

VOL. I. No. 2.

MONDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1937.

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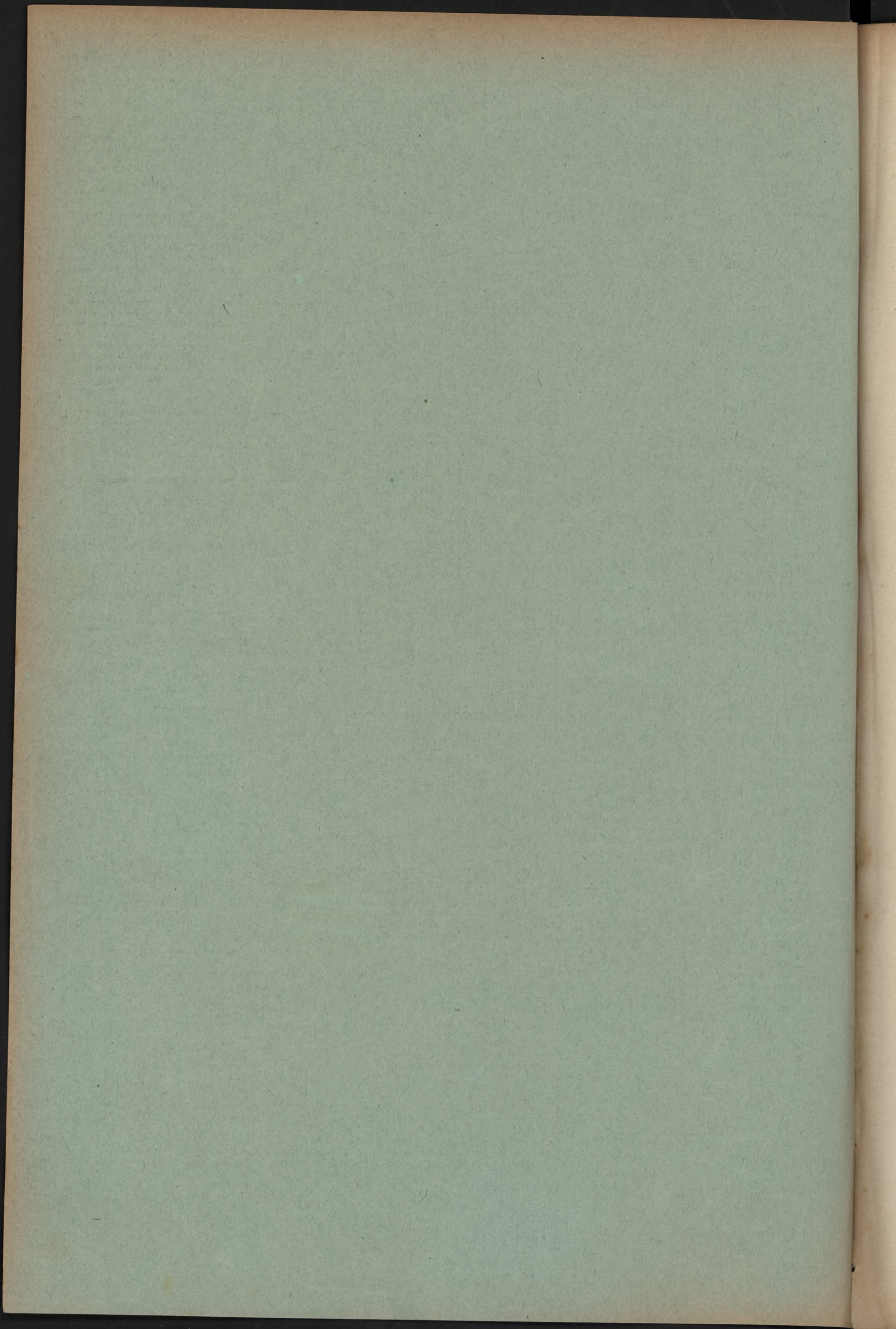
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TOPICAL TOUCHES

"Continuous mental exertion," writes a specialist, "is the greatest enemy of beauty."

All the same, we could name several students whose appearance would be unquestionably improved if they kept their noses closer to the grindstone.

The Chairman of the Swimming Club plans to have at least two nights swimming practice a week for beginners. They can't have had a chance of going off the deep end yet.

Mr. Hogben intends to re-christen his dog "Heinz." 57 varieties.

"Every man has his price," we read. And every woman her figure.

Many young readers of this column in last "Craccum" do not yet know what "It" is.

"It" = S. A. = Students' Association.

(Judging by the present Exec. we are quite convinced about this.)

Women students who knit in Mr. Arden's lectures—knitwits.

Meet and right.—The conduct of the red-faded vegetarian who takes off his hat when passing a butcher's shop.

Which reminds us of an incident last week. On account of the strong afternoon sunlight the curtains of the English lecture room were tightly drawn. Reverent passers-by removed their headgear, thinking that an unfortunate student had been bored to death.

"'Craccum' has a very bright future ahead of it," our Editor confidently assures us. Let's hope it won't be used to light the Common Room fire.

We hear that the launch "Marina," which took Messrs. Millener and Fleming to the Hen, and failed to call for them till four days after the specified time, has been renamed the "Maroon."

A skeleton was recently found in a corner of the buttery at Balliol College, Oxford. It is advisable for students who dine regularly in the Cafeteria to keep a tin of biscuits in their locker.

The Public Library at Matawai, on the Gisborne line, has been turned into the Police Station. We recommend this to the University Library as the only method of dealing with the unreturned book problem.

"The Intruder," the initial production of the new Dramatic Club, will be in the capable hands of Mr. J. C. Reid. Masterman Reidy.

"Why must tournament delegates entertain such a high opinion of themselves?" complains a disappointed aspirant.

Alas for the delegate air.

Miss Miller complains of the number of students who loiter at night in the cloisters beneath her room. A shady business.

We regret to inform readers that the Women's Nudist Club will hold no meetings this year. When interviewed, the President, Miss U—n, said that with winter coming on, things in the altogether would not be so hot. Furthermore, she had not yet recovered from her embarrassment last year when somebody took her underwear.

A well-known member of the Science Faculty claims that he found a pearl in a Queen Street oyster bar. Will he still say this when he's known her a couple of months?

Some of our Bright Young Things have teeth like stars. They come out at night.

C. A. Fleming and E. G. Turbott have just returned from an unsuccessful search for moa remains at Eketahuna. It serves them right for refusing Mr. Bones' offer of his old one.

"Our coffee evening last Tuesday was an absolute wow," states the Chairman of the A.F.S. In other words, all present received the typical Arty welcome.

The musical comedy star.....

Often gets the salary of a Cabinet Minister, but takes good care his wife knows nothing about it.

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

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MONDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1937.

'VARSITY AND POLITICS

A.U.C. was asked recently by the N.Z.U.S.A. if it would support the establishment of a N.Z.U. electorate. Students Association refused to support it.

The establishment of a 'Varsity electorate would ultimately result in the "politification" of student affairs. We would have fascists and communists striving for supremacy in Students Association elections. The common interests of students would be forgotten in a political struggle which would cut across faculty loyalties. The corporate life which 'Varsity leaders are trying to build up would be undermined. "Craccum" supports the decision of Stud. Ass.

However, there is need for the provision of some political education in a University. Perhaps this might be developed along cultured lines as is the case of the Labour Club (minus their bad propagandist habits). We suggest that a National Club might be formed. But if this were so it would be essential that all views should be expressed in open forum. The student on leaving 'Varsity should be able to see both points of view in a political argument. If anything is to save modern civilisation from violent politico-social strife it is the education of young people to see more than the one point of view.

