

CRACCUM

MAY ·



PRICE. 2^d

May, 1935.

- C R A C C U M. -

Price 2d.

- WE AND THE PUBLIC. -

The placards of one of our more widely circulated weekly's have again drawn public attention to the delinquencies of the student. Apparently we have again done the wrong thing, but with a difference; for whereas two years ago the Universities were hot-beds of proletarian revolution, they now reveal themselves as gilded halls of plutocratic dissipation. Which only shews how hard it is for the modern young man to make up his mind.

This sort of thing is apparently inevitable; a certain section of the community (limited both in numbers and intelligence) are always attracted by accounts of anything "wild" or "hectic". And as we know from bitter experience, "copy" must sometimes be obtained even at the cost of taking mountains out of molehills. But it is rather painful, all the same, if someone else happens to select one's own particular molehill.

Why has 'Varsity scandal (or what may be represented as such) so great an appeal? The annoyance is not confined to New Zealand. A university rag in England gets the same kind of unwelcome publicity, though sometimes in a more friendly fashion. Part of the explanation lies with those people who take a perverted pleasure in perceiving that the younger generation is going to the dogs. The university gives them younger generation in concentrated form; and with the aid of a certain amount of imagination they can see us primrose-pathing it in a body. Whereupon they ejaculate "I told you so" with melancholy zest.

Then there are the people (you have no doubt met some of them yourself) to whom University education is nothing but an expensive, prolonged and unnecessary continuation of the secondary school, a costly educational ornament. They, too, are no doubt glad to have evidence of the students' shortcomings. To such people, who regard a student's life as all ease and sunshine, we can only suggest that they should try studying for a B.A. final, or working as hard as some of our law students.

The student has, of course, a responsibility to the public. He can be reasonably expected to have a certain respect for decency and order. If, for the sake of example, A.U.C. students were to imitate the action of one of the Australian universities a few years ago and duck one of their fellows in the Park fountain, they would quite rightly get it in the neck (we hope we are not putting ideas into anybody's head).

On the other hand, the public has a responsibility to the student body. It is this: that they should preserve their sense of humour and their sense of proportion when judging student actions; and that if the actions of individual students appear to be extreme, they should remember that these students are only a small fraction of the whole body. If a University puts on a stunt which does no particular harm, it is a contribution to the community's amusement rather than an affront to its sensibilities. After all, if our undergrads, as a whole are staid and sober at 20, what on earth will they be at 40? Probably doddering.

-----The Editor.

- FLASHES ON THE FILMS. -

Hollywood, amid all its much-publicised faults, has at least one virtue; with all its organisation and its years of experience, it is able to maintain a smoothness in direction and photography which makes even the worst scenario bearable. British studios have given us some of the great films of recent years, but they still have an annoying habit of presenting us with "might-have-beens" - pictures of great possibilities ruined by weakness in some particular direction, generally photography or technical work.

Among recent pictures "FORBIDDEN TERRITORY" suffers from this fault. With Ratoff's acting and Dennis Wheatley's story it has the makings of a good thriller, but is spoilt by patchy direction. Of the Traver's farces shown recently, "DIRTY WORK" is up to the usual level, but the photography is a cameraman's nightmare. "LADY IN DANGER" has amusing moments, with rather too much of the smoking-room story touch. Yvonne Arnaud's charm compensates for her plumpness, and Tom Walls is more roue than ever.

Arliss in "THE IRON DUKE" is another disappointment - an unfortunate one, as he is already beginning to pall slightly on the public. The mess-room scene after Waterloo is a good example of the sort of thing that Hollywood abandoned years ago, but to which Elstree clings with pathetic confidence in its effectiveness.

"ROYAL CAVALCADE" is no exception. Here was a chance for a really big film, a composite picture of twenty-five years of English civilisation. This is what is attempted. But traces of multiple direction and hurried workmanship are everywhere; and the picture skips disconcertingly from pageant to variety, from newsreel to interlude. There are good moments (for example, Vosper's impersonation of Captain Scott) but little successful attempt to sustain interest from one to the next.

An example of what the Americans can do with average material is seen in the "GOOD FAIRY"; even if it is a story for simple souls, it is one of the best comedies seen in Auckland this year. Frank Morgan, as in "THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI", is highly successful as the amorous, amiable nitwit; the rest play up to him well, except for Herbert Marshall (beard and all), who is not quite at home in his part. The Director has a stagy practice of lining up his characters in front of the camera and making them talk furiously at each other.

