

# CRACCUM

VOL. 10. No. 6.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1936.

3d.

## KIWI

### A Survey by the Editor

Work of high literary and entertainment value is provided in the 1936 publication of "Kiwi" which is now on sale at College. The prize for serious verse was awarded to E.D.M. who was responsible for several short gems of realism. *Vegetables* is his outstanding piece of work; but *The Eight*, *In the Market*, *Li T'ai Po* and *At the Zoo* all illustrate a delicately attuned feeling for rhythm and a genius for quaint and oriental detail. *Vegetables* is an example of the "familiar unknown" and catches most cleverly the placidness of the Chinese hawk. *In the Market* aims at portraying oriental splendour and introduces a fine human and psychological touch in the last lines. *Li T'ai Po* again is eastern in its setting, but langorous and romantic. *The Eight* (a rowing poem) is a stirring crystallisation of the power and tension imparted to the boat by tightened fore-arms and chest muscles. The contrast of pent-up force and the smooth swift glide of the boat is beautifully accomplished in the rhythm. E.D.M. is the outstanding verse contributor. We know, in reading his poems, that he has found his metier and young poets would do well to copy his example in choosing subjects well within their grasp.

Versatility of a different kind is displayed by J. C. Reid. His one serious poem, *Hammer of God*, is quite the most compelling thing in the magazine. It is the only poem besides those of E.D.M. which has a definite message and a note of spontaneity. The other poems, however good, all have the touch of the scholar, the faintest suggestion that they are written to order. *Paen*, by J. C. Reid, is a satire on Ezra Pound. If anyone, unable to understand or ignorant of modern poetry, wishes to be enlightened let him read this poem. As burlesque it is priceless and has some spicy local colour. The superneorealistic poem appearing in this issue of "Craccum" — "Death Rattles His Dental Plates" — is also by John Reid, but even this pales into insignificance beside his *Paen*.

In Humorous Prose the prize was awarded to J. C. Reid for *The Saint with the Twisted Halo*. The tone is again burlesque but good-humoured banter is underlying and belies the ridicule of such phases as "fancy having a miracle happen in a respectable Anglican Church." The climax is good. The chief fault seems to be in a slight slowness of action. The reader feels Mr. Reid is not quite in his right medium when he writes prose. The style, though suitable, lacks a certain "variableness."

*Brighter Business*, by Richard Williams, is a frivolous and delightful piece of devilment.

*The Labour and Finance Bill*, by J.E.M., should be read by all supporters of the present government and of the 40-hour week. The use of rhyme is clever in that it does not disturb the documentary effect and the documentary effect is so realistic that a perfect rhyme system is almost completely disguised.

*Legal Lapses*, by Lex, is of interest in view of the recent election and should appeal to the argumentative.

*Transcription from the Book of Degree*, by D. A. MacGill, will be an inspiration to all candidates at the November exams. We recommend you keep a copy always by you.

Lastly in humorous prose is *Dead Sea Fruit*, by C.B.S. No graduate can let this pass. C.B.S. has spoken a divine truth.

The prize for humorous verse was awarded to "Maevius" for *Song of the Puzzled Imperialist*. This is happy treatment of the British-Abyssinian question, spoilt unfortunately by the final couplet but altogether highly amusing, especially the lines:

"For more than once in our rough island story  
The path of duty though a little gory  
Turned out of untold value to the Tory."

*War in a Teacup*, by Wynne Leigh, gained the prize for serious prose. This is a complete story—a belated war-tragedy enacted innocently over the breakfast table. The tragedy is ironical and in no way mars the brightness and humour of the unfolding. The vivacity of the style, and attention to detail and proportion suggest an ability on the part of the author well beyond the average.

Many other prose contributions deal with men and books. There are articles to suit every taste—the scholar and the connoisseur—mention of Kipling, G. K. Chesterton, Robin Hyde, C. F. Andrews, Medieval Latin Poets, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and our own Rhodes Scholar, J. D. Lewis. Also numerous short poems and Linocuts.

The quotations on the graduates have been carefully compiled and are, the Editor hopes, amusing without giving offence. In asking you to support your Varsity publications and purchase a copy of

"Kiwi" for 1/-, the Editor hopes you will be rewarded with very real enjoyment. In conclusion, he wishes to thank all contributors, without whose assistance the magazine could not have been published. Owing to the large number of contributions *untimely* received a deal of very creditable work had to be rejected. This was unfortunate; but contributors are asked to appreciate the position (and to try again next year!)

## FOUND

### A Complete Short Story

Five minutes past eight and not turned up! Ten past—still no sign!! Quarter past—the matter was getting serious. Something would have to be done, and done quickly before many minutes. The hands of the clock turn slowly towards 8.20.

Mr. Lewis, looking anxious, decides to send out a search party. People are beginning to comprehend the awful truth, to realise that the unbelievable is happening. Half-past eight is the absolute limit.

No one dares think—hope lingers while there is still a few minutes, and is dashed immediately as each man returns from the search unsuccessful. Mr. Lewis looks drawn and haggard and urges renewed efforts. He, himself, magnificently ransacks the library. Mr. Hogben ruthlessly breaks into and searches the Women's Common Room. Messrs Segedin, Gascoigne and Wylie, with gas-masks and flashlights, make a reckless and breathless invasion of disused labs in the Science block. Even more heroically Mr. Spragg rushes to the office to enlist the aid of Mr. O'Shea.