For this reason "Craccum" urges the establishment of a Political Union—the Free Discussions Club could develop this—in which all shades of political and social opinion could be expressed.

CHRISTCHURCH PROSPECTS

All points to a bumper tournament in Christchurch this Easter. The Colleges are sending bigger contingents than ever, and the quality of the tournament from all accounts should be higher than last year.

Auckland is particularly anxious to do something. Our Athletic team is extremely strong. Brainsby, Ball, Clegg, Prendergast and McHugh will do well. Haszard, Francis and Miller will win points. Boxers of the calibre of Chapman-Smith, Turner and McHugh will win us points in these events.

The basketball and tennis teams should win points. Butcher and Miss Coates should win the combines title. The rowing team should win a place. The swimmers unfortunately are weak. There is a particularly good material available for the Flying Squadron Event.

"Craccum" extends best wishes to the 1937 A.U.C. Tournament team.

PROFESSOR SEWELL'S ADDRESS

Professor Sewell, in his address of welcome to the Freshers, gave official voice to a feeling that many of us have had for some time. He said, "The real drive towards a true University spirit will proceed only from the students themselves; this place can become a night-school if you want it to be, and a night-school it would remain without your determined opposition. If you are apathetic and content, then nothing on earth can save this College from sterility and dead utilitarianism."

At the beginning of a new year, and a year pregnant with happy auguries for the future, such a statement is particularly welcome. The urgent and vital need for a widespread social consciousness in the College cannot be stressed too greatly. This year the students seem to be imbued with a more lively interest in College affairs and in the clubs and societies connected with the Students' Association, but in addition the aim of us all should be one of unselfish co-operation for a common ideal. Professor Sewell, in the statement appearing above, has hinted at such an ideal. Later, he said, in the course of the same speech, "University life should be for the freshman student, a kind of emancipa-

tion, where he can transcend the individual atomistic subject and conceive all things in a wide and enlightened manner." It is this enfranchisement from narrow aims and a submergence of a personal ambition in an all-embracing College spirit which should be the ideal of us all.

It is indeed difficult to grasp at a nebulous idealism which has scarcely lifted its head in the "howling wilderness" of routine and work at a young University College. But that idealism will grow if we have but the enthusiasm and the faith and the unselfishness to believe in it.

The anxiety of the Students' Executive to preserve the grounds of the College as much as possible is an example of the growing regard—of the jealous regard—which the Students are feeling for the future.

And though it may seem a stubborn and narrow outlook to many people, actually the instinctive dread that the students have for the proposed new block is a feeling which springs not from a selfishness for the present, but from their hopes for the future of the College.

Professor Sewell has provided the students with a lead and a message which we hope will be remembered and which will become a powerful and a motivating force throughout the whole of our corporate and individual life in the College.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Watch out for the

LABOUR CLUB DANCE

on

APRIL 10th, 1937

Proceeds in Aid of the Spanish Medical Unit.

THE LITERARY CLUB

TUESDAY, MARCH 23rd, 8 p.m.

Women's Common Room

Dynamic Debate!

PROF. COOPER v. PROF. SEWELL

"Language—Thought—Feeling"

Discussion.

Supper, 3d.

All Literary enthusiasts urged to attend.

S.C.M.

OPEN FORUM, 22nd MARCH

Speaker: MR. HAMISH MATHEW

Subject: "Is Christianity the Solution?"

Discussion to follow.

Chairman: Prof. James Rutherford.

Attractive brunette, semi-attached, will, however, consider invitations for 'Varsity functions from eligible young men.—Apply R.J., c/o "Craccum."

* * * *

Woman graduate, elderly, not too bad looking, will coach personable fresher return duties as gigolo. Write "Platonic Penelope."

* * * *

Strayed, steady. Anyone dreaming same on or after Freshers' Welcome, will be persecuted.—Love-lorn Lorna.

* * * *

There once was a girl of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse "What a pigual!"
He replied, "Oh, my queen,
Is it manners you mean.
Or do you refer to my figura?"

* * * *

A tall, fair-headed fresher says her becoming blush is due to shyness. Of course, she only puts it on.

4
POINTS

ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Every University student who has any interest in matters of religion should associate himself with the Student Christian Movement of the A.U.C. This is a fellowship, the members of which believe that the Christian faith offers the only satisfactory way of life, and that whole-hearted acceptance of Christian teachings and application of Christian principles provide the only satisfactory solution to the many problems, individual and social, national and international, which face the modern world. In taking part in the activities of the Movement, students will have an opportunity of studying and discussing under able leadership all aspects of religion and its present-day implications.

The wide and varied programme for 1937 includes study circles which are held each night during the week at hours to suit students. Sunday teas held once a month when the speakers are leading scholars of all denominations, hikes and picnics to be arranged. Several week-ends

will be spent studying the conditions of some of the less favoured districts of Auckland under the guidance of various city missionaries. The chief attraction for the year will be a visit early in May from Dr. Koo of China.

The S.C.M. gives every student a cordial invitation to join this Movement and to participate in the good things it offers.

* * * *

THE EVANGELICAL UNION

The attractive E.U. programme card obtainable at the Information Bureau describes many popular activities of interest to all students. The first big event is the Freshers' Banquet on Saturday, March 13th, at 7.30 p.m., in the Women's Common Room. Last year 170 Freshers attended. The President of the College and a large number of the Staff were present also. This year the banquet will be better than ever. As Freshers are the guests of the Union none should miss this grand opportunity of a real introduction to 'Varsity life. On Sunday,

March 21st, the first Sunday Tea will be held in the Common Room at 4.30 p.m. Dr. Northcote Deck, M.B.B.S., F.R.G.S.—a world-known missionary statesman—will speak. Last year 100-120 students crowded in to enjoy the monthly Sunday teas. Watch the Notice Boards for particulars.

Plan now to attend the Annual House Party at Holiday House, Blockhouse Bay, in the first term vacation, June 2-7th. The cost will be very low. Last year over 50 students enjoyed the good things provided.

Each week several Study Circles will function, and you are advised to watch the Notice Boards for further particulars. Mr. C. K. Bercroft, c/o the letter rack, will be glad to hear from all interested.

The E.U. is one of the largest and most active societies in A.U.C. You will not regret taking an interest in the worth-while activities of the Union whose motto is:

"IN CHRISTO, VIVIMUS, VINCIMUS."

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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VICE DENS. AT 'VARSITY

S.C.M. QUEEN AND STUD. ASS. VICE. P. AT
HECTIC PYJAMA PARTY
AND THE STORY BEHIND THE PANTS

"Craccum's" Super Sleuth has again done great service by exposing the Duplicity of Hogby. On the evening of the E.U. Banquet, the bloods of the S.C.M. threw a Pyjama Party in the boiler room as a counter-attraction to the rival clans' bean feast. Our friend, Hogby, famous for his stealthy tread, was creeping round the corridors on the trail of trouble, and nipped into the boiler room for a quick one (on the house as usual), from the meths. bottle. But he sighted the S.C.M. Queen clad in purple, a vision from head to foot—a vision in purple pants.

From that moment Hogby was not himself. He sunk even below his usual level. HE MIXED IT WITH THE S.C.M. We will skip a few hours until the party was broken up by the incursion of the rowdier element from the E.U. Banquet, all lining out for the meths. bottle.

Hogby was forced to flee in the confusion which ensued, but he retained his prize—the purple pants were his.

