

VOL. I., No. 3

MONDAY, APRIL 19th, 1937

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TOPICAL TOUCHES.

Mrs. Odd announces that her egg salads will in future contain one and a-half eggs. An Odd arf.

The University Senate has passed a motion condemning freedom of speech. Apparently the Senate is just like any other board, very long, very narrow, and very wooden.

He: "Got anything on to-night?"

She: "No."

He: "Splendid! I'll be right along."

We are asked to correct a regrettable misprint in last Craccum. For "took her underwear" please read "took her unaware."

When asked to explain his absence from a T.C. agricultural lecture, Mr. Cl——n said that he objected to being infra dig.

Though we object to Mrs. Odd calling her knives "cutlery" when they don't cut, we admit that her spring lamb has plenty of spring in it.

Extract from Stage I. history essay: "The Government of Great Britain is a limited mockery."

When interviewed after the Deb. Soc.'s general meeting, Miss Johnston said she was a little dazed. (Not a little daisy.)

After many months of anxious research, Mr. Bell has at length perfected his new hair rejuvenator. Never say "dye."

"I can always tell when a woman's hair is bleached," states Mr S——d——n, till recently an authority on blondes. Well, one can't expect a woman to peroxide and keep it dark.

"Every Nazi youth must be prepared for duels of honour," stated Hitler in a recent speech. German professors are relieved that this does not mean honours in two subjects.

A.U.C. has not won the Tournament Shield since 1931. "Blues, twentieth century blues, are getting us down."

Prof. Forder—Mr. Ardern: Well-known authorities on figures.

Mr. Kay (lecturer in accountancy): Another figure expert. (A Big Berlei Man.)

Polonius was a mythical sausage.

Sometimes the play is not just the thing.

Visitor: "Why are you in gaol?"

Prisoner: "Polygamy."

Visitor: "And how are you enjoying your freedom?"

"May the best man win—me," sighed the bridesmaid.

It is said that millions of germs cling to every penny piece. There are some of them in the College.

* * * *

AND THEN TOURNAMENT

We hear that President Blair is given to talking in his sleep. Ask Shona.

Canterbury College claims to have a Public Sweetheart No. 1. We can do better; ours is No. 46.

Two hatless, bedraggled young Auckland lasses, Mac and Mary, were seen about Christchurch pushing deflated bicycles. Had they gassed too much?

Were Margaret's fiery tresses due to De Reske, plain or cork, or just plain Scotch?

Good shooting must be catching judging by Beryl and Bronc's display at the Tournament. Does it run in the family?

Thanks to the reserve of Val and Lois, the noisier members of the basketball team were given full scope.

What's in a name? How did our Alison treat the Otago men?

Marjorie Pettit was the E. U. lamb of the party, but she was not petted.

Thanks to tuition by the captain of the Swimming Club, Lois has developed a steady over-arm, or was it an arm over steady?

Helen Coates, after strenuous exertions, finally came to Tournament Ball with the Chief-A-Ward.

Cecil was led to water, but they couldn't make her drink.

We were delighted by the excellent display of 'Varsity Spirit displayed by those who took advantage of the concession to attend a Conference. And how?

Lost: Previous demureness. Finder please return forthwith to "Smeed."

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

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MONDAY, APRIL 19th, 1937

'VARSITY SPIRIT

A.U.C. won the tournament wooden spoon—why? This was unfortunate, because we are not the weakest College in the field of sport. There are high-class sportsmen in attendance at College who do not consider it worthwhile to devote their natural abilities to the glorification of their "alma mater."

The supreme indifference of a large body of our students to the place of their University in the community is regrettable. We are not in sympathy with those men who are unwilling to forsake outside affiliations made in pre-'Varsity days. 'Varsity men should be loyal to the institution which is moulding their careers. They should have the courage to sever old connections. They can find ample scope for self-expression in 'Varsity life. They can enrich it, and by helping the 'Varsity they help themselves.

"Craccum" feels sore when it realizes that some excellent athletes, boxers, tennis players, hockey players and footballers—all bona fide students—are not interested enough to represent their College.

