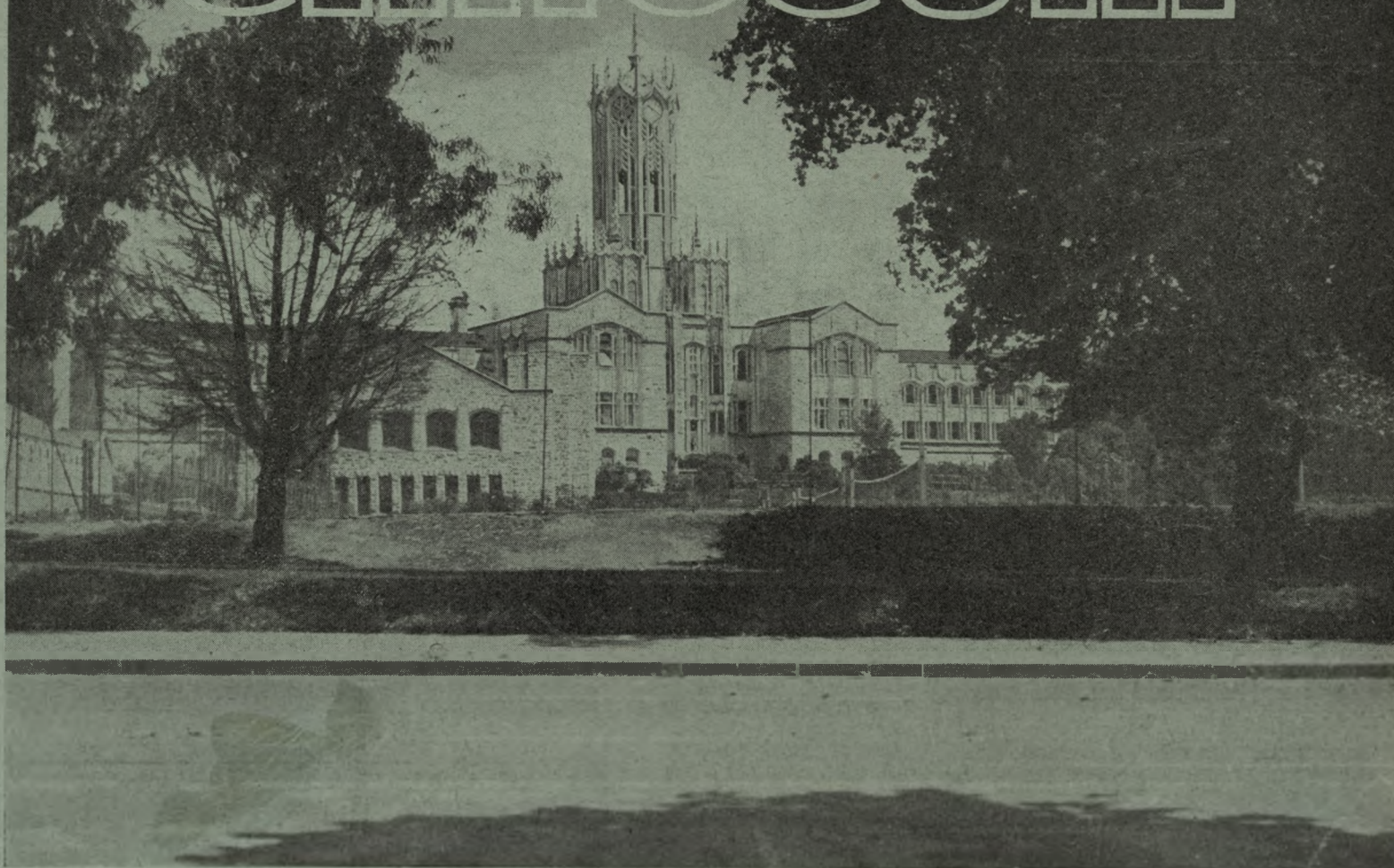


CRACCUm



VOL. II NO. 1.

MONDAY, MARCH 8th, 1937.

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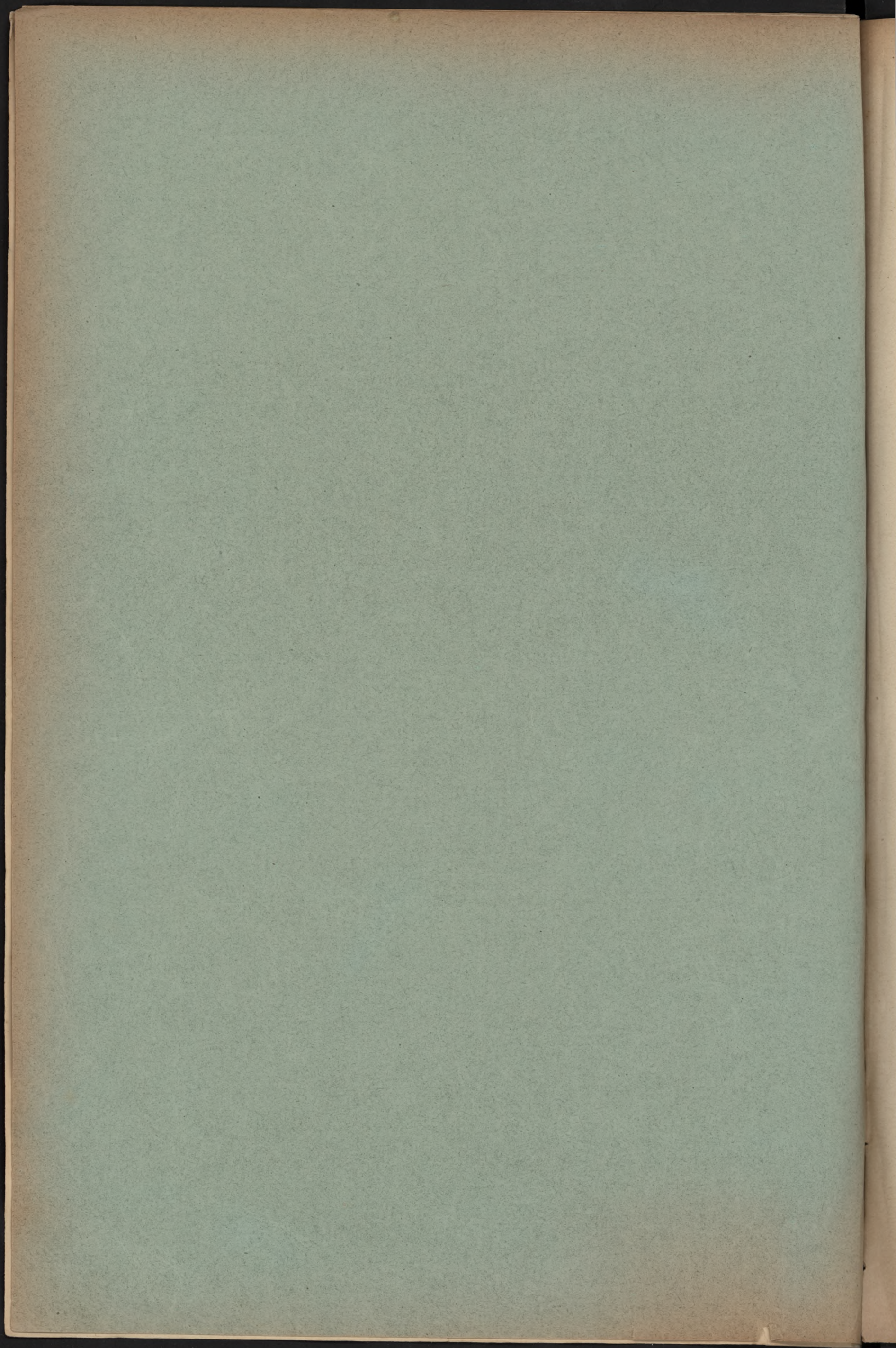
Come and investigate you will NOT be pressed to purchase.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

Women students complain that the average 'Varsity man is no oil painting. The trouble with the one who rides a motor-bike is that he so often is.