Time marches on—we see Hogby mooning around 'Varsity, the purple pants clasped in his arms. Hogby is thinking (yes, even Hogby), "would that I had someone in these pants." Always a man for action, Hogby does not search out Gaybie Verette or Madame La Reine to find his soul mate, but advertises openly for his purple panted princess, and that is the story which lies behind that innocent ad.

FOUND, A PAIR OF PYJAMA PANTS.
OWNER MAY HAVE SAME BY APPLYING TO
G.L.H., AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

TRUTH WILL OUT !!

* * * *

A.U.C. LABOUR CLUB

Freshers are not sure why they are here, but have innocent hopes: the rest of us try to make the best of a bad job. There is, in the College, however, one club that can give you an understanding of our present troubles and a hope for something better. That is the Labour Club. This club tries to bring the College nearer to the University tradition by fostering discussion on social questions. Like similar clubs in England and Australia, the club recognises the importance of the workers in any satisfactory social system and thus works for socialism.

During the year there will be a study circle for members, as well as frequent meetings at which all are welcome. It is hoped that Mr. Ormond Wilson, M.P., and an Oxford graduate, will address a meeting during the first term.

President: Professor Sewell.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. Airey, Grant, Holt, Leatham, Richmond.

Committee: Dr. Anschutz (Chairman), J. W. Goodwin (Secretary), D. Banks (Treasurer), Miss V. McBride, Messrs. A. Giffins, R. Lowry.

* * * *

A.U.C. MUSIC CLUB

We of the brightest, best and most entertaining club in the A.U.C. wish to offer a hearty welcome to all the Freshers of this year and hope that they will turn up at the first and subsequent meetings and give us a helping hand.

We are now the proud possessors of a very fine Rogers Grand Piano and will later during the year have control of an all electric gramophone, 300 scores and 900 records presented to the College by the Carnegie Co-orp.

Under the Presidency of Professor Hollinrake the Club hopes to carry out this year the programme briefly outlined below. Club nights will be held in the College Hall from 7-8 p.m. each Wednesday evening when we will have either a talk by our President or will be entertained by visiting artists for approximately half an hour, after which we will have community singing. On Fridays, 1-2 p.m., a gramophone hour will be held when various recordings will be played and an explanatory talk given by Professor Hollinrake. In June this year we hope to produce a concert in the College Hall, the programme consisting of folk songs, solos, duets, etc. of all nations and excerpts from The Beggar's Opera.

We hope that all students will give us their support and come along to enjoy themselves and use the club as a means of relaxation from their studies.

A. W. HOLLAND, Hon. Sec.,
A.U.C. Music Club.

EILEEN GETS HERS

DEB. SOC. UPSETS

The Deb. Soc. rose to arms on Wednesday night, and the expectant audience witnessed the agreeable sight of lambs being led to slaughter, putting up an anything but lamb-like resistance.

Secretary Kingston Braybrooke intoned the usual valedictory account of the club's activities (not forgetting Joynt Scroll and Bledisloe Medal triumphs), and assured the meeting that there existed a credit balance for one pound and three pence. Scarcely had his carefully modulated voice died away when Charles Wrigley read the opposition's impassioned manifesto. With visible emotion Charley accused the retiring (i.e., vacating office), secretary and student chairman (Miss Johnson), of mismanagement and general inefficiency: the charge-sheet included such items as debates monopolised by senior speakers: bad advertising, and too frequent postponement of meetings: total lack of encouragement for junior speakers: continued absence of long-promised constitution (it seems that the club once had a constitution which was lost in 1915—how this brings home to one the full horror of war). He also blamed the Kingston-Eileen combination of neglecting, on every available opportunity, to co-operate with committee. "The committee," said Mr. Wrigley, and plaster fell from the ceiling, as he said it, "had no guarantee its resolutions would be carried out: it learnt that it was powerless to control its own executive officers...."

Haydn George sprang to his fullest height, and, looking dark and interesting, reiterated all that has been already reported, and added a lot more hot-shots of his own, especially about posters and lack of notes for women members in women's common-room (H.G. always finds time to go into the women's common-room—or so he said in reply to Braybrooke's objection.)

Kingston defended himself ably, even proving Lawrence Hogben to be a liar. He referred, in a hurt manner, to the optimistic annual report which served, so he said, to impress freshers and "to keep the meeting from unrelieved gloom, and to gloss over the faults of an incompetent committee." Honours being thus above even, Mr. Woodhouse followed up the attack by questioning darkly such things as motions of the committee which never appeared on the minute book, etc.

Eileen and Kingston clinched matters by being very sweet, and proposing and seconding to executive positions all those who had been specially vitriolic in attack against them. Very forgiving—blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.

* * * *

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

President: Mr. W. L. G. Airey, M.A.

Student Chairman: Miss Rilda Gorrie, M.A.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. Haydn T. George, B.A.

Librarian: Miss Joan Curry, B.A.

Committee: Misses Cushla Hammond, Jean Morton Smith; Messrs George Harvey, J. W. Goodwin, C. F. Wrigley.

The club was instituted for the discussion of contemporary International affairs. Meetings as a rule take the form of an address by some authority on a subject calculated to interest students. Discussion follows and every person who attends is most heartily invited to submit their opinions or to criticise so that we may better understand some problem or situation.

1936 was a most successful year, especially since we were honoured by a visit by Mr. C. F. Andrews, who spoke on the subject "Geneva, September, 1935." The aim of the club is to provide the best spokesmen for any particular subject and we endeavour to arrange for outstanding men from abroad to speak to the club should this line be possible.

Meetings are held fortnightly in Room 37 and history students, especially those who desire to proceed to honours, and all others interested in contemporary International problems, are invited to attend the meetings and to make full use of the club's library which contains some very fine books secured by the Carnegie grant.

Further particulars may be obtained from the secretary.

HAYDN T. GEORGE,
Hon. Sec.

* * * *

They gave the Duke of Wellington a lovely funeral. It took six men to carry the beer.

THE SHEPHERDS OF OUR FLOCK

A.U.C. TOURNAMENT DELEGATES

This is G. L. Hogben, new vice-president of the Stud. Ass. and Senior Tournament Delegate. Renowned on cricket and hockey field alike, his chief claim to fame lies in a series of brilliant portrayals on the 'Varsity stage. His fan mail is so large that Corinne is learning typing so that she can cope with it. Lawrence is A.U.C.'s big hope for the next Rhode's Scholarship.

Meet Eric H. Halstead—polished, suave, sophisticated—dynamic chief of the New "Craccum," big shot of the Procession Committee and A.U.C. tournament delegate. Eric not only holds down about three man-size jobs, but wields a natty racquet, and his place in the tournament tennis team is no cinch. You'll know him by his nice hair and that flashing smile.

* * * *

PEACE AT LAST

Perhaps the most orderly general meeting ever held in the College took place last Monday, the 15th March, when the International Relations Club belied its name by staging a perfectly amicable and pleasant little chit-chat.

All the positions for the new committee were filled without need for an election, while everybody smiled and felt happy and warm inside. All the time the sweet face of President Airey beamed down from his Presidential chair upon the radiant faces below, and "Craccum's" reporter began to compose a lullaby of peace.

The officers of the Club are now: Mr. Airey (President), Mr. George (Student Chairman), Miss Every (Secretary), Mr. Wrigley (Librarian), while Misses Gorrie, Entrican and Hammond and Messrs. Hutchinson and Goodwin are all committee members.

