

CRACCUM

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3d.

CANDID CANDIDATES

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Candidates for election to the Studass Executive Committee recently emulated the mountain which came to Mahomet by trooping along to the Exec. Room complete with platforms and soap-boxes—there to interview a veritable tribunal of reporters and personality-assessors, duly constituted and appointed by the proprietors of "Craccum". In that candidates of the present Executive, standing for re-election may be presumed to be known for what they have perpetrated during their period of above-mentioned office, this court-martial has been reserved, first foremost and primarily for the new body of optimistic aspirants.

Ladies First:

"Sit down Miss Paterson, and make yourself at home."

Miss Paterson sat as requested and accepted cigarette nonchalantly.

"We hope you will excuse personal questions, Miss Paterson. How do you spell your first name?"

Miss Paterson ceased to be nonchalant and if looks could speak, warned us against proceeding on that tack. Mr. Gascoigne, however, who is well-known to gush forth unexpected information, came to light with the answer, spelling out with much thought, S-e-o-n-a-i-d-h and remarking naively that he had come across the name in a cross-word puzzle. Miss Paterson appeared rather decomposed with this early trend of events and insisted upon the editor spelling her name "Shona Fraser - Paterson" (with one t and a hyphen).

Misses Mary Martin, Corinne Hall and Elizabeth Robertson now entered the sanctum en bloc. Miss Paterson was still under fire.

"What is your opinion of the young man of to-day?"

Miss Hall, - Miss Martin: Which young man?

—Vigorous protests and confusion followed this unwarranted interruption.

The next question was unheard by the reporter, but Miss Martin replied to the effect that she had violent opinions about the women in the Common Room and Miss Paterson thought smoking, generally, and in lectures, sometimes warranted, and occasionally, according to conditions, permissible.

"Are you in favour of the establishment of a Residential College in the University? (to Miss Robertson).

—Interruption from Miss Martin—"Sure!" The next question was therefore a logical one (to Miss Martin):

"Have you ever been lonely?" Some disgraceful person laughed

at this touching question, whereat Miss Martin completely broke down and confessed all the company she had in the world was a little dog which followed her to school.

Mary had a little dog, Its fleas were black as jet, We asked his colour and she said "We ain't washed him yet."

(Apologies from Clapham and Dwyer).

To proceed—

"Miss Martin, you are a Training College student—are you not?"

Miss Martin (injured): "Yes—is that a crime too?"

We softened. Here was an easy one: "Do you agree with make-up for University women?"

"Well," she said, "There is no nonsense about me. In that matter I am plain —"

—Expostulations and loud cries of "No!" from Pat Blair.—Reporters writing furiously—Miss Martin makes hasty exit waxing wrath. To put it in ordinary language, she disliked the tone of "Craccum" and was getting out before they got down something she did say.

Back to Misses Hall, Robertson, and Paterson. "What is your honest opinion of the Hongi Club?"

Miss Hall and Miss Robertson were cautiously non-committal. Miss Paterson was more honest, but cautious too. The question needed deliberation.

Yes! She was prepared to devote some time to certain members of the Hongi Club.

"What are your qualifications for Exec.? (to Miss Robertson).

Miss Robertson was reluctant to confess all she had done but admitted she had been captain of the B Hockey Team. Jealousy immediately gnawed at the heart of Miss Hall, who likewise hotly laid claim to the same honour, and Miss Paterson, not to be out-done, affirmed she had been captain of various things at various times.

Miss Shirley Entrican, a lamb for slaughter, now put in a tardy appearance before the tribunal.

"Ah, Miss Entrican, we have been waiting for your considered opinion on Prof. Walker." No luck. Miss Entrican had not considered Prof. Walker. She thought the young man question was irrelevant; the Hongi Club too, and that a public investigation of confidential billeting-lists would be a crime against society, and shame on Mr. Blair for the suggestion!

"One more question, Miss Entrican: Do you think it unfair for 'Craccum' to report you as saying things you did not say?"

"Surely," said Shirley shyly.

Now for the Men: They're going to be tough.

We were wrong—quite wrong. In walked Mr. Cliff Dalton, wearing a veritable halo precisely 6 inches in diameter, over his left ear. This was not in the approved fashion of reformed Christians who invariably wear their halos over the right ear. The reason for this contravention of good fashion appeared in form of a glorious and flourishing cauliflower, the which, being incompatible by origin and function with a halo, had caused perpetual strife and pushed the said halo over to the left ear.

"Good evening Mr. Dalton. What is your opinion of the chances of the Engineering Faculty in the proposed Inter-faculty 'Flying Squadron' event. Turning the obliging cauliflower ear, Mr. Dalton replied that under his personal tuition they could win handles down. Then, remembering his halo which tormented him by twitching his left ear violently, he turned the other ear to indicate he would receive none but questions of an edifying nature.

"Are you a Christian, Mr. Dalton?" At this the halo visibly expanded and Mr. Dalton replied: "Yes—ever since I was perverted by Mr. G. L. Hogben."

"Should College girls be given a helping hand?"

The halo twisted itself into the shape of a query, indicating a struggle. The good ear blushed red and the cauliflower visibly swelled. "I think so. I always pay for a girl at College shows and then they have no hold on me." This was spoken in a tone of advice.

"How did you get that ear, anyway, Mr. Dalton?" This was a plain question. He got it fighting for the Rowing Club's Clubhouse and a Football Blue.

Mr. Bruce Orchiston was next. "Where do the women who attend the Studio Stampede come from?" This was a puzzler, we reckoned. With calm ingenuity, he replied: "You see—every architect has a harem."