* * * *

INTELLECTUAL SNOBBERY IN A.U.C.

For some time past in this college, and no doubt it is the same in the Southern Colleges, too, there has been a certain looseness of intellectual thinking. Not a widespread and obvious disregard throughout the intellectual life of the College, of honesty in thought, but rather a sneaking readiness ever in the air at some of the meetings of our clubs and societies to grasp at nebulous and untried theories, at aphorisms and catch-words rather than at a frame-work of fact.

It might happen that a conventional idea is scrapped (perhaps because it is simply conventional), for some sweetly-mouthed thesis that becomes a subject for interminable and useless discussion. A reasonable and unbiassed observer would never regret the stimulation of progressive thought but too often it has seemed that an insidious loose-thinking has allowed various individuals in the College to become immersed in what appears on the surface to be an unfortunate intellectual furore.

In some cases this strange mental upset is merely the normal stage of development from unformed ideas to maturity and decision. But in this College one is impressed again and again by the fact that too little attention seems to be given by some individuals to those institutions and traditions which have allowed this small country to live at all.

It is understandable that a body such as this University College must exist in an atmosphere of questioning and analysing, but this spirit of analysis and the quest for truth should never become clouded by personal smugness.

The word "smugness" to some people may sound rather unkind—perhaps unjustified—but what interpretation can be placed upon the attitude of mind found in people who, in an attempt to display their own profundities of learning and an aptness of insight, become warped by this very belief in themselves as clear thinkers.

And so we have the curious spectacle before us in this College of a minority group standing in a halo of their own making. A halo of supposed fearlessness and honesty of thought which is so very artificial beside the little-talked-about accomplishments of the students in this College who are doing real things. There is too much random speculation, too much frothy and unreasoned hypothesis, and too little appreciation for the facts of an outside world among various sections of the student body.

In moderation the theorising is a good thing, but it must be honest. "It is undoubtedly attractive," said the late Lord Birkenhead, "to

live in a world of one's own creation, where every ugly or inconvenient fact is ignored, where only such aspects of life as flatter cherished ideas are allowed. But such a fool's paradise can only endure in artificial circumstances."

* * * *

TOURNAMENT WAS GOOD, BUT...

A.U.C. thanks C.U.C. for their fine hospitality during Tournament. The local highlights certainly had a great time. In the memory of some it was the best tournament they had attended.

However, there were murmurings. Many of our A.U.C. chaps were left to amuse themselves as best they could. The A.U.C. delegates would be well advised to see that a FULL programme of entertainment for ALL is provided in 1938.

The Hongi dinner of 33 must be repeated. Monday evening was very dead at Christchurch.

* * * *

TWEET TWEET

A little bird reports that a certain Mr. Orch worthily acquitted himself during Tournament. Thusly: As Bruce, with a mighty leap, sprang through a train-window and landed 30 feet away on Marton Junction platform, two bulls from the Marton Homicide Squad descended on him and proceeded to beat him up for train-jumping.

Struggling titanically, Bruce freed himself and, laying the dicks low with a back-hand slam, drew himself up to his full four feet and roared, "Mitts off, mugs—I'm Orchiston!"

The flat-foots blanched. "You big stiff," burned Orch. "You yellow dope-heads, who the (censored) do you think you're jumping in—Well, I'll forget it. Next time, bozos, there'll be a comeback, and how. Scram!" As the homicide squad shuffled dejectedly away, Orch. hurled a defiant "Akarana" at their burning ears and returned to his cheering fold.

* * * *

COMING EVENTS

April 19, Mon: Reveue Rehearsal at 8 p.m.

" 20, Tues.: Lit. Club—Olla Podrida.

Golf Club, 1st Annual Meeting.

" 21, Wed.: Debate—"Is A.U.C. a Night-school?"

" 22, Thurs.: Tramping Club Inaugural Meeting.

" 26, Mon.: International Relations.

" 29, Thurs.: Dramatic Club—"Intruder."