* * * *

THE A.U.C. SWIMMING TRIALS

Glorious weather and clean baths marked the event of the Swimming Trials, held on Saturday, March 13th, at the Training College. So remarkable was it that when the "Craccum" reporter arrived he found both the competitors and onlookers gazing at the resplendent crystal of the "new laid" water, while the presence of lane ropes remain an historic event for this and all future swimming carnivals. Training College, indeed, was a boon that afternoon.

The attendance was somewhat disappointing, nevertheless the cheery atmosphere that prevailed was most enjoyable. The first events took the form of heats for the 100 yards and 50 yards men's and ladies' races. However, the first excitement came with the triumph of Webster, a bright young fresher, in the 220 with Don Munro coming hot at his heels (or may be cold in his wake) while Neville Stephenson, after having a spell at the 150 line, finished up third. Good old Neville.

Beryl Hooton swam smoothly and silently in the 100 yards Breaststroke and finished a good 13 seconds ahead of Lyn Pugh, who was followed by Rona Lewis puffing behind her. The ladies were, in fact, well on form. Pat Shirtcliffe and Margaret Mackie put up a good fight for the 50 yards, but Pat proved herself just a little superior, only, however, to be beaten in the 100 yards by Beryl Hooton's staying powers.

Once again the honours for the men's breaststroke event were claimed by the two first year students, namely Webster and A. McCray, respectively. "Craccum" concedes with Mr. Webster that his freshness debars him from going to tournament. Better luck next time.

The last event on the programme brought victory to Don Munro, in the 100 yards, when he beat Tom Haughey by 1 3-5 seconds, Neville Stephenson finding his level as third.

The swimming on the whole was up to standard, but not conspicuous by record times. The club, while always hopeful, prefers to reserve their opinion until after tournament.

* * * *

The musical comedy star.....
Advances her price by keeping her figure.

A Job's Comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them.

LITERARY

Under the Direction of the Literary Club.

MOSQUITOS

It was during a motor tour that we met them, and they liked us from the beginning. For our part, we detested them, but we had no choice but to stay there for about three days and nights, and they hardly ever left us during that time.

This is how it came about. Six of us, University students all, moved by the spirit that has produced explorers, pioneers and lunatics, decided to buy a car and go touring. Our choice was a 1917 Buick truck—a bargain at £10. We called her "Gertie" when she ran, which was only sometimes. Anyhow, after various adventures Gertie took us to Tauranga, where we had our battery recharged. "It will take you as far as Whakatane," we were told, "and will need doing again there." It took us to Whakatane, all right, so we decided it would take us to Rotorua equally well. Yes, we were an optimistic bunch. We had once pushed Gert for seven miles over the Coromandel's, fully believing that if we could push quickly enough the engine would start again of its own accord. It didn't.

Well, we got almost half-way to Rotorua before the battery gave out. We pushed on for a couple of miles, but Coromandel had broken our spirit so we decided to camp by the roadside. We were desperate enough to hold up a car and steal the battery, until some bright spark suggested that it would be a case of assault and battery—a serious offence. However, we stopped a car which happened to pass, and gave the driver our battery to take on to Rotorua.

We were situated right in the middle of the hills, a few miles from Lake Rotorua. The country is wild and desolate.

Hundreds of sandflies turned out to welcome us, and gave us a rousing reception. The clapping was very hearty and lasted for about half an hour. Then we decided to put on long trousers and roll down our sleeves as a measure of self-defence. One of the party, G., the chief ornament of the College, having no long trousers handy, emerged from the tent in a dashing pair of striped pyjamas. These did not resist the attacks of the enemy, so with a flash of that genius which has won him so many scholarships, he put on a pair of hip-waders over his pyjamas. (You should try this natty ensemble sometime.)

By this time, night was falling, and after a frugal meal of bread and jam we decided to turn in. Then the fun began. The mosquito tribe turned up in full force; they sent no spies but came in their battalions from the start, taking us by surprise, just as we were getting undressed.

We tried to smoke them out, but even expensive Coronas seemed to have no effect on them. Pulling the blankets over our heads, we tried to go to sleep and forget all about mosquitoes. Some people may like sleeping under a blanket on a stuffy night, but it seems to be an acquired taste. If we left the least space for air, a constant stream of mosquitoes would flow in to join us. If we didn't leave a space, we stifled and had to come up for air periodically, only to find the whole army waiting for us ready to make the most of our limited appearance. The noise the little beggars set up in their gloating was horrible in the extreme. Everyone knows the hunting-cry of the mosquito: a quiet drone at first, then getting louder as it zooms past the ears, like an aeroplane looping the loop; then silence suddenly. Where has the little devil landed? Then a frantic slap and the drone of the engine again, mocking this time. Imagine a few thousand of these together, and you have some idea of our plight. I remembered a song we had learned at school.

ZZZ—The mosquito is singing, oh hark!

ZZZ—He always tunes up in the dark.

ZZZ—He has spectacles made for the night

ZZZ—So he can see where to bite.

I have never liked that song.

So all night long the noise of battle rolled, and the dawn found us weak and spent. All over the walls of the tent crowded gorged mosquitoes, almost bursting with satisfaction and our good blood. Then arose a wild cry, "Vindicta, Revenge, Revenge," and soon there was not a living mosquito left in that tent.

But our triumph was short-lived. There must have been a gentleman's agreement between mosquitoes and sandflies, for no sooner had we disposed of the former than the air was black with sandflies. And could they bite!

For three days we lived in this earthly paradise, and each night we slept even less, often getting up and going for long walks in the still hours, in the hopes of evading the mosquitoes. Two of the party could hardly see at all, peering vaguely through swollen rolls of flesh, rubbing, scratching or slapping all day long. To add to our misery, our food on the last day was made by frying balls of flour and oatmeal in some rather dirty fat. However, we survived until our battery arrived one night about an hour before nightfall. Though Gert had no lights, we determined to leave that God-forsaken place at once, and leave it we did, in spite of the fact that two tyres went flat at the very minute we started pushing. We pushed hard, however, and must have covered nearly two miles before the next puncture forced us to camp on the roadside overlooking a gorge, and almost out of the mosquito country.

But the cream of the jest was still to come. At Hamilton, where we had another major breakdown, the mechanic pointed to two minute spots on his arm. "Mosquitos are bad this year," he said. "Kept me awake half-an-hour last night." Now I ask you.

—Wiseacre.

* * * *

EARTH

This is the earth,

This, warm and brown beneath my curling fingers—

This is the earth:

The good, warm soil, giver of all good things.

Bearer of streams, rivers, seas,

Vines, grasses, flowers, wind-blown trees.

This is the earth.

From such brown soil

In Eden's first frail morning

Did God fashion first of men

And sent him forth in life's new dawning

To wrest his life from earth—

This same brown, stubborn, cruel,

Yielding, kindly, pulsing earth.

With strong, brown fingers she draweth all to her.

And I, I lie quivering where her grasses whisper.

I feel her life pulsing beneath my own.

She is the dreaming one, the veiled one who passes

Unchanged throughout the centuries, I am life,
Yet I shall return and sleep unknowing in her
bosom's warmth. —by Barbara Dent.

* * * *

TO HIS MAID

If I were as the wind is to the trees

A wayward lover, desiring in each breeze,

Or raging high in storm-blown ecstasy

To bend my trees before my mighty will

And toss their arms in pleading to be still,

If I were as the wind is to the trees

Then you would not be as you seem to be.

If I were brave, tempestuous, and free,

If I did not feel agony to see

Your drawn mouth, and pain-filled eyes on me—

Then you would not be as you seem to be.