The two latest American musicals are of very diverse quality. First is the "MERRY WIDOW", not to be confused with the stage-play of that name. Viewed as an entirely new production it is worth seeing, if only for Jeanette MacDonald, who looks like Mae West, but sings a lot better. The black-and-white effects in the Merry Widow Waltz are brilliant; and for those who like him, Maurice himself "has never been seen to such advantage" (to quote the "Herald").

On the other hand "KID MILLIONS", judged by the usual standard of pantomime farce, is decidedly flat. Eddic's style is cramped by a poor scenario and lack of directorial imagination. The picture is nearly saved, however, by the colour sequence for which we have to thank Pogany.

There are compensations. One is "BENGAL LANCER", which combines action and spectacle in a way which gives it a fair claim to be to the talkies what "BEAU GESTE" and "THE COSSACKS" were to the silents. Franchot Tone, in an unusually unsentimental role, takes the acting honours from a strong caste. Whether you like the underlying moral of the picture depends on whether you agree with Yeats-Brown.

"NELL GWYNN" should console the inveterate film-goer for a good many poor British films. The dialogue has the real Restoration touch, and is interpreted with suitable zest by Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle. Hardwicke's Charles II is worthy to rank with Huston's Abraham Lincoln as a piece of near-perfect historical impersonation. Among the supporting cast, one cannot help noticing Esmé Percy as Pepys, who introduces us to the characters and murmurs "And so to bed" with devastating effect.

"LONDON WALL."

The Dramatic Society's public production of John Van Druten's "London Wall" was an admirable effort on the part of Mr. G. L. Hogben. The performance went with great swing, and Mr. Hogben has succeeded in unearthing some new talent of quite a high order.

Miss Janus (Miss Robertson) gave an outstanding performance, and her interpretation of Act II Scene I was quite remarkable in a production of this kind. A more mature appearance would have helped her; but even so she was by far the most satisfying of the ladies. Miss Hooper (Miss Hall) was suitably tough, though she exaggerated at times; Miss Milligan (Miss Best) was quite as suitably innocent; and Miss Bufton (Miss Airey) quite as suitably superficial and gold-digging. Miss Willesden should, I think, have been either entirely dignified or entirely ridiculous. Miss Ingram mingled the two with results which were not entirely happy. Mr. Finkelstein made a most successful Birkinshaw. If his speech had been a fraction faster and less studied he would have been even better. Mr. Spragg, however, seemed out of place as Brewer. Mr. Spragg - begging his pardon - is no lady-killer, and that simple, lamb-like countenance which we know so well could never conceal the scheming mind of a dirty dog. Hec Hammond (Mr. Riddolls) was portrayed with admirable ingenuousness and realism. Mr. Walker (Mr. Mathews) was suitably gentlemanly and had the understanding heart which is supposed to come with maturity.

The stage in general was well ordered. There were no collisions between the players, though the usual tendency to knock the furniture about was noticeable. The make-up could have been improved, Miss Best, Miss Ingram and Mr. Mathews being somewhat exaggerated. The curtain was pulled back insufficiently far in a couple of scenes. The attempts of Mr. Riddolls and Mr. Spragg at osculation with Miss Best were most disappointing and betrayed considerable under-rehearsal - the only real blemish on one of the most successful productions we have seen here for some time.

- FITS AND STARTS. -

by Sinbad and Sinworse.

We understand that women were admitted to the Free Discussions Club the other night.

A miss is as good as a male.

Recent Headlines:

Depression lifting.
Lord Jellicoe's Daughter Married.

Massey College Egg-Laying Contest Won.
Duke of Gloucester lays Foundation Stone.
(which reminds us of the shock given by the "Star" boards some years ago
-- Lunatic at Large -- Gordon Coates in the North.)

This week's Memo. for Librarians --
"Let Sleeping dogs lie."

Overheard at the Interfac. Sports:

Scene: Finish of the 220 Hurdles.

Professor S-w-l: Do they jump over these things
of run round them?

Professor -th-l- (the villian of the piece):
They crawl through them.

True Detective Stories, December 1933:

A pink quilt covered her naked and beautiful body. --
There was every evidence that she had received him in extreme décolleté.
Elementary, my dear Watson.

Local Bodies' Exhibition -- was held this year at the Hobson Street Baths,
on Tuesday April 9th.

Preventative against getting the Blues -- Don't train.