Suggested slogan for A.U.C. free bus service (between Science Block and Central). Please pray as you enter.

The he-male of the speeches—propergander.

It is rumoured that the reason a certain member of a flourishing hay-heaving syndicate combs his hair before retiring is that he hopes some time to meet his dream girl.

Extract from Students' Handbook (now defunct):

"Excellent meals may be obtained at the College cafe at minimum cost. The 6d. egg salad, which contains a whole egg, is both healthful and satisfying." Not arf!

We wish to extend our sincere condolences to:—

Prof. Sewell, who, after several unsuccessful attempts to conquer cook, was forced to fall back upon the more accessible Beauties of the Hermitage.

To Prof. Walker, who used three bottles of Q-Tol and failed to prevent his face from sun-burning.

To Mr. Ardern, who was defeated by one vote for the presidency of the W.C.T.U.

Only a Rumour:

That Prof. Cooper typed his Vacation Reading Lists himself.

That Miss Bourne has resigned her position as official chaperone because she says 'Varsity students are too well behaved to need one.

That our Rhodes scholar intends to give up his career to get married.

That Miss Miller thinks students do not take enough interest in the social activities of their College.

That Prof. Lamb has enrolled a night class pupil.

That Dr. Anchutz has joined the Rotary Club.

Do you like Long Odds?

Then try Cafeteria sausages.

All other { odds may be even.
sausages

Ours alone are Odd.

The rule about intoxicating liquors in the College is more honoured in the breach than the observance.

The one thing freshers should not be is fresh.

Professor: "We will now dissect a frog."

Fair Student (with a shudder): "Good heavens, I can't bear frogs!"

Professor (coldly): "You don't have to."

First Female Undergrad: "Isn't Jack wonderful on the piano?"

Second Ditto: "Good heavens! Haven't you got a sofa in your flat?"

The oldest librarian is Miss Minchin. She took a degree in Chicago and packs a gun in her stocking (her left stocking.—Ed.)

* * * *

FREE LANCING

"Is she a good mimic?"

"Wonderful—she takes off practically everything."

"Girlie, why are you always looking at your feet?"

"Well, mother told me to watch my step when I'm with you."

"She laughs every time I make a fool of myself."

"I know the kind; always smiling."

In a Standard IV. essay on "The Joys of Childhood," we found this statement: "No matter what the joys of childhood may be, they cannot in any way compare with the joys of adultery."

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one comes from a strong will and the other from a strong won't.

A Temperance Society asks what a man feels like after a few beers. The answer is a few more.

Etiquette is making your visitors feel at home when you wish they were.

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

Editor: ERIC H. HALSTEAD.

Sub-Editor: A. OWEN WOODHOUSE.

Secretary: MISS CORINNE HALL.

Chief Reporter: SYD. C. GASCOIGNE.

Circulation Manager: CECIL SEGEDIN.

MONDAY, 8th MARCH, 1937.

AVE FRESHERS

Don't mind about us—freshers. We know how it feels the first few days at 'Varsity. One student told me that the first three months were the worst. Make yourself at home in the common rooms and patronize them until you conquer that air of strangeness which most people feel when commencing University.

Remember that you must live the 'Varsity life in its fullest sense. Work steadily throughout the year and endeavour to attend as many general meetings in the first term as possible. You will soon find the activities which appeal to you. 'Varsity life demands service and you must be prepared to give time to student activities. If you want any assistance or would like advice from experienced students remember that your students' executive is appointed to help you. Do not be too shy to accost them—they can take it.

Craccum wishes you the best in your studies at 'Varsity. Get the most out of them and the experience you gain will carry you throughout your career.

COLLEGE EXTENSION DILEMMA

Last year, in the late third term, the College Council presented the newly-elected Stud. Ass. Exec. with a difficult problem. Would the student body raise any objections to the building of a science block on the site of the tennis courts?

With examinations in the offing the Exec. was somewhat nonplussed. The Council received a delegation from the Executive. The Chairman hinted that if any fuss was made the Government's science block offer might disappear, Cinderella-like. The Executive had a short time to make up its mind and with the promise of compensation for the loss of the tennis courts, no objection was made. The compensation was somewhat nebulous. It was suggested that the remainder of the grounds would be used for the laying down of four grass courts and one cricket pitch—nothing about basketball. That's as far as compensation stands at present—merely a suggestion.

Where are the students going to obtain this compensation? The Council will do all they can to help us—financially as well as morally, we trust. But they, like the students, are divided in the matter. There are some visionaries who dream of a University in the heights of Orakei. A sports ground would be developed immediately on this site. But what of the present buildings—should 'Varsity lose its present central position when by administering a little pressure it could retain it—and more. What's the matter with Government House grounds? "Craccum" urges the students and the Council to make up their minds and to aim for Government House grounds. It's time the Governor-General had a new house, at any rate. Then again, the land on the south side of the 'Varsity is City property. If the Government were to give us Government House grounds, the City Council could be induced to give us some of their property when the present leases expire. The Princes Street ridge was intended by the founders of this city to be a cultural centre, and there is no reason why it should not become such. This scheme is far more practical than the Orakei scheme. It is a cheaper, and a more definite solution. The future of the University, in the opinion of "Craccum" lies on its present site.

Students and Council must make up their minds if anything is to be done. Here is a definite line of action—take it. In the meantime its up to the Council to lay down those four tennis courts if they wish to preserve what little student life there is about the College.

President Pat Blair is to be congratulated on his creation of an Expansion Committee—support it, students, and be prepared for action in a big way.

A SUGGESTION

Though a spirit of optimism is abroad this year, especially in this College, a strong determination will be necessary to achieve all that the year promises. Apart altogether from the uncertainty of international relations at the present time, the parochial affairs of A.U.C. may be completely upset if some common aim is not realised by every person concerned.

This first publication of "Craccum" during 1937, has been devoted mainly to those clubs and societies which are anxious to advertise their worth to Freshers, and to appeal once more to the rather apathetic interest of the senior students. It is hoped that the appeal will not be in vain, and that the social life of the College may receive a great impetus.

But in addition to these social interests, "Craccum" appeals for a recognition of the status which this College should enjoy. The attitude of those persons who use the College as a building wherein they may be lectured several times each week is extremely unfortunate, not only for themselves, but also for the growth of University tradition.

In the last week of term, Graduation Day will mark the end of a University career for many of our graduates. At the same time the Revue will be staged and the College Procession will delight all Auckland. May we suggest that the graduation ceremony be marked by dignity worthy of our College.

'VARSITY OARSMEN BUILD CLUBHOUSE

Congratulations are due to the A.U.C. Rowing Club. These boys have raised £350 in floating charge debentures on Stud. Ass. property and have now let tenders for the construction of an up-to-date clubhouse in St. George's Bay.

Special praise is due to Secretary Teddy Henderson—the little man who does big things. Assisted by a band of loyal and energetic club mates he is building up the finest 'Varsity rowing club in New Zealand. The club will swing into independent action on March 13th—lots of luck, boys—and lots of members.

* * * *

OFFICIAL NEWS

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1936-37

President: Pat Blair.

Vice-Presidents: Margaret Bartrum, Lawrence Hogben.

Secretary: Bruce Orchiston.

Tournament Delegates: Lawrence Hogben, Eric Halstead.

Inter-Faculty Sport: Sydney Gascoigne.

Publications: Eric Halstead.

Social: Linsey Adams.

Minutes Secretary: Charlie Brenstrum.

Chairman Men's House Committee: Cecil Segedin.

Committee:

Secretary Social Committee: Shona Paterson.

Scrap Book: Mary Martin.

"Craccum" Sales Manager: Corinne Hall.

INTER-FACULTY COMMITTEE

Chairman: G. L. Hogben.

Secretary: S. C. B. Gascoigne.