For I would woo with unrelenting force

Until I bent or broke you to my will.

Then like the trees, that droop at eventide,

With out-stretched arms you'd beg me to be still.

You would be conquered, unresisting—I

Would have my heart's desire—you. That is why

So terrified, I pray upon my knees

That I may not be as the wind is to the trees.

—Barbara Dent.

* * * *

TE AROHA

Mountain of Love—Te Aroha,

Fain would I admire thee both near and far,

Saga of Maoridom, soaring mysteriously

What lackest I that Life ebbs wearily?

Faint in the dawn when day begins

The mystic mount looms high 'mid hills.

Majestic sentinel, smeared with orient hue

Bids fair to banish many a glistening dew.

When day rolls on and high in heaven

The sun sends forth its rays to leaven

The weary heart of Maori man and maid,

'Tis time to saunter o'er creek and glade.

Once more 'tis stars which light the sky.

And in the west writ clear a last good-bye

To all the toilers who with cares like mine

Sleep with embalmed soul the rest divine

Mountain of Love—Te Aroha

When all is gone both near and far,

You have I left, 'mid variant sights

To ease my burden with thy glad delights.

—Haydn L. George.

"TIME MARCHES ON"

(We feel that the departure of a very well-known College personality from our midst should be marked by a wee short "adieu" in this paper. He laboured long and worthily for us and we take off our hat to his sturdy efforts. He'd like it best this way, don't you think dears?)

A little man!

But filled with all the strong endurance

That marks the hungry little beaver

In far-off icy streams; and yet

Carrying with him, too, the same success

In all he did, as that which fills the beaver's

Heart with stirring beaver pride.

A small wee man, indeed,

But facing all his world

With hawk-like piercing gaze,

He acted while all others thought

And wondered if they should.

For years his hurried form

Was flitting past the surreptitious

Couple in darkened lonely halls;

For years he graced the cold

Commercial bench in anguish'd

Stern pursuit of his degree;

For years he laboured, lying

Wide awake at night through worry

For his second home, the University!

And now!

He's bid those well-known haunts

A long and wailing typical "good-bye."

He's clasped around his sparse

And shadowy form, that oft-used sample

Of a faded undergraduate gown, and for

The last, last, last, unhappy time!

And now like an undernourished Neptune

Rising from the cold blue sea,

His sharp and poignant features

Glow with pride; and round

His well-groomed hair there shines

The orange'd aura of his bachelor degree.

And so he shed his last sore

Sobbing tear upon the stained

And batter'd table where he'd often

Spilt his over-treasured beer!

And sighing like a siren

Out for competition with the girls

In Hollywood, our Robert Spragg has fled afar

And, fleeing, croons forever, 'neath his ach-

ing breast

The last few tragic notes of his great triumph

His one and only, "Erald and the Star."

—CHIPS

* * * *

LITERARY CLUB

President: Prof. Cooper.

Vice-President: Prof. Sewell.

Student Chairman: Miss Rilda Gorrie, M.A.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. Haydn T. George, B.A.

Committee: Misses S. Mackinnon, P. Dawson, B. Buddle, Messrs. E. D. Burton, J. W. Goodwin, N. C. Pilcher.

The Literary Club was instituted late in the second term, 1936. Owing to lack of time it was only possible to arrange one evening last year. This took the form of an address by Robin Hyde on "Poets and Their World." In spite of strong opposition by the presentation of "MacBeth," this evening was considered successful, and more will be arranged during the coming year.

It is proposed to hold six meetings during the year. They will be held monthly, on Tuesday evenings. At least two will take the form of Olla Podrida's when original work, both prose and poetry, will be read and criticised. All those students interested in literature should make a point of attending these meetings, and are cordially invited to take part in discussion.

Other evenings will take the form of competent speakers introducing certain discussions to which all are invited to contribute.

The function of the Literary Club is to stimulate interest in and the appreciation of literature. To this end every student who is so gifted can write for the club, and work may be sent in at any time for publication in the Literary Section of "Craccum." All work received will be carefully criticised and helpful suggestions will be suggested by the Committee.

Will you write for the Literary Club?

You can. Why not try?

HAYDN T. GEORGE, Hon. Sec.

* * * *

The musical comedy star.....

Can't hope to draw before she has learned to paint.

* * * *

A coming B.Agr.Sc. inquires the best way of raising peas. We always use a fork.

AUNT ALICE'S CORNER

Queries will be answered strictly in the order in which they are received. Address to Aunt Alice, c/o Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Aunt Alice,

The other day I received a note from Mr. O'Shea asking me to come up and have a chat with him some time. Now, I have been brought up in a respectable home, and I have never received an invitation of this sort before. What shall I do about it, Aunt Alice? Should I go alone?

—S.E.P.

Answer: Rather dubious as you suggest. Mr. O'Shea as far as I have been able to ascertain, is a gentleman, and is married, though goodness knows that counts for little enough these days. Whether you go or not depends on your ability to handle Men. That I cannot judge on a letter alone, and perhaps you had better come up and see me personally, so I can form some opinion of your style. And remember, above all, that a girl cannot be too careful.

—Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

A young girl and I have been very friendly on a purely platonic basis. We used to sit near Queen Victoria's statue and talk about malthusianism and hypothetical misbehaviourism—not of course that we ever misbehaved, Aunt Alice. About a week ago she went out with a sailor off one of the American destroyers, and I don't know what happened, but ever since then she has been calling me "big boy," and asking me why don't I slick up my hair, and where's my sex appeal these days. In fact, the way things are going now, I don't dare to suggest misbehaviourism as a topic of conversation. Can you suggest anything, Aunt Alice?

—Owen.

Answer: I think you will have to go off the platonic standard, Owen. As I see it, the girl's life has been starved of romance, and she is looking to you to supply the deficiency. I suggest that you whoop things up a bit, if you will excuse the expression (I learnt it off Miss Grey). The next time you are in Albert Park, give Queen Victoria a wide berth and try one of the seats under the trees by the Public Library, which are the best as far as I remember. Then lavish some attention on her—admire her hair and clothes, and buy her chocolates and flowers to match her eyes. That's the sort of thing we women appreciate, you know. Write again and let me know how you are getting on.

—Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am in trouble. Please, can you help me, as you've probably been in the same mess yourself. I have two young men. One of them, A, has asked me to go to the Labour Club dance. I don't want to go with him because I'd much rather go with B. I like him much better because he's got a motor-car, but A says he's a bloated plutocrat. But I don't want to turn A down because B may not ask me as he votes National. I'd hate not to go at all, because the profits are to go to Spain or something and I feel it my duty to support such a worthy object. So do please help me, Aunt Alice.

—Popsy-Wopsy.

Answer: A nice point. On the good general principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I would say go with A and see if you can't hit him up for a taxi. But before finally deciding I would make a few discreet inquiries about B's financial position, and it might be well worth your while to turn down A and chance it. And keep the conversation off politics.

—Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I knocked over my books as you advised me, and even managed to spill some ink in his ear. Everything was going beautifully and he was just saying that he'd never been to a coffee evening, when suddenly you said very fiercely, "No talking in the library please!" and he went straight back to his own desk and I haven't seen him since. I suppose he thinks I'm awful for making him break the rules like that. Oh, Aunt Alice, how could you be so tactless? My heart is broken.

—Eve.