Our Weekly Text --

Drink is an enemyxvii 2 (one of the very minor
prophets);

Love thine enemyxxx Speights.
(on the walls of the Wellington S.A. doss-house)

KIWI
KIWI

KIWI
KIWI

KIWI
KIWI

KIWI
KIWI

Closing date for contributions -- June 10th. Matter of all kinds welcome.
WRITE YOUR ARTICLE DURING VACATION.

And if there's anything left over, send it to C R A C C U M
Next number appearing about June 12th.

- POST-BAG. -

Dear Sir,

There appears to have been some opposition to the admission of women to the F.D.C. The real question is -- does the Club consider itself an Open Forum or not? If so, women, as members of the University, should be admitted. If not, the Club should change its name to a more accurate one -- a Sophist Society or Self-Admiration Society. After all, we live in 1935, and we must abandon the social segregation of 1880, and also the self-centred snobbishness and sentimentality of that period. Surely the male section of students does not fancy itself as the cream of the intellect in this university. That is the only possible reason why any opposition to the admission of women should exist. In other universities there are not only Men's and Women's Common Rooms, but also Common common rooms. By the throwing open of the F.D.C. to all, we will not only create a true Open Forum with a wider perspective than ever would be possible under present conditions, but also a medium for the communication of all our ideas and for the overcoming of superficial and essentially superfluous sex-barriers and prejudices.

Yours, etc.,
Feminist.

Dear Sir,

A student paper can have only two possible functions -- to publish either serious literary work or light humour by students. It is my considered opinion that your miserable rag does neither; and that anyone who expects me to pay for it has the audacity of a Shylock and the financial morals of a Kreuger.

Yours, etc.,
Cynos.

DUNEDIN NOT SO HOT.

ATHLETES CHILLED TO THE BONE.

A chilling wind, sweeping the University Oval all day, made it stiff going for the Tournament athletes. Performances were erratic, and were not a true indication of individual form. For Auckland, Hackett won the Long Jump and Prendergast won the Hop-step, and was second in the Long. The others performed well but against strong opposition did not succeed in gaining points. Ball and Johnson both ran well to obtain third places.

In Basketball, the women again carried all before them. It is worthy of mention that the only year they have been defeated since 1927 was in '33 when they played on their own ground. Misses Gardner and McLeod received the distinction of mention in the Southern press for their ability to put the ball in the right place.

We hand the palm to
women's doubles; Miss Gardner and Miss McKinnon, for winning the
Auckland's five points in Athletics; Hackett and Prendergast, for earning all of
victory and the Gowland medal; Steele for carrying off the featherweight
Boat Race. the Rowing Team for a strategic victory in the
Also to Robert -- for turning the other cheek;
of the Greek. ("When Pete meets Greek" etc.); Peter -- for escaping from the clutches
and to the man who brought a keg to the Oval.
Our sympathies to
drinking contest; the doughty Aucklanders who missed the
the 'Varsity hops, because he was told it would be wet;
Council establishment near Mrs. Allen's; the man who demanded a drink in the City
foiled at every turn. and to the lady fencers, for being

TOURNAMENT FROM THE INN-SIDE.

The first thing that greeted our eyes on the Dunedin platform was the rubicund and genial Mr. Zambucka, accompanied by his gorillas, each tastefully decorated with a blue pork-pie hat, white barman's jacket, check kilts and socks according to taste. After a rousing display of Otago hakas, we fraternized with our hosts and were then taken off to our respective billets. From there we afterwards sallied forth in search of certain infallible preventatives against train-sitter's cramp.

Some bright hops were turned on at the 'Varsity by the Otago people. Less bright but more filling was the S.C.M. free tea, at which we observed in the distance W. McGregor and Bobs Wallace mopping up a plate of banana and sandwiches. Another feature of Sunday's programme was the motor drive, by which we were enabled to see some of Dunedin's countryside, almost as hilly as Auckland's.

A pleasant reception by the Haka party was staged on Monday afternoon after the Athletics. Biting and gouging alone were barred, and the party was soon in full swing. The first casualty was Auckland's Kiwi, which was soon scattered about the field. Immediately afterwards Canterbury's patent reinforced kewpie, gracefully wielded, caught one warrior on the head, and he fell to fight no more. "Craccum's" special correspondent and A. N. Other were seen digging for worms; while Messrs. Abbot and Henderson were well in the forefront of the battle. After a happy half

hour spent in gambolling on the turf, the opposing factions retired in good order to the "Captain Cook" for relubrication.