FOR THE BENEFIT

of those who want that
WELL-FED LOOK!

Patronise the . .

STUDENTS' ASSN. DINING HALL

Run BY the Students
FOR the Students

Dinner may be reserved till 7.30

"Can you make a plain statement about the Hongi Club?"

"The Hongi Club is progressing steadily, and is doing — well at present, and hopes to do better. Them's my sentiments."

He, with Mr. Eric Halstead, insisted that the Hongi Club was not synonymous for beer but stood for an ideal of student society and comradeship.

"How old are you Mr. Halstead?"

Mr. Halstead laughed — the sardonic laugh of experience — "I am 23."

"I agree with Mr. Orchiston, that golf should be a tournament sport, that part-timers should take an active part in student affairs, and that the Hongi Club is making a praiseworthy endeavour to bring all students together for the furtherance of the ideal of co-operation.

Mr. B. W. Thomas favoured the idea of a billiard table in the Men's Common Room.

"Yes," he said, "I believe gumboots should be worn in the library and I most certainly advocate a 'dry' table for freshers at Men's House Committee Smoke Concerts.

Mr. Wallis Holland was asked if women and men should wear gowns.

"I think the women should wear gowns but I don't see why the men should wear anything." Asked if he favoured College beauty contests he said: "Yes, if you can get any entrants."

Mr. Terry Barton objected to the first question, "What is your favourite colour?" but went on, "I'll tell you what I am keen about—"

Cries of — "we know all about that." — (Terry unperturbed), "and that is to bring the City and the University closer together. My sympathy is all with the part-timer. I would like to see the College transplanted from Princes Street to Queen Street (Mr. Gascoigne offered to carry it there). And someone also attributed to Mr. Barton the suggestion that spittoons were necessary in the Men's Common Room.

Mr. A. O. Woodhouse seated himself at ease and answered with confidence: "I am becoming class conscious and would like to see the establishment of an institution to be named the 'Auckland University College Male Students' Boarding-house Lodgers' Guild.'"

"I advocate radio debates between the various Colleges, revitalisation of Kiwi, and the bombarding into activity of the great potential value of Law Students." Mr. Woodhouse is a member of the Free Discussions Club and wears a red tie without any reference to Communism.

Mr. Charlie Brenstrum was asked what he thought of College dances. This was easy. Personally he found the girls here could dance pretty well. What did he think of the suppers? This was different. He said he had never got there

early enough and was not qualified to say anything except that the present Social Committee seemed to cater for themselves only. "Well, then, what do you think of the cafeteria?"

"Oh, I always go down town."

As a last resort—"Then who does supply good tucker?"

"Men's House Committee Smoke Concerts," he replied.

STOP PRESS!

Last-minute interviews.

Miss Eileen Johnston, etc., and Mr. Jack Alexander.

"Miss Johnston, can you tell us in a few words what is wrong with the world?"

"Yes," she replied, and kept on replying. "The students' block is a sort of Professorial playground, the present Executive concentrates on none but minor reforms (Mr. Segedin please note), the Association should learn to take a firm stand against popular prejudice and the Senate, the loyalty to the University involves more than chasing a football, the Executive is not equipped to take part in the affairs of the Country or City, the—"

"And is the picture quite black, Miss Johnston?"

"No, I look with esteem on the Inter-Faculty Committee and the Hongi Club."

"And what, Miss Johnston, do you consider your qualifications?"

"My sex debar me from football, but I honestly feel that I am not incapable of administration."

"Thank you, Miss Johnston."

"Hullo! Mr. Alexander. Is it true that you once had the honour of being called 'that blushing little daisy' by Miss Johnston?"

"Yes, and I am proud of it."

"Did you enjoy Tournament at Wellington?"

"Yes. The winds and fresh air were most sobering."

"And is there any truth in the rumour that you have joined the Evangelical Union?"

"No, that is quite wrong. I am President of the —"

We think he said S.C.M., but we apologise for any mistake.—Ed.

CANDIDATES AND THEIR QUALIFICATIONS.

Mr. A. P. Blair: Has already served two terms of office. Part-time Law student. Ex-Secretary Men's House Committee, Tournament delegate, Chairman Social Committee, etc. Mr. Blair at present has the honour of longest service to Executive, and his knowledge of the internal workings, his contacts with Southern colleges, and discrimination in the interpretation of the Constitution make him an invaluable asset to the student community. Further he "plays Football and Tennis very badly."

Mr. S. C. B. Gascoigne, B.Sc.: One term. A man whose brain is matched only by his capacity. Football Club, Sci. Soc., and numerous Committees, Assistant Secretary to Studass. He has worked whole-heartedly towards obtaining cheaper text-books for students and the fruit of his labours may be reaped next year. He writes the football for Craccum on occasions.

Mr. G. L. Hogben: One term. Committees: Hockey Club, Debating

Soc., Carnival Committee. Chairman Dramatic Club. Sports Representative and Tournament Delegate. Auckland hockey rep. 1935, N.Z. Blue 1936, Senior B cricket.

He thinks Librarians should be prohibited from talking in the Library; that sub-committees of Exec. should comprise more names; and that Craccum should sling mud over a wider area—and that sub-editors should be appointed to do do. (Hear! Hear!—Ed.)

Mr. A. W. Wylie: Appointed this year. Records portfolio. Secretary Tennis Club 1935; ex-President Sic. Soc. Mr. Wylie was appointed to Exec. for his solid all-round ability.