Answer: The fact is, Eve, I had been to a party the night before, and besides this continual thunder of books falling on the floor, is getting on my nerves. After all, I am running a Library, and not a Matrimonial Bureau. But it should be easy for you now—the spade-work

is all done. Next time you see him, just go over and apologise very prettily for getting him into trouble. If he's anyone except Hubert, he will be easy.

—Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am a very serious-minded young man, taking honours in Hebrew. I have the misfortune to be extremely good-looking. Since my fresher days I have been pursued by the unwelcome attentions of susceptible second-years. Since the last issue of "Craccum" I cannot walk up the library without tripping over at least 10 piles of books, which seem to land on the floor as I come past. I spend half my time picking the damn things up. If this continues I may get only second class honours and my dear mother will be so disappointed. What shall I do? Please help me!

—Hubert.

Answer: I am seriously considering dividing the library into a male and female side, which should solve your problem to a large extent. Meanwhile, I suggest that you grow a heavy drooping moustache, wear an eye shade over one eye, only comb your hair every third morning, and leave your false teeth at home. If this doesn't work, leave off shaving for a while, spill porridge down your waistcoat and go around on crutches, and I think you should not be troubled further. Trust Aunt Alice for an eminently practicable solution, Hubert.

—Aunt Alice.

* * * *

MEN'S HOUSE COMMITTEE

This Committee is a sub-committee of the Students Executive and has control over the Men's Common Room, reading room, lockers, etc., generally supervising the domestic activities of the men students.

For the information of Freshers, the members of the committee and their respective portfolios are as follow:

Mr. C. M. Segedin, Chairman.
Mr. D. Walker, Secretary.
Mr. A. M. Finklestein, Treasurer.
Mr. A. W. Holland, Lockers.
Mr. J. Fairbrother, Publicity.
Mr. L. S. Watt, Reading Room.
Mr. A. K. Wylie, Supervision of Common Room.
Mr. M. Keys, Poundkeeper.

Pound—

This is run for the protection of students. Any articles left overnight in the Common Room will be placed in the pound (which is in the reading room), and may be obtained from there on application to the pound-keeper or the secretary. The sum of 1d. is payable for each article recovered.

Lockers—

There will be a bureau near the bookstall in the Arts Building during the first week of this term for dealing with locker business. Keys will be issued, rent for the current year collected, and refunds paid.

Ping-Pong Tournament—

The Combined Women's and Men's House Committees are running a Ping-Pong Tournament early this term.

Welcome to Men Freshers—

There will be a welcome to men Freshers on the first Friday of the term. All men Freshers are urged to be present, and get right into 'Varsity life.

D. WALKER,

Hon. Sec. Men's House Com.

* * * *

THE SCIENCE CONGRESS

The Auckland meeting of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science was held at A.U.C. this January and for ten days the college shook off its aspect of vacation and became a hive of activity. A good representation of past and present students were members of the congress, and contacts made with overseas scientists are bound to be of long lasting value.

A number gave useful practical assistance at the disembarkation, meetings and excursions, and we have been asked by Sir Garrick Robertson, Chairman of the Local Executive, and Mr. Gilbert Archey, Secretary for the Auckland meeting, to express their sincerest appreciation for the help so freely given.

Among the students who graced the garden parties, conversaciones and section meetings of our distinguished scientific visitors, may be mentioned Messrs. D. A. Brown, Dearth, C. A. Fleming, S. C. Gascoigne, B. Given, L. H. Millener, E. G. Turbott, A. W. Wylie, Misses N. Mackie, S. Entrican.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES

Everybody by now, including the Freshers, ought to have come to realise what a fine lot of women we female students are. To begin with, the Common Room is particularly excellent, and what with a recent donation of cushions and ash trays, we feel that our luxury is almost upon the verge of plutocracy. It was at the historic event during 1936 when the women partisans of the Students body were permitted to smoke within the Common Room, that a fleet of ash trays were simultaneously provided to cope with the prospective residue left by tobacco habitués. Such an event was indeed as important to us as the landing in 1066 of William the Conqueror.

As you may guess, the Common Room and the doings of the Women Students are controlled by a body of pure and austere maidens. The Women's House Committee, this said body providing both entertainment for the worthy and advice for the wanting (wanton?—Ed.).

If you don't know our Moggie you must certainly hurry up and make her acquaintance. Besides being Vice-President of the Students' Association, she also chairs the House Committee, is an enthusiastic Basketball player, and swims with vigour. Moggie Bartrum is always a leading light wherever there is any work to be done, when she puts back her ears and hoos right into it. In her spare time she is doing Honours in Chemistry.

With the introduction of our vice-president we must mention the rest of this important body, and leave you to judge them for yourselves.

Bessie Robertson is the Hon. Secretary, as well as Hon. Treasurer, and so bears a heavy weight upon her shoulders. If you see a very efficient looking young woman, with very straight hair and blue eyes, rushing round in a terrible hurry you will know it's Bessie. And if this description fails you can't mistake her charming toothy smile. Bessie, having got a B.A., is now learning how to spank kids. We pity her.

Naera Mackie, you simply can't mistake, for besides being extremely willing to help everybody, she is distinctive by her Eton Crop. Her knowledge of plant life is remarkable, and so is a definite boon to all botany students. It is she, by the way, who keeps the Common Room looking so nice. (Flowers by request.)

Jean Morton-Smith also keeps a wary eye upon the Common Room, and brings an occasional weed to increase its beauty. The most important points about Jean is that she is musical and hyphenates her name (but you needn't hold that against her). May also mention that she has a very trim figure with an angelic expression, being a high dignitary in the S.C.M., and is often apt to be in a hurry.

Murielle Smeed is never in a hurry. Our sunny haired young scientist takes life very easily and enjoys it thoroughly. She does, however, put much vigour into her task as Poundkeeper, so you must look out for Murielle since she's bound to have your lost books in Pound.

Shona Paterson is inevitable and you couldn't miss her. No! she's not fat, but her easy drawl is irresistible while her singing is divine. She is usually surrounded by a cloud of smoke and is always appearing to be busy. Her one mistake is that she does arts.

Connie Hall will probably darken your threshold before long—even if it is only to impress you with the pleasures of playing hockey. And if you see a splotchy mess of colour in the Common Room that will be one of Connie's aesthetic posters. Don't be honest, tell her you think it's lovely. Connie was a scientist, but is now a painful student of the typewriter.

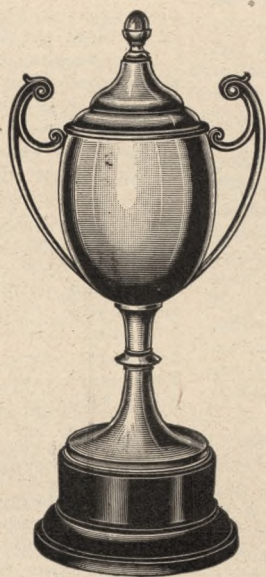
Annette Every is our fresher member and is the most bouncing member of the committee, full of bright ideas. Curly haired, wearing glasses and full of smiles, our Annette possesses all the qualities to make her a very charming little arts student.

The tall thin girl who collects your locker rent and has a delightful laugh is Shirley Entrican. She is a very keen student of both botany and history and I should think that she knows quite a lot of history—if that's any help to you—but of course I can't guarantee that.

So Freshers, I know the men downstairs are very nice, but don't forget that the women's shows can be most enjoyable too, so do make a point of coming to all the Women's Coffee Evenings, in which case you'd better not make Friday nights your "Amamio nights." Bring all your troubles (matrimonial and otherwise) to your House Committee members, who are sure to lend you sympathetic, if somewhat mudstained ears.