Committee: Miss Smeed, Messrs. Finklestein, Moncton, Barton, Fairbrother.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: L. E. Adams.

Secretary: Miss S. Paterson.

Treasurer: Mr. T. Barton.

Committee: Misses Martin, Phelan, McLean, Messrs. Dalton, Davidson, Hole, Keys, McGowan, Holland, Woodhouse, Segedin and Ochiston.

PROCESSIONS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Mr. Halstead.

Secretary: Mr. Mair.

Committee: Messrs. T. Barton, Postlewaite, B. E. Orchiston and J. Alexander.

CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: Mr. Adams.

Secretary: Mr. D. Clouston.

Committee: Messrs. Reid, Halstead, Hogben, Blair, Orchiston, Miss Bartrum.

PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Mr. Halstead.

Secretary: Miss C. Hall.

Committee: Misses R. Gorrie, M. Best, Messrs. L. E. Adams, A. O. Woodhouse, W. J. B. Owen, S. C. B. Gascoigne, C. M. Segedin and I. Goodwin.

METEOR POLISH
UNQUALLED
POLISHING WAX
INSTANTANEOUS

SYLVIA STARCH
BEST BY EVERY TEST

TANIWHA SOAP
THE BEST FOR LAUNDRY
THE BEST FOR DRYING

TANIWHA BORAX SOAP POWDER
34 WET

4 POINTS ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

HONGI CLUB

President: J. S. Alexander.

Vice-president: R. C. Wallace.

Secretary: B. E. Orchiston.

Treasurer: J. Fairbrother.

Committee: E. H. Halstead, A. R. I. Garry, D. Kendrick and P. T. Medhurst.

If you can't take it in every sense of the word, don't join the Hongi Club. But if you are any man at all then there is scope for your ability in the activities of the Hongis.

Last year the club was re-organised, its constitution revitalised and an effort made to establish a sounder footing in the college—an effort which we can confidently state was eminently successful. The Hongi Club is the only institution in 'Varsity which brings members of all faculties together in the interests of the 'Varsity. It has the spirit and the good of the college

at heart. Our ideal is to have every student a member of the club.

We do not want him to become a supporter of local hostelrys (a popular and misguided conception of a Hongi), but to be willing to pull his weight towards making any 'Varsity function a success.

Last year the Hongis were instrumental in and responsible for the revival of the University procession. That procession was an outstanding success and the Mayor's fund for the Crippled Children benefitted by £170. Members assist at all social and sporting functions and deserving causes outside the University, and generally endeavour to make undergraduate life more congenial and to instil a greater sensibility of 'Varsity traditions.

To carry out our ideals and to achieve our purpose we need the right men and we need your help. So for further particulars apply to any member of the committee.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Committee: Mr. L. E. Adams (Chairman), Miss S. F. Paterson (Secretary), Misses M. McLean, M. Martin, and Messrs. T. H. Barton, G. C. Dalton, G. I. Hole, A. W. Holland, M. G. Keys, H. D. MacGowan, B. E. Orchiston, C. M. Segedin, A. O. Woodhouse.

This Committee which is a sub-committee of the Students Association Executive, organises all College dances, except the Graduation Ball.

The first of these functions is the Freshers' Welcome—perhaps the most popular dance of the year, especially with Freshers. You see, they all get a complimentary ticket, dears! Watch notice-boards for further information.

* * * *

Watch next issue for notes on Clubs and Societies. Unfortunately these had to be held over.

Confidence!

Confidence in his ability to defeat the Spaniards was so complete that Drake finished his game with the same thoroughness that accompanied his victory over the foe.

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ABDICATION

President Jones Pulls Out

Ron was not forced to abdicate. No female hand was revealed in the investigations of "Craccum's" special correspondent. Although he was reputed to be influenced by a woman—as handsome, vivacious and polished as Mrs. Simpson herself—he took his fate in his own hands. "The decision I have made is mine and mine alone," said ex-president Jones. Two weeks after making this dramatic announcement he had left either for Whangarei or New Plymouth to teach at the local High School.

He had served his College well. He was a most efficient secretary, and gave promise of being an equally good President. We shall miss him, but we wish him the best of success in his chosen profession.

* * * *

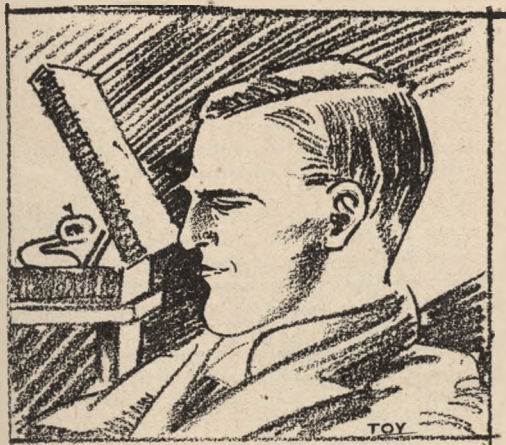
MY STRUGGLE

Pat Blair's Own Story

(In this article, exclusive to "Craccum," Archibald P. Blair, chief executive of A.U.C., makes public the story of his dramatic rise from obscurity to fame and power.)

It is a far cry from Poverty Bay to the Waitemata, and it is a hard climb from a little backwoods cabin to the president's chair: but Pat Blair has made the grade, and the story of his struggle reads like an old-time epic. When interviewed by "Craccum's" reporter in his luxurious city flat, Blair, for the first time revealed his life story.

"How well I remember the day when first I set foot on Lyttelton's busy foreshore," said Blair. "I was just a simple country lad—one of the simplest for miles around—and I was being sent to Christ's College. Christ's toughened me up a lot but must have left me pretty simple still, because when I came to Auckland I went to St. John's for three years, and there surrounded by budding parsons endeavoured to study law."



But we gathered the two didn't mix so Pat left and since then has been learning about boarding houses. His election to the Men's House Committee in 1933, had set his feet on the ladder to fame. Next year saw him on the Executive, and chairman of the Men's House Committee, and as a result of his fine work on this body he was made 1935 tournament delegate. Meanwhile Messrs. Oliphant and Munro, a prominent firm of city solicitors had approached him and he consented to join their staff, we understand, in an advisory capacity.

Blair was now striding from triumph to triumph. He had a most successful year as Chairman of the Social Committee, while his re-election as Tournament Delegate, followed as a matter of course. Following the last election he became vice-president, and on Ron Jones' resignation he was the sole nominee for president. Good luck, Pat.

* * * *

FRESHERS

Your first year is your great opportunity. Get to know your institution and how it works. You can do this simply by showing intelligible interest. You may show intelligible interest in the following ways:

- (1) Read noticeboards—it costs you nothing.
- (2) Attend meetings and sports fixtures—it costs you time only.
- (3) Buy "Craccum"—it costs you 3d.
- (4) Accept all Free Tickets you can get to anything. Come first to.

FRESHERS' WELCOME

How the ladies have been hitting in the Vac Romance in the air at New Plymouth 'Varsity celebrities at Business College Lusher Engagement.

Hiding behind her usual cheery smile, we met Corinne Hall doling out teddy bears, Hornby trains, etc., in Milne's before Christmas. Later, so we hear, she hearkened to the call of Rocky Bay, Waiheke, where strangely enough L—H— (that's got you!) passes his vacation in the paternal bach. Mere coincidence, mind you!

Greenhithe up the harbour, claimed our vice-President, Margaret Bartrum, but she soon had to abandon shorts and bathing-suit and come skipping home to get all dolled up, and be a big gun in the Science Congress. She was seen eating an ice-cream (tut tut!) at the Government House Garden Party.

What is it about New Plymouth that gets the girls? ... Ask Marie Best or Pat Roberts. ... or else just tack your brains and ponder what respective (oh yes! and respectable) gentlemen have their respective (and respectable, we feel sure) homes at New Plymouth.