Mr. L. E. Adams, M.A.: One term. Chairman Swimming Club 1934-36; ex-Tournament Rep.; Editor Publications; Secretary Carnival Committee; Member Social and Blues Committees. Mr. Adams realises the difficulties in attempting to revive Craccum and craves that his readers will do likewise. He hopes next year to hand the paper over to a Committee which will extend the organisation of column writers and contributors.

Mr. C. M. Segedin: Appointed this year. Men's House Committee Chairman 1936; Bookstall Committee 1936; House Manager, Carnival Revue, 1936; Sci. Soc. Committee, 1935. Mr. Segedin has a flair for Reform and another for hard work.

NEW CANDIDATES.

Miss S. Entrican: Women's House Committee, 1935-36; Hockey Club, 1935-36; Bookstall Committee, 1935 and 1936; Cricket Club, 1935.

Miss Entrican is a third-year Arts student, and is an ex-Prefect of Takapuna Grammar. Her bookstall record is excellent.

Miss C. H. C. Hall: Secretary Women's House Committee, 1935-36; Sci. Soc. Committee, 1935-36; Hockey Club Committee, 1936.

Miss Hall is an A.U.C. Hockey Tournament Rep. She has been of great assistance to Craccum Sales Manager.

Miss E. M. Johnston, M.A., Dip. Ed.; Dip. Soc. Sci.; Dip. Journ.: A very experienced student with a wide range of degrees. Leader of the Joynt Scroll Debating team since 1933. Winner Auckland Oratory Medal, 1935-36; President Debating Soc., 1936, after 4 years on Committee; Member Commerce Soc. and International Relations Club. She is studying for B.Com.

Miss M. Martin: Social Committee, 1935-36; Secretary Basketball Club, 1935-36; N.Z.U. Blue, Auckland Rep.; Committee of previous Dramatic Club.

Miss Martin is a Training College student and a keen patron of all Varsity functions.

Miss S. F. Paterson: Women's House Committee, 1935-36; Secretary Hockey Club, 1936; Committee Hockey Club, 1935; Social Committee, 1935-36; Music Club, 1935-36.

Miss Paterson is a second-year Arts student; was once Head Prefect of St. Cuthbert's College and has shown great interest in Varsity activities.

Miss E. Robertson: Women's House Committee, 1935-36; Secretary Orchestral Society, 1935-36; Classical Society, 1936; Tournament Hockey Rep., 1935.

Miss Robertson is a third-year Arts student and 'cellist to the Orchestral Society.

Mr. J. S. Alexander: Inter-Faculty Committee, 1936; President Hongi Club, 1936; Procession Committee, 1936; Swimming Club Committee, 1934-36; Law Students' Soc. Committee, 1936.

Mr. Alexander is a part-time Law student; a great believer in student rags and Hongi activities. Took part in the recent revue. He is a fifth-year Law student.

Mr. T. M. Barton, B.Com.: Men's House Committee, 1936; Secretary Commerce Society, 1934-36; Dramatic Club Committee, 1935-36.

Mr. Barton is a part-time student and is sitting for his M.Com. this year.

Mr. E. C. Brenstrum, B.A.: Secretary Men's House Committee, 1935; Member Men's House Committee, 1936; Football Club Committee, 1935; Captain Senior B Football; Procession Committee, 1936; Classical Soc. Committee, 1936.

Mr. Brenstrum is a full-time Arts student, studying for M.A.

G. C. C. Dalton: Men's House Committee, 1935; Secretary Men's House Committee, 1936; Social Committee, 1935-36; Football Blue; N.Z.U. Rowing Blue; Rowing Club Committee, 1935-36.

Mr. Dalton "makes a big noise" about the place.

Mr. E. H. Halstead, M.A.: Tennis Club Committee, 1935-36; Tournament Rep.; Member Free Discussions Club; Committee Hongi Club; Secretary Procession Committee.

Mr. Halstead plays Rugby for A.U.C. juniors. He has had wide experience on outside Committees, is a past President of the Training College Debating Soc., and Business Mgr. of Training College Publications.

Mr. A. W. Hollands, B.Sc.: Men's House Committee, 1935-36; Secretary Music Club, 1935-36; Sci. Soc. Committee, 1935.

Mr. Holland is an ex-Training College student, now a part-timer. He has played Inter-Faculty Football and took a prominent part in the recent revue.

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The Principal will be pleased to advise students, or Prospectus will be forwarded on request.

D. W. FAIGAN, M.A.

(Honours in English and French)

PRINCIPAL

Phone 44-271

Mr. B. W. Thomas, B.Sc.: Men's House Committee, 1935-36; Social Committee, 1936; Inter-Faculty Football; Athletics and Ping-Pong.

Mr. Thomas has an engaging personality, and is a member of the "Flying Squadron."

Mr. A. O. Woodhouse: Secretary Free Discussions Club, 1935-36; Debating Club Committee, 1935-36.

Mr. Woodhouse attended V.U.C. 1934, A.U.C. 1935-36. He is a keen Law student, debater and orator. He deprecates "the careful segregation of the sexes in this College."

Mr. R. C. Wallace: Secretary Junior Social Club, 1933; Chairman Junior Social Club, 1934; Football Club Committee, 1934, 1936; Assistant Sec. and Acting Treasurer, 1936; Boxing Club Committee, 1936; Committee Law Students' Soc., 1936.

Mr. Wallace is a 6th-year student.

Craccum apologises if it has done any injustice to any candidate. It has tried to be impartial.

N.B.: Owing to lateness of nomination the names of A. K. Wylie, B.Sc., and C. J. McCarthy, M.Sc., have been omitted.

BLUES DANCE!

The last dance under the auspices of the 1935-36 Social Committee will be held in the College Hall on August 15th—the end of the term—this Saturday.