" 30, Fri.: Commerce Coffee Evening.

May 2, Sun.: E.U. Tea.

* * * *

PROCESSION

May 6th will witness the greatest spectacle ever offered to the citizens of Auckland by students of our College.

Once more A.U.C., in the name of Charity, will invade the streets of Auckland bearing goodwill and spreading joy germs.

Two hundred men and 150 women are wanted. Make contact with your faculty secretary or your club secretary and join in the fun. If in doubt, interview Lin Mair, Procession Secretary, in the Architectural Studios, at any time.

Chairman: Eric H. Halstead.

Secretary: Lin Mair.

Business Manager: A. P. Postlewaite.

Committee: Pat Blair (College President), Bruce Orchiston, Norm. Derby (Architects), Barney Thomas (Training College), Jack Alexander (Law), Terry Barton (Commerce), Darcy Walker (Science).

See Norm. Derby or Lin Mair for materials. We provide vehicles.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE TOURNAMENT AT CHRISTCHURCH

How highly the shields that all this Tournament business is held for are valued. Scene at Christchurch Station as the teams depart on Wednesday night. A revered shield won by Wellington, packed securely in its box, is thrust in the carriage window, and an exasperated voice is heard: "For goodness' sake, take this blinking shield."

Sydney Gascoigne, in blissful happiness after the Flying Squadron has done its bit on Tuesday morning, asks interestedly "how many railways there are between the Station and the Square."

A scandalised lady watching the tennis matches at Wilding Park exclaims, "How disgusting! Just look at that girl playing barefooted!" And a noble friend explains in an unnecessarily loud voice to another spectator how Joan Hewitson ("that girl") had left her shoes at Canterbury College.

Helen Coates arrives at a tennis practice on the bar of a bicycle, doubled by a young Canterbury friend.

Bruce Orchiston, on the train returning to Auckland, falls through the glass door of the carriage and, to appease the authorities, makes (1) a collection, and (2) a little pocket-money.

Scene: Tournament Ball. Lawrence Hogben dancing with Joan Hewitson holds the great Wooden Spoon between them like a tall wireless pole. Lawrence had to show how proud Auckland was of the thing. After all, it was better than hiding it in a dark corner somewhere in the cloakroom or under a heavy settee in one of the cubicles.

Two Auckland girls at 11.15 p.m. prepare a supper of pork sandwiches and tea for the ship's cook on the "Wahine." As a reward they are given a free hand in two large tins of biscuits, some of which are smuggled out to hungry Aucklanders prowling in the passageway.

MORE TOURNAMENT

Bruce's pain.
Tubby's capacity.
Mary's green spots.
Laurie's cold.
Eric's beautiful Claude.
Cliff's swimming.
Beryl's Bronc.
Helen's versatility.
Cecil's boyfriend.
Shona's birthday.
Ted's Hangover.
Bronc's dressing gown.
Margaret's feet.
Pat's accordion.
Orch.'s blankets.
Mary's voice.
Cliff's sturgeon.

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THE TOURNAMENT DELEGATES' SURVEY TOURNAMENT, 1937

A.U.C. sent the biggest team ever down to Christchurch this year but returned with only a single trophy—the Wooden Spoon awarded to the team with the least points for all the sports. We came a close second in basketball, second in boxing, a bad third in athletics and last in rowing, swimming, tennis and shooting. But if the team did not gain many points it can truthfully be said that the team was the best that has travelled from two important points of view: A.U.C. barracking and hakas were excellent; every member pulled his weight or shouted his part (whichever you prefer); and secondly the A.U.C. party was a TEAM who supported one another and stuck together well during the trip. We have progressed in these directions. Next year, here in Auckland, we shall work to succeed in every direction.