And one early morning during the holidays Wellington City woke up with a bang, rubbed its eyes, and realised its old favourite, Mary Martin, had breezed back to the bosom of her native town. She had a gay week or two there. A couple of lines of something worse than doggerel come into my head:

"Wellington had no T—
But it really was quite merry."
—Eh, Mary?

The most graceful pair of legs owned by any 'Varsity lass, we dare to say, are those sported by Betty Drummond.

During the vac. they have been seen much and to advantage on the Parnell Tennis Club Courts, and on the lovely shores of Lake Rotoiti. ... And the prize for the most nicely sunburned pair of legs goes to Joan Hewitson.

Helen Coates went to Tauranga in the vac. —"for a rest," so she told us. We wonder!

Paihia Beach, up North, looked almost like the Riviera when Rona Lewis and Jocelyn Miller (the former staying with the latter), paraded the beach in dashing bathing suits of sky-blue and canary respectively (not forgetting respectably!).

And the sparks (and other things more liquid) have been flying since Cecil Upton has been staying at the Mansion House, Kawau Island.

Mary Grierson, during her stay at Lake Taupo, distinguished herself by falling backwards out of a dinghy into the Lake, while clad in a brand-new bathing wrap, which had an equally brand-new packet of cigarettes in its pocket—the saddest tragedy of the 'Varsity vac. except for the mooring of Charlie Fleming and party on a desert island up North. (N.B.—"Herald" headline of the date, "Scientist Lost"—good old Charlie rising in the world!)

Auckland Business College has claimed several 'Varsity-ites this year, viz., Corinne Hall, Pat King, Babette Buddle and Helen Coates. They can talk nothing but typing and shorthand just now. We met Corinne in the street the other day, and she hurried past us frenziedly murmuring, "A bad lad had a salad, semi-colon, space, a fat lad had a salad, semi-colon, space."

Of course, the great thrill of the vac. has been Jocelyn Lusher's engagement and departure for England to stay with her fiancé's people. Personally we are not acquainted with the lucky man. His name, it appears, is Pat Dobey ("o" as in "sober") not Dobby or Dobby ("o" as in drunk)—and all we can find out is that he was at Kindergarten with Babette Buddle, and was very nice, and very good-looking in those days!

We have been wondering how Jean Morton-Smith got on in that play she was going to take part in last time we met her. She told us she had to "act like Shirley Temple." Well, well—she must have great histrionic ability our Jean.

Shona Paterson, of course, has been touring just everywhere in New Zealand during the vac.—we are not going to embark on a list of just where, for you. Suffice it to say she is back in our midst, bright and full of beans as ever.

The Editor of "Craccum" is anxious that this journal should have more illustrations, and he wishes to point out that any capitalistic club or society may, upon paying a fee of 10/-, publish any photos, sketches, diagrams or caricatures which may portray to any advantage their respective aims and activities.

TOURNAMENT, 1937

Tournament this year will be held at Christchurch. The team will leave Auckland at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 24th. The fare will be:—

- (a) For representatives . . . £3 8 0
(b) For barrackers . . . £4 8 3

Tournament is your big opportunity to see 'Varsity life at its brightest and best. Barrackers will be welcomed, and should make application to Mr. Postlewaite for the concession (Telephone 30-812). Barrackers are reminded that they must provide their own billet.

Teams will return on the following Thursday morning.

During tournament the annual contest for the "Horn" will be held, this is the Inter-University Flying Squadron; intending competitors should wet their throttle and grease their elbows, and having done so, are requested to hand their names in to the Tournament Delegates, together with time in seconds over two laps of one handle each.

Everyone who uses the 'Varsity concession must learn the "Akarana haka," a rehearsal of which will be held at the first stop of the Express, and anyone who does not know the words will be left there.

The words are printed underneath.

G. L. HOGBEN,

E. H. HALSTEAD, Tournament Delegates.

* * * *

THE OFFICIAL HAKA

Akarana Hei
Akarana Hei
Tene i pakia
Tena i takahia
Ringa-ringa torona-kai-waho mau-tonu
Tau-ka tau Hei
Tau-ka tau Hei
Tau ka tau ki akakana
Whangaia, mai ra
Nge Nge Nge Aratu
Whangia, mai ra
Nge Nge Nge
Aratu Aratu Atatu
Akarana ka riri
Homai ra o kopu o toa
Kia wetea wetea, kia tuke tukia
Akarana Hi
Akarana Hei
Akarana Hi Hei Ha

All members of the Tournament Party will assemble in the Ping-Pong Room on Tuesday, March 23th, to receive tickets and meet one another. Attendance is compulsory.

* * * *

'VARSITY PENNANT

Freshers! Buy your University Pennant at cut rates from the Hongi Club and tell your friends about it. Ask any member about these exclusive emblems of Happy Days to come at 'Varsity. Cost only 2/6, from the Hongi Club. Secretary to be found most nights, especially Friday night, in the Men's Common Room.

* * * *

ATHLETICS

INTER-FACULTY SPORTS AND 'VARSITY CHAMPS.

Domain, Wednesday, March 17th

The sporting event of the 'Varsity year.

Watch these stars—

Doug. Ball—440 hurdles and half-mile crack.

Harold Bainsby, of Empire Games renown.

Claude Clegg—New Zealand Javelin Champion, and a host of lesser lights.

All lectures suspended for the afternoon.

Every student is expected to attend.

ADMISSION IS FREE!!

* * * *

GLAMOROUS GIRLS

MYSTERIOUS MEN

MELLOW MUSIC

SATISFYING SUPPER.

This, of course, is a 'Varsity coffee evening. The Arts Faculty are putting one on for your benefit on Tuesday, 16th March. You don't know what a scintillating show this 'Varsity is till you've attended the Arts Faculty Coffee evening.

A feature of the evening will be the Inter-Faculty Puff Ball Relay. Four stalwarts from each Faculty will blow the elusive ball ten yards each for the magnificent prize of two * * *. All the hot air from Science, the froth of the architects, the spit and dribble of the Commerce Faculty, and the sheer skill of the Arts Faculty will be there.

You can't afford to miss it. See posters, Tuesday, 16th March. Find your 'EArts Desire at the Arts Faculty Coffee evening.

*Men who rig ships (crossword puzzle clue).

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Sponsored by the Literary Club

The committee do not presume to establish themselves as infallible critics, and I have been asked by them to tell you that any work, short prose or poetry, which is sent in, will be published provided at least one member of the committee wishes it. In the unhappy event of the unanimous rejection of a piece, the work will be returned to the author with a report detailing the criticism of the committee, who in the matter will accept collective responsibility. This is a very broad basis of selection and if at the end of the year it is found that the general tone and merit of the columns has not been good, the fault will lie with the writing public of this college. If, on the other hand, and as we hope, the work has been of a high and an attractive standard, then the committee will feel that their efforts have been well rewarded.

We ask you to send your work in to the secretary, Mr. Haydn T. George, or to me. It will not always be possible to publish your work immediately, but all work accepted will be printed as soon as possible. We want your work now!

R. GORRIE, Student Chairman,
A.U.C. Literary Club.

* * * *

THE STRATFORD BUST
BARBAR ADENT

Creator! We salute thee, myriad mind!
Calm thou sittest, smilest in thy peace,
Toil ended thou has rightly time to bind
Thy countless labours in a sweet surcease.
Rest now . . . but what life came before that
rest?

What wild desires burned within thy brain?
What of the heart's deep chant within thy
breast?

What courage rose unbidden that peace might
reign?

Did this calm face once mask the seething mind
Of frenzied Hamlet? Was this peaceful brow
Once furrowed with the pain of Lear blind?
Did that proud head 'neath Brutus' sorrow bow?
Little we know. The lips that framed the word
Are dust. The word remains, but the lips have
sung unheard.

* * * *

BIRTH
BARBARA DENT

Was it in some far-off prehistoric dawn
In flaming splendour, angel heralded, that love
was born?