The dance is in honour of the departure of our Rhodes Scholar, Mr. Derek Lewis, and of the winners of Blues this year.

The retiring Social Committee asks you to patronise its final function, remembering that the show will be as good as its previous ones. Have you forgotten last year's After Degree Ball and this year's Fresher's Welcome, Picture Party and Barn Dance? and do you realise that the Committee shows a substantial profit on the year's activities? Surely that is a criterion of a successful policy.

Start your holidays happy.

If you're not one
Who finds it fun
To run;

If you're too fat
To bat;

If you're too thick
To kick;

If you're too slim
To swim—

If you in short don't care for sport
You will no less we trust confess
That those who do are worthy to
Receive a Blue.

And thick or thin and slim or stout
You'll still no doubt refuse to scout
A chance to dance.

And that is why we would recall
The Dance for the Blues in the
College Hall.

But if you think our reasoning all
askew is,
If you don't care two hoots just
what a Blue is—

Just come and say
Goodbye to Derek Lewis.

Support the Advertisers in

CRACCUM

The A.U.S.A.'s Magazine

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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 Jorlocks 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 lets 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.

WOMEN'S PRESIDENT.

Miss Margaret Bartrum, B.Sc.

Congratulations are to be extended to Miss Bartrum on attaining this honour. She deserves it. As a member of the Executive she held the portfolio of Craccum Sales Manager. Believe us, Craccum takes some selling, and our sales have risen about 200 per cent. on last year. Surely that speaks for itself. And then she has assisted to bring the College scrap-book up to date. This book includes cuttings from all papers that have references to the College—Craccum excepted. Her connection with the Basketball and Swimming Clubs is well known. She gained Tournament representation in both this year. She speaks when there is occasion and very much to the point. But she is not above contributing to Craccum, and can still have stuff accepted for Kiwi. Yet she has a Science degree. We might aptly quote Pope:

"Woman's at best, a contradiction still."

NEW SECRETARY.

Successful Candidate.

Mr. B. E. Orchiston: Secretary Hongi Club, 1935-36; Member Processions Committee, 1936; Men's House Committee, 1935-36.

Mr. Orchiston is a 4th-year Architect student. He advocates greater enthusiasm among men, and sets a great example himself by making use of Craccum and encouraging others to do so. He attends all Varsity functions, including Free Discussions, and finds time and outlet for his organising abilities. A valuable man as Secretary. Congratulations.

ELECTIONS

(By a Member of the Hongi Club)

The function of a ballot is to elect, in a recognised manner, the candidates with the best all-round ability for the position in mind.

In our College is it not possible that we have been ruled by one powerful faculty? Is it possible for a candidate to be elected for a single reason, such as, for instance, prowess in sport?

Such should not be the case.

Faculty, club and creed should be set aside for suitability, adaptability and socialibility. A record of past performances does not necessarily imply excellence in the case under consideration while personal acquaintance should enter only in so far as it allows one to better know the capabilities of a particular candidate.

Previous experience is, of course, invaluable, but is not the only requirement. The ability of a candidate to mix with the voters and openly discuss matters of policy is a factor not to be overlooked, while service to supporters and non-supporters alike should be uppermost in the mind of the ideal candidate.

Those seeking position merely for personal gratification should not be tolerated. The question of sex should not be a governing factor, but should, nevertheless, be carefully considered.

Finally, for a truly representative result, it is essential that the number of voters be as large as is practically possible.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH.



OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

Mr. Ronald Sydney Jones, pictured by our cartoonist as he will appear after experiencing the snares and pitfalls which beset our Student Chairmen with monotonous regularity. Gone will be that careless cigarette and immaculate tie. Mr. Jones has graduated M.Sc., and is now a Training College student. For eighteen months he has held the position of Secretary to Studass and has been on all Committees ex officio. He has a genius for quiet efficiency and accomplishes his aims with the minimum fuss and labour. The Student Presidency will be well entrusted to him, and he will have the solid backing of all his Executive. He belongs to no particular party or creed, and is tolerant in his attitude to University Societies.

We asked Mr. Jones what he thought about the Domain Statue. Mr. Jones always weighs his public utterances. He replied by adopting the identical pose, amply demonstrating his familiarity with the subject. Yes, Mr. Jones is a fitting President.

But we had to ask him this one: "Should Exec. Meetings be held at 8 o'clock on Saturday nights?"

Mr. Jones declined to answer, nor did he define his reasons or reason.

We asked another: "Do you think the veiled insinuations of Craccum unworthy of the otherwise high standard set by that periodical?"

"Absolutely not — but leave me out."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones — that's what they all say."

SCENTED TRIOLET

I tried to write a triole
About a scented violet,
But we were passing at the time
A phosphate baron's super crime—
When I went home and read the lot
You should have seen the shock I
got—
I'd tried to write a triole
About a scented violet!

—Omar K.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF ZUG.

Translator's note:—One evening, three years ago, Zug arrived on this planet. He was the president of the Venus Association for the Propagation of the Select Arts, and had been diatomized and transported to Earth for the purpose of studying modern thought. The Venerians had long been interested in the Earth, having observed our activities for centuries through their long infra-red telescopes, and had chosen Zug to investigate Terrestrial culture in secret, and ascertain how high or low was the general standard. Zug took possession of the body of an elderly Presbyterian minister and week by week made laborious notes of his observations. He was, however, killed in an accident before he could be re-transported to Venus, and a scribe, finding his metal tablets, has with much labour, translated them. Of course, it has been necessary to bring them down to the level of human intelligence, but it is interesting to obtain the views of a highly-civilized entity on the culture of our little planet).

My dear associates of the Venus Association for the Propagation of Select Arts:

My arrival upon Terra I have already described in my previous notes. During the intervening months, I have applied myself to the study of the literature of the Earth, a task which, I must confess, I have found both painful

and complicated. To make my explanations more intelligible, I will deal with Terrestrial literature in sections, and in these notes I propose to sketch modern poetry.

In the first place, I would like to comment upon the peculiar manifestations of Earthly intelligence on this point. After centuries of a pure and beautiful rendering of the poetic spirit, the modern poetic world has fallen into a chaos of crankism, stupidities, pedantic sophistries, and pretentious balderdash. There are, it is true, a small proportion of poets who are struggling to keep alive the divine spark of poetry, but this is all but stifled by the mechanical theorists of the age.

Poetry in the 20th century on Earth has reverted to the barrenness of that despised period of English poetry — the Augustan age. Under the leadership of T. S. Eliot (who has written a "poem" "The Waste Land," which bears the same relation to poetry as a skeleton bears to a human being) and such men as Ezra Pound, who is so unintelligible as to read like the ravings of a lunatic, modern poetry has ceased to be poetry. The moderns have reduced the irreducible spirit of poetry to rules and formula. To them poetry is a matter of symbolism (which usually means obtuse references to sex) sound-quality, arrangement, and so on. No subject exists that is not the subject of poetry—a steam-roller

(oh, what beauty they find in it), a rubbish-bin (the sublime curves of it) and an old latrine (such pathos).

Poetry they say, is a matter of rule. Poetry must have complicated verbal foundations, strange words, minglings of the most obscure languages, if it is to be poetry at all.

I have read Auden, Eliot, Campbell, and Pound on the subject and not one of them seems to realize that poetry comes straight from the soul and not from the mind. Is not sufficient proof of this the fact that not one single "poet" of the modern school has written one single good or beautiful poem? Their leit-motif is dirt or dust, their ink is liquified offal.

But they are clever, these moderns of Earth. Eliot and his followers write strange meaningless things (so full of meaning, I say, as to mean nothing) to show the continuity of culture. And yet they repudiate much of the poetry which has gone before. Why continue what in their opinion is not worth continuing? And how full of strange words and strange references is their work. To understand it, you must have the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" (a very antiquated and incomplete reference-work) and volumes of all the poets, as well as a classical dictionary. Poetry—they call it. Gods of Venus, what blasphemy! To call a puzzle for a winter's evening, by that sublime name we Venerians give to

the manifestation of the God in man! "Spot the quotation" (as one Englishman writer calls it) is the better name.

Dear Associates, I can find no words to express my disgust for the credulity of the modern reading public who allow themselves to be led by the nose by these absurd theorists and desecrators of the Sacred Temple of Poesie. As a group of experimenters, of verbal scientists delving deep into cess-pools, these modern Terrestrial scribblers are interesting, but they miss the essence of poetry as completely as a scientist misses the meaning of spirituality when he says that his dissections have not yet disclosed a soul. In conscience bound to investigate modern thought, I delved and delved into modern poetry. At last I came upon a book entitled "Active Anthology." I read one or two poems, screamed and threw up the task. What could I do with this:

Infinitesimal sparks,
Up-sparling,
Introverts alone will they
Know chic-chug
To us. My heart zintates
Rhythm.
Concording thusly.

I turned to the works of an older poet, Wordsworth, and read "The Idiot Boy," which after much of Auden and Pound, seemed to me divine. Out of all this modern poetry, I know that "Lepanto" by a Franciscan monk named Chester-

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3 pints milk plus 1 wholemeal loaf plus bottle stout equals bottle Vita-Stout



4 eggs plus 1 wholemeal loaf plus bottle stout equals bottle Vita-Stout.



1/2 lb. butter plus 1 wholemeal loaf plus bottle stout equals bottle Vita-Stout.

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THE NEW TONIC BEVERAGE

Brewed and Bottled at the
WAITEMATA MODEL BREWERY, OTAHUHU

ton and perhaps a poem or two by a sailor, Masfield, alone will survive. The rest will go the way of the imitators of an old writer called Euphues.

My next notes will be on modern prose. —"Zug."

FOOTBALL FROLICS.

The first match of the Inter-Fac. football saw Science defeat the Arts to the tune of 41—9. Arts played two men short and were outclassed throughout. The Science team played great football, and almost every score was a result of good team work. Stewart and Thomas played sound games in the backs for Science, and Terry and Gascoigne were the pick of the forwards. For Arts we hand the palm to Brenstrum in the backs and Pyatt in the forwards. Velvin scored four tries for Science.

But Arts, though short again, played much better the following week to hold Engineers-Architects to 9—3. The decisive feature of the game proved to be the way in which E.-A. dominated the scrums. About the only time the Arts backs got the ball cleanly they scored a delightful try from their own side of half-way. Watt was quite outstanding and played a really good game, receiving plenty of support from Brenstrum and Willoughby. Evans and Keys, though inclined to go solo too often, were the pick of the E.-A. backs. Keys scored a good try in the first half. The E.-A. forwards were a good even lot, ably led by Dalton, while Pyatt was again the best of the Arts pack.

Next week in an epic struggle A.-E. beat Science 10—6, to take the lead in the competition.