Your delegates' survey of the individual sports is as follows:—

ATHLETICS:

The athletic team avoided the wooden spoon but only three members earned points. We doff our delegate hats to Doug Ball, who ran two brilliant firsts in the 880 and the 440 hurdles and conceding twenty yard starts ran the relay team into second place. Dan Gillespie set a new record in winning the javelin throw, and Jack Prendergast gained a second in the hop-step and third in the long jump. Some of the younger team members gained valuable experience, but the display on the whole was disappointing after the splendid local meeting. Clegg, who was chosen for the team, did not make the trip (and incidentally did not bother to let anyone know, thus causing Studass unnecessary trouble and expense). Brainsby, Miller, and Thomas were all unable to go and bang went a possible seven points. It is to be hoped that the revived Athletic Club sees that A.U.C. fields its best team next year and also that great improvement is made in the field events.

BASKETBALL:

After holding the basketball shield for three years, A.U.C. were just beaten by a single goal by an inspired V.U.C. side, who were superior to our girls in the one vital position of goal. Our girls were tired after playing too hard against a weak C.U.C. team, but V.U.C. earned every bit of their win. It is unfortunate that a part of our team fell for the attractions of My Lady Nicotine and lacked that last bit of fitness. Congratulations to the Blues and a word of praise to Val Wyatt, whose valiant efforts went unrewarded.

SHOOTING:

After the deplorable level reached by the team last year, it is very gratifying to see the tremendous improvement made. The team succeeded in winning one practice of the four and gaining points towards the Tournament Shield (or Wooden Spoon as it happened). McRobie only missed a Blue by one point and in the friendly shoot, down in Christchurch, Ted Collins did one brilliant 34 out of 35 practice. Next year, due to an A.U.C. proposal to the Tournament Delegates, four-man teams shoot off at Tournament and A.U.C. should do well on the home range.

BOXING:

A.U.C. might easily have tied for the boxing shield. But this is not to say that our boxing is of high standard. Harry Turner won his weight as he richly deserved, and Morry McHugh out-classed the other heavies. But with these notable exceptions our boxers did not win a fight—not that our boxers were not game to the last punch, they were—but they lacked the stamina and knowledge of boxing that distinguished boxers of other colleges. The A.U.C. teams of the future MUST every man of them start training by Christmas (a week before the champs is NOT enough), and must be properly coached throughout the training period. It is up to the Boxing Club to see that boxers have these opportunities and encouragement to use them.

ROWING:

Our eight was five lengths behind the winners, but two other boats were in that five lengths and we were fourth. The rowers did not quite do justice to themselves, but next year they will have no excuses and thanks to frequent regatta practice, should need none. Our rowers should lead the way next year. Congratulations to Cliff Dalton and Jack Hooper on their Blues.

TENNIS:

Miss Coates was the only consistent performer. The members of the team did not reveal their Auckland form. Alan Winstone would have done better under better playing conditions.

SWIMMING:

Pat Shirtcliffe and Beryl Hooton were good performers in the prelims. Colds and other ailments took their toll in the swimming team. Don Munro contracted neuralgia on Saturday morning. The only thing Auckland won was the delegates' relay.

On surveying the results and seeking to estimate our future prospects, we decided that the future was not as black as our immediate past. Next year we should win the basketball, we can win the rowing and the shooting, we might win the boxing, and we can gain valuable points in swimming, tennis, and athletics. We will be on our own ground and it is up to us to show them how.

Canterbury turned on a bumper Tournament for us this year. Next year your Delegates will need the support of every A.U.C. man to help make the Auckland Tournament, 1938, the sensation of the century.

G. L. HOGBEN,
E. H. HALSTEAD,
Tournament Delegates.

* * *

TUBBY TAMES TROUBADOUR BOY FRIEND WAITS WHILE OARSMAN WOOS

Our Super-Sleuth has again been on the search of truth and discloses the real facts of an incident which occurred after Tournament Ball. The story of a man who had hair on his teeth and a go-getter who "got it." We feel that it is essential for every man, woman and child to know the truth about this case—"The Ambush on the Avon." Tubby had had a trying day. The Flying Squadron in the morning, and showing how it should have been won in the afternoon. Now we know how he was feeling and he has our sympathy while we have, we hope, your ear.

