

CRACCUM

JUNE



PRICE 2D

- The Student and the Standard. -

The poor old exam. system always seems to be under fire, in one way or another; and we all of us hope that it will one day be replaced by a system at once more precise and more generous, that will aim at discovering more of what we do know and less of what we don't. That will without doubt be part of the millenium which (as we are assured) will sooner or later come upon us, or our descendants.

In the meantime, a matter of severe practical importance is the recent criticisms levelled at the standard of our own degree examinations. It has been stated on good authority that this standard is not so high as it should be; and the blame for this is placed partly on part-time students.

But the claims of the part-time students on the University are by no means negligible. It has been pointed out that they constitute roughly half the students; and therefore have an equal claim with the full-timers. It might also be pointed out that the part-timer has a case, not only for consideration, but for sympathy. He has generally to earn his living as well as attend lectures, and is thus involved in a double struggle for bread and brain-food. In the case of law and teaching, at least, he cannot spend three or four years getting a degree without losing that much practical experience. And even if his average marks are lower, there is nothing to shew that he has less ability or perseverance than the full-time student.

On the other hand, a respectably high standard has to be preserved. In saying this, we do not wish for a moment to make the holding of a degree a symbol of class-distinction; we do not think that the University should become the habitation of a highly select intellectual elite, or that earning a living should mean forfeiting higher education. But the fact must be recognised that the value of a degree lies in the standard of the examination behind it. A University education is no cheap matter, and its most tangible result is the possession of a degree. If that degree should ever appear worthless to outsiders, we have wasted our money and several years of our lives.

So that, even from a purely mercenary standpoint, the degree-standard has to be carefully preserved. If, in order to do so, it is found necessary to make things harder on the examinee, he gains in the long run by holding a degree of recognised merit. It would be very pleasant to have degrees given out with a liberal hand, just as it would be if everyone received some nice new bank-notes from a douglasite government. But the fact remains that, without solid backing, a degree, like a bank-note, just won't be accepted on its face value.

- The Editor -

HECTIC WILD WHOOPEE AT A.U.C. CAPPING
BRAWL.

(Copyright: N.Z. Spoof)

In typical "Varsity style the students at the A.U.C. Capping Ball celebrated 1935 Graduation.

Beer bottles and whisky flasks lay piled yards deep round the entrance to the Auckland University College on the morning of Saturday May 11th as relics of the most hectic Graduation Ball ever celebrated inside the stately portals of the Hall of Learning in Prince's Street. Mounted policemen and plain clothes detectives making frantic efforts to dislodge the traffic-jam of bottle-collectors, which occurred in the early hours following the Ball, were ample evidence of the riotous entertainment of the night.

No law-abiding citizen can view with anything but apprehension the menace offered to our well-ordered community life by the frequency of these outrageous goings-on in their midst. It is time that the Auckland City Council did its duty and suppressed the whole social life of the College if it is going to mar the upright and sober life of the city with an annual outflow of graduated hooliganism and immorality.

"Spoof" learns on good authority that in a wild cushion-battle below stairs in the early hours of the Saturday morning, Mrs. Todd, a well-known and respected figure at the College, was narrowly missed by a flying weapon.

Nor did this narrowly averted catastrophe sober the inflamed combatants; and the riot continued.

Not only was the moral sense of the community shocked by the promiscuous alcoholism of students, but its finer aesthetic feelings were deeply offended by the disgusting sight of young men revelling in the emulation of their prehistoric brethren, and glorying in having lower limbs. We would suggest to the College Council that a regulation concerning the shaving of legs if they are to appear in public is urgently necessary. If this reform is not instituted, then it is time for the Society for Decency in Public Life and the Police to interfere.

PRIZES!! PRIZES!! PRIZES!!

ANIMAL-LOVERS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!!

First Prize will be awarded to the first entrant who succeeds in classifying according to species, a dog, on view 9 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. daily in the College Library. In fairness to the entrants we give no closing date.

Second Prize for the best Essay
on:-- "THE SPOTTED DOG AND ITS PARASITE! "
(Zoology students are recommended to use this investigation as a basis for their Honours thesis.)

- THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY. -

Existing as it does without aid or advice from any more experienced man or woman, we know that this Society has to get along as best it can with inexperienced producers, to whom credit is due for the hard work and time they put into the performances. But they cannot be expected to bring their productions up to the standard which a University Dramatic Society should reach.. What standing has it among other Dramatic Societies in Auckland?