Science took the offensive right from the jump, and for nearly all the first half play was close to the A.-E. line. Good hooking by the A.-E. pack and fine play by Walker kept Science from going over, but Thomas kicked two good penalties, and at half-time they led 6—0. Soon after half-time the Science hookers sent the ball flying out of the scrum and over the line, where Goring dived on it in a flash, Evans adding the extra points to make the score 6—5. Then followed a lot of hard forward play, with A.-E. on top. Carroll intercepted nicely but a dropped pass spoilt a certain score. Again Science backs got away, but the A.-E. forwards, in a great rush, took play to half-way, where Davidson picked up and beat half the Science team to score near the posts. Evans again converted and A.-E. lead 10—6. Back came Science with a will, and thrilling play on the A.-E. line saw first Velvin and then Gascoigne nearly over, but desperate defence kept the line intact and time was called with the score still 10—6.

The game was one of the best Inter-Fac. matches seen for years, and was hard and exciting throughout. All the A.-E. pack worked hard, with Davidson and Dalton outstanding, and slightly overshadowed the Science pack, well led by Newman, Terry and Gascoigne. In the backs Walker played a safe and plucky game at full-back, while Evans was perhaps the pick of the others. The Science backs were a great combination, but were hampered by the fast-breaking A.-E. pack.

Arts gave Science a fright in the return match, and were rather un-

lucky not to make a draw of it at least. It was a case of Science forwards against Arts backs. The latter played very well, with Watt, Hayman and Sayers outstanding, and they provided most of the bright patches of an otherwise ragged game. Hayman drew first blood with a good try for Arts on the blind side. From the kick-off Carroll and Glynn took play back to Arts' line, where Henson went over, Thomas missing an easy kick. Science were pressing hard after half-time, when Newman and Burton had to retire with injuries. Both were playing well and their loss was noticeable. Then Arts came back and Overton bullocked his way across to put Arts 6—3 ahead. Following a spell of ragged play, Stewart kicked high and Charlie Brenstrum made one of his rare mistakes to give Science a rather lucky try, which Stewart converted. There was no further score and Science finished 8—6 ahead. Thomas, Stewart and Newman played well for Science.

Dr. Briggs has refereed all the matches.

"Suicide after three months' Marriage.—Athlete's last note to wife."

It's a wonder he had even a 10/- one after three months' marriage.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES

Second Term, 1936

Activity, social and otherwise, in the Women's Common room, reaches its highest point in the second term. Three women's coffee evenings have so far been held, and a fourth is to take place next Friday. The first of these was a most enjoyable games evening organized on Friday, June 13th, by Marie Buddle, who wrote and produced an entertaining play for the occasion, and Elizabeth Robertson. The second, held on July 10th, took the form of a lively discussion on "The Importance of Colonies," led by Miss Bethell of the Takapuna Grammar School. We are very grateful to the speaker for the interesting manner in which she presented the subject. To Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Cocker, of the N.Z. Federation of University Women, our thanks are also due, for leading a discussion coffee evening on July 24th. The subject, "The Flight from Reason," was a naturally provocative one, and led to very long and spirited argument among the comparatively few girls present.

It was pleasing to note the interest taken by Freshers in these women's coffee evenings. A com-

bined coffee evening was held, in conjunction with the men's House Committee, on June 19th, the evening of the procession, and was, to use a hackneyed phrase, "a social and financial success."

The wives of the staff were entertained to afternoon tea on June 18th. Items were contributed during the afternoon by Waverley Tensley (piano) and Joyce Billing ('cello). We trust our guests enjoyed meeting us as much as we did meeting them.

Another important function, the Twenty-first Birthday Party, given in honour of the girls who attain their majority this year, was held on July 31st. The guests of the evening were presented by the Lord High Chancellor (E. King-Mason) to the Queen of the Swastikas (M. Shaw), who was attended by the most motley crew of courtiers (to wit, the Women's House Committee) ever witnessed. Entertainment was provided by the Court Musicians (S. Paterson, J. McLeod, M. Saunders and J. Billing), by the Court Jester (W. Lewis) and the Royal Bodyguard (the Drill Class). The proceedings concluded with an excellent and most hilarious supper in the dining-hall.

Before Fiona Mackenzie's departure for England on July 14th, the House Committee farewelled her at morning tea at John Court's.

Two large bundles of clothes have been collected and sent in to the Dock Street Mission by the House Committee, which urges all girls who have not yet done so to contribute.

The Hockey Club is to be congratulated on the organisation of a drill class under Miss B. Cooke in the Common Room on Wednesday evenings. Danish drill, step-marching and country dancing, all to music (have you heard that gramophone?) provide enjoyable and invigorating exercise for the members of the class.

When it is considered that apart from these functions the Common Room has been used by the Federation of University Women, the Classics, French and Literary Clubs, and the S.C.M. and E.U. for meetings, and by the Scientific Society, the Swimming Club and the Social Committee for social functions, it will be realised that life there has, this term, been both interesting and varied.

COCK AND BULL STORY?

But Mr. Spragg sticks to it! Ask him how he got that black eye and bashed brow. We know it was at the 4th Battery Ball. The rest of the story he has told so often that he believes it himself: A big burly brute of 15 stone avoirdupois happened to nudge him and he lost his balance and fell again a window-sill. Does that sound pretty good?

There was a young fellow named James,
An absolute duffer at games,
He came to this College
To pick up some knowledge,
But all he "picked up" were the "dames."

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PADLOCK DOMES AND THE SCOFATERIA

Padlock Domes ordered another shot of opium (neat), and studied the motley crowd in the opium den with interest. Around him he could see Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Abyssinians, Borneo natives, Chinamen moving so softly you could hardly hear their ears flap; Thibetans, and others—all freshers. Owing to his linguistic ability, he was able to pick up several intimate secrets. Nobody suspected the big bluff South Sea Islander in the red loin cloth.