It is 3 a.m., and we see Tubby returning homewards with his piece of local talent, purchased, we believe, with the aid of that flashing smile, from a local bargain store. The happy couple are wandering up the cobblestone path when their hour of bliss is broken by an avalanche of wrath—the Boy Friend, who since 11 p.m. has been doing his bit of silent contemplation alongside the second hydrangia. The world as he sees it is full of Auckland oarsmen. The world as Tubby sees it is a hazy blur, obscured by red and green devils, through which looms the face of his beloved and a vibrating ball of muscle.

The Boy Friend girds up his loins and slides into action, while Tubby plants his feet and sways gently in simple harmonic motion. The Boy Friend lunges and misses; Tubby swings around on his third revolution, digs up his feet and crowns the Boy Friend on the head with his bottle of 69 per cent.

They dropped the body over the wall and another corpse went sailing down the river.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

* * *

THE TENNIS CLUB

The season 1936-37 has been an eventful one for this club. It has seen two new grass courts laid down, a large increase in the number of members, and a greater enthusiasm amongst them.

Due to the fine work by Alan Broun, these courts are in tip-top condition, and if more students, particularly full-timers, would help with the rolling they will be excellent next season. Those who think that the tennis courts are endangered by the building of the new block may rest assured that any courts covered by the new block will be replaced.

It is perhaps necessary to point out here that the upkeep of the grass courts runs into much expenditure and students are reminded that none of them are eligible to use the courts until the small subscription of 10/- is paid. Freshers may join for 5/- (March to November).

It is hoped that next season, when the Inter-University Tournament is to be held in Auckland, that the enthusiasm will be still greater and competition keener than in the present season. Remember that you cannot get cheaper rates in any club in Auckland, so join up now and support your own.

PLAY HOCKEY THIS WINTER

The 'Varsity Hockey Club had a super season in 1936 and is under way this year, and will enter five teams. Last year the Club distinguished itself by turning out with four full teams throughout the winter. If you want to play throughout the winter for the keenest club in Auckland join your 'Varsity Club. A Beginners' team will be entered (last year our beginners won the 4th grade knock-out), so if you don't play a winter game take up hockey, Leave a note for the secretary in the rack, or see Mr. Broun or Mr. Hogben and ask for details. Training is held on Wednesdays at eight in the ping-pong room. Gear can be obtained very cheaply through the Club.

* * *

RIFLE CLUB

President: T. Lancaster.

Vice-Presidents: Capt. Judson, V.C., H. Rowe, S. Gilmour.

Club Captain: E. Bolton.

Secretary and Treasurer: W. Maurice-Brown.

Committee: K. D. George, L. Iweaie, D. McRobie, R. Taylor, G. Watt.

After a disastrous showing in the 1936 Haslam Shield match, the Auckland University Defence Rifle Club has emerged from the doldrums and is now an enthusiastic organisation with an active membership of 50.

Shooting has for some years past been looked upon as a sport of minor importance. We wish to point out to those who do not know any better that shooting is a science as well as a sport, and that last year a vigorous and enthusiastic committee succeeded in impressing the A.U.C. Executive that the Rifle Club could, and would, take an active part in University affairs.

It speaks volumes for a club that its members are willing to turn out for practices at Penrose at 6 a.m., and this year saw unprecedented competition for places in the Haslam Shield team.

Unfortunately with only a few weeks in which to practice many of our best shots failed to strike form, while others were fortunate to secure places. A pleasing feature of this year's match was the good team spirit shown on all occasions.

While the team failed badly in the Rapid Practice, our score of 825 was an improvement of nearly 200 points on that of 1936, and was equal to the score put up by the last Auckland team to win the Haslam Shield (1933).

The Rifle Club wants more enthusiastic members—membership is free—and extends a hearty welcome to Freshers.

The Club is greatly indebted to the Club Captain, Mr. Ted Bolton, whose untiring efforts and coaching should prove to other clubs the benefit of an experienced coach.