29 minutes past eight!! Search parties rush back for an urgent conference. Mr. Lewis takes a tally of the forces. Counting the women they are 48 strong. Can they, few as they are—

8.30 begins to chime!!

Bang! Crash!

The Hall doors burst open. In rushes Mr. Dalton, and ushers in two startled and bewildered elderly females (visitors to the Cologe).

"I got them in the lobby—they'll do."

The Students Association have found their quorum.

Support the Advertisers in

CRACCUM

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

## Death Rattles His Dental Plates

Sur-realism, the latest insane form of art, has created a sensation in London. Inspired by accounts of the recent exhibition, our poet tries his hand at a sample of super-neosurrealistic poetry.

I saw, last night, a water-melon  
Floating through  
the air,  
I could not catch it, for, alas,  
A safety-pin gave way and my  
torn trousers  
Fell.

Ah me!  
The bloated aspidistras wept  
And the ostrich-feather in Aunt  
Jane's bonnet  
Waltzed gloomily on the family  
Bible  
With

a withered apple-core.  
I threw the celery at it,  
Out a trumpet blared  
"Ene, mere, tickle your eyes, son!"  
And the purple pussy-willows  
Yowled balefully at the  
Large pink gooseberry  
That poets call  
the moon.  
Painting my nose with moistened  
flour,  
I munched a cricket-bat  
Pensively  
And pasted pictures of Greta Garbo  
On my greasy copy of Erasmus.  
Alas, I wish my dressing-gown  
Did not have all those hairy spiders  
Crawling on it.

J.C.R.

## THE SLEEPER AWAKENS, OR PEARLS FROM PROFS.:

"The Borgia bloke was a Pope  
and an atheist with a saving sence  
of humour."

".... Sociology—which is little  
more than a name."

".... flutterings in the diplo-  
matic dovescotes."

".... scurryings behind the  
skirting-boards of the Chancellories  
of Europe."

"They quarelled so much they  
had to get married to make it  
decent."

"There's no knowing what course  
love will take when babies are pro-  
duced in bottles."

"The odds were more or less  
even."

"The names become increasingly  
unpronounceable."

"One surprising thing of life is  
the way in which men and women  
dislike each other."

## NEXT YEAR'S CARNIVAL

Item will again be wanted for a  
Carnival Revue next year. Get to  
work as soon as exams. are over  
and watch the notice-boards for an-  
nouncements re prizes and condi-  
tions.



## MACBETH

Professor Sewell and the Department of English are to be congratulated on their production of "Macbeth" in the College Hall. The season was one of three nights, and considerable public interest was shown in the performances. The dramatic work of the University will be helped considerably by the extension of the stage and various structural alterations, and we hope that it will be possible to stage some similar production next year.

A new technique was used in playing Shakespeare in an effort to return partly to the conditions of the stage for which Shakespeare wrote, and yet taking advantage of all the conveniences of the modern stage. It was inevitable, seeing that the play was being interpreted in an unusual way, that some serious weaknesses should be apparent; but it was true that this method of approaching "Macbeth" seemed very suitable for amateur performances, and brought out the life and vitality of the play for more than any mere orthodox approach.

The main feature was the speed with which the play was carried through. The playing-time was considerably reduced; there was a series of short scenes, and fortunately no prolonged delays. The curtain was lowered only once; the play fell into the two parts, the story of the rise of Macbeth to kingly power, and the story of his overthrow by the Scottish nobles. Speed was also gained by the absence of any elaborate stage scenery. A single setting was used—a white column with a platform leading up to it, standing out against a white background. Consequently, great emphasis was laid on the lighting arrangements, and very skillfully-managed changes provided the dramatic setting for any type of scene, from the witches' retreat to the battle-field scenes at the close of the play. By means of stage-grouping and the bright colouring of the costumes, very beautiful and vivid stage-pictures were built up. Each scene seemed to be a tiny gem in itself. Gesture and movement were reduced to a minimum; perhaps they were cut down rather too much. Yet, all the time, the fast pace was kept up, without any leisurely declamation.

Free use was made of symbols in the different scenes—for the battles, the banquet and so on. In the banquet scene, the breach from tradition seemed carried too far. Coloured banners provided the setting—but not only was there no ghost of Banquo, but also not banquet-table. The romantic Elizabethan would probably have appreciated the scene, but for the average member of the audience the setting left rather too much to be grasped by the imagination. On the whole, however, this new technique practised by Professor Sewell promised to restore vitality and energy to the plays of Shakespeare.

The individual players are all to be commended for handling difficult parts fluently and without hesitations. The chief burden fell on Kenneth Melvin, as Macbeth. His part was a long one, with great emotional strain. He succeeded in keeping the well-known speeches and quotations fresh and in giving them new emphasis and value. At

times the strain seemed to tell on him, and he was inclined to speak rather loudly and overact the part.