Might one make a few constructive suggestions : firstly, that the Patron of the Society, the Professor of English, should be made to feel that his criticisms and active interest would be highly valued; secondly, that there are classes for amateur producers given at the Elam School of Art which it would surely be possible for some of our Committee to attend occasionally; thirdly, in regard to the matter of readings. It is known that no student has a superabundance of time on his hands, which makes it essential that most of the plays put on should be read; but a reading can never do justice to a good play - especially such ambitious ones as we seem to undertake here. If the matter were made really public, surely enough genuinely keen students could be found to ensure the production of one or two finished, learnt performances during the year. - A propos might I also make the suggestion that this Society does not do enough to unearth the new blood, the keenness, and possible talent, available among the students? There are several people willing and eager to act, often with past acting experience, who are never invited to take part in the college acting. They have perhaps come from schools where there has been really good acting, in which they have joined wholeheartedly; they come to the University and give in their names with enthusiastic hopefulness to some unknown, with whom they communicate per the notice board, and more often than not that is the last they hear of it. Several of our students have joined outside dramatic societies.

These suggestions come from one who has the interests of the college at heart, and would like to see the A.U.C. Dramatic Society ranking high among kindred societies in Auckland.

B.V.

Seen on Local Buildings:

"Duck in Restaurant."

Why advertise the fact?

"Oysters from our own Beds."

A wet sheet and a flowing sea.

"The Lions Board and Residence."

The Zoo will soon have to close down.

"Specialists in Reproduction."

(From a firm of photographic manufacturers
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- SOME NEW BOOKS. -

METEOR. by Karel Čapek.

LAND UNDER ENGLAND. by Joseph O'Neill.

HOW LIKE AN ANGEL. by A. G. McDonnell.

CELEBRATED SEQUELS. by Rachel Ferguson.

Judging by the majority of modern satirical novels, it would appear that such works, to be successful, must be either immoral, vulgar or obscene. Mr. A. G. McDonnell has disproved this idea however by giving us his latest gem "HOW LIKE AN ANGEL", a satire of the first rank which unites the irony of Huxley with the wit of Waugh, but lacks the pathological obsessions of the former and the low-minded licentiousness of the latter.

The theme, though slight, is adequate. A youth reared by three missionaries on an island and equipped with an amazing store of miscellaneous knowledge, is precipitated into this mad world and immediately taken for a famous film star. His introduction to the lunacies of the film industry, the smart set, legal procedure, love and current morals gives Mr. McDonnell ample scope to make a merry mock of our modern pretensions. The whole book literally sparkles and is recommended to those who like satire, those who dislike Americans, and those lesser minds (of which the reviewer is one) who like a hearty laugh.

Čapek's "METEOR" is an individual and fascinating variant of the detective story. Somewhere in Europe an aeroplane crashes in flames; the passenger is "a man without a face or name, a man without consciousness." His life story is pieced together from the dream of a nurse, the vision of a clairvoyant and the fantasy of a poet. From the three there emerges the life of a man, brilliant, but "destroying everything -- out of sheer obstinacy" wasted for years in the tropics, finally destroyed just as it is about to find fulfilment. Mr. Čapek's method of letting the characters tell the story, almost as if they were talking to themselves, is as skilfully used as in "HORBUDAL".

A new and highly interesting addition to the long list of satirical Utopias is Joseph O'Neill's "LAND UNDER ENGLAND". Mr. O'Neill directs his criticism at the Fascist state, which he represents by the sunless "land under England" where descendants of the Roman legions live in a state of hypnotic devotion to the community. The author works very slowly, but succeeds in building up a grim picture of the world ruled by darkness, in fear of which the lost people empty their lives of everything but this futile devotion. Allegory, satire, adventure and tragedy are blended into a book which merits the much-abused adjective "Thought-provoking".

"CELEBRATED SEQUELS" (Cape) is Miss Rachel Ferguson's latest collection of parodies. Succinct and enchantingly allusive, all of these sixteen delightful imitations are taken from well-known works and their action is the development of the action of the stories to a more or less logical conclusion. In the space here available it is impossible to cite instances of the writer's amazing ability to reflect the style and mood of her chosen victims, but it is possible to mention the titles of some of the sections. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is imitated in "Mrs. Salem's Suspicions" to which there is a most delightful preface, again in the characteristic style of G.B.S. Beverley Nichols is here sent "Down the Crazy Pavement" uttering his usual inanities about flowers and people who work. "The Provincial Lady Goes too Far" is the title of E.M. Delafield's latest, according to Miss Ferguson, (nuff said). E.F. Benson, Kipling, H.G. Wells, P.C. Wren, Hugh Walpole and Sinclair Lewis are some of the other whose works are parodied.