To Messrs. Pat Blair, Eric Halstead, Laurie Hogben, we offer our thanks and appreciation for assisting us to put the Haslam Shield competition on a proper footing, not only in A.U.C. but throughout the universities of New Zealand.

* * *

HARRIERS

The Harrier Club was started with the double object of keeping men fit during the winter months, whether they were good, bad or indifferent runners, and of providing a means of training for athletes who intend to try for a place in the Tournament athletic team in the following year. Each year, however, has seen a steady addition to the number of men who turn out because they have found harrier running one of the most healthy and enjoyable of all sports. Cross-country runs, ranging from three to eight miles, are held every Saturday throughout the winter. One of the big advantages of harrier running is that each runner can make it just as strenuous or easy as he wishes, for three or more packs are formed, which run at speeds varying from racing pace to an easy rate in which the harrier rule of taking the speed from the slowest runner is observed. Although the great majority of the runs during the season are not races, teams are entered in all the principal cross-country races.

The New Zealand University Cross-Country Championship has been inaugurated, the event being held at the end of the second term. The four Colleges are represented by teams of six men, and the race is held over a 1000-metre course. Last year the event was held in Auckland for the first time, and the local team won very conclusively. This success should stimulate even greater interest in the Club, and a very successful 1937 season is anticipated.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

(Under the Direction of the Literary Society.)

This short critical article is not written with any false sentiment of kindness, but is the sincere criticism of one interested in the literary efforts of the College. If any of the contributors are afflicted with a hypersensitiveness, they possibly won't read past the first paragraph, but they have my assurance that I was prompted to write this not by a thirst for blood, but merely in the hope of helping those who were sufficiently enthusiastic to contribute to the first issues.

The first, and I think the most important, thing I have to say—because it seems to apply generally—is that it is advisable to write about something you have felt or thought for yourself. The only contributor who has given us anything he has thought himself is the writer of "Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Unfortunately, the poem is crude, and the rhythm is feeble; he sacrifices form and doesn't compensate for it in other ways, such as imagery, which could have been used to advantage here. Consequently he loses most of the force of the last three lines.

"Prothalamium" is confused and clumsy to the extent of being boring.

I feel very sorry for "Chips" if he really feels like a "dewy pumpkin hung upon an age old tree, dreaming cow thoughts of life and love." Why "mellow mundane path"? Any other two-syllabled word would have served as well as "mellow." However, "Time Marches On," though marred by one or two unfortunate analogies, is less pretentious and is a definite improvement on his first contribution.

H.O.V.A. I consider deserving of praise. His joke "Women and Men" is really amusing and quite unspoiled by any pretentiousness.

The writer of "The Stratford Bust" is certainly deserving of encouragement, but my advice to her is to write less and think more—not only, as I said above, no one has any claim to write unless about something they have felt or thought for themselves, but it is not obvious that unless such is the case it is an impossibility for that writing to be vivid. All bad poetry is made up of this, and lies are unavoidable unless the thought behind the poem is sincere.

This also applies largely to the prose contributions, neither of which give us new words or new phrases. "Fantasy in a Flat," had it been less incoherent and more vivid, might claim to have some point, and "Mosquitoes," had it been less journalistic and not been degraded by so promiscuous a use of clichés, would probably have come off, but as it is, it leaves one rather cold.

To the writer of "Invitation," I fear literature is little more than a drug, and his sonnet, if I may be permitted to be a little vulgar, appeared to me to be little more than a refined kerb-crawl.

My advice to our writers is to avoid rigidly the exploitation of stock emotions, and two books I strongly recommend are "Fiction and the Reading Public," by O. D. Leavis, and "Culture and Environment," by F. R. Leavis.

—By R.L.L.

(Committee's Note.—The Committee are not responsible for the above views. They invite readers to reply to the criticism.—R.G.)