Cecil Upton succeeded in making Lady Macbeth quite unlikeable enough, and her interpretation, although vastly different from that usual on the English stage, was very telling. In the celebrated sleep-walking scene we have a most effective touch—Lady Macbeth becomes a little feeble child, who can still succeed in winning our sympathy.

The three witches (Florence Banks, Valerie Anderson, and Rona Lewis) were without their cauldron. Here the simplification was all for the good. Unusual grouping, with very dim lighting, gave a sinister impression, which was heightened by their weird voices and satanic laughs. Valerie Anderson, in particular, had a most striking voice. Comic relief was imparted by J. C. Reid, as the drunk porter. If ever relief was needed, it was at that time—it is known that Macbeth has murdered Duncan, and that at any moment the dead king may be discovered—and tension was temporarily relieved before the emotional crisis of the following scene. Comic relief appears to be particularly necessary when the scenes follow so closely one on the other; in the second part of the play the audience secured no relief from their tension.

On the whole, the minor parts were well-filled. Paul Holmes was Banquo, the straight-forward blunt man who was so much wiser than Macbeth. C. D. Banks was Macduff, who fled to England, leaving his wife and infant son to be murdered by Macbeth. Helen Coates was Lady Macduff, and David Rodwell her infant son. Unfortunately, with some of the younger and less experienced actors, there was a tendency to be ill at ease on the stage, and to be reciting a well-memorised part, rather than acting the character. This was particularly noticeable with Malcolm (K. Horn) and Lennox (S. R. Everiss). More practice will be required if they are to be freed from stiffness and awkwardness, and acquire the experience which they need.

### MACBETH

Being:

Lines after W. M. Thackeray,  
by Antonio Doloroso

What wonderful news has been brought:

Will Shakespeare's a 'Varsity guest!

Prof. Sewell and his able consort  
Present him—a little compressed.

Who'll talk of the Circus again?  
Or who likes the Opera best?  
Or who'd patronise Drury Lane,  
When here we have Shakespeare compressed?

"Away with ballet and revue!  
With pantomime farce and the rest!

There's something intriguingly new  
About Shakespeare that's nicely compressed!"

The College in full dress assembles  
(The play gives it's dullness a zest),

While the players mid splutterings  
and trembles  
Spout Shakespeare (a little compressed).

The Witches in green light appear,  
(Cave Cauldron and Hecate suppressed)

The lighting was liked, so we hear,  
But the double scent seemed too compressed.

The rollicking play rattles on;  
Macbeth murders his right-royal guest;

Macduff nigh explodes hereupon,  
(He must have been too much compressed!)

To the "Banqueting Scene" we have run;

The assembly's to dinner addressed;

Here some thought "Macbeth" overdone,

And the concourse (of two!) too compressed.

The play was (in cliché) "goin' some,"

As the Murder at Fife did attest,  
When the Felon fell flat on his "tum,"

And we fear it was somewhat compressed.

One and all have decided, however,  
That the "Sleep-walking Scene" was the best;

'Twas her Ladyship's crowning endeavour,

For her voice was sublimely compressed.

Now approaches the last fearful fight;

'Duff, Malcolm and Ross march abreast,

But what fills the crowd with delight

Is the Army, so neatly compressed!

At last the bold tyrant is slain,  
(Off the stage—at the ladies' request),

Then Macduff, to a bugle refrain  
Succinctly reports him compressed.

### EPILOGUE

We are first with our thanks and our praise

To Producer, to Cast and the Rest,

For presenting this noblest of plays,  
And bespeak ourselves deeply imprest,—

But permit us, we beg you, a little  
Of comment withal to suggest:

The more concentrated the victual,  
We all know 'tis the worse to digest,—

And our stomachs found "Macbeth" a little

Just a little too highly compressed.

### 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

### TEXT BOOKS

Students wishing to buy text books for next year at about 33% reduction are asked to watch notice-boards. The studass proposes to indent books through a city firm and will accept orders THIS YEAR.

### THIS HOTBED

Contrary to the opinions of most of our religious and political conservatives, I think friend Moriturus should be thanked for the compliment inferred in his granting us the powers of thought—let alone of united and advanced thought. How many students in this College ever think of anything? If their opinions are not non-existent, they are generally purely negative, implying a smug, complacent satisfaction in the good old status quo. Some few, very few—competent authorities assess the number at 2% of all students—have mildly pink ideas embodying a fear that all's wrong with the world and that God mightn't be in his heaven after all; a fear that "the masses"—you know, the unintelligent, undeserving cattle who earn father's money—are, perhaps, just a little bit hardly done by, and, as such, are an unsafe foundation for the social pyramid.

Our education system, we are told, has lofty ideals of freedom of speech and thought. Why then, pervert the function of one of its higher institutions to further the snobocracy of "culture"—a system of degree-hunting ensuring the maximum of social advantage with the absolute minimum of individual thought?

What this place needs is a sprinkling of illiterate anarchists to make some of our old ladies (of both sexes) realise that a whole world surrounds them, not the walls of a cabaret.

### JOYNT SCROLL

Miss E. M. Johnston and Mr. K. Braybrooke—happy combination—have succeeded in accomplishing the almost impossible—the winning of debating honours from Southern Colleges. The Joynt Scroll is now the proud possession of this College and may those who have been and got it be cordially congratulated.