New Books Worth Reading:

"Ripeness is All" by Eric Linklater; "The Rose and the Flower" by L.H. Myers; "The Son of Richard Carden" by Neil Bell; "The Georgian Literary Scene" by Frank Swinnerton; "The World as I See It" by Albert Einstein; "Broadcasting in My Time" by Sydney Moseley; "The Intelligentsia of Great Britain" by Dmitri Mirtsy. "More Plays" by Lennon Robinson; "European Journey" by Sir Philip Gibbs; "Charles Dickens" by Andre Maurois; "The Stars Look Down" by Dr. A. J. Cronin; "The Modern Rake's Progress" by Rebecca West (Illustrations by Low).

- SONG OF THE PRESS. -

by the Press Gang.

When the glass is rising.....Weather Forecast.
And the beer is going down.....Anon.
When all our local lights are lit.....A.E.P.B.
Well lit.....Waitemata Brewery Co.
Hark the "Herald" angels sing.....Carol (Not King Carol)
God save the king, God save the king.....Anthem.
So twinkle, twinkle, little "Star".....Nursery Rhyme.
Lead me gently to the Bar.....Prof. Algie.

"No!" she shrieked, using his face as a spittoon to express her contempt. (Wrigley's Spearmint promotes a healthful saliva.)

He reeled back nine inches with the shock, and his face turned a delicate green, slowly returning to its original colour. (Steelite Green stays Green.)

"D'you reject me?" he snarled, baring his teeth like a wild beast. (Frost 2 guinness for a perfect set.)

"He struck her heavily over the head with a club. It was the Ace. (De la Rue's Playing Cards are the best!)

But he had only jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. Both were too hot to hold him, so he climbed into his car, and pressed savagely on the self-starter.

The car started - with astonishment (You can be sure of Shell) and carried him to the University. The Registrar came to the door when he heard the engine knocking, and his wellknown smile lit up his face like a house on fire.

- THE GREEKS RED A WORD FOR IT . -

- Newly-Formed Classical Society Meets . -

The A.U.C. Classical Society held its meeting on May 7th of the first term. The society has been instituted by Professor Cooper, and should prove one of the most valuable in the College. Two interesting papers were given: one by Mr. M.E. Bardsley on "The Social Position of Women in Ancient Greece." There was some good and original work put into it, and it had great interest even for those who were unfamiliar with any aspect of Greek life. It treated of the position of women in the Heroic Age, surveyed the evidence of the Lyric Poets, gave a sane account of the freedom of the Spartan women, and the almost eastern seclusion of the Athenian woman of the fifth century.

The paper of Mr. K. E. Mackenzie deserves nothing but praise. Its subject was "Views among the Ancients on Life after Death." It covered a wide field, from a thorough examination of Homeric ideas to those of the Stoic philosophers. If the society can continue to give papers of this quality on such interesting subjects, it will be a credit to the College.

The student has been rather apt in the past to see the Greeks and Romans merely as a short piece of prose and verse, and trifling bits of grammatical tags for examinations. The society incidentally does not close its doors on the Philistines, who are legion enough amongst us. Every science, mathematics, philosophy and English student, worthy of the name, is aware that the only approach to his subject is through the Greeks. We should like to hear something from the Society on Science and political thought among the ancients.

---M.

Epistles to the Philistines.

No.1- Epstein or Sermons in Stones.

My dear mugs,

How are you and all your little phobias to-day? Well? Splendid, for we are going to chat for a while about Epstein and the significance of his work. I would like to add that I am addressing only those of you who know that Epstein's "NIGHT AND DAY" is not a theme song and that "RIMA" is a very remarkable relief sculpture (even you will agree with the adjective) and not a brand of tea.

Since you are probably still writhing with the recollection of the distorted newsprint you saw last month of his "CHRIST" perhaps the subject will not be out of place, and I promise to pretend not to notice your foaming and hair-wrenching whenever Epstein's name is mentioned.

In the first place, let me ask you a question. "Why do you dislike Epstein's work?" That surprises you doesn't it? "Why" you splutter, "because his statues are so ugly - because they aren't natural, of course." But do you sincerely believe that that is a valid criticism? Has it ever occurred to you that the reason might possibly be because you do not understand him and have never tried to. I write, please note, in all humility - and sorrow.

The trouble with you people (if you will pardon my speaking a little harshly) is that you have never been able to get away from the conventional, hidebound idea of what sculpture is, or perhaps, have never attempted to. You believe that a statue must be photographic (natural, you call it) that is must show things as they are. Have you never thought it a possibility that it would be just as fine art of sculpture showed things as they aren't, or even IDEAS as they are? Why must a statue always look like anything you know? Sometimes, I admit, yes, but why always? It is a case, not of loving Praxiteles less, but of loving Epstein more.

Push your photographic idea to its logical conclusion and what do you find? Unvarying likenesses and conventional similarity in every piece of work. The later Greeks with their figures which might have belonged to the same person, identical and expressionless faces, conventional poses, are a case in point.

Don't you think, if you tried really hard, you could break with the old tradition, and not by any means discard it, but bring yourself to understand that Epstein gives you ideas in stone, conceptions rather than perceptions. You might at least be brought to give him credit for the industry which he employs to express an abstract thought in tons of stone.

If you for one moment doubt the sincerity of his ideals, and argue that he sculpts thus because he cannot do otherwise, his magnificent bronzes are there to refute you.

As an illustration, take his latest "monstrosity" (as you label it) "CHRIST". "Rubbish" you say, "Why, it looks nothing like Christ". Of course it looks nothing like Christ, simply because it is not intended to look anything like Christ. Reproductions of the traditional idea of the Saviour abound by the million, and Epstein has no desire to add another likeness to the collection. He has an idea - accurate or not, it is beside the point, - that Christ has become, in the minds of many men, a symbol of magic, an embodied charm against evil, a totem - and this idea he embodies in stone.

He represents Christ as a totem, a figure with all the totem characteristics and merely the identifying crown of thorns to distinguish it from like symbols. Thus in a statue he has expressed a complete abstract idea, an idea which a very little thought on the work will make evident to the most ignorant. The clearness of his embodiment of the idea, dear Philistines, is displayed in the fact that I was independently able to grasp the implication. Still, I have my doubts about you.

Never mind, dear souls, persevere. Criticise and condemn, sneer and scowl, and one day you might convince even yourselves that you are right,

but Epstein's sculptures will remain and nothing but the united condemnation of all genuine critics (which is impossible) or a ton of dynamite (which is improbable) will ever remove them from the revolutionary position they hold in the history of the world's sculptures.

With sincere condolences,

Bombasto.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Once upon a time a hungry student made a pact with the Devil that in return for work done for his employer, he should have as much beer as he wanted and counter lunch to spare. So the devil put him on tracts and hymns, which were temporarily understaffed, and the student in the intervals of going for his Ll. B. (he was a law student - this is very important) put in twenty two and a half hours a day writing "Lost Martha's Story" or "Higher and Higher". He needed the other one and a half hours' for attending lectures, eating meals and paying the usual legal visits to the local inn.

Now these tracts, which, as is well known, damn no less than 3,669 souls every month through sheer boredom at being good, were written in such an acute and perspicuous legal style that a Company Promoter (no, his Christian name was not P.T.S.), who could come to no harm by reading the tracts, wished to employ him as a Private Secretary. He was a very rich man, possessing ten cars for himself, his wife and his nephews (no, he had no children, he was too busy), and a motor bus for his employees; and as a matter of fact he went through life in a sort of dream of riches, having everything golden that was possible around him, except of course, golden syrup.

The Company Promoter first sent three of his assistants to inform the Student of his new work, and, finding that his assistants had escaped in the interval, he went out himself to find the man. But although he tried hard, he could never find him except when he was either drunk or writing tracts. When he was writing tracts he was too tearful to accept the offer, and when he was drunk he saw two financiers making him offers instead of one, and could not make up his mind which to accept, as they seemed equally inviting. And the more one promoter increased his salary and lessened his hours, the more the other immediately caught up with his terms. At first the law student gave the nearest financier a coin (no, it was a bad coin) to toss up and decide who should have him, but strangely enough whenever one promoter tossed the other tossed too. And the coins always came down the same side up.

So the student took back his coin and slipped it into the nearest collection box, as he had been unable to deceive anyone else and did not like being beaten. The Promoter did not like being beaten either, so he accused the Hungry Student of publishing immoral literature, and although no less than six University Professors testified that they often read much worse French novels the Student was almost caught. But as he was a law student and therefore at least twice as cunning as any judge, he argued that since he was innocent until declared guilty, he must be innocent at the very moment of being declared guilty, and therefore the Court was condemning an innocent

man. Which plea so moved the judge that he immediately discharged the prisoner and brought some of his pamphlets, only to be disappointed.

But during the interval of awaiting trial, the student had been locked up in a cell and given only tea and coffee (yes, this was British justice!) and was perfectly sober. The financier made him a firm offer which was immediately accepted, as when the financier said "Sign here", the Student thought he was offering him a beer. So he was put on another payroll, which of course made the Devil very angry, as he is a man of honour, and does not like to see contracts broken, but only records.

His first act was to sue the Financier for causing a breach of contract, and after taking the case to the Privy Council, he was awarded at least half his expenses. Not feeling entirely satisfied in his mind, he ordered the Hungry Student to return to his work, and as the Hungry Student was now very thirsty as well, he was only too pleased to oblige.

To gain his revenge, the Devil, who was in a simply diabolical rage, took away his half-hour for lectures and his hour for drink and food, making him work so hard that he caught typewriter's cramp, angina pectoris and fatty degeneration of the lower thumb. But he sued the Devil under the Worker's Compensation Act, and having won his case died happily ever afterwards.

- 'VARSITY LIFE IN CANADA. -

(Extracts from a letter received from a student at the University of Toronto.)

"Thank you very much for the handbook - the most outstanding matter (to us who have had much prohibition of liquor since the war) is the advertisement for Corban's wines. None of my friends nor I could imagine such an advertisement in a similar publication at our University.

I am including a pamphlet about Hart House, which I believed to be unique till I read of your Students' Block, which seems to correspond somewhat at all events."

(The description of Hart House runs as follows:--"Hart House contains common rooms of every description - a reading room, library, music room, debates room, sketch room, a small chapel, photographic dark-rooms, several gymnasias, a swimming pool, running track, rifle range, billiard room, theatre and the Great Hall. There are also senior common-rooms for both graduate and faculty members.")

"Hart House is unique in this part of the world. I had lunch to-day in the Great Hall at the High Table which is for members of committees who run the House, and their friends. Just behind me on the wall was the shield of N.Z.U..

"I am in Trinity College, which was founded in 1851. Trinity is distinctive in being the place where British University traditions are most firmly upheld on the Continent. The head of Trinity is the Provost.

"The University has no jurisdiction over the colleges, but they all co-operate very well. Trinity is part Arts and part Divinity. Degrees in Divinity are given only by the Colleges. You will find our system more complicated than yours. Many of us put in years without understanding some things.

"Our first year men are "Freshmen", the women "Freshies" or "Freshettes". The women of all years are "Co-eds.".

"Our 'Varsity publications include "The 'Varsity" (daily), and the "Torontonensis" (yearly). At Trinity we have "The Trinity University Review" (monthly and for men), and "The Cap and Gown" (every other month, and for women).

The women of our college are in St. Hilda's College and are commonly known as "Saints".

"Some of our important days - Sept. 26th - Lectures began; Oct. 8th - Thanksgiving Day (a federal holiday); December 21st - lectures for Michaelmas (autumn) term finished; all this in 1934.

In 1935, lectures began Jan. 3rd. Easter term ends 23rd of May. Examinations began May 1st. You see we have a very long holiday - May to October really. I find it too hot, even in this country, to work at studies in the summer. Many people from the University procure jobs for the summer. They go into trade, or do anything they can find to do. Some pay their way through College by working for the few summer months. Most of them merely make extra money. I imagine that 90% or more of the men spend their holidays in this fashion."

- FLASHES ON THE FILMS. -

The mysterious people who control the general policy of film-land seem to be at last awakening to the fact that one of the greatest attractions a picture can have is originality. You have probably observed with increasing despair, in the past five years, how pictures have been produced on a follow-the-leader plan: How "ALL QUIET" was followed by the war picture cycle; "DRACULA" by the horror cycle, and so on. Some producer had the courage to test a fresh theme, and in six months the new vein had been worked out. The successful pictures were those which happened to be the first or the best of the series. In the past month, however, the four or five best pictures have been strongly individual.

There has been, for example, "THE FIRST WORLD WAR", a picture which makes history in the presentation of history. The idea (which dates from "RASPUTIN") of working in shots of actual events in recent history, is here extended to the making of a full-length recent-historical picture entirely from genuine material. One feels that its weaknesses occur where it departs from the method of the book; in picturising the causes of the War, for instance, attention is confined almost entirely to Germany. It lacks also a little of the pathos and grimness of the book; but the latent irony of Stallings's captions is still there and receives full justice from the voice of Pedro de Cordoba. The film reaches a fine climax in its last two "chapters" - the first with its graphic picture of the modern battlefield, the second with its intelligent composite of modern militarism.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD" is a novel combination of both the crime-picture and the Dickens-picture. The story has been intelligently completed (by Balderstone) and the picture directed with imagination. The acting of Claude Rains is, as usual, beautifully sensitive (I can only repeat the word); the only complaint is that he could take up even more of the picture than he does, but fortunately the rest of the picture is divided among a strong supporting cast, in which Douglas Montgomery, as Landless, is outstanding.

A thriller of a different type is "THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH" easily the best of its kind since Fritz Lang made "THE SPY". Story by Wyndham Lewis, dialogue by Emlyn Williams and direction by Wilcox are perfectly blended with the acting of a flawless cast. Among the actors, Leslie Banks as the father of the kidnapped girl and Frank Vosper as the French gunman, are the most noticeable, but acting honours go to Peter Lorre. His characterisation of the gang leader, combining ruthlessness with a touch of pathos, rounds off what one is tempted to call a perfect picture.

Meanwhile the good old film-cycles continue to pedal along. "CLIVE OF INDIA", the latest historical, can show a competent cast, and 20th Century's usual accuracy of historical setting. But the attempt to make Clive a family-man-cum-great-lover gives the picture a very slow tempo; and some of the lines (Aubrey Smith's last speech is an example) are in the best vein of Hollywood anachronism.

As for "THE BAND MASTER" - it destroyed me, folks, it destroyed me! Disney skilfully uses colour to make Micky, and his co-star, Dicky, funnier than ever.

"AFTER OFFICE HOURS" and "THE GILDED LILY" are two fairly intelligent comedies - a good evening's relaxation, and no more.

"ROBERTA" is largely fashion parade, relieved by the dancing of the Rogers-Astaire combination.

- POST-BAG. -

The Editor,
"Craccum".

Dear Sir,

I wish to express my indignation at the injustice of the general scheme of things.

To begin with, as a member of the Hongi Club, I feel it my duty to protest against the unseemly manner in which the aforesaid Hongi Club, while going about its private business, was interrupted by two members of the constabulary on Capping night.

The charge was - disturbing the peace. I deny the allegation. True, the attire was somewhat unconventional, and instead of Hongi, a small china - ah - 'receptacle' was carried, but that, in my opinion, was a private matter and not to be treated with ribaldry.

It was to be noticed, however, that on a following Friday, the Commercial Travellers' Association held a street collection. A noisy mass of C.T.'s descended on to the pavement outside St. James' Theatre. This motley mob, in the name of charity, deliberately proceeded to obstruct the free passage of people of Auckland. They went absolutely unreprieved. Contrast!

A further point:

It was noticeable that the Women when making their infamous onslaught on the celibacy of the Free Discussions Club, chose a night when it was known that the Hongi Club was sitting in camera on a very important matter; so that the right of their admittance to the sacred precincts of the Men's Common Room, was achieved - achieved (got it) by these women, by methods of stealth subterfuge and cunning.

We find, that while usurping the male rights, women do not cede any of theirs, e.g. Women may go in for medicine, but men cannot take up Home Science (not that they would want to, but the principle remains unaltered.)

At the same time, however, we note that these witches make no mention of going to battle in the next war to fight for their men (or anyone else's men).

I have spoken,
SELAH!

Signed

'Varsity for the Vegetarians.

Dear Sir,

In your last edition somebody denounced "Craccum" as a "miserable rag". I don't go as far as that. The main grievance I have is that "Craccum" isn't living up to its title - "Craccum" harder. - That the only now literary rag of the College should be issued by the Students' Association and under its thumb, is wrong. There should be no official control to rule out meaty criticism. You obviously have a difficult job. Your paper is supposed to be too critical - at least that is what the average student believes - and yet to have to confine your criticism to mere trifles so that the Students' Association may be in no danger of getting its pants kicked by the Professorial Board.

What we need is a paper uncontrolled by the Students' Association and led by an independent editorial staff which is willing to take any responsibility for its articles.

That's what Otago has in "The Critic".

"JACQUES"

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