One of Tuesday's fixtures was the S.A.M. (Students' Alcoholic Movement) dinner at the 'Vedic'; several prominent members of the Auckland branch were present. We have a vague recollection of the dinner, but "Afese" and eloquence were the principal attractions. The toast of the visitors was proposed by Chas. Zambucka, and replied to, on behalf of Auckland, by Eric Halstead, who produced a snappy fish-story. The guests afterwards crawled off to the Tournament Ball, which was not quite the howling success "Truth" tried to make it. The brightest incident was a display of ball-room athletics by some of our well-known sportsmen.

We returned from Dunedin with a further attack of train-sitter's cramp, and the comfortable feeling of a week well spent. May one add that the warmth of Dunedin's hospitality more than atones for the coldness of its climate, which is saying plenty.

RETURN FROM DUNEDIN.

- IMPRESSIONS -

by the Office Boy.

"They were learning to draw" the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things, everything that begins with a B-"

"Why with a B?" said Alice.

"Why not" said the March hare.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time and was going into a doze; but on being pinched by the Hatter it woke up again with a little shriek and then went on, rather alliteratively; such as,

"Boxers and Bruises.

"Beer and Balls.

"Babies and Bun-fights.

and here his voice trailed away so that Alice could not catch the end of it.

And so the Auckland 'Varsity Reps. returned from Christchurch, Dunedin and other places discovered by Admiral Byrd in the sub-antarctic. - "Yes, I hab a slide chill, thak you. Two bore aspros ad sub bore hod water ad whiskey, please."

On their return they all looked as though they had been through Alice's adventures. In fact some looked like her white kitten before its face had been licked by its feline parent for a quarter of an hour.

And yet, before they left, how bright and shining their armour. How neat those shoes and brogues. How precise the crease in his pants and how irreproachable the pleats in her skirt. How nice the feel of the crisp notes, especially that last one they had managed to screw out of an unsuspecting parent or guardian. On their return, how empty the pocket - but, still, why go into all that.

How musical - more or less - their parting cries of "Ave Caesar - pronounced Kaesar, please - morituri te salutant" or whatever parting Ministers of the Cabinet or Members of Parliament cry to the Station-master at Auckland as they depart from our sunny, sub-tropical - more or less - North, for the wide, wild wastes of Wellington. The survivors among them, the more hardy ones, after they have staggered from the train on arrival at Wellington have been known to brush the dust from their clothes, remove the lumps of cinders from their eyes, and hoarsely murmur like the raven "Nevermore" and then dash across the road to the hostelry, there to absorb what is euphemistically known as a "corpse-reviver".

On the doings of our Auckland representatives on the playing fields of Eton - pardon, Dunedin - we need not comment here.

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play.
No thought have they of ills to come
No cares beyond today.

The Auckland papers managed to make up a column or two covering the events in which, in the main, A.U.C. was much less mentioned among the "also-rans" than in previous years. However, "palmarum qui meruit forat" which as the small boy remarked, means you cannot be comfortable unless you travel Pullman and in a fur hat. Our gallant lads and lasses did their best and if points had been allowed for the nervous exhaustion attendant upon the journey down then A.U.C. would have been easily first.

Our tame reporter snooping around for impressions on their return was able to cull the following:-

The tennis representatives were tracked by the foot-faults - pardon, faulty foot-steps. Asked for their impressions they were heard to murmur, with a sweet smile, "It was largely a labour of love". We are still puzzling over this remark. It must be a cryptogram.

The rowing representatives, breezily encouraged by their win were in process of recovering from being fêted. They gently babbled a-green fields and warbled

"Ring -a-ring-a - ro(w)ses
"It's cold in our short tro(w)sés
"Don't touch us, don't touch us,
"Or we'll all fall down.

It was not difficult to trace the Basket-ball team. These modern fleet-footed Atalantas achieved a wonderful success in bringing home premier

honours in Basket-ball. In fact, we might say of this team, it is one "right out of the basket" !! We are certain that they are as handsome as they are modest, but the crowds of admirers prevented us from getting close enough to have a word with members of the Team. We have informed the Southern Colleges that there is no truth in the rumours that our Ethels train on "Ethyl".

Tagging round after the Boxing Gentlemen - politeness is always the better part of valour where they are concerned - we had one look at them, then decided to interview them by telephone, in fact by long-distance telephone. Asking them what they thought of the Southern teams the line fused half way through their remarks so we are unable to give further details.