On one side a fat science student was explaining just what had happened to his underpants when he put them in the nitric acid. There was no sound from the opposite cubicle, but as Padlock knew the Law student in there was lying with a crushed skull, he could not in fairness expect any conversation from that quarter. Next door, an Architect complained of the service in the den, and another soothed him with the remark that the King of Clubs was slitting the proprietor's throat that night anyway.

Ha! Here was a clue! Padlock shot up in his bunk, startling the occupants next door. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he apologised, plucking nervously at his loin cloth. "Somebody left a pin in the bunk."

The two architects resumed their chat, but instead of Persian, they were now using an obscure dialect of Hindustani.

Suddenly a hunched figure crept in through the haze of blue smoke and scrambled on their bunk. Under his black cape was a coat sprinkled with clubs and a clubs-foot. This was the King, Padlock felt with every bone in his body.

"Listen fellers," said the King. "First murder is to-night. I want you to wait for Max Corker outside Room 22 and strangle him with a French conjugation."

The men looked sullen.

"You'll have no trouble finding one," said the King. "He drops them all over the place."

Padlock peacefully puffed his pipe. He had already deduced the motive for this mysterious murder. It was obviously a plan to secure the Scofateria, the most valuable building in the University. Murder a few professors and lecturers, and the value of the building would immediately decline; so that it wouldn't cost the King of Clubs a straw (A straw hat).

Padlock's gorge rose several inches at the villainous idea; even while his brain applauded its cool genius. It was odd no one had thought of it before.

Hastily disguising himself as a Chinese waiter, he hurried out of the room, with a trayload of opium. Safely outside he determined to watch the murder and catch the villains red-handed with the Corker blood. On the way home he dropped in at Dr. Watsit's modest surgery. It was so modest that even the chair legs were covered.

Seeing him arrive, Dr. Watsit rapidly finished off his patients, rang the undertaker and settled down for a cosy chat with Domes.

"Another elementary mystery, Watsit," muttered the great detective. "I shall want you outside Room 319 to-night. Bring your lancets—there may be a fight."

With these cryptic words he disguised himself as a French poodle and sallied out into the night, with his tail wagging in the exact rhythmic poodle beat.

In the dim and ghostly corridor crouched Dr. Watsit inside a cupboard. Next to him was Padlock Domes, disguised as a waste-paper basket. He was already full of scribbling paper and French grammars, and conjugations were strewn round the floor, perfect weapons for the desperadoes.

Suddenly a hand shot round the corridor, bearing a great ruby on the index finger and shot at Padlock with an automatic. Luckily it struck his wirenetting disguise and did no more damage than to hit one or two women students.

Padlock felt a cold hand gripping his heart, but this was natural enough for he was now squatting on the cold cement floor. It was his brother, Yalelock Domes! Clearly he remembered giving him just that ruby.

But stay! A flash of hope lit up his heart. Perhaps it was Yalelock's twin brother, exactly like him in every respect!

And in many cases they had saved Professor Corker!

(Was Yalelock a tool of the King of Clubs, caught in a vice? Padlock holds the key to the mystery).

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HONGI MANIFESTO

Working for an Ideal

The Hongi Club resents the malicious criticisms and thinly veiled insinuations which have been levelled at it from time to time. Hongi leaders for the last 12 months have been earnestly working to place the club in a position where it will be an integral and indispensable part of student life. Those who think the club is a gang of irresponsible hooligans are both woefully misinformed and childishly ignorant of the true state of affairs.

The Hongi Club stands for a four square policy of action, comradeship, study and guts. It is a definite contribution to student life in that it is the only institution at 'Varsity which attempts to bring the men of each faculty together on a common social footing. It is, in short, a brotherhood, the bonds of which we hope to make strong and enduring.

Every Hongi is expected to conduct himself according to our policy. In the first place, he must be prepared to act and to participate in any activity upon which the Hongi Executive decides to embark. The Hongi Club's first object is to promote all-student activities such as Revues, Processions, etc. It organises rags at College sports meetings, brightens College life and endeavours to express student enthusiasm and pride in its College.

Secondly the Hongi Club is a fraternity. The ideal of the Hongi Club in this respect is one of co-operation and assistance. Hongis are expected to be loyal to their club and to their fellows. During their active period of membership Hongis build up friendships which last for all time and the spirit of co-operation and mutual assistance which develops in undergraduate days will endure beyond the walls of the University. While Hongis are expected to be "good mixers" and to fully enjoy the good fellowship of the club they are not expected to do anything which is contrary to their principles. We do not think any the less of a chap if he does not drink. Above all we believe in freedom of action and thought and we resent and object to any interference in this direction. If students wish to gain something from social relations with their fellows they should endeavour to join the club.

Hongis realize more than anyone the place of study in student life and in planning our activities careful allowance is made for the members' College work. It has often been said that Hongis lack intellect. A perusal of our membership list will reveal the names of some of the best scholars at 'Varsity, while other names will be recognised for steady scholastic success. For culture and sport the club does not make provision. It is not our task. However, we actively support and co-operate with all sports clubs and cultural societies. Practically all the clubs and societies have Hongis on their executives.

"Guts" is a term which we have borrowed from the vernacular. It is a neat expression of what we mean by personality, ability and purpose. The Hongi Club endeavours to bring out what is best in a man. Within the club he has ample opportunity to develop his particular personality and his special

abilities. We are not all leaders but we can all contribute something to our fellows. Every member has a right to voice his opinion in our open committee—he is encouraged to do so. The feeling of fellowship gives a chap the confidence which is painfully lacking in so many of our students. Chaps don't know themselves until they know one another. Finally, Hongis are expected to conduct themselves like men. Drunkenness and ill-advised behaviour are strongly discouraged. The Hongi should be able to "take it" in every sense.