* * *

TO A YOUNG MAN WHO IS IN LOVE

You say you are in love young man,
In love to-day,
And how your spirit rises
From your bones, unhindered, free
To find in all things dull or grey
Beauty, Light, and Ecstasy.
And in your heart you fondly think
'Tis She you love, who brings
Such power to your fledgling wings.
But I must counsel thee my friend
To search into your soul and see
'Tis Love herself you love, not She.
Yet do not smile in scorn young friend
But pity me; for I can find it in myself
To wish, that I might be
Young again, a fool like thee —by R.S.

* * *

LEGIONNAIRE

Slender and cool, Damaris,
Slender as English poplars, summer-green,
Cool as her grass to touch. . . .
I long for poplars here, Damaris—
English poplars, whisper-leaved, aloof,
And English grasses, wet with rain and spring-
ing;
Here, where the trees grow, twisted by the sun
And any grass seems bladed like the sword
I long for you, Damaris, of the cool grey eyes.
—by Sheila McKinnon.

SECRET

My heart keeps a secret with you.
There's a shadow that the pines cast on the
road,
Where the tall grasses wave against the blue.
There's a lulling drone of bees and a scent of
resin,
There's a wind, a sighing, soft and sweet as the
kindness in your eyes.
And there's a silence where the talking ripples
and dies.
My heart keeps a secret with you.
No one knows how dear a secret is,
Where shadows fall on grasses,
Whispering as the murmured talk
Fades and passes.

—By Barbara Dent.

* * *

THE LOVER

And still you hope with no cause left for hope,
And still you dream while a hundred shattered
such
Lie broken round your feet.
And still you kiss and cling and search beyond
the touch,
Into the soul's deep caverns.
And still you rise on high, dream-folded wings,
To clasp the stars amid a vast of holiness.

—By Barbara Dent.

* * *

SONNET

(From a Hill-Top)

The chilly, wintry wind blew all around
The summit of the hill; a lonely tree
Stood sentinel; to windward lay the sea,
White-flecked with foam, majestic, full in sound;

And far below, the dusty footpath wound
Its way, and upwards climbing ever free,
Past thicket, pine and fern, it came to be
The highway for the farmer and his hound.

To the east a straggling hamlet showed
That life was there: but Man's destructive
energy
The Maker's beauteous works by fence and road
Had spoiled.—Thus perish native bough and
tree—

O free and vigorous life! To thee is owed
By man and beast, all strength and liberty.
—By Rustica.

* * *

THOUGHTS AT TE WAIROA

While here I stroll beneath the poplar's shade,
By grassy bank and twining rivulet;
As on the soft and sandy bank I sit
To feed with bread such trout as may have
strayed

Into the feeding pool; the sights all fade,
And, nestled here, I see while visions flit,
A village where content is plainly writ,
Where peace and happiness the air pervade.
'Tis gone, and all that's left is mould'ring wood
And rusty iron, and crumbling stone; and now
The green grass grows where habitation stood.
Deep buried here they lie to tell in woe
The tale of Tarawera's might when he
Burst forth amain in awful majesty.

—By H. W. Manfred Downard.

* * *

LITERARY LEAVINGS FROM POETS' PUB

When two profs. dispute in public about how they feel and why, and what they would write about it, there is still some hope for the University. The "dynamic debate" between Professor Cooper and Professor Sewell on "Language, Thought and Feeling" provided a stimulating background against which students could wrangle about the same subject while they bit biscuits or syphoned coffee. The discussion between the two chief disputants, however, was more than compensation for the oddities of the supper. Professor Sewell maintained that words had a private as well as a public connotation, and that it was with the "private" values of a word, born of a host of personal associations, that the poet was concerned. His duty was to give unique expression to a unique experience. Thus the poet's work might be pregnant with meaning and a thoughtful interpretation of life, or devoid of thought and be pure emotion; but the thought was not the result of a rational process; it came from an instinctive realisation of what was right in the particular setting. Professor Cooper's exposition, probably through being unprepared, was not so forceful, and consisted chiefly of a dogmatic negation. His thesis was based largely on several choice examples from Greek tragedy, but Professor Sewell also acknowledged them to be choice—and grist for his mill.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF WILLIAM JONES

William Jones lies dreaