

CRACCUM

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MONDAY, JULY 6, 1936.

3d.

REVUE REVIEWED

"QUALIFIED SUCCESS"

(By Qualified Reviewer.)

The Editor said: "Review the Revue."

I said: "Why?"

The Editor said: "Because the Official Report is too damning and we don't want to publish it if we can avoid it."

I said: "It's three weeks since I saw it and besides, I went to the Grad. Ball just after it."

The Editor said: "All the better."

So I told him that his blood would be on his own head if I forgot anything and had to draw on my imagination to fill it up. He said it couldn't be worse than the Official Report. I weakened and said I'd do it.

If anybody wants to quarrel with any of my facts, then, he will please remember that it is three weeks or more since I saw the thing. And further that I went to the show on the Tuesday. I hoped that the cast might by then have got over their nervousness and that the Hongis might yet be sober.

When I entered the hall there was some alleged humour oozing out of an amplifier. Some of it was funny. The architects had waxed funny too and inserted a beer-bottle amongst the courtesans on the decorations. Evidently they were not my class of girl at all. Humour and snatches of music continued to ooze out of the amplifier throughout the evening.

Mr. Jones appeared, and the orchestra played. Mr. Jones waved his baton in a convincing fashion, and the players seemed to keep in time. They played Gaudeamus, during which some stood and some evinced a desire not to. They played a curious concoction of tunes graced by the title of an overture. What claims it had to opening anything was beyond me. Nevertheless "they played in time and they played in tune," and the noise was considerably enhanced by the presence of a bass, which instrument has been conspicuous by its absence during the last couple of years. It has been thoroughly reconditioned by the tasteful addition of wooden blocks under the feet of the bridge.

Some people on the stage sang after the drawing of the curtain, and evinced the influence of the Music Club. The words were no worse than those of choruses from any other revues.

Mr. Medhurst appeared and endeavoured cautiously to emulate Mr. Astaire. He was encored and did it all over again. Then he retired. His place was taken by Mr. Spragg, who sang on his favourite

topic of the liquor question. I do not see why Mr. Spragg cannot vary his subject and his manner occasionally.

Mr. Spragg's efforts were followed by what the programme termed a political satire. It was characterised chiefly by the remarkable make-up of Mr. Finkelstein as Haile Selassie, and by much shouting on the part of Mr. Maich, who looked extremely unlike Mussolini. Any satire present was extremely heavy and laboured. Embryo wit was strangled during birth. The antics of the Hongis and the one-finger typing of Mr. Braybrooke were slightly amusing.

Mr. Hogben began to make vocal noises called topicalities. I regret that the point of the lyric was entirely beyond me and a great deal of the audience; nor did Mr. Hogben's curious sense of pitch improve matters. Incidentally, I suspect he may be liable to prosecution for parodying a copyright song.

So far so bad.

Item No. 7 was a play in the Russian manner, called "Words and Moujics". This was a worthy effort from the pen, I understand, of Mr. Reid. Noteworthy were the mutterings of Mr. Clouston and the celery-chewing of Mr. Reid. The general effect was considerably enhanced by Mr. Reid's judicious choice of cognomens, before which Milton's roll-call of proper names is easily put to shame.

Mr. Evans now appeared and volunteered some melodious comments on the frailty of woman, which pleased most people and gained him an encore.

The next item was labelled "French Farce"—whatever that means. Miss Miller looked attractive as usual in her night attire, though Mr. Hogben seemed to be having difficulty in getting his teeth firmly fixed in her neck. Incidentally, his French pronunciation was a considerable improvement on that which he affected in the times when it used to be breathed down my neck daily. The sketch was quite amusing; and the author having kept his French down to the standard of Longman Part I. probably made it intelligible to most of the audience.

Then there was an interval, during which the amplifier belched forth further snatches of music and would-be wit.

Mr. Finkelstein now provided amusement in the shape of a lantern lecture illustrating a train journey from Auckland to Westfield. Mr. Finkelstein's methods were, I think, rather better than his matter. His imitations were

convincing, but would have been better had he produced something of a greater range of tone—that is, he reproduced the accent of his models but failed somewhat to reproduce the musical quality of the voices he imitated.

The next number, a grand opera name of "Saust", was perhaps the gem of the evening. It was carried to great heights by the superb soprano of Mr. Evans, who got at his top notes with the confidence of any first-rate coloratura. He easily surpassed here his previous effort. The work of Messrs. Reid and Hogben paled into insignificance before the all-conquering, all-drowning bellows of Mr. Evans.

The next item came from the amplifier and was occasionally funny but somewhat pointless.

The next was "The Wives of a Bengal Lancer," which just missed its mark and was chiefly remarkable for the gallant reply of "Nuts" by the Sheik to the Major's request that he should not enter the fort; and for the unusually neat appearance of Mr. Reid.

Mr. Spragg appeared and sang topicalities. Unfortunately they were entirely inaudible, at any rate in the gallery, so I cannot form any opinion as to their merits.

The last item was alleged to be an operetta. The first part was entirely unamusing. But Mr. Hogben gave a grand performance as Professor Chalker; Mr. Reid as Professor Sandy; and even more excellent was Mr. Fleming's version of Professor Snooper, complete in plus-fours, gown, umbrella, and accent. Mr. Spragg sang again. Unfortunately I heard Lawrence Tibbet sing the same tune a few weeks before; and as the words were again inaudible, I was hardly impressed.

There emerges from this revue the fact that there is talent in the College which can produce worthy material if it is stirred up to do it. Which is a consolation to one who was beginning to doubt it. I would look on the performance as a qualified success, and urge the spending of further time and effort if it is to succeed in future.

PROPRIETY OF THE PROCESSION!

"Craccum" can find little to say about the Procession. It said so much for itself! Everyone knows that it was a revival of an ancient and revered practice. Everyone knows that it was meant to be clean. Everyone knows that certain Hongis were largely responsible. Everyone knows that it showed Mr. Lewis in a new role. Everyone knows that the Crippled Children's Fund was an excellent pretext. Everyone wonders whether the donation will be made as it was collected—in handles—also if the coins will be sent to the Dry Cleaners first. There is no need to instance various details of the collection. The case of a prominent undergraduate of the College who "works" in town and was dragged from his place of business to be threatened with a new weapon in the form of a bath-tub filled with dirt, is quite typical. I say "weapon" advisedly in this case, because the said bath-tub was not exactly tailored to fit our hardy Glaxo Baby, who, being approximately 7ft. tall, prefers the extra wallowing room afforded by the Tepid Baths. It is said he bailed himself out from the bath-tub and an awkward predicament on the surety of his boss for the sum of one penny sterling.

At any rate the Procession came and went, some people think a little too fast. It is encouraging to see a letter in the daily press requesting a repeat performance. Surely that correspondent must have had an uninterrupted view from some vantage point where he was entirely and completely ungettable.

It would be difficult and unfair

to single out names for congratulation. However, some persons must have done yeomen service in restraining certain other persons until after the show. Was it done on a bribe?—the old idea of tying a carrot before a donkey's nose until he has carried you successfully the required distance—and very happily put into practice during the recent Revue—or were the Hongis solely and singularly responsible for their own good behaviour? Of course.

CLEM GREEN.

The most unfortunate feature of the procession was the accident to Clem Green who fell from one of the floats and was seriously injured. Clem has the sincerest sympathy of all his colleagues in the Procession, the Architects' studios, and the College. "Craccum" combines with other student bodies to wish him a rapid recovery and an enjoyable stay in hospital while that is necessary.

KIWI COMPETITION!!

Contributions must be sent in immediately. The closing date of the competition has been extended to the latest possible time—July 20th.

Prizes of 10/6 each are awarded for the best contributions in the four classes—

- Serious prose;
- Serious verse;
- Humorous prose;
- Humorous verse.

Short stories, plays, reviews, etc., will all be acceptable if up to the standard. Send in your best. At worst it can grace the pages of "Craccum."

"The Old Campaigner"

Suggested by the experiences of an Indian Army colonel. Not to be taken too seriously or internally or before going to bed.

1. Observe him in the best armchair,
In the Common Room reclining,
How brightly through his close-cropp'd hair
His patent "restorer" is shining!
His form inert and comatose
Suggests an athletic pose.

2. What strains are those that echo clear?
What music on our ear is falling?
Through his Æolian nose we hear
The far-off tournament calling!
(A good example here is found
Of slumber that is truly "sound.")

3. He dreams of Otago's distant strand
When on the playing-fields around,
At running he had tried his hand
And scampered hard across the ground;
But in some liquor-smelling hole,
Mislaid his powers of self-control.

4. Blow lightly on his head, and note
The subtle changes in his face.
Watch that resounding throat
And recollect his talking pace.
His colour scheme is of a type
That plums affect when over-ripe.

5. With rising gorge he stands erect,
Awakened by your indiscretion,
Becoming slowly Dunlop-neck'd—
(To coin a new expression);
Where stud and collar form a juncture
You contemplate immediate puncture.

6. His head, like some inverted cup,
Ascends—this man was no snail!
His eyebrows rise and beckon up:
We are to hear the old, old tale;
But you acknowledge as you flinch
That he's an athlete — ev'ry inch.

7. That voice that once in strident tones
To his fighting pals would carry
Reverbrates and megaphones
A rich vocabulary.
(His "rude forefathers," you'll agree,
Were never half as rude as he.)

8. So blatantly he cataolgues
The grievances from which he suffers—
"The athletes, sir, gone to the dogs—
The reps., sir, all damduffers!"
In so inveterate a complainer
You recognise the old championer.

9. Many a tournament he had been in
In Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin.
Of quarts of beer, they had imbibed,
"Truth" has so glibly (?) de-described,
But amid scenes off ball-room

strife
Had spent the happiest hours
of his life.

10. He looks back now at scenes of glory,
Every "Blue" can tell the story,
And now he's angered by the present team,
His eyes take on contemptuous gleam.
Yet he realises they've done their best
And even applauds with sincere zest.

11. It's dying out that bulldog breed,
And the present generation
Go in for what they don't really need,
Make beer their veneration,
But still I suppose they're all the same,
So let's honour them and praise their name.

—FINK.

Children's Corner

Conducted by Aunt Pansy.

Dear Children,

We have formed a lovely Club. I hope you will all join in. All the funniest little children in 'Varsity have joined and have a lovely time at our little parties. It is called the Pongi Club, and you can tell mother that our little parties all stop at six o'clock. We had a lovely time the other day. First, we had some lovely drink, called shell-shock, made of sugar and water. Little Jackie then practised turning the lights out. He said he had a gorgeous time. And the other little ones had a lovely time throwing flour at one another. It was awfully funny, but some of them cried. I do love my little Pongi boys enjoying themselves. Little Neville sang a little song about how ashamed he was. He always seems to sing thick as if he had something in his throat, but he is such a lovable child—and so funny. My little boys do brighten the place up so, and I think when they grow up they are going to be awfully funny men. Do come and join us.

Love from
AUNT PANSY.

1936 FASHIONS for CHEMISTRY STUDENTS

Lab. coats this year are being worn fairly short, with a ragged hem, and minus the left elbow. The collar should be whitish, and the front of the coat a mellow brown, merging into fawn at the back. Flour-bag patches are favoured, and should be much in evidence this season. From the right-hand pocket of the coat should bulge a duster of moderate cleanliness. Autographed coats are allowed only to Honours students. A fashion which originated last year is the large and dirty duster worn round the neck on top of the collar.

Shoes are pretty much the same, being of the softish clumpy type featured last year. Over them the trousers should bag slightly. A cigarette suspended from the mouth completes a really smart and businesslike outfit.

—W.W.W.

Kiwi competition closes July 20th.

GRADUATION BALL.

"All that ingenuity and artistry could effect," writes the Press, "combined to make the Graduation Ball held in the College Hall and Library, at the conclusion of the Graduation Ceremony in the Town Hall, one of the most successful of the season."

Once in a year comes the Graduation Ball, and once in a year the College is transformed. Need we describe the glitter of the ball-rooms or those alluring lounges, or the carefree jollity of over seven hundred and fifty dancers—the brilliancy of the scene will not be soon forgotten.

Financially the ball was the most successful yet held, the loss to the Studass being £17, as compared with an average of some £33 for the past several years. The record attendance and record takings augur a bright future for the Graduation Ball.

The committee takes this opportunity of thanking all who co-operated in making a success of this major social function of the College year, especially the architects, whose efforts drew forth such favourable comment.

ALAN W. WYLIE,
Hon. Sec.

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Padlock Domes' 57th Case

By Egkert Eggfruit, Dip.E.

Padlock Domes, the great detective, took a shot of cocaine, a whiff of opium and a bite off an aspro. Leaning back, he thrust his feet deep into carpet slippers and wig-gled his toes.

"The maid in that next house," he murmured, pointing carelessly out the window, "was out with a man in a check suit and bowler hat last night. Her name's Mary."

"How did you guess, Domes?" gasped Dr. Watsit in genuine amazement.

"Elementary, my dear Watsit," returned the great detective, contemptuously sucking a plug of opium. "I took her out." Even as he spoke a bullet winged its way through the keyhole and struck Watsit in the left socket. He fell with a muffled groan.

"An S.C.M. student who uses his left hand and squints," deduced Padlock rapidly, as he sprinted for the door. "Don't be afraid, my dear Watsit," he added. "I'll catch the murderous villain."

As he dashed down the steps he swiftly disguised himself as a Member of Parliament, but mobbed by a cheering crowd, he changed the disguise to that of another S.C.M. student. Seeing the assassin dash into a street corner pub, he mingled inconspicuously with the horde of Salvation Army lassies soliciting alms inside.

"Ah," he exclaimed, as he caught sight of an S.C.M. student with a squint just ahead, but his clutching fingers grasped only a mirror.

"Foiled, but what a perfect disguise!"

Quickly kissing the S.A. girls, he returned home to hunt for cigar ash and pipe dottle. He found plenty, as it was just near the Women's Common Room. Returning with his specimens and taking a sample of Dr. Watsit's blood for future investigation, he put the general practitioner to bed, narrowly missing another three bullets through the keyhole in the pants as he tucked up the unfortunate man.

Next morning the doctor had completely recovered under Padlock's simple but effective treatment. He declared that he felt like a new man with a new socket.

Padlock described his finds, which he had, of course, put under the microscope, the bioscope and the gyroscope. He'd had plenty of scope.

"Apart from that smoked by Miss Pshaw and Mr. Loose, the tobacco has been consumed by an S.C.M. student wearing a blue serge suit and a small black beard, who doesn't use Lifebuoy."

"How do you know?" goggled Dr. Watsit in genuine amazement.

"Elementary, my dear Watsit. He'd run out of papers, so he'd been rolling his own with the Epistles and Gospels. In his hurry to get away he had dropped a small black button of a kind worn only with blue serge suits. He also dropped 1 or 2 black hairs as he darted away."

"And the final clue——?"

Padlock sniffed.

At that moment a club hurtled through the skylight and struck Domes on the head. It was the Ace!

[What happened? Was Padlock the murderer? Who did he murder? Next issue introduces his brother, Yalelock Domes, brimming over with sex appeal and six shooters.]

Book Reviews

By The Carping Critic.

Gilbert and Sullivan,

by Hesketh Pearson.

In spite of the vast quantity of Savoyard literature and Mr. Goldberg's "Compleat Savoyard," which seems to say everything that can be said about Gilbert and Sullivan, Mr. Pearson gives in this book a new slant on the famous pair. As he points out in his preface, his object is to deal solely with the personalities of Gilbert and Sullivan, and he does so by applying Freudian formulæ to his two characters. He labels Gilbert the male, and Sullivan the female, and endeavours to explain by the subtleties of sex attraction and repulsion the success and dissolution of the great artistic partnership. His account of the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan contain many delightful and new anecdotes, and those who find his Freudian hypothesis over-subtle (as did the reviewer) will revel in the wit of both the famous partners. One point, however, Mr. Pearson makes very well, and that is that the conflict between each personality to prevent the other outweighing him contributed to the artistic equilibrium which is the secret of the undying popularity of G. & S. All who love Gilbert and Sullivan will find pleasure in the fresh facts the book gives, but Mr. Pearson's shaky theories do much to detract from the essential lovability of both Gilbert and Sullivan.

Murder in the Cathedral.

By T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Eliot's second verse play shows an advance in speech and situation, two factors in which "The Rock" was weak. It contains much writing of a high quality, but is in places obscure and (we dare say it) futile. The mixture of the beautiful and the homely, well as it may be in poetry (and having read "Sweeney Agonistes" we have our doubts), tends to create an atmosphere of unreality in the theatre unless handled by a master. Mr. Eliot has by no means mastered dramatic technique, and, so, while "Murder in the Cathedral" is interesting as an example of modern prose drama (i.e., a mixture of Greek, Elizabethan and je ne sais quoi), it fails to create the solemn atmosphere the murder of Thomas à Becket demands. One is reminded in parts of Stephen Leacock's Greek chorus that dashed in and out saying "Woe! Woe! Alas." Mr. Eliot is fond of truisms: The last temptation is the greatest treason.

To do the right deed for the wrong reason.

The continued popularity of the play at the London Mercury Theatre seems to indicate a revival of interest in the poetic drama, and it is to be hoped that when Mr. Eliot learns his trade, he will give us something worthy of the pen that writes his fine essays. In the meantime, we remember Stephen Phillips.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

No 3.—R. F. Spragg, Esq.



R. F. Spragg, Esq., pictured as he was twelve months ago. This is not his new hat which suffered an indignity in Wellington, but an old one much celebrated and frequently toasted. It is now treasured among Mr. Spragg's souvenirs and is, on rare occasions, produced for the inspection of anyone who, by ill-fortune, has not seen it. R.F.S. needs no introduction to the pages of "Craccum." He has already suffered annoyance that this journal should have mentioned the name of Ivan Menzies alongside his own. Mr. Spragg has recently made his presence felt as producer and inspiring

genius of the Revue. Have you forgotten it? If so, come along and hear the report (truly a work of art) which it will be his privilege to read at the Annual General Meeting of Studass. We believe Mr. Spragg is making his bow this year—i.e., retiring from public life within the College while his reputation is at its peak. We wish him every happiness is his well-earned rest. He has put the Student's Carnival Production back on the map. Only his friends know how much this involved. It is indeed a pleasure to know that his labour was rewarded by very gratifying results.

Correspondence

The Editor, "Craccum."

Sir,—Your last otherwise excellent publication—(I suppose you were not responsible for the printer's errors?)—was marred by a pitiful attempt at self-assertion and self-congratulation on the part of that infantile body, the Hongi Club.

"Sympathiser" (obviously an arch-Hongi) asks: "Who organises an occasional rag? Who brightens up University functions? Well, who? Certainly not the Hongi Club. He goes on to ask all students to co-operate and lend support, because—"Capping is near!" Capping has come and gone, but what did the Hongis do? In the Revue, the few members who took an active part were gentlemen enough to remain almost sober until the show was over. Their friends in the gallery did a little weak (and thoroughly undeserved) flour-throwing, otherwise nothing at all happened.

As for the Graduation ceremony, words almost fail me. I have never seen such a puerile exhibition of what the "Herald" indulgently calls "student levity." If students must either be sober and serious, or half-baked like that, then, God

Lunch and Dinner in the College Dining Hall 3 Courses Is.

help me, I will envelope myself in monastic gloom for the term of my University life.

"Sympathiser" also complains of the "derogatory gestures" with which all the Club's escapades have been greeted. His complaint will hold good just as long as he and his confederates insist on inflicting their immature humour on the long-suffering members of this College.

May I say to the Hongis: if you can be fools, act; if you are genuine fools, be natural; but for heaven's sake don't be so aggressively and self-consciously "naughty."

I am, Sir,
DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Kiwi competition closes July 20th.

The Cafeteria always strikes us as just a little Odd.

Agito—Hastate or Porcine?

By Artie Acier.

An Elementary Treatise on the Shakespeare-Bacon Theory.

(Designed specially for the use of first-year students and those of the Dept. of English.)

It being the policy of "Craccum" always to give its readers what they want, we feel, in view of the fact that the Dept. of English is making a special study of the Age of Shakespeare this year, that the following treatise will be of considerable value to students of English literature. The author of the treatise was given to a slightly difficult style of writing, so we have had the whole piece simplified, all words of more than ten syllables being eliminated. The result is that the treatise is now both easy to read and easy to understand. The author has confided to me that he is going to include this extract in a new "First Infant Reader," which will shortly be put through the press. He recommends the use of this Infant Reader as the first step towards raising the standard of Degrees in the University of New Zealand.

You may be constrained to homologate that perchance, during the transient moments of your multifarious peregrinations throughout the confines of this terrestrial orb, you have encountered an anthropomorphous genus, designated by specilogists as proletarian Drawcansirs, concerning whom, with no desire to be circumlocutory, periphrastic, mystological, or prolix, I propose after due sojourn in my phrontistery (whence it is my diurnal custom to appropriate a modicum of afflatus) to deliver a prolegomenon having the nature of a hysteron proteron, expressing my haecceity, and which I (assuming momentarily the mantle of a nostradamus) dare hope will not induce in my readers any evidences of narcoleptic aberration. Perchance I herein exhibit the symptomatic phenomena of nympholepsy, induced perhaps by hyperaesthesia, which itself may, metaphorically speaking, have had causation in an irritation of my cerebral organ by one of the helminthic species. If such is the case, I am nescient of it. The capacity for mental nyctolopia, or the physical resolution of the forces of afflatus engendered within me in my phrontistery, has convinced me that this is a topic which interests more than a millesimal fraction of the populace. Therefore, as the Neo-Gallic idiom has expressed it, I will retrace the route which will inevitably conduct me to my timid, gregarious, woolly, hispid, ruminant mammals—or, as the vulgar will have it, return to my sheep.

There is enumerated among the muses of hodiernal Boeotian realms (I employ the term "hodiernal" in a broad sense) at certain example of the species *Ihomo sapiens* to whom the nomenclature of Shakespeare has been applied. The aforementioned proletarian Drawcansirs with the pretence of being aberglauic progressionists, have insisted on the veracity of an adscitious pronouncement without adminicle or æsthno-physiology, that the said dramatist (whom we will henceforth designate as "he of the hastate nomenclature") has

evolved certain conglomerations of words whose subjacent meaning is in reality mere *caput mortuum*, the ulterior motive of these phansigars being to inculcate this admirable Heliconian emanator, that the similitude of his productions to those by one of the cacophonous surname of Bacon, has resulted in the dramatist's relinquishing of the "ego"—which theory, I suggest, should with hesitancy on the part of no one, be given a nuchal perambulation towards the depository for papyraceous debris, in that it must appear to be a condition not conducive to dehiscence and recitation with joyful prolipsis on the potentialities of mundane phenomena. I propound this with conviction, not as one engaged in an halieutic occupation for compliments, but as one who will proportionally express the comparative relation of the proposition.

I insist that it is entirely essential to maintain at the conscious level, the humbling truth that these phansigars are but infinitesimal agglomerations of atoms in the phantasmagoria of the immeasurably illimitable universe. Notwithstanding they, petty conglomerations of terrestrial detritus compared with the marvellously elaborate comprehensiveness of the astronomical firmament, dare to adjudicate with a lamentable lack of adiafhorism that he of the hastate nomenclature in the corporal vestiture of him of the porcine nomenclature, writes merely "ad captandum vulgus." Acatalepsy itself! It would be indecorous to assume that such thoughts were accentuated by indeterminism, because it is abundantly lucid that the insalutiferous mental constituents of those whose quotidian occupation is criticism, have perpetrated an unpardonable aberration from the paths of common propriety. Herein is pabulum for serious cogitation, and I now propose to—

(It still being the policy of "Craccum" to give its readers what they want, we feel that at this point a rest is most certainly wanted. The rest of the above treatise may be viewed at any time by application to the Editor.—Ed.)

—A. W. STEELE.

Kiwi competition closes July 20th.

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PRINCIPAL

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"Yoicks, Yoicks, Tantivy, Tantivy."

Here we are again at the Waikikamukau Hunt, ready for the first meet of the season. The pack consists of Ace, Jack, Queen—ahem, that is to say seventeen couple plus unsolicited camp sutlers and followers. Our old friend Major Burr-Cantle (*pronounced Bumble Bee*) and late of Jhodspur, is Master. Adequately accoutred with monocle, a copy of Jorrock's and the Compleat Hunt Vocabulary, the Major is in fine fettle, having breakfasted on Prairie Oysters and Gentlemen's Relish. As usual, Tim, and Ru have bought several bottles of jumping juice for lunch, to keep away the pangs of hunger. So let's hear what they have to say.

Diana: "What are you two chaps looking for?"

Tim and Ru: "Nothing."

Diana: "Then you'll find it in the hamper where the Timaru was."

The Hunt takes it out of you
Timaru puts it back

Glowing
Timaru
THE STUFF TO HOT UP THE TROOPS

Bottled with loving care by JOHN REID & CO. LTD., Anzac Avenue, Auckland.

Hot-Bed of Decadence

Illiterary Group.

Typical Olla Podrida.

For weeks the College has been apprised by means of half-wistful, half-impassioned notices that the hunt is out for authors. Authors, big or small, juvenile or sophisticated, adder-or-honey-tongued, these are begged one and all to overcome their traditional sensitiveness and to bring along their efforts in poetry, drama or fiction to be read and gently criticised by the benign Intelligentsia of A.U.C.

Let us suppose the evening has at last arrived. What do we observe? At about 7.50 p.m. two or three frantic Committee members with harassed countenances rush several times through the Women's Common Room, leaving behind them an atmosphere of momentous happening. They are evidently looking for one another. One has a gown which flies out in the breeze created by her own swift movement, and, as she meets another whose hair shows distinct signs of a tremendous struggle, she says: "I have three poems and a witty paragraph. How can these last out a whole evening?" The other, with confused mutterings, searches hurriedly through an extremely untidy kit, and after more mutterings which, but for her well-known gentility, might almost be mis-

understood, manages to produce two or three crumpled pieces of paper on to which some youth has poured forth his teeming emotions. Just as the first is about to pounce on these, another figure, tall, dark and dashing, strides in the door, pressing lovingly to her bosom a collection of multifarious documents. "I shouldn't like to say where I got these, but here they are," she announces. The situation has been saved once more!

By this time the Common Room has been partly filled by a few scattered occupants. One or two men cause a slight stir by slipping in stealthily at the last moment. A glance reveals much. The shy souls clustered nervously in one corner are, of course, freshers. The far-from-shy souls with seductively bedaubed lips are, of course—no, not sophisticated graduates but—freshers again! Second years, who have now learnt how to smoke and how to wear a gown, are, of course, marked by an air of definite superiority. The rest are more or less natural.

The first poem is read out. It is about the fair bosom of his beloved, and shows some passion. Why has she been false to him? All women are false, gilded butterflies, and he will flee from their coiling, snake-like charm to the bosom of Mother Earth. There on the damp grass he will find rest. The reading of this poem is followed by a death-like silence. At last someone remarks on the force of the adjectives. Peculiar low mur-

murings in the room make one suspect that there is a slight discussion afoot, but if so it never achieves the dignity of formal pronouncement.

The next poem is more formidable. The reader naively remarks that it has no capitals. It has the abstruse and profound title "Blighted," and is, of course, an example of subtle impressionism. The "blight" is evidently some spiritual disease, the only remedy for which is, of course, love. Someone asks for this to be read again so that she may absorb its profound significance. Another naive soul asks what the title has to do with the subject matter. Such remarks as this are greeted with a shocked silence. She surely ought to know that modern poetry does not require the title to be connected in any way with the subject matter.

A light, humorous parody is read which produces a general air of relaxation. Here at last is something which is not caviare to the general. It can even be understood. It mentions a toothpick and a skeleton in the same breath as "heavenly ecstasy," but still, its general purport is evident at a first reading, and it has a rhyme or so. Somebody remarks that it shows promise.

There are other poems, but as they are mostly fairly pleasant, they are unworthy of mention.

One or two dramatic efforts are then read. A well-known actor,

who makes a very good drunk butler, sits on the table and reads most of the parts. One play, evidently by an old and practised hand, makes a lot of hits at the capitalist system and causes one to realise the possibilities of New Zealand drama. An animated discussion here takes place. Due reverence having been paid to the genius in their midst, the people present are now subjected to a tale of horror and crime. Blood drips with surprising persistency through all the three acts. There are pools of it everywhere. The dead heroine's lily-white forehead is smeared with it, and a stream of it drops gracefully from her robes on to the floor. Blots of it appear mysteriously on a cash book in the office where one would expect to find red ink. Darkness closes in, with an air of triumphant finality, on the frenzied anguish of the lover.

This play has an interesting effect on the meeting. Certain soft-hearted ladies gaze fixedly and solemnly at the floor. One bright lad closes his bright eyes in a wink. The same bright lad wrote a worse play a couple of years ago which he, but not others, has forgotten. Words of encouragement—resolutely pronounced—are given to the young, and, indeed, to anyone who can write a play. A hurried transition is made to some real good, solid prose.

Here, many valuable comments are thought but never said. It is difficult for critics who see good in the work submitted to think out a

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finely finished phrase of commendation on the spur of the moment. One cannot say "That's really good" or "This shows a fine feeling for words" too often, or one begins to be suspected. It is easier to smile enigmatically, and to leave words of praise unsaid. It is easier, too, to pounce on the faults and to view them from every angle. So let us forget and forgive.

Commerce Faculty Talks

Public Speaking Contest.

The reintroduction of this competition after a lapse of several years should have been welcomed. Perhaps it was; but, of course, Commerce students are inately undemonstrative and most of them were too shy to display their feelings openly.

Our President, Mr. Holt, acted as the Chairman, and Professor Algie was an extremely able judge. A prize of £1/1/- called forth only one Fresher entry and this section was cancelled, the new chum gamely agreeing to enter in the distinguished company of the undergraduate and graduate class. We hear that most of our Freshers are learning the deaf and dumb alphabet to save themselves the trouble of having to talk.

Up till a late hour before the contest began entries totalled five, but were suddenly reduced to four when it turned out to be such a nasty, wet night. The first speaker, Miss Eileen Johnston, was very convincing, but we all missed the soap-box. Her proposal to end the troubles of New Zealand by issuing £25,000,000 seems such an obvious solution that we cannot understand why it should never have been thought of before. At the conclusion of her address the audience rose in a body and sang "The Red Flag." The judge, in commenting on the speech, warned against the use of rhetorical top notes, which he considered were always liable to develop into a screech.

The next on the list, Mr. A. M. Doull, began by saying that he had something very important to tell us. In concluding he apologized for not having told us anything, adding that 10 minutes wasn't sufficient time in which to do so. We did learn, however, that a "bear" is similarly different from a "bull," so that the time was not quite wasted.

Mr. Fogarty, who followed, refused to stop until everyone was asleep, although the Chairman three times indicated that we didn't want to hear any more. Professor Algie said that one was forced to listen to him because of the logical arrangement of his speech. It was perhaps unfortunate that the judge had his back to the audience.

The next speaker, Mr. Barton, tried hard to be funny and therefore, of course, nobody laughed. Towards the end of his speech someone in the audience woke up, but this was only because it was the last address.

The judge summed up the merits and demerits of the speeches and awarded the First Prize to Mr. T. M. Barton and the Second to Mr. A. Fogarty. He considered that two speakers should be tarred and feathered for using that "dam-

Football Phantasies

Conditions could not have been better when the Seniors played V.U.C. at Eden Park in what is hoped to be the first of a series of annual matches. The weather was perfect and, thanks to good advertising, a large crowd was present. The game, however, was disappointing. Bad handling spoilt many promising movements, while both forward packs were ragged.

A.U.C., who had just defeated College Rifles 38-0, were hot favourites locally. This they certainly justified in the first half, although by losing many scoring chances they were only 6-0 up at half-time. After the change-over V.U.C. came away well, their forwards playing with real devil, and when they brought the score to 6-5 it looked anybody's game for a while. Then Bush started running up into the 3 line, and that was the end. With the exception of Reid, V.U.C. could not cope with him at all. A.U.C. bucked up all round, and with backs and forwards combining nicely, ran up twenty-odd points in as many minutes. But the visitors kept fighting back, and just before time scored a good try to make the final score 30-8.

For Auckland Bush was outstanding. Although full-back he was often the spearhead of the attack. The wings both played well, as also did Inglis at half, where he rather overshadowed Rae, particularly in passing from the scrum. Of the forwards we hand the palm to Laurie Drake. Dave Newman and Bob Thomas kept well up with the ball, while Lange got through a great afternoon's work in the tight. Of the visitors, Burke, Canterbury and N.Z.U. rep., gave us a taste of his quality by dominating the scrums and playing a fine game in every other respect. V.U.C. certainly showed us points about scrum work. Rae, at half-back, did some good work on defence, but his passing from the scrum was very poor, which upset his 8ths badly. V.U.C. missed Tricklebank at full-back.

Charlie Brenstrum, Skip Watt and Garry, all well-known inter-Faculty footballers, are the respective Captains of the three junior teams.

The 'Varsity-Ponsonby game at Eden Park was one of the best Club games seen there for years. 'Varsity made a magnificent second spell effort and were beaten by a rather lucky try.

The Senior B's started well, but were badly upset by the holidays and by defections to the Seniors.

The same applies to 2A and the Thirds.

The Thirds are being coached by Dave Milliken, returned to us after a couple of seasons in Taranaki.

nable" finish "Thank you." He said that a speaker giving his best should never thank an audience for listening, but, on the contrary, should be thanked by his hearers. We feel, however, that he might have made an exception in our case.

A hearty vote of thanks to Professor Algie was carried by acclamation. The meeting closed with much handshaking and congratulations, and we therefore gather that "a pleasant time was had by all." ("Observer" please copy.)

SOCIETIES and CLUBS

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

President: Mr. W. T. G. Airey, M.A.; Student Chairman: Miss Averilda Gorrie, B.A.; Librarian: Miss Joan Curry, B.A.; Secretary: Mr. Haydn T. George; Committee: Misses Cushla Hammond and Jean Morton-Smith, Messrs. J. W. Goodwin, G. G. Harvey, C. F. Wrigley.

If there is anyone attending College who does not belong to a Club or a Society, join the International Relations Club. It caters for both sexes and all ages. The meetings take place on alternate Mondays in Room 37, and everybody is assured of a hearty welcome and an attentive hearing should the spirit move them. All kinds of international questions are discussed, and the Committee would welcome any suggestions, even from outsiders. No expense or labour has been spared by the Committee to ensure that the meetings this year will be the best and most interesting held since its inception. Already this year we have had such well-known authorities as Miss Averilda Gorrie, Prof. Sewell, Messrs. C. F. Andrews and W. T. G. Airey.

Prof. Sewell, who "kicked off" for the year, gave a survey of European events in Europe. So well done were they that the Editor of "Craccum" could not possibly have refused to publish the whole speech.

Mr. Airey, in his own inimitable way, introduced the League of Nations — a more profound discourse than the "Airey Aims and Aspirations" which delight the History Honours Class.

Miss Gorrie has returned from abroad, looking more radiantly beautiful than ever. Her sense of humour has not been dulled, but her wit has been sharpened through "hobnobbing" with the Prince of Wales in Budapest. Her "Anglo-Hungarian Exchange Train" was a breezy and delightful resume of her trip and affairs in Europe. She is a good raconteur, and her charming manner pleased a very appreciative gathering. Miss Gorrie left a little to the imagination, and perhaps on another occasion Miss Gorrie will explain why, after her visit, no one was allowed through Lintern Abbey by moonlight and further intriguing details about the Parisian dance and the friends outside. Congratulations Rilda — you certainly put on a good show.

Mr. C. F. Andrews drew a large audience and his narrative style was duly enjoyed. This evening, together with the beautiful S.C.M. Sunday meeting, were the most outstanding of his visit.

The following well-known speakers are to address the Club this term. Any further details regarding their pedigree may be obtained from the Secretary:

Mr. M. Ryburn, from India. He went to school with W. T. G. Airey.

Mr. Watson Arthur, who chaperoned Eileen Johnston in Wellington.

Mr. Julius Hogben, well known as being the father of one answering the name of Laurence.

Mr. Louis Philips, who is the outstanding authority on International Relations.

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INTER-VARSITY HOCKEY.

What Might Have Been—

What Actually Happened.

Auckland Lose on Beer.

The members of the A.U.C. hockey team which was to compete in the annual inter-Varsity hockey tournament for the Seddon Stick, had been urged for weeks to train and keep fit in order to bring home the coveted trophy, last held by Auckland in 1930.

So that it was rather surprising and certainly discouraging, when, just before the train started for Wellington, the captain and a few confederates arrived with a large wooden box which, by some foul device they had managed to smuggle past the customs officers. To the tune of "Here's to the good old beer," "The Elevator Man," and "Like a river glorious," the case was torn asunder, glasses were produced, and bottles of the familiar beverage "bottled with loving care" were distributed amongst the toughs.

The Rev. Alan Broun pleaded with the boys in tones more tender than those of any Salvation Army officer, to "leave it alone" since they had a big match the next day and they simply must win the Sed-

don Stick. But he was cried down and seeing the position was hopeless, he said, "Oh — it," and removing his clerical garb, joined in the fun. Whereupon the inevitable Lawrence Hogben, clad in Corinne Hall's dressing gown, decided, as usual, that "something ought to be done about it," and accused Noel Brown and Ben Bullock of being drunk and disorderly; to which the captain replied, "Drunk? I'm not drunk—I'm fit," and stood up to testify to the fact. By way of support, Ben Bullock also raised himself to a standing posture—the result being the utter collapse of both into the girls on the opposite side of the carriage. A girl in red then informed Noel that he had a "limited vocabulary"—But Noel proved this to be false.

All drank well until the train reached Taumaranui where, the supply of beer having almost run out, Ben, Noel, Bert, Harry, and "Barrelly" Robinson decided there was time for a "quick one" at the pub—about half a mile away. With the train moving slowly out of the station they had not returned and Alan was beginning to say nasty things when the five panting figures appeared just in time to leap into the guard's van. This was one of the highlights of the trip.

The drinking and gambling (only with matches) continued until the small hours. Ben Bullock's voice deploring the loss of fourteen dozen could be clearly distinguished from the others throughout the whole night. But eventually most of the boys quietened down and then it was time for the girls to have their frolics. Mae Barr and Peggy Chambers were a continual source of annoyance and if all the threats against them had been carried out they would never have reached their destination. They oughtn't to be allowed to travel.

Well, I suppose you would like to know a little about the games—for when all is said and done the object of the trip was to play hockey and not to get drunk. The game against Otago was, according to the "Dominion," "one of the best exhibitions of the code seen in Wellington for a long time and it was only Otago's fitness which enabled them to win by 3 goals to 1, after extra time had been played." The other two matches against Victoria B and Massey were won comfortably, though Auckland never played well as a team.

Alan Broun (captain of the N.Z.U. team), Hogben and Roberts are to be congratulated on their

winning of New Zealand University Blues. Hogben played consistently good hockey throughout the tournament and thoroughly deserved his inclusion. Brown and Roberts, however, did not strike form until the N.Z.U. game against Wellington, when they combined well in a game of inter-provincial standard.

The hockey dinner and ball were great successes. The ball was generally deemed better than that of the Easter Tournament. Auckland opened proceedings with a few hakas, and Ben Bullock rendered one or two solos, after which the party broke up immediately. But it was a good show and provided a fitting closure to a most successful tournament.

To our Victorian friends we express our sincere appreciation for their hospitality and congratulate them upon their winning of the Seddon Stick, which we ought to have won, but—.

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