We have set forth an ideal at which destructive and unsympathetic critics might scornfully laugh. Nevertheless it is the ideal which we have set the Hongi Club, and we are convinced that ours is a definite contribution to student life.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

dear aunt pansy ,

we have had such a lovely time this year we had a nice party at the swimming sports and played a little game called beauty contest cousin jackie borrowed his mummies bathing togs and won such a lovely cup all made of turnip uncle laurence wanted to kiss him but jackie couldnt take it and dear aunt pansy i must tell you about some more joly fun the little pongi boys had we went and saw some funny people getting capped it was so stupid a nice old man got up and talked and talked but nobody seemed to mind i think they were all asleep so we gave cousin gassie a cabbage and went to the ball i just know you will love to hear about our procession aunt pansy we were so busy a lot of other nice boys and girls helped us but cousin orch and uncle pos did ever so much work and dear aunt pansy i must tell you that nearly half the 170£ was collected by your little pongi nephews we were so pleased to help our little crippled playmates we were very sorry that little cousin brian was so sick after our party but he had had too much lemonade with his cake he really shouldnt have so much lemonade with his cake should he there are lots and lots of things i want to tell you aunt pansy but it is half past five and uncle rennie is having such a nice party down at his place so i must run along now.

lots of love from

cousin cuthbert.

LITERARY CLUB 1936 - 7.

President: Professor Cooper.
Vice-president: Professor Sewell.

Some meetings next year will be for discussion, and addresses, or both. Members will be expressly invited to discuss their own point of view upon literary matters. Other meetings will be Olla Podrida evenings.

Prize for Best Poem and Best Short Story, 1937.

Meetings will be held in the first and second terms, to give members the chance of learning and really discussing the work given in, which will be read aloud by chosen readers. With the authors' permission, their poems and stories will be filed, and towards the end of the second term all work will be handed over to a Judging Committee, consisting of Professor Cooper, Professor Sewell, Miss R. M. Gorrie and one other yet to be chosen, and not nec-

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The best poem and best short story will receive the Literary Club's prize for the year.

If arrangements can be made, these will be published in Kiwi, as the club's choice for the year.

The judging committee will then, with the authors' permission, seek ways and means of getting any of the work worthy, published here, or abroad.

Will you write for us?

—R.G., Student Chairman.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sir,—We appreciate the valuable (?) constructive criticism of your correspondent "Delirium Tremens."

D.T. suggests we did nothing at the Grad. Ceremony. The rivalry for our unique popularity with public and participants alike was inaudible. In other words, if we did little, others did nothing, yet our numbers were only 1 to 150.

I assure you truthfully, D.T., that any flour-throwing at the Revue was absolutely unofficial. But was there any flour-throwing? No, only flower-throwing! D.T. adds: "... otherwise nothing at all happened."

We ask: What did you expect to happen?—pass the idea and we will consider it seriously for our next public appearance. You see D.T., we knew of certain malicious secrets and realised discretion the better part of valour.

D.T., you didn't mention the Procession, so we gather that you, like everyone else, realise it was an outstanding success. The idea of reviving a University procession in Auckland originated with the Hongi Club in general meeting and of the nine members of the Processions Committee, six were members of the Hongi Club! Ask any member

of the Stud. Ass. Exec. if there would have been a procession were it not for the Hongi Club.

Moreover, D.T., our club is the most discussed and talked of and written about College club.—Does this not indicate activity and progress? What other club in this College can show an increase in membership of 150 per cent. in four months?—and yet refuse membership to three nominees considered by vote to be unsuitable to further the aims and objects of the club as set out in our constitution. And what other club has such a record for attendance at University functions?

D.T., you think of some function at which we have not had official representation; excluding, of course, those of a (so-called) cultural character, as we do not hold ourselves out as active participants in such like affairs.

Our infantility worries D.T. to a greater extent than it does us—or is D.T. spoon-fed by a well-known female "admirer" of ours who delights in styling our members as "children"?

Finally, should D.T. be a male, let him emerge and impart what he considers appropriate for us to immortalise; or perhaps he could write script for us as most of our "naughty immature humour" is impromptu by necessity; or perhaps he could teach us to act as we still await members from our various College "acting" clubs. Should D.T., however, be not a male, let her forever remain "enveloped in her monastic gloom" ashamed of the self-inflicted depravity her pseudonym suggests.

I am, Sir,

BRUCE ORCHISTON,

(Honorary Secretary of the A.U.C. Hongi Club).

(By order of Hongi).

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I dreamt one night I wandered in a grove
Where dwelt all kinds of monsters, great and small,
Where horrid creatures everywhere did rove,
And ghastly nightmares on the leafy wall,
Did creep and crawl.
A megadyne with huge and hairy jaws,
Was gripped in mortal combat with an ohm,
And watching them, an oersted armed with claws,
Ate many entropies which, far from home,
In millions roam.
From off a tree a hysteresis dropped,
Close by, an ugly microfarad munched.

Three isohyets from out a thicket popped
And, lo, a great penumbra on them lunched,
The whole lot crunched.
High in the air great scaly velos flew,
And there adiabatics paused to drink
While timid ergs and coulombs in a queue,
Did pause an instant on the umbric brink,
I think, to think.
The sight amazed me, but I had no fear,
Until from out the darkness cold and drab,
A fearful hodograph flew very near,
And, shrieking, I awoke upon a slab,
Drunk, in the lab.
—J.C.R.

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