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POET'S CORNER

"PEARLS AND PEBBLES"

SONG AGAINST CRANKS

By CALIBAN

The Communistic fellow is a harmless kind of worm
 With his futile little shots at making saner people squirm,
 But although I know he's screwy and a very *passé* freak,
 I can put up with his ravings, but I just can't stand his cheek.
 Yes, the cheek of the freak, why, I'll poke him on the beak
 If he comes again to argue in his high-pitched little squeak,
 For I simply can't stand shirking, and if he were only working,
 He'd have more time to be happy and a darn sight less to speak.
 The Modernistic poet plays a jolly game of bluff.
 When he's stuck for inspiration, he just jots down any stuff.
 I can see his point of view all right, with mugs across it goes,
 I don't mind his writing drivel, but I simply loathe his pose.
 Oh, the pose that he throws, you would think he *could* compose
 When he babbles of verse-texture, I could whop him on the nose,
 Why, to hear the swanky blighter, you would think he was a writer
 Who consisted of a Milton and a dozen Allen Poes.
 But the Pessimistic chappie has the others really licked,
 For he always wears a face as if he'd just been sorely kicked,
 And although he's quite amusing to keep chained up in your room,
 I don't mind his cranky outlook, but I hate his bally gloom.
 Yes, the gloom of the tomb when this fellow's in the room,
 And the conversation hinges on futility and doom,
 But despite his very trying platitude on death and dying,
 He won't be the one who's happy at the final trumpet's boom.

SOUVENIRS FROM HOSPITAL

JUNE, 1936

L. E. Adams

(Riding down from Bengal—Re-edited.)

Riding motor-cycle,
 Never taking heed,
 Going like a road-hog,
 At terrific speed;
 Reckless motor-cyclist
 Smacked a roamin' cow;
 She waved her tail and murmured,
 "Another bike—And how!"
 Cyclist on the road, lay
 Dreaming pleasantly;
 Zam-buks came and found him,
 One more casualty.
 Tenderly they washed him,
 And tucked him into bed,
 Nurses smiling, happy
 Thought him good as dead.
 Silly wanderin' cow,
 Got more sympathy
 Than that motor-cyclist,
 Dreaming peacefully.
 But motor-cyclist reckless,
 Lucky, you'll allow,
 Woke up two weeks later,
 Nobody knew how;
 Lovely nurse beside him,
 Put dew-drops in his arm,
 Pain soon quite subsided,
 Acted like a balm;
 Now he has awakened
 Beautiful he seems,
 Reckons lovely nurses
 Visions of his dreams.
 Gallantly he proffers
 Hoary he-man's hand,
 Gentle nurse accepts it,
 Does he think it grand!
 Then near his face she whispers,
 He thinks it will be fun,
 But suddenly discovers
 Thermometer on tongue!

* * * *

I never laugh
 At a giraffe;
 I always stand before
 His lanky form,
 With feelings warm
 Of envy and of awe.
 You see, I cannot help but think
 Of all the liquor he could drink.

MODERN TRENDS IN EDUCATION

Betty I. Drummond

The present-day trend of education in the United States of America is a topic which should prove to be of absorbing interest to all University students. The old system whereby school meant for children hours of dull repetition, of talks and hard plodding to fix unnecessary historical dates in childish minds, is fast disappearing. Its death knell has been well and truly rung.

The system adopted by Americans to-day, is one closely approaching that of Dr. Montessori. It resembles her system insofar as the pupils are mainly educated along practical lines, but there is not unlimited individual choice of occupation. As far as possible, the children are educated to suit the needs of a rapidly developing age—an age in which radio, electricity, airways, are of vital importance. They are instructed in the methods necessary in facing the problems and necessities of modern existence. By organised play with motor vehicles, they learn the rudimentary rules of the road, the importance of careful street crossing. By allowing pupils to purchase goods from shops, the sense of money value is cultivated. Pupils are taught responsibility by each in their turn, being placed in sole charge of the school shop. Then, too, the preparation of meals is carefully taught them—both boys and girls participate.

Observation excursions hold a high place in this new school of instruction. The children are taken out in organised parties to inspect such things as giant air liners and steamers—their mechanism and construction. Sea and land excursions are regularly arranged and the child is taught the value of a close observation of natural phenomena and of the wonders of man's work.

Care of animals teaches the child in a natural way the purpose of male and female species, and the system of propagation is no longer foolishly shrouded in mystery. In all things the main idea is to bring the small child into contact with reality, to educate it not so much in the events of the past, as for the present and most of all for the future.

There are, of course, certain drawbacks to this system, but on the whole, I think it opens up rare possibilities for future developments in education. In an age such as this, the old system must surely fall.

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE HONGI CLUB

Dear Mr. Editor,—Mr. Orchiston, Hon. Sec. of the Hongi Club, suggested in his letter printed in your last number, "that 1936 freshers write to you . . . expressing their views on our activities this year (1936). These students have seen us at work, and are better able to judge the (Hongi) Club without prejudice."

I am a 1936 fresher, dear Sir, and so I feel that it is my duty to do what I can toward clearing up the misunderstandings under which this famous club labours. It is not my province, I feel, to endeavour to enumerate all their many excellencies, such as their mileage to the gallon, their morality, their methods of securing votes on polling days. These things have been too well dealt with by more skilful pens than mine, to need my comment. What is required of me, dear Sir, as I take it, to give a fresher's impressions of the Hongi Club during 1936.

Well, Sir, I have found Mr. Orchiston correct in his calling the Hongis "passive buffers," for I must admit that the fears of personal violence from them, that I entertained at the beginning of the year, proved quite unjustifiable. In spite of the fact that I kept on the alert for any sight of these bold, bad, men, of whom I had heard so much, only once did I have the mischance of a personal encounter with them (though I have no doubt they were fermenting in many an unswept corner that I failed to investigate). At this one function where I had opportunity of observing this illustrious company, their uncalled-for rudeness, dear Mr. Editor, and their obscene ribaldries, fully justified the Hongi Club's very high reputation in this connection.

So you will readily understand, dear Sir, how a fresher's limited knowledge of the Hongi Club can only leave him with the impression that they do little harm, and no good whatever. They are as Mr. Orchiston says, "passive buffers," but let me add, with a tendency to ill-manners, and coarseness. Consequently my opinion is that it is **UTTERLY UNDESIRABLE** that such an organisation should be allowed to exist in an institution which professes to be a centre of learning and culture. More, Sir, I feel that the club is an **INSULT TO OUR INTELLIGENCE**; that though its activities may be small and its members "passive," what influence they have is a **DEGRADATION OF OUR SOCIAL LIFE**; and inasmuch as it is the little rift that spoils the lute, this septic patch is a **MENACE TO OUR CULTURE**. Would it not be possible to form a definite Anti-Hongi Society? (pardon a fresher's presumption.) Will not some person of authority (such as yourself, dear Mr. Editor), take up the cudgels and raise the standard for us to flock to, so that we may combine to stamp out this **VERY YELLOW PERIL IN OUR MIDST**?

ANTONIO DOLOROSO.
(1936 Fresher)

The Editor, Craccum,

Dear Sir,—In reply to the invitation of the Secretary of the Hongi Club to give my opinion, as a fresher on the activities of the aforesaid Club, I must confess that I am not well informed on these matters. Let me suggest, however, that the first thing due for criticism is the lack of publicity afforded to the Hongis. It is surprising that blame is put on the Club for the activities of non-members when the membership is not made public? It is a well-known saying that "a chain is only as strong as its weakest link," and there seem to be a good many rather shaky links among the Hongis in more senses than one. However, we hope that those members who are among the best liked and respected men at Varsity will leaven the lump.