## KEALY'S LTD.

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UNIVERSITY TEXT BOOKS  
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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.

### THE FLYING SQUADRON

It is mid-day on the Friday after the election, and a quiet peace dwelt in the bar of the "Commercial," almost deserted, save for a few solitary toppers and Bruce Orchiston, who was just commencing the celebration consequent upon his election to the secretaryship—a celebration which has since become justly famous. But lo, the noon-day silence was suddenly broken by the entrance of some twenty 'Varsity students, for it was none other than the day of the great Interfaculty Flying Squadron. In a moment the scene was all brisk animation. A large space was cleared at the bar, there were last-minute exhortations from the coaches, good wishes and hand-shakes from supporters and then the teams cleared for action and went to the post as follows:

Architects: Kelly, Fairbrother, Garry, Mair, and Derby.

Science: Norris, Thomas, Gascoigne, Zinzan, Carroll, and Henson.

Architects at this stage were hot favourites. In fact, on general all-round experience, it looked as if there was only one team in it. Science, however, had been training hard and acute observers who had seen some of their work-outs in their training quarters up at the "Caledonian" were giving them as good as an even chance.

"Twenty-four half-handles," says Barney, and while the barman is pouring them out I'll explain just what a "flying squadron" is. Each competitor is provided with a pot of beer. On the word "go" the first man in each team seizes his pot, empties it and bangs it down on the bar, whereupon the second takes up his and so on; the first team to finish wins.

Well, the barman says "go," and almost before the word is out of his mouth Ned Kelly's half is back on the bar, the Architects are away to a great start and are soon well out in the lead. But the Science team is hitting its stride now, and, moving with perfect grace and rhythm, has made up much of the leeway by the end of the first lap. The second lap is neck and neck all the way, both metaphorically and literally. Excitement rises to fever pitch as the last men, Norm Derby and Hendey raise their glasses simultaneously, and Hendey beats Norm to the verdict by a touch. The Architects, defeated for the first time for years, are plunged into consternation, while habitués of the bar, sophisticated as they are, declare they have never seen a finer contest.

Owing to the closeness of the finish it is decided to make the contest the best of three. The teams line up again, this time for one lap only, but the Architects are like a machine—a water-well, I should say—and though extended, win comfortably.

Science go into a huddle and come out looking about as grim as an All Black team 10-0 down at half-time. Bang goes the gong and they're off to a perfect start. Talk about speed—the headrace at Arapuni isn't in it. Architects are putting up a great effort. Never before has Lin Mair's lovely classic style been seen to such advantage, but they can't do it, and amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm the blue riband of the alcoholic world passes to the Science Faculty.

### PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH.



MR. L. E. ADAMS

Craccum's cartoonist has, we fear, turned like the proverbial worm. When the editor approached him and gently suggested that he might perpetrate another atrocity for the final issue, the above was the result. The editor feels he must apologise for it—not because he dislikes being cartooned any more than anybody else, but because he feels it is giving himself undue prominence among the personalities. An argument which stood in favour of its insertion, however, was the fact that it gave him a chance to prove he could "take" the medicine dished out to others.

Mr. Adams is resigning from Publications this year in order to take over the Social Portfolio. He wishes now to make friends with his newly-made enemies. His position is being taken by Mr. Eric Halstead and readers of "Craccum" are assured of good "dope" next year. Mr. Adams, however, would like to thank contributors and column writers for their enthusiasm and appeal to students generally to use the paper as much as possible.

### THE UNIVERSITY COACHING COLLEGE 22 FERRY BLDG. AUCKLAND

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Greek  
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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



## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Sir,—

Since I last slandered the Hongi Club in the pages of your scurrilous and hence mildly interesting paper, great changes have occurred, not the least of which is the metamorphosis of some of my opinions. I do not intend to perform that highly technical movement known as an "about turn" (anyway, it might be misconstrued into a disorderly retreat), but I do want to halt for a moment and change direction half left — and absolutely right. After which involved and militaristic metaphor I shall spill the beans.

I wrote that letter, Dear Sir, many moons ago: way back in the pre-procession days, when terms were further off than they are now. In my poverty I did not know anything concrete about the ideals or morals of the Hongi Club. I was not alone in my intellectual gloom, however—mine was the unhappy lot of most non-Hongis, who regard the Club as a rather frivolous Big Bad Wolf, habitat Central-ly disposed, and habits definitely bibulous. Also, I was too hard in my unthinking condemnation: the truth now seems to me to be that the Hongi Club (like all such bodies) has, or has had, among its members, individuals who are unworthy

of membership and deficient in intellect, but who, nevertheless, manage to be the most overpowering advertisement for the Club.

Amongst other things, the Procession (my other excursion was pre-Process) convinced me that the Wolf, Big and Bad as it might sometimes be, was capable of coherent thought and co-operative work—and public decency and sobriety. In fact, many men who had seemed respectable citizens now turned out to be Hongis also—and yet remained as before.

That is one side of the question, but the fact still remains that in many ways, in many members, the Hongis seem to me to be grossly forgetful of that charming idealistic "manifesto," which, if carried out conscientiously, would do much to revitalise the College.

In conclusion, let me say that there are a few things I like about the Hongi Club — the procession, some of its members, and its future—that I am, I hope, quite definitely male: that I have never been "spoon-fed" by any member of the women's common-room: that I liked Mr. Orchiston's sarcasm: that this is not a nervous retreat.

I am, Sir,

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,—A wide and melancholy array of erudition, as you will agree, is horrible in its first conception, while a bleak and desolate atmosphere of narrow prejudice is equally formidable; but why, I ask, does that apologising band of Hongis endeavour to pour out their unrestrained yearning for hilarity and freedom and humour, in bibulous abandon, energetic noisiness and callow witticism?

If this University College is lacking in one thing, it is dignity. After dignity would follow immediately a feeling of College co-operation, and from that again, a quickening of all social interests. But the potent noisiness and utter vulgarity on occasions of "the most talked-about Club" in the College has killed at the outset the youthful enthusiasm of every sane fresher who has ever entered A.U.C. and damned in its infancy any dignified feeling that has ever attempted to raise its head. And the trouble is that their most heinous crime is sanctioned and even encouraged by that body responsible for the public appearance of the University on Graduation day. It is unpardonable that a group of irresponsible persons should be allowed to monopolise and slaughter the only ceremonial and public appearance of this College. At least insist that they keep their efforts for the outside of the Hall.

The great trouble with the Hongis (imagined by what they will call a warped and melancholy

mind) is their lack of moral backbone and their very obvious interest in bombastic cacophonous ejaculations which are permeated always by an atmosphere of beery smoke-concerts and the inspiration of street-larikins.

While their constitution has much about it that is tempting and energetic and useful, its glorious optimism and unselfishness has been shamed and degraded by what can only be called the egotistic blatancy and the definitely retrogressive functioning which Hongi leaders would call the practical application of the Club's ideals!

The invariable reply of Hongis to the type of destructive criticism which I am "dishing out" is: "Well, if you're not satisfied, suggest something better." But it is infinitely better to fade into kind obscurity than indulge in painfully weak and bombastic efforts to be clever, efforts which are always permeated by a truly harrowing atmosphere of inspissated gloom.

And then they point to their anxiety for a strengthening of College spirit and social activity. This ardent sympathy is the very acme of hypocrisy. Any unbiassed intelligence would be astonished, I have no doubt, by the perfect esprit de corps displayed by some members of the Hongi Club (among a few others of the same calibre) who attempted to influence the judgment of various intending voters who made their way into the Polling Booth on the day of the election. It is not necessary to have an intimate acquaintance

## Extra Vitamins in Vita-stout mean Health

Tired out? No appetite? Time for Vita-Stout. Nerves fagged? Spirit jaded? HIGH time for Vita-Stout. Anytime's the time for Vita-Stout. Keeps you fighting-fit. Puts you on your toes, feeling 100% alive. For there's as much sunshine vitamin in one bottle as in 3 pints of milk—or 4 eggs. And as much life-giving vitamin B as in a wholemeal loaf. Extra vitamins added in the making! Added in extract, concentrated. That's why Vita-Stout's more than the finest stout you've ever tasted. Its impressive array of health virtues pales ordinary stout into insignificance. Vita-Stout has all the vitamins, all the minerals you need for bright, wide-awake health. You need it!

THE SUNSHINE  
VITAMIN

THE LIFE-GIVING  
VITAMIN B



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.

**VITA-STOUT**  
THE NEW TONIC BEVERAGE

Brewed and Bottled at the  
WAITEMATA MODEL BREWERY, OTAHUHU



with the rules of the Students' Association to pass judgment on this particular effort.

I feel very strongly indeed the retrograde and pernicious effect of this blatant group of opportunists. It has simply massacred any reasonable social effort and I can only suggest that the correspondence appearing in the last issue of "Craccum" is nothing but a glorious apotheosis of what has always been loud-mouthed folly and paltry insignificance.

The Hongi Club will only do great things if it lives up to its constitution, cuts out at the roots every cancerous alliance with its past vulgarity and imbues its endeavours with a tinge of good taste and good manners.

Yours etc.,

"Junius."

Dear Sir,—As I write on behalf of the Hongi Club, I feel that some one must surely be writing hackneyed criticism against us.

Must we forever have retrospection in vivid detail of the shortcomings of ex-members. This undoubtedly has splendid news value, but instead of constantly reprinting essays from narrow people whose very literary mannerisms have become catch-phrases among our members, I would suggest, Mr. Editor, that 1936 freshers write to you (for publication in next Craccum) expressing their views on our activities this year. These students have seen us at work and are better able to judge the Club without undue prejudice. They will realise the importance of the present rather than the past and recognise the fact that up till now the Club has been a passive and popular buffer for each successive instance of unsuccessful function or questionable conduct.

It is the intention of the Club to form a "Haka Party" early next year, of those men (and especially those going to Christchurch for Tournament) anxious to learn the College Songs and Hakas; a knowledge of which, to the discredit of all, appears to be the unchallenged monopoly of the Hongi Club.

A final blow to those decreasing few who would see us "exterminated." The only new men members of the Executive, are, all three, prominent members of the Hongi Club!

To all, the Club extends wishes for success in the exams., and good times in the vacation.

I am, Sir,

Bruce Orchiston,

Hon. Sec., Hongi Club.

By Order of Hongi.

#### ARE 'VARSITY WOMEN AT FAULT?

Sir,—In perusing your last issue I was very grieved to read the conclusion of the report covering the production of "The Circle." Your reporter states: "There was, however, one flaw that is becoming very characteristic—strange to say—of 'Varsity acting. We know not whether it is shyness or inexperience, but 'Varsity men—on the stage—simply can not kiss." As one, though not shy, is definitely inexperienced, and who feels the position keenly, I find myself constrained to enter a strong protest. The presence in the above quotation of the parentheses, "strange to say" and "on the stage," would indi-

cate your reporter has some respect for the men's capabilities off the stage; but I honestly consider that 'Varsity men as a whole have little opportunities of gaining much experience in this connection. Among us kissing is, Mr. Editor, a Lost Art. The reason is not far to seek. I am persuaded that the 'Varsity men would cultivate this art to perfection only for the lamentable fact—O misery!—that in the 'Varsity there is no one to kiss. A kiss, Mr. Editor, is not a solo event; it necessarily implies duality of personage in intimate association. Why, the first thing my dictionary says on the mot is "v.t." (verb transitive)—an action passes from a doer to a receiver; a kiss aimed at nothing is meaningless and absurd. No one in his normal senses seeks to develop the technique of kissing by practising on mirrors, statues, etc.—such artificial antics could carry no interest or stimulus whatever. It follows, then, that if we are to develop a delicate dexterity in the art we must depend on willing support from the proper sources.

And that, dear sir, is the root of the whole trouble. I have frequently heard 'Varsity men being asked if they have ever kissed a 'Varsity woman. The answer—believe it or not—is invariably a

sheepish negative. But heaven knows, Sir, the poor fellows are more to be pitied than blamed. We are willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. When will the 'Varsity women give us a chance?—Yours, etc.,

#### "CELIBATE."

With acknowledgements to "Semper Floreat"—Newspaper of the Queensland University.

#### TWO LIVES

By "Warwick."

They both were young when first they met and loved,  
And shared a sweet affinity of soul  
As hand in hand and heart in heart they roved  
Together, and towards a single goal,  
But Fate decreed for each a different role,  
For he was poor, and had as yet to make  
His mark; and she was rich, and wished of the whole  
Garden of Nature's Spices to partake,  
Nor would forego her fling ev'n for her lover's sake.

And so she left him; and he laboured on.  
Time healed at length the early, rankling sore

Her fickleness had made; and then he won  
Life's Laurels and his well earned ease; and more  
Another mate, more kind than she of yore  
God gave to him; and happy children too  
To bless his later years his loved one bore.  
Yet wistful mem'ry in his heart's-glow drew  
Often, the face of that first love he'd learned to rue.  
Where was she now. She'd tasted all the sweets  
Of merriment, then when her fires burned low  
She chose a husband, who by all conceits  
Was her full equal,—loved gay life and show,  
And while her looks remained did e'en bestow  
Some love on her, but soon was off to glean  
Some fresher charms, where cheeks were more aglow.  
So, lonely by life's burnt-out grate she's seen  
Childless and loveless, musing on what might have been.

#### ESSAY ON CRITICISM

By Antonio Doloroso

Being a reply to the scathing comments of some poetasters at a Literary Club's "Olla Podrida," which comments were almost the only criticism passed on a tolerably well written sonnet. The sonnet was not mine.  
The masterpiece is read; a silence reigns;  
The genius waits the comments on his pains.  
At last, a little maid, but lately shorn  
Of schoolroom curls, her face like rosy dawn,  
Emits a sigh, both learned and demure,  
And says, "The poetry is immature; Calf-love by calf expressed, I rather fear!"  
(Then takes her handkerchief to quell a tear).  
Another saith, "The poet doeth not make  
'Twixt octave and sestet the 'Italian break';  
If by a sonnet he would credit win,  
He must shun this, the unpardonable sin."  
(The fool had doubtless copied Spencer's art,  
Who not his sonnets clove, but clove the heart).  
And lastly, while the flinching poet quails,  
Another scornor opes his mouth and rails:  
"This sentimental twaddle gets my goat!  
Why do these drivelling poets have to dote?"  
(Ah! Why should rhymers write but as they feel,  
When business-pens in cash accounts must deal?)  
No more is said, though rapt the author waits;  
No helpful thought is vouchsafed by the fates;  
None will point out where quantity is wrong;  
None can discern a harshness in the song;  
None note that a cæsura is misplaced,  
Nor praise an assurance devised with taste;  
In short there is no heart for verse aglow,  
But each desires to show how much they know.  
"Lord, should we laugh at learning that's so deep?"  
"Nay! Nay, my child, but bow thy head and weep!"

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## PADLOCK DOMES AND THE CASE OF THE UNTOUCHED BEARD

Whistles shrieked, trams filled with swarms of people, work stopped with a jerk and barmen rolled up their sleeves to the elbow. The Town Clock struck five methodically, determined to make a good job of it. Padlock Domes, prowling through Auckland's Latin Quarter, with his nose to the grindstone and his ear to the ground, could hear the faint whistle of brushes from the tiny garrets on all sides of him. As he passed he amused himself by speculating whether the man inside was slapping the last coat of paint on a masterpiece or lathering up prepatory to playing ducks and drakes with his whiskers.

Down the street ahead of him were rolling the flotsam and jetsam of all nations except (owing to sanctions) the Italian, Roumanians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese jostled for supremacy in this international melting pot. It was the great detective's happy hunting ground.

Suddenly he saw just ahead of him an old grey-bearded gentleman weltering in his blood in the left hand gutter. Pulling up his trouser cuffs to avoid disturbing the evidence, Padlock tore to his aid. His throat had been cut and there was a geranium in his buttonhole. A quick examination convinced him that he had been slugged on the back of the head—a common or garden slug—and his throat cut with a stainless razor.

The odd feature of the case was that his magnificent leonine hat had been tucked out of harm's way. The murderer had taken great pains to spare it. It was evident that a barber had done this.

Clapping an old wig on his head head, Padlock scoured the hairdressers of the town. As he left each he flashed a glance as keen as a razor over the managers and their assistants, raking them from their crowning glories to their corns. They gave him the cold shoulder, but it cut no ice.

The third shop he entered was Kutz and Terret, gloomy and mysterious, packed with geraniums. Seeing the fatal flower made the detective prick up his ears, unfortunately revealing the fact that underneath the wig he had just had cut short on top there was a bald and polished skull. This did not deter the great detective.

He proceeded rapidly into the barber's shop across the street. As he expected there was not a geranium to be seen. Disguising himself as a man helping to shift a hydraulic chair, he went through the shop and inspected the garbage tins in the rear entrance. They were filled to the brim with broken vases and geranium petals.

The case was solved. This debris had certainly been planted by Kutz and Terret. He would—

Swoosh!! At this moment a bomb exploded in the confined area. Swept aloft in a cloud of flying rubble Padlock could not help admiring the fiendish ingenuity of his enemies in this neat method of ridding themselves of both evidence and detective. "Whatt a story to relate to Dr. Watsit!" he chuckled.

He deduced the rest of the case in the few seconds allowed him by

## SOCIETIES and CLUBS

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Over forty members were present at the annual meeting of the Student Christian Movement which was held on 9th September in Room 2. The President reported on the Movement's activities, speaking of the value of the addresses at the Sunday Teas and the thanks which were due to the Revs. Bower and Black and J. A. Allen for their excellent leadership of the two study circles on Bible study and Christianity and Communism. The outstanding feature of the Movement's work during the year had been the conducting of the Mission of Mr. C. F. Andrews in the University. Some discussion followed, more especially on the respective merits of student and outside leadership of study circles and of the position of the budget showed that the lack of a larger grant from the Students' Association curtailed the activities. Mr. Mayson gave an account of the meeting of the General Committee of the Movement held in Wellington. Emphasis was laid upon the opportunity that students could have of attending the Movement's Annual Conference, which this year is to be held at Cambridge. Special mention was made of the value of the services of the retiring woman president, Miss Nancy Coates.

The new committee is as follows:

President: Mr. R. W. Mayson.  
Woman President: Miss Jean Morton-Smith.  
Vice-President: Mr. K. A. R. Horn.  
Secretary: Miss Joan Curry.  
Treasurer: Mr. J. J. Lewis.  
Committee: Misses Muriel Robertson, Naera Mackie, Nanette Every, Messrs. M. T. Roseveare and H. T. George.

### GLEE CLUB

Would any person knowing anything about the A.U.C. Glee Club please leave a note in the rack for "Pansy."

### UNCLAIMED BLUES

Would students scan the lists of unclaimed blues on the Exec. notice-board and collect from the Secretary, Students' Association, any blue they are able to deliver.

the law of gravity. The old grey-haired victim must have been a favourite customer of Kutz and Terret who had probably nourished his beard from its first downy adolescence to its ripe and glorious prime. It was even possible that he had appointed them his heirs.

The ground swept up to meet Padlock, who prepared for a sickening thud, but he landed as lightly as a rubber ball. On the third bounce he perceived that underneath him was the hydraulic chair he had used in his disguise!

Saved for another chapter!

### A.U.C. FRENCH CLUB

#### Popular New Institution

All are agreed that A.U.C. could do with a little more of the French spirit. We want a touch of gay Paree here to relieve the dullness of the daily round! There is such scope for activity on the part of a University French Club that it is a wonder no one thought of starting one before. However, here it is now, and it looks like fulfilling a very definite need on the part of all students in general, students of French in particular.

The idea is to produce French plays, practise French conversation, listen to interesting talks in French, gain access to French papers and magazines and generally to keep practical contact with as many things French as possible. This, as well as being of considerable cultural value, will be useful from the exam. point of view.

The following officers were elected at a general meeting of those interested:

President: M. Joubert.  
Vice-Presidents: Prof. Walker, Miss Miller, Mr. Arden.  
Student Chairman: Miss W. Lewis.  
Secretary: Miss S. Woodhouse.  
Committee: Misses Coates, Robertson, Buddle, Messrs. Burton, Steele, Reid.

The first meeting was held on July 2nd, when the comedy "La Poudre aux Yeux," by Labiche-Martin, was presented. This was repeated before a large audience at the Auckland French Club on 27th July. On July 23rd, a most interesting talk in French on "The Frenchman at Home," or "Night Life in Paris" was given to the club by Mr. G. F. Joseph. Talks, play-readings and items of a miscellaneous nature are provided when the club meets. Those interested or wishing to take parts in plays should hand in their names to one of the committee.

### SWIMMING CLUB

A very bright annual general meeting took place at College on Monday, the 29th Sept. The election of officers was treated as great sport, and practically everybody in the room was nominated for the Committee. The ballot resulted in three tying for the last position. A new ballot was held to decide between these three. Two still remained equal, and a final show of hands on these two was no more successful—they tied again. Professor Bartrum then gallantly offered his hat and the lucky person was drawn. It was Mr. Jack Alexander.

The meeting was presided over by the retiring President, Prof. J. A. Bartrum. The Club and Committee have to thank Prof. Bartrum very

Lunch and Dinner in the  
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heartily for the great assistance he has given the Club during his years of office. His interest has been unabated and has been expressed in a practical way on many occasions.

In Dr. Brown, the newly-elected President, the Club is again fortunate. Dr. Brown is a very keen swimmer, and polo player, and has in the past swum for the Club.

The Club officers were elected as follows:—

Club Captain: D. Munro.

Vice-Captain: Miss M. Bartrum.

Hon. Secretary: H. Bright.

Committee: Misses J. Bull, J. Fraser and P. Shirlcliffe, Messrs. L. Adams, J. Schisckha, J. Alexander and W. Aidney.

The new season is commencing shortly. Swimmers are urged to train from now for Tournament and to watch posted notices for classes in which coaching by Prof. D. B. Anderson will be offered.

New members are asked to get in touch with any of the Committee members and to enter for inter-Club races through the Secretary.

Communications and entries may be left in the rack, or competitors may get in touch with Mr. D. Munro, 37 Parkside St., St. Heliers, 'phone 17-739, who will supply information and advice.

The fee to join the Club is 1/-. The fee for inter-Club handicap races (50 yards and over) is 1/- per race and must accompany entry.

Note: Valuable trophies are awarded for 1st and 2nd place in all races at the Tepid Baths.

Every swimmer, whether good or poor, has an equal chance of winning a race under the Auckland Centre's specialised handicapping system.

### THE NEW EXECUTIVE.

Since last year's Executive was mostly re-elected, "Craccum" does not intend to give a complete account of the personnel. New members are Misses Mary Martin, Shona Patterson, Corinne Hall, Messrs. Halstead and Brenstrum.

Portfolios have been distributed as follows by the President (Mr. R. S. Jones):

Vice-Presidents: Miss Bartrum.  
Mr. Blair.

Tournament Delegate: Mr. Blair.  
Inter-Faculty Sport: Mr. Gascoigne.

Records: Mr. Hogben.

Publications: Mr. Halstead.

Social: Mr. Adams.

Minutes Secretary: Mr. Brenstrum.

Chairman Men's House Committee: Mr. Segedin.

Sec. Social Committee: Miss Patterson.

"Craccum" Sales Manager: Miss Hall.

Scrap Book: Miss Martin.

### LABOUR NIGHT..

The Social Committee will hold a Combined Coffee Evening in the Men's and Women's Common Rooms on Labour Night, Monday 26th Oct. Keep this night free!



### TOURNAMENT, 1937

At this year's meeting of the Tournament Committee it was resolved that the rule relating to eligibility for Tournament in the Tournament constitution should be strictly enforced.

Put briefly the rule is as follows:

(1) The student concerned shall have, in the year immediately preceding Tournament, attended two thirds of a course of lectures or practical work:—

(a) In an N.Z. University subject or subjects of at least 3 hours per week in which the lectures

extend over more than one term, or

(b) In a N.Z. University subject or subjects of at least 5 hours per week in which the lectures extend over one term only, or

(c) In at least one N.Z. University subject in the case of a student having one subject only to complete his degree.

(2) Notwithstanding the foregoing, the Committee may by a unanimous vote admit as eligible to compete at any Tournament any student who, by reason of illness, accident or other exceptional cir-

cumstances, has failed to fulfil the above-mentioned conditions.

In the past this rule has been applied in a fairly elastic manner by all Colleges. Occasionally, however, this laxity has caused unfairness, and the Tournament Committee has, therefore, decided to enforce the rule strictly in future.

The Auckland Tournament Delegates take this opportunity of giving students notice of this intention so that no one may feel aggrieved at being excluded for a term for what may appear to be a mere technicality.

A. P. Blair.

### AFTER-DEGREE BALL.

After-Degree Ball will be held as usual on the final day of the Degree exams. Dancing and merriment will continue till 2 a.m. Get your party arranged now and have something to look forward to.

The probable date is Friday, Nov. 20th.

### "CRACCUM"

This is the last appearance of Craccum for the year. There is every prospect of a better paper appearing fortnightly next year. Clubs and Societies are urged to supply information for the first issue before the commencement of next year.

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