expensive. There are wonderful temples to be visited, and the different religions of the people are a fascinating study.

Returning for a moment to the engineering profession I would ask you to give prominence to the fact that in my opinion all Old Boys of the College who have taken up engineering would be well advised, if

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they contemplate leaving New Zealand to become first of all an Associate Member of one of the great English Engineering Institutions. A diploma of any college in New Zealand, University, or otherwise carries little weight. The B.E. Degree is recognised in some quarters, and those who know anything of the New Zealand education system consider this degree very fine indeed but I have found, and I think many other New Zealanders will say the same thing, that if one is for instance, a civil engineer, the Associate Membership of the institution is really invaluable; similarly membership of the electrical institution is necessary if one belongs to either of these branches. Particularly in London, also, I found that a good technical qualification by itself is of little use during these difficult days. A prominent Consulting Engineer in London, for instance, in interviewing an applicant for a position will ask two or three searching technical questions and then he will sum him up socially, and probably asks all sorts of questions that have nothing whatever to do with engineering. Furthermore, he will be, most likely, interested to hear if you are keen on any form of athletics, and will ask how you play golf or tennis, etc. Undoubtedly, the possession of a New Zealand University Blue, or some such equivalent is a great asset. Our greatest asset, however, lies in the fact that we are New Zealanders. It may be said in writing these notes for brother engineers who may be contemplating trips abroad, I am unduly pessimistic; my experience, however, has been such, and under certain circumstances it is much better to face facts and not paint pretty pictures. —C.J.H.

A TRUE STORY

“Once upon a time there was a very conscientious professor who decided to do a spot of toil during the vacation, so one evening after dinner, when the shades of night had fallen, he shouldered his little satchel and toddled off to the University.

(Enter the villain, and better still, the villainess.)

He had been sitting in his room for some time preparing a paper on Academic Freedom, when he suddenly heard voices in what should have been an empty building—what did he do? Did he recoil? Did he shrink in terror? Nay! Not so! Being a very conscientious Professor (as I said before) he hastened to investigate.

With stealthy steps he climbed the stairs. The voices grew louder. He stopped; bent down; put his ear to the floor, listened intently. Could it be . . . ? Yes, it could. MALE AND FEMALE voices were issuing from the STAFF TELEPHONE BOX.

Like a hound on the sent the V.C.P. (very conscientious professor) leapt forward. In his right hand he clutched a pipe which he passionately prayed would pass for a pistol. (I forgot to mention that one of the most sinister features of the whole shady affair, was that there were NO LIGHTS ON.) With his left hand he flung open the door and presenting the pipe, said rapidly, “Stand or I fire!” (Incidentally there isn’t room to do anything BUT stand in the S.T.B.) Still, it sounded well.

The only answer to the V.C.P.’s challenge was the switching on of the light and there in its yellow glare stood revealed a shrinking

maiden and a blinking youth, whom, to his horror, the V.C.P. recognised as a prominent member of the Executive of the Students’ Association. (Kindly remember, gentle reader, that this was AT NIGHT, during the VACATION.)

“Aha,” quoth the V.C.P., who had been nourished on the best Nelson Lee traditions, “what have we heah?”

The youth’s mouth opened and shut rapidly. “This is my sister, sir. We have been ringing up,” he stammered feebly.

The V.C.P. gave vent to a sardonic laugh of the “sez-you” variety, for even V.C.P.’s have “heard THAT apple-sass before.” “I suppose you and your SISTER found the number in the daik?” he inquired with heavy, very heavy irony.

“Oh, no, sir, we had just finished and turned out the light,” replied the youth reproachfully.

The V.C.P. looked his unbelief. (How DO these V.C.P.’s know so much?) “I am afraid this unfortunate occurrence will have to be reported to the Professorial Board, Mr. Scraggs,” he said, and, like the angel with the flaming sword, he ushered Scraggs and his “sister” out of the box and out of the building.

A few days later Mr. Scraggs, who was not feeling exactly easy in his mind, thought that it might be rather a sound scheme to go and see the Registrar. He therefore potted up to the University, and after a fit and proper delay, found himself ushered into the presence of Mr. O’Kea, who, on learning the identity of his visitor, straightway assumed his famous one-man-to-another expression. “Well, Mr. Scraggs, and what have you been up to?” he asked.

“It was like this, sir,” ingenuously replied the unfortunate Scraggs. “I wanted to use the ‘phone and the front door was open so I came in and used it. I had just switched off the light when Professor Splitt arrived.”

“And the young lady?” asked Mr. O’Kea expectantly.

“Oh, that was my sister, sir.”

The Registrar’s expression deepened. “Come, come, Mr. Scraggs,” he said, “You don’t . . .” and at this propitious moment in walked the chairman of the Professorial Board, Professor Tawker.