Was it a pageant royal with scarlet banners
That echoed far along the margins of the world,
never to die—

A silver song blown from a trumpet in an un-
seen hand,
Slung from the cloudy limits of an unknown
land?

Or was the first faint radiance seen
Through a mist of tears; a half-guessed gleam
Of rainbow fancies; a peace soft stealing
As if a loved one's fingers had been gently laid
Upon an aching brow; a holiness made
So quietly that the heart scarce knew
The moment when it first began and grew
To ultimate splendour of divinest light—
A glory, lucid, and intensely bright.

Was it a burst of music—a God-made sym-
phony,
Or just a single note, sweeter than memory.

* * * *

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN"

Christ gathers the mountains into his hand,
He dons vast cloud garments, and slow o'er
the land

He draws the soft shadows.
At dizzying heights
He chains the day's lights.
He fetters the wind where it blows.

Then whispers He softly, when stilled is the air:
"Suffer little children to come unto Me" . . .
There

He has gathered into those wide arms
Her own child, her son—
Broken: she whispers "Spare him"—Christ
passes on.

The mountains sink low,
The stars hide in shadow,
"Let there be Night."

FANTASY IN A FLAT

Mrs. Mark's wicker chair creaked badly. This was not surprising as it had come four years ago from Ernie Soll's high class antique and furniture mart—a place whose comfortable name was belied by the pathetic statement, "We buy anything," gummed to the murky window by four pieces of sticking paper and a cough losenge. Her immediate danger, however, did not concern Mrs. Mark as she creaked her way back to a still more perilous angle. Christmas Eve—no cleaning to be done for a week—that was the enchanting prospect before her—and closer still a steaming cup of tea and a huge bundle of newspapers. From nine till five she had been sweeping, polishing, scrubbing, among hordes of other sweeping, scrubbing furies. At 5 o'clock she was whisked into the drawing room to see the Christmas Tree glittering with stars, birds and magnificent red and blue flowers; whisked back to the kitchen, where she received a pound note, and a calendar with violets wishing her the compliments of the season, and was told that would be all until next Tuesday, thank you. In the big tiled kitchen she had lingered a while to watch the cook smashing eggs with monotonous savagery, plunging her huge red arms into mountains of snow-white flour; to sniff the fragrant scent of spices, coffee and wasted bread. Maudie the sandy-haired kitchen maid, was chopping parsley on a bit of newspaper. She had been peeling onions and her rather ferret-like eyes were pinker than ever. Mrs. Mark watched her fascinated, and then gave a gasp of horror. Beneath the sacreligious knife—scattered with specks of parsley, the Hon. Rosemary Wetherhilt Bogley-Marehart was being married in 28 yards of white tulle. For Maudie was a socialist—though if you had told her so, she wouldn't have understood you—all she knew was that it gave her great pleasure to slam a pudding basin hard on the bridegroom's feet and trickle vinegar on the face of the eighth bridesmaid. Mrs. Mark's fingers stole lovingly over the edges of the paper. She was a passionate collector, not of stamps, postcards, nor of anything so trivial—but of what she termed "real live cuttings." Two large scrap books on Mrs. Mark's top shelf contained the choicest items from countless Women's Worlds, social jottings, Sketches and Tatlers. But Maudie's ferret-like eye was fixed somewhat ashamedly upon hers—"and there's plenty more like them," she muttered pointing to a chair on which reposed a quantity of back numbers. Then, as though appalled at her good deed, Maudie waved a floury hand and beheaded the Hon. Rosemary with one sweep of the bread knife.

Mrs. Mark seized the beloved papers as a beaver might rescue its young and scuttled away to her room on the first floor of No. 29 Victoria St. Placing them reverently on the red checked cloth, she lingered over the pleasure of opening them. Christmas was everywhere—even the Chelsea bun on the best blue-rimmed plate wore its white icing rakishly. The sun poured into the vacant section next door where the sturdy pink convolvulus twined itself cruelly round a seedy peach tree. Every year one shrivelled yellow peach slowly ripened under the hungry gaze of some twenty pairs of eyes. But this year not even one peach had appeared. This struck Mrs. Mark as funny—even as disturbing. It might be the end of the world, she thought sniffing the scent of cabbage and treacle pudding from next door, and wondering uneasily why the thumping, creaking, and padding, which marked the approach of Mrs. McDermitt's thirteen boarders had not yet disturbed her. The air was still—disturbed only by the reedy voice of Miss Crump on the floor below, singing snatches from "Orphans." "These are the isles of the ble-e-e-st" floated persistently upwards. Mrs. Mark began to wonder if she were not dead. Then a bell clanged and all was confusion. From every door in the street, people came rushing, scrambling, pushing. There was the Italian tobacconist from No. Twenty, Mr. Bodkin, the tailor and his huge family; Mrs. Thompson, the cook and pink-eyed Maudie, many others whom she had never seen. "I knew it," said Mrs. Mark triumphantly. Then clutching her papers tightly, she began to run too, towards a huge orange bus marked "Heaven, single, ten shillings; return, seven and sixpence; no dogs or umbrellas." Suddenly she found herself at the wheel, driving furiously—sixty, eighty, two hundred miles an hour. A purple policeman held up a tremendous white hand, but Mrs. Mark pulled off his glove and drove on. They drew up before a huge building. To get in, you had to squeeze through a huge darning needle—just like an obstacle race,

thought Mrs. Mark. Fifty Camels were trying to make their way through, when a lady in a hat like a toreador's, suddenly said, "Press," and they all vanished. Inside, it was just as Mrs. Mark had imagined—gilt stucco, big red cellophane roses and aspidistras. "I knew it wouldn't be lilies and harps and nighties," she said scornfully to the bishop beside her.

"So did I," said the bishop, and took off his garters with a sigh of relief.

Under the tallest aspidistra the Hon. Rosemary was posing for her photograph. Her head had fallen beneath Maundie's knife, and some absentminded body had replaced it back to front. Mrs. Mark rushed up to help—heard the best man's voice say, "By jove, you rode magnificently at the point-to-point," heard her own reply "Tough luck about the water-jump, Sammy," and found herself sipping cocktails with King Tog of Albania, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Gracie Fields. Picking up a "Sketch" from the table beside her, she read "We take off our hat to Lady Emily Mark for making five crowned heads play leap-frog at her large garden party in aid of impoverished charladies." Mrs. Mark leant back and surveyed her velvet gown—this indeed was Heaven. Still, she thought, if it was, you ought to be able to see what was going on every where. She peeped over the balcony and saw Maudie and Mrs. Thompson turning a golden-brown in a frying-pan. A little round man with a beard was poking them with a fork. Mrs. Mark felt sorry, but they didn't seem to mind—indeed, Mrs. Thompson was still crooning her favourite song.

Below Maudie and the cook, were the house-tops. Strangely enough, Mrs. Mark could still see her own roof and the peach tree. Stranger still, the reedy voice of Mrs. Crump began once more to float upwards, but now she seemed to be beating time noisily with her feet. No, that must be the boarders next door.

The world had begun again. Mrs. Mark peered down into the deserted street—the orange bus had gone. Slowly she returned to her cup of tea. It was quite cold. But she still had her papers.

—By BABETTE BUDDLE.

* * * *

INVITATION

(By N. C. Pilcher)

Our Literature, for most, we learn by rote;

Its style we criticise, its form we trace,

Its various kinds we understand, its place

In history we know, we praise and quote.

But do not love: too hurriedly we note

The songster's rhapsodies, the author's grace.

And callously pursue our vapid chase

To find but not to feel what each one wrote.

Come, take with us a peaceful hour apart,

Drink deeper from the cup we've learnt to

taste

Of Carlyle's fire or Shakespeare's reverie.

And feast upon the fulness of their art,

Transported for that hour from vulgar haste

To muse with their great minds in golden

ecstasy!

* * * *

WOMEN AND MEN

Women and men, women and men,

Nothing but women and men;

Whatever the place is,

Their vacuous faces,

Again and again and again.