Interviewing our representatives in the field events they assured us that although they were not always able to show their rivals a well-ablutioned pair of heels, they were at least two jumps ahead of their opponents in one event.. - Collapse of the Editor's fourth private and confidential amanuensis and pause for restoratives - for the Editor --

Sundry settlers, camp-followers, and non-competitors pursued their polar expedition even further and eventually hoisted the Union Jack over Dunedin and claimed it for the Empire after burying a few bottles - empty ones - to mark the site. Their activities are still mentioned with averted head, in whiskered - we mean ~~wh~~ispered - breath and only to be described on sheets of asbestos.

Our sleuth missed the train by which they returned to Auckland. It fooled him by arriving only two hours late instead of the usual liberal margin.

However he ran to earth one of N.Z.'s future law-givers, motionless as a statue, overcome with fatigue in the middle of Queen Street. On being shaken he was heard to murmur, "Thanks, mine's a - " So hastily propping him up in the door-way of the milk-bar our representative speedily departed.

Later in the day we tracked down one who, by a course in Middle-English, philology and such-like seeks to make plain to us our modern literary expressions such as "oh-yeah" and "Atchacha". He was, like the Dormouse, asleep with his head on the table. We shook him but all we could get out of him was

Beowulf waes breme; Blaed wide sprang
Scyldes eafera ; -

This terminated in a sniccup which, as you know m'dears - is a cross between a snore and a hiccup.

And so remembering what the Hatter said to the Dormouse, we poured a little hot tea on his nose.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep" he said in a feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it" added the Hatter "or you will be asleep again

before it's done."

So the Dormouse began:

"Once upon a time there were four lads from Auckland and when they met in Duned-" and here his voice trailed off as he fell asleep once more.

We then went out to find a police-man to ask him to explain to us why it is that although high tide at Onehunga is 40 minutes later than in Auckland yet closing time is the same in both places.

-The Office Boy.

- BOXING . -

Clive Steele won scientific medal for the third time in succession.

Canterbury had a man in the seven finals and every man was eliminated except one. The middle weight was undoubtedly the hardest division. D. J. Boswell (Victoria) a southpaw, completely outboxed and outfought both his opponents. Taking part in the eight-oar rowing race did not affect his condition. G. H. Turner (Auckland) beat J. Lennox (Victoria) by default and lost to N. Williamson (Canterbury) in the final of the Bantam after a lively contest. Turner is not afraid to mix it and will be a tough proposition next year. A good deal of attention centred on C. Steele (Auckland). He gave a clever display against R. Akel (Victoria) and J. B. McNair (Canterbury) winning both decisions in a K.O.

A. C. Brown (Canterbury) had the advantage in height and reach over L. S. Watt (Auckland), in the light-weight division. This was fiercely contested; both men scored freely with both hands to the head and body and a close and good contest went to Brown. R. C. Pemberton (Canterbury) beat B. A. Abbott (Auckland). Abbott was not fit enough to maintain the hot pace set by Pemberton. Abbott gave a good exhibition and was very game.

C. E. Barnes (Canterbury) was lucky to collect the middle-weight verdict from P. Makgill (Auckland). Makgill had the better of the first and second rounds. Barnes went down for a short count in the first round. Barnes is a tough customer and exchanged some hard rights.

In the light-heavy division A. C. Stuart (Auckland) ran into a good straight left to the jaw which made him groggy, thus leaving himself open for a right to the jaw. R. Gaudin (Canterbury) was the executioner.

A. D. McGregor (Auckland) did not get going until late in the second round. By using a good straight left he made it very hot for D. Hudson (Canterbury). The decision went to Hudson.

- POST MORTEM . -

The Auckland team fought well and at times showed considerable boxing ability. In most fights, after the first round it is advisable to step in lively with lefts and rights to the head and body and keep gracefully at your man. Auckland members did not always have the fit condition to do this. It seems to be the custom in 'Varsity championships that when a man hits the canvas he should stay down for eight or nine. Unless the rest

-11-

is badly needed it is necessary to get up immediately the referee commences the count and box on otherwise valuable points are lost.

Professor W. P. Gowland presented the Gold Medal to Clive Steele for the most scientific display at the tournament. Victoria appreciates that they have in Clive Steele the cleverest amateur feather-weight boxer in New Zealand. He has a solid punch and always gives a pretty display of ring craft.

K I W I
K I W I
K I W I
K I W I

CLOSING DATE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS -- JUNE 10th.
MATTER OF ALL KINDS WELCOMED.
WRITE YOUR ARTICLE DURING VACATION.

-----00000-----

AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OVER, SEND IT TO

- C R A C C U M -

NEXT NUMBER APPEARING ABOUT JUNE 12th.

-----000000000-----