The declared ideals of the Club are certainly very worthy and deserving of support and when the members live up to these, they help to circulate the joy-germs among the students.

I realise, too, that the College songs and hakas would soon fall into obscurity if they were not voiced occasionally by the Hongis to brighten up Varsity functions and tournaments, and so create that very desirable atmosphere of comradeship, loyalty and unity.

I am thoroughly convinced that the Hongi Club in its brighter moments deserves the ungrudging support of all members of the Auckland University College.

"YOUNG HOPEFUL"

Dear Sir,—Talking about parking, reminds me of a sore point; I mean after a man has been sitting on a concrete step for half an hour or so, he is bound to be sore some place; probably both where he has been sitting and on the cause of his having had to sit. We have a progressive Executive and I feel certain that any of these who have tried sitting on concrete would not like me to sit on concrete any longer—not that I dislike concrete. It's great stuff. In fact, on further consideration, I think I really like concrete. But as a seat—No!

Having gained your sympathetic ear, I shall expound. One word—woman. Woman is the cause of all trouble, so woman is the cause of my having had to sit on concrete, a procedure which I can assure you is not conducive to a bright and happy outlook on life. And how can you help me—simple—just one couch, chair or cushion placed outside the women's common room and next time she says, "cut in a minute" I can recline in comfort for half an hour or so with a host of other patient souls.

WEARY WILLIE.

* * * *

BOXING

The Boxing Club seems to be sharing in the general revival in Varsity circles and at the champs. last Wednesday night the Auckland gym. was packed by a highly enthusiastic crowd. On the whole good boxing was seen, and some was exceptionally good. Highlights of the first part of the evening were a hard-fought match between bantam-weights Turner and Brown, the former retaining the title, and the black eye which Peter Garry collected off de Stigter. This was followed by a fascinating and most entertaining exhibition by Young Gildo, after which Pos gave a heart-rending little speech of thanks and we prepared for the lightweight final between McDonald and Chapman-Smith, adjudged most scientific boxer at last year's tournament. The first round was fairly even, clever defence by Chappie nullifying many of McDonald's efforts. In the second round Mac took the offensive and sent the champ to the canvas twice. When Chapman-Smith went down again early in the third round the bout was awarded to McDonald.

The tournament team was selected immediately afterwards and is as follows:—Turner, J. Munro, McDonald, Garry, Ayres, Stacey, McHugh.

* * * *

TENNIS BAWLS

A feature of the tennis championships was the good play of several promising juniors. The club is fortunate in having such good material available for future teams, and it is to be hoped that it will not be wasted. The results of the tennis club's grass court venture are evident already.

Thomas and Grey played well against Floyd and Halstead in their doubles game. Grey was rather unsteady at times. Devereaux is a promising singles player of the forehand drive variety. Finklestein in his match against Marks was erratic. He displayed a pleasing repertoire of strokes. Speight and Turner are steady players who will do well with grass court practice. Smith, while playing Broun, evidenced a stylish game.

Miss Robertson impressed. She has a good style and can put the ball back. Miss Walker is another who can do this. The other girls would do well to follow their example. Miss Barr and Miss Walker played well against Miss McLeod and Miss Robertson, but they lost the third set. Miss Coates and Miss Hewitson play a good doubles game. Their court work and volleying will strengthen the tournament team.

The term's team for tournament is: Winstone Halstead, Butcher, Finklestein; ladies, Misses W. Richardson, I. Graham, H. Coates, R. Walker, J. Hewitson.

Winstone and Halstead are playing steady singles. Both combine well in doubles. Butcher and Miss Coates play well. Butcher and Finklestein are a stylish combination. Misses Richardson and Graham should win matches. Miss Graham is a very hard hitter. It is a pity Broun could not make the trip. His presence in the team would have strengthened the doubles considerably. The team as selected is well balanced and in view of the fact that the other colleges are not as strong as usual, should have a good chance of gaining the shield.

INTER-FACULTY SPORTS

Four Records Broken.

Craccum is glad to report that the Inter-Faculty sports showed a decided all-round improvement and in fact were the best for several years. Fields were good, events were run off approximately to time, there was quite a large crowd and the standard of performance was very high—a true reflection of the enthusiasm which the club has shown all the season. At the same time we think it fair to mention that the field events could have been run off more expeditiously, and that there was a bad mess-up over the high jump.

Quite a number of records were broken. On Monday night, Trev. Johnston covered the mile in 4.36 4-5 and Phil. Bowie, with Saturday's laurels still fresh on his brow, slid over the 220 hurdles in 25 1-5 seconds. Then on Wednesday Chadwick cleared 5 feet 11 3-8 inches in the high jump (which would have won the N.Z. championship). Doug. Ball covered the 440 hurdles in 56 4-5 and Brainsby equalled his 1934 long jump record with 21 feet 11 inches. Other noteworthy performances were those of D. Day, who ran the hundred in 10 4-5 into a strong wind, and Barney Thomas, who finished gamely to clock 2 minutes 1 second for the 880. We would also like to commend Conaglen's sporting action in starting in the mile walk to give that event at least the appearance of a contest.

Of the other events, Ball was not troubled in the 440, which he won in 53 seconds. Hoskins won the 220 in 23 2-5 seconds after a dog had vainly endeavoured to upset the field. The Freshers' Mile was an interesting race, with Tweedie and Menzies running neck and neck all the way. The former won by a yard. Bubs Hazard made no race of the three miles, though Stephenson chased him hard over the first ten laps. Bowie was expected to set a record in the 120 hurdles, but when well in the lead hit the last hurdle and did not produce his usual finishing burst. Another N.Z. champion in Brainsby dominated the long jump and the hop-step.

The Hongi Club disappointed this year by not turning on their usual act during the afternoon tea adjournment. This was compensated in part by two women's events—the relay and the three-legged race. The former went to Science after what appeared to be some pretty dirty work in the second lap. The winning double in the three-legged race was Misses Adlam and Mexted.

Finally a word of praise to the Marshal, Mr. J. Hogben and to a keen committee who combined well to make the afternoon a most enjoyable one.

Craccum is not publishing the results in full as these appeared in the daily papers.

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INTERFACULTY COMMITTEE

Last year an Interfaculty Committee was set up with the object of encouraging a community spirit by co-ordinating old interfaculty competitions and inaugurating new ones. Points were awarded in each event, and to the faculty with the highest aggregate was awarded the Miles' Memorial Shield, established in memory of a prominent member of the College who was killed early last year. On the whole, the scheme worked well, some of the newer events especially being particularly enjoyable.

In the first term, boxing and athletics are run in conjunction with the usual annual championships of the clubs concerned. In swimming and shooting, special arrangements are made, while tennis is at present in an indefinite state. A football competition is held on Wednesday afternoons during the second term, and ping-pong on Monday evenings and hockey probably on two Sunday afternoons. Debating, harriers and basketball will be arranged for.

The general idea is to have as many as possible taking part in the various events, quite irrespective of whether they are any good or not. The details will be posted on the boards when available.

The personnel of the Committee is:—

Chairman: Mr. G. L. Hogben (Arts).

Secretary: Mr. S. C. Gascoigne.

Committee: Miss M. Smeed (Science), Messrs. Barton (Commerce), Fairbrother (Architects), Finkelstein (Law), Monkton (Engineers).

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