I long for a chat

With a sensible cat,

And a pig that is most unrefined,

Or a lengthy discourse

With a hard-working horse,

That would be more to my mind.

But women and men,

Nothing but women and men,

Their gossip, their scandal, their news

Have been iterated

Since earth was created,

I would like an elephant's views.

—By H.O.V.A.

* * * *

PROTHALAMUM
Or Ode to Love

Far beyond the mellow mundane path

That marks this dreary plodding day,

Caught in shiv'ring silence of the stars,

And hung like dewy pumpkin

From an age old tree

Am I!

And dreaming cow-like thoughts of life

And love and yester-year, my Jocelyn,

I'll think of rustic beauty, then of thee

Similarly

Suspended (from an age-old tree!)

—CHIPS.



Always
A jump ahead—
WAITEMATA
THE PRINCE OF ALES



Sports Trophies and Badges



SILVER and E.P. CUPS at lowest prices. Also big stocks, CAKE PLATES, MEDALS, ENTREE DISHES, and TROPHIES of all descriptions for all Sports.

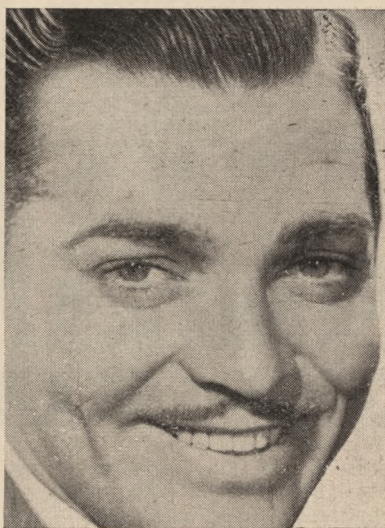
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(Behind Majestic Theatre)

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American Dental Parlours

● Specialists in
Extracting Teeth
Painlessly

406 QUEEN STREET Phone 40-486

A few doors above Town Hall on opp. side

POETS' CORNER

By Caliban

THESE THREE

Mrs. Slyme is awfully keen
On Neo-Malthusianism.
There is no more ardent, more impassioned
Speaker
At Mothers' Meetings,
At Homes,
And annual dinners of the Y.W.C.A.
Her burning eloquence has brought
Lumps to the throats
Of even Romanist clergymen.
"Beware of Over-population!"
Is her terrible cry.
"If people continue having large families,
Tremble!
One day the whole world will be starving
In the streets!"
Mrs. Slyme has no children herself.

Her sister, Elsie, is also
A Great Social Worker.
You ought to hear her on Divorce.
Why, the woman is inflamed, inspired,
Possessed by something, anyway.
"Down with the stupid Divorce Laws!
Make Divorce easier. Don't condemn innocent
people
To a terrible life of
Misery.
Look at Russia!"
(We are too polite to laugh.)
Elsie isn't married.

Charlie Scrounge is very proud of the fact
That he is a Commoonist.
Charlie isn't what you'd call clean,
But he's a marvellous speaker for the Cause,
And that excuses such a lot,
Doesn't it?
It would bring tears to your eyes
To see how prodigal, how generous he is
With other people's money.
"I demand," he says (Mark you—"demand"—
The courage of the man) "Work for all.
It is man's sacred privilege to work.
Work elevates!"

Charlie's never worked in his life.
Yet isn't it awfully difficult to make any of them
See the joke?

POISE

Some girls have poise
And some have not.
At first I thought
She had a lot.
But now I see
What's really true,
That all her poise
Is avoirdu.

THE WIND

God's orchestra is playing
Echoes clear,
Of throbbing notes in long trees swaying
I can hear.
God's orchestra is playing,
Every living thing,
Birds, flowers, grass, and gentle waters straying
Is a string.
God's orchestra is playing
And its themes
Are shaped by fields and hillocks all a-greying
Streams.
God's orchestra is playing
Music through us rolls,
Sweeping like leaves the tumbled hates decaying
From our souls.

* * * *

E.U. FRESHERS' BANQUET

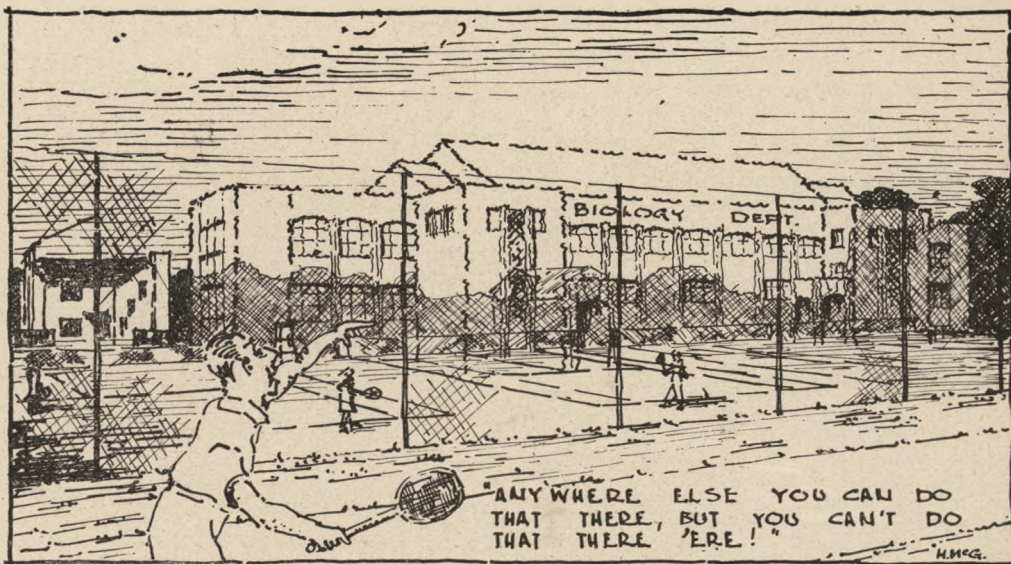
FRESHERS ROLL UP
AND
Enjoy Yourselves

AT THE
FRESHERS' BANQUET
SATURDAY, MARCH 13th, 7.30 p.m.
in the

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM
The President of A.U.C., Mr. H. J. D. Mahon,
B.A., the Registrar, and members of the staff
will be there.

ALL FRESHERS FREE

170 Freshers were present last year. Come
along and have a good time.



DALTON TRIUMPHANT

Cliff, originally was a Te Awamutuan. After draining the local D.H.S. of knowledge, he entered A.G.S. (1932). There he played for the 1st IX., 1st XV., was made senior prefect and won a University Entrance Scholarship.

His 'Varsity career has been phenomenal. Always a two-fisted fighter—one degree was not enough—B.Sc., B.E. was the Dalton ambition. He now has the first leg of his double. As an athlete Cliff has always been a "cracker-jack" and his splendid physique has been of great advantage to him. He plays senior football, produces a fine swimming sprint, but it is as an oarsman that he is best known. Last year he was a member of the crew which won the Auckland Provincial Championship. His fine work for the 'Varsity crew at tournament brought him a New Zealand 'Varsity Rowing Blue—an Oxford Blue is the next step. He is a good organiser and his cheerful personality made him a popular secretary of the Men's House Committee.

1936 brought him a Rhodes Scholarship. (This award was richly deserved and Cliff is undoubtedly the right type.) At Oxford he will take up research in structural engineering—best wishes Cliff—we heard that you enjoyed yourself at the Mount.

SCIENCE FACULTY

We take this opportunity of welcoming all Freshers to what should be an important year in the history of Science Faculty. 1936 was a year of high scholastic achievement and unparalleled enthusiasm and vitality on the part of the kindred clubs and societies connected with the Faculty while Science students have taken their full share in the general activities of the whole college, both athletic and social.

All students are urged to take a lively interest in the clubs and Societies of our own faculty, mentioned below. The lighter side of 'Varsity life is provided by such bodies, which, run by the students for the students, are a necessary and enjoyable accompaniment to more serious academic work.