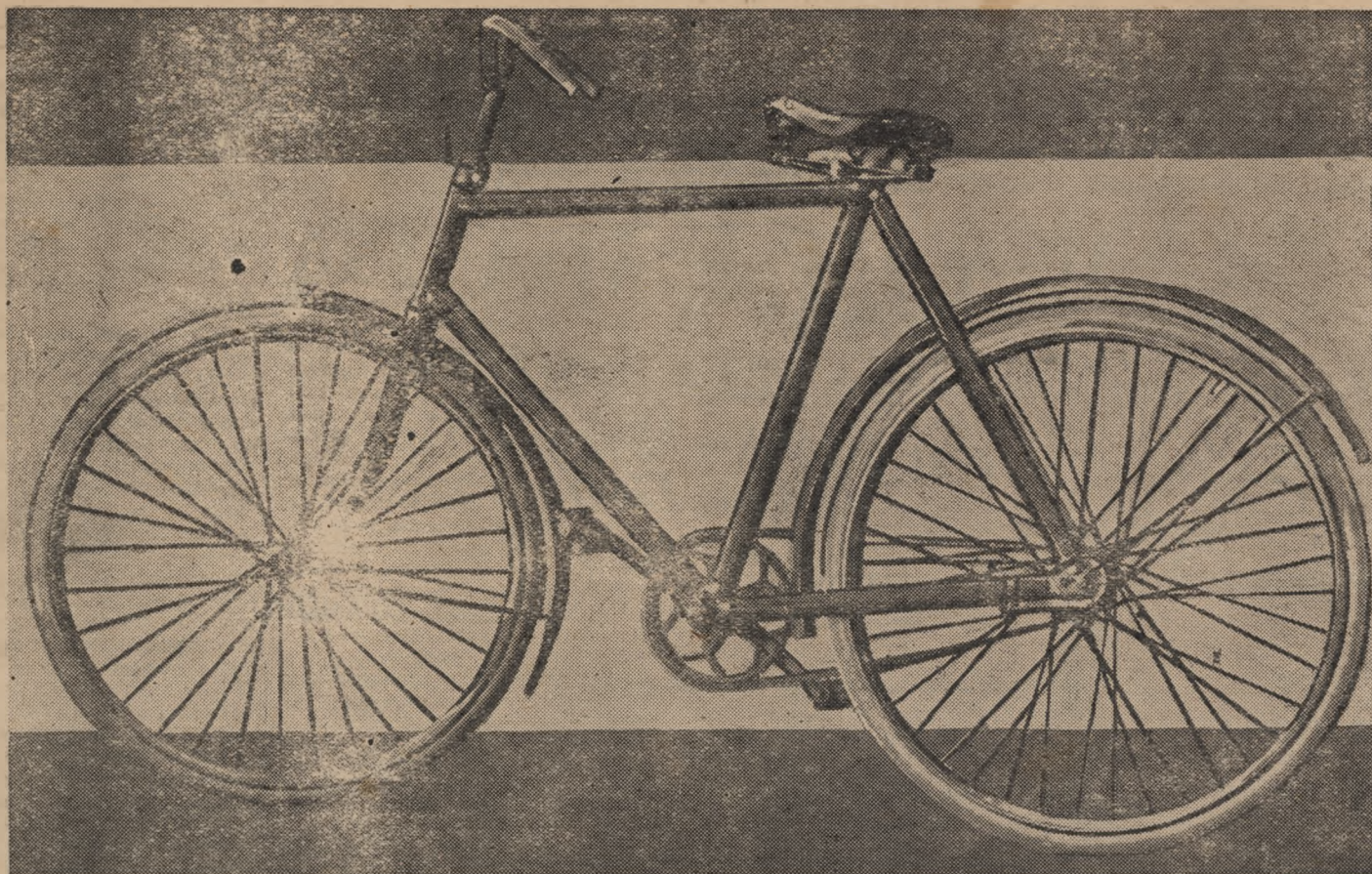
“Ah, yes, Mr. Scraggs,” he said, sonorously in the voice of the confirmed after-dinner speaker. “May I hear your account of that little—er, incident, which occurred last week?”

Poor Scraggs, who was by this time, feeling somewhat gaga, launched forth into his tale which he now knew by heart and was therefore able to declaim with great eloquence. His words carried conviction even to the Two Men of The World who formed his audience, and when he offered to produce photographs of self and sister at various stages of growth and sister herself to display a birthmark on her left ear, they were completely (if unwillingly) convinced.

“You may go, Mr. Scraggs,” said the chairman in a disappointed voice. “I support your story.”

Mr. Scraggs tottered out of the room.

And the joke of the story is that it really WAS his sister, for as Mr. Scraggs said plaintively, to our special reporter who interviewed him last week, “If it HADN’T been my sister, why on earth would I choose the Staff Telephone Box when there’s a perfectly good park across the road.”



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