We should like to congratulate all successful candidates in last year's examinations, especially all winners of scholarships, and those who have received appointments during the last few months.

Classified advertisements under headings such as Lost and Found, Books, Gowns, Sports Gear, etc., for Sale, Coaching, Notices of Coming Events, etc., etc., may be inserted free of charge by readers of "Craccum."

Such advertisements should be addressed: "Classified Advs.," and left in the "Kiwi-Craccum" Box.

Throw Away

That TIE

Aunt Matilda
Gave You!"Give your neck a treat and buy
the new official Varsity Tie"There are plenty at
George Courts at 2/6 ea.

Hurrah for Craccum! George Court's
for one welcome back the two brightest
spots of the month. Congratulations to
all those responsible.

George Courts

KARANGAHAPE ROAD ——— AUCKLAND

CORRESPONDENCE

(The Editor wishes it to be understood that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents.)

COLLEGE CALENDAR CATCHES CRITICISM

The Editor,
"Craccum,"
A.U.C.

Sir,—May we draw attention through your valuable columns to the printing of the current College Calendar, which seems to us a disgrace to an institution which purports to be a home of learning and culture and to the usually eminently satisfactory work of the firm producing it. We point out first, a few merely typographical errors: p. 10, "his" spelt without the initial "h"; p. 38, "himself" for "himself"; "stduent" for "student"; p. 42, "Lobrary" for "Library"; p. 74, "Lycedas" for "Lycidas"; comma omitted after the same word; p. 75, eight lines from the foot of the page, "as pub—" from the italic instead of the Roman font; p. 77, grave accent omitted from "Poëtes."

In addition we find the following errors, which may have originated at the printer's or from inaccurate copy; p. 34, "The fees for College lectures and laboratories shall be as set forth on page 42." The table of fees commences on p. 44. P. 39, capitals half-way down the page. "RELATION," apparently for "RELATIVE." P. 90, reference to Mathematics for Science students, "See page 76 in Arts Faculty." Arts Mathematics schedules commence on p. 79. P. 120, "Full particulars of all Musical Activities for 1936 will be announced on the Notice Boards." Which is not very much use for 1937.

These errors came to light after a very cursory examination of the Calendar. We imagine a more thorough search might reveal others. We see no good reason for the inclusion of such mistakes, which would hardly escape the vigilance of the veriest beginner at proof-reading. We trust that those on whom the responsibility rests will guard against the repetition of an occurrence which must reflect on the prestige of the College in the eyes of students, the public, and other Universities.

Yours, etc.,

A.U.C.

SCRIBA.

BE SOCIABLE

Dear Sir,—This year will see another crop of Freshers and as the first issue of Craccum is due, I will address my remarks to you Freshers.

You are now 'Varsity men out to further your education. Of course, obtaining a degree will be your main object, and good luck to you! But there are other aspects of the privilege of 'Varsity membership. Your 'Varsity life must develop in you the elements of good citizenship. To be a good citizen you need to learn the inner meaning of good-fellowship.

A 'Varsity man must be a mixer. Do not let yourself be drawn into any hidebound routine of lectures unrelieved by any mingling with your fellow students. And do not confine your social relations to one faculty—or sex. We must all learn each other's viewpoint and understand each other's problems.

So be fraternal and join one or more of the numerous clubs which flourish within the cloisters of this College—be it cultural, political, Biblical or bibulous.

President of the Hongi Club.

* * * *

SWIMMING

PLANNING A PROGRAMME TOURNAMENT TRIALS

Tournament team must be selected IMMEDIATELY.

Nobody is a CERTAINTY

Seven swimmers for CHRISTCHURCH

Are you INTERESTED?

Can you SWIM?

Read BELOW.

The Committee of the Swimming Club has arranged a special programme for this season.

There will be at least TWO carnivals and the first will be held in

TRAINING COLLEGE BATHS THIS SATURDAY!!

13th March at 2 p.m.

Events to be decided are the Men's 100, 220, and 440 yards Freestyle Championships, as well

as the 220 yards Breaststroke Championship. Ladies' 50 and 100 yards Freestyle; Ladies' 100 yards Breaststroke.

Freshers are eligible to compete on joining the club, but will not be eligible for tournament until next year. (How to join the club—see below).

Tournament team will be picked on the results of these Championships. Entries are to be made on the notice boards where the programme is posted.

JOIN THE CLUB

A fee of only 1/- entitles you to swim for the Club in its own Championships, and at Inter-club Carnivals held weekly in the Tepid Baths. We want swimmers to swell our quota of entries in events staged by other affiliated clubs. We also want swimmers for Relay and Polo teams. No swimmer, however good or bad, can afford to miss the opportunity provided the University Swimming Club. Freshers, however, must state if they already belong to another Club. Application for membership may be made through the letter-rack or personally to any of the following:—Mr. J. Alexander, Secretary; Mr. D. Munro, Captain; Miss M. Bartrum, Vice-Captain; Miss J. Bull, Miss J. Fraser, Miss P. Shirlcliffe, Mr. N. Stephenson, Mr. L. Adams, Mr. W. Aidney, Mr. F. Schiskha, Committee.

* * * *

UNIVERSITY INTER-CLUB CARNIVAL

TEPID BATHS, 8 p.m.
TUESDAY, MARCH

INTERFACULTY RELAY
LECTURES SUSPENDED

The Second Carnival will comprise a series of events in which all University Club swimmers may compete. From a spectator's point of view, excellent and thrilling excitement will be provided by Auckland's Champion Swimmers. Lectures are usually suspended for this evening carnival and University students are urged to turn up and watch, if they do not wish to swim. Entry to baths, 1/-.

FACULTIES! Can Commerce sweep the seas this year?

Arts and Science, Law, Architects and Engineers—get your four best swimmers together and make this Inter-faculty Relay the best event on the programme. Entries for this Carnival will close on Tuesday, March 9. Events include:—

66yds. Open Handicaps, Men and Ladies.

200yds. Dual Relay (Two Men or Combine)

'Varsity 50yds. Men's Championship.

133yds. Inter-faculty Relay

and other events.

* * * *

BASKETBALL CLUB

Club Captain: Miss M. Shaw.

Vice-Captain: Miss J. Stichbury.

Secretary-Treasurer: Miss M. Martin.

Committee: Misses M. Bartrum, N. Jacombs, M. Smeed, L. Stanton.

Any bona fide woman student may become a member of the Basketball Club, and Freshers, especially, are asked to join up at the beginning of the season.

Teams are entered in the Auckland Basketball Association's Competitions, which are played on Saturday afternoons throughout the winter. Last year the 'Varsity Blues team tied for the A.B.A. Senior Championship.

At the Inter-University Tournament held at Easter, teams from the four Universities competed for the Basketball Shield, which has been held by Auckland for the last three years. Practices for the Easter Tournament are begun right at the beginning of the first term, and are held on the College courts two or three times a week. All players interested are asked to attend these practices, as the Tournament Representatives must be chosen and in training by the end of the first week of term.

Freshers, please note.—Do not let the fact that you may have been playing Net Ball at school stop you from joining the Basketball Club. You will soon pick up the game again, and there are plenty of opportunities for keen players.

The Club uniform consists of navy gym dress, white blouse, and black shoes and stockings.

The Tennis Club holds its Annual Championships, Saturday, March 13th. Prospective Tournament Representatives will all be playing.

ROWING CLUB

Chairman: L. E. Brooker; Club Captain: G. C. J. Dalton; Secretary: E. W. Henderson; Committee: S. C. Gascoigne, D. M. Kenrick, J. P. Hooper, F. R. Wright.

The year 1937 marks the foundation of an independent 'Varsity Rowing Club. Eight years ago the first Inter-'Varsity Boat Race was rowed at Easter, in connection with the annual Tournament and this has become a more and more popular event.

In the past, men wishing to row for 'Varsity, had to join one of the established clubs, such as Waitemata, St. George's, Auckland, or West End, row for their club in Regattas during the summer season, and about a month before Easter, trials were conducted and an eight was selected to represent Auckland in the Inter-'Varsity Boat Race.

For some time there has been a desire to start a 'Varsity Club, and now this dream is an accomplished fact. During the past year, a club has been created. With the help of the Students' Association money has been raised, a shed is being built and plant has been bought. The club now owns an eight-oared racing boat, three fours and a single-scutt. Every night, new members are joining and the club is destined to be the foremost sports body at 'Varsity.

Any man can learn the art of rowing and develop the strength to become proficient if he is prepared to devote sufficient time to the game. The bigger the club the better, and it is hoped that every fresher and undergraduate who can spare the time, will join. Now is the time. A half season's subscription will carry members right through the winter, and it is intended that training and coaching will be carried on all winter. It should then be possible to select capable youths for the light maiden, heavy maiden, junior and senior crews to represent 'Varsity in the many inter-club races and regattas of the summer season. The selection and training of a crew to represent Auckland at the inter-'Varsity Boat Race for the Hebblerly Shield is borne in mind, and it will now be possible to have the prospective crew together for the whole season, instead of for the month or so before Easter.

It is hoped that the team spirit of rowing will bring 'Varsity men closer together and help to develop the true 'Varsity spirit.

* * * *

ATHLETIC CLUB

Do you know who Lovelock is? Of course you do. He is a N.Z. 'Varsity man who leads the world in athletics. But everyone knows that. What is more important from our viewpoint is what do you know of your own 'Varsity athletes.

Last year the Professorial Board kindly suspended lectures on the afternoon of the Inter-Faculty Sports, but the grand total of new competitors was approximately ten programme sellers and six others. This year we hope for something better. We must have it, if we are to return from Christchurch with the Athletic Shield and not that Athletic Raspberry, the Wooden Spoon.

This year the Inter-Faculty Sports will see an innovation where previous efforts have failed. We have now been successful in arranging Women's Events. You all know your 'Varsity women, but you don't know their powers on the Athletic field. Now's your chance to find out, so make certain of being amongst those present on **Wednesday afternoon, March 17th.**

In addition to this innovation in 'Varsity Athletics, which we trust will draw unprecedented crowds to the Domain, we have many prominent athletes on the field, to mention only a few:—Doug. Ball, has recently clocked exceptional times for the 440 hurdles and is expected to extend Boot of Olympic fame; and in the half-mile, Brainsby, record holder and Empire Games' Star, will again wear our colours and C. Clegg, the holder of the Dominion Javelin throwing title, will be forced to keep up to his reputation to beat Don Gillespie. Three more N.Z.U. Blue competing are: Prendergast, C. Francis and C. Haszard, all eligible for their last tournament.

But we are weak in field events, and to win the shield we must have more men. Above all, we must have the support of the Student Body, and we expect every student, grad, undergrad, Fresher or fossil, to be at the Domain.

For further information, apply to the secretary per letter-rack.

HOME AND HEART TALKS

AUNT ALICE'S CORNER

[It is not without pride that your Editor announces he has been able to secure the services of a well-known College figure who wishes to preserve her identity under the name of Aunt Alice (B.A., B.L.S. (Mich.)). Aunt Alice's unique position enables her to keep in touch with nearly every student in the college, and her well-known tact and sympathy should make her advice invaluable to students who may be seeking it. Address letters to Aunt Alice, c/o. Editor, Craccum.

—Ed.]

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am a divinity student and during the holidays a young lady and myself went for a hike up the Waitakeres. We were unfortunate enough to lose ourselves, and had to spend the night in the bush. I am very worried and am writing to ask you if I should marry the girl. Oh, do help me, Aunt Alice!—Ethelbert.

Answer: What pleasure it gives me to find that even in these days not every young man has lost his sense of responsibility and that there is still some moral force active in the college. But I think your solicitude is unwarranted. In my girlhood days you would not have been given the option; now however, you can get away with plenty more than that, so long as "Truth" does not get to hear of it. So don't worry, Ethelbert. Let the whole thing slide.

Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am a second year Arts student, and I take Education and Philosophy, and I have fallen in love with a very handsome boy who always sits near me in the library. I do so want to speak to him but I don't know him and have never met him so I am writing to you, Aunt Alice, to ask if you can suggest anything because you you must see such a lot that goes on in the library.—Eve.

Answer: A case like this demands careful strategy, but as you suggest I have seen plenty like it in my time and there is no reason why you should not be as successful as others I have known. A device I can recommend, is to pile your books high on the edge of the table and the next time he is anywhere near, knock them (accidentally, of course), on the floor. If you want to make a good job of it, spill the ink over

him, too. Then, by the time you have bumped against his head in the simultaneous dive after the offending books, wipe the ink off his ear, and tell him he does work so hard and ask him if he ever goes to coffee evenings. You should need no further help from me. I shall watch your progress with great interest, Eve.

Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I come from a family which prides itself upon being thoroughly efficient and up-to-date. Much to my disgust, I found that many of the amenities of modern civilisation were denied the students here. In an effort to remedy this, I propose to establish a small book-making business, and I am writing to ask you if you could tell me what facilities are available and to whom I should apply for their use.—T.

Answer: I found it necessary to consult Mr. O'Shea upon this matter and he and I unite in congratulating you upon your enterprise. This College needs more men of your stamp, and I assure you we wish for every possible success. As regards facilities, I do not anticipate any difficulties. Mr. O'Shea assures me that you have the Council solidly behind you and that they are willing to instal any number of telephones and even to grant you the use of a room. For this they would be quite satisfied with, say, only 10% of the turnover. Good luck, T.

Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I have neglected to return any library books within the specified period and owing to unavoidable delays, I now owe 4/6 on it. Can you advise me which librarian would let me down easiest?—Cecil.

Answer: Never before have I been asked such a question, and I am astonished at Cecil's impertinence. I sincerely hope that he is fined the full 4/6 by whatever librarian he returns the books to. Believe me, the library can do with every penny of it.

Aunt Alice.

[Ed.—Now, what a tactless letter to write, Cecil. After all, even Aunt Alice is only human. But just between ourselves, try the rather pretty one with the dark hair. Or, if that doesn't work, sneak in when no one is looking and leave the damn thing on the desk.]

FRESHERS—FOR YOU ALONE

We suggest:

That every student should wear the College badge and that the wearing of the badge carries responsibilities with it.

That you make no mistake in mapping out your course. Do not mind the professors. They are there to help you.

That you learn the College songs and hakas—you'll never regret it.

That "terms" in cards, cabarets and parties are not compulsory.

That College dance, coffee evenings and smokes are worth patronizing.

That working steadily is easy and pays better in the long run.

That you should not be a mere bookworm; join at least one sports club and one society.

That text books may be obtained at less cost through the Information Bureau.

That the Capping Celebrations need your support as much as anyone else's; the same applies to the College publications which aim at reflecting students' opinions.

That every man should be in the Procession and every woman help to collect for Charity during the Procession.

* * * *

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

This society caters for all those students having a general interest in scientific matters. There is no fee and all are welcome.

A general meeting which everybody should attend will be held in March.

Amusing and frequently instructive lectures are given on Monday evenings during the first and second terms. To preserve an informal spirit and to encourage discussion the policy is to provide student lectures in preference to those from the staff.

The tasty suppers of coffee and biscuits upon which the society's popularity is really founded are served at the conclusion of each lecture.

On Wednesday afternoons excursions are held to breweries, sweet factories and other places of scientific interest. The coffee evening held early in the second term is generally considered to be one of the brightest social events of the year.

Watch the notice boards for future developments. Any enquiries should be sent to the retiring secretary, Mr. W. T. Tayler.

(See next issue for notes on Field Club, Mathematical Society and Auckland Conchology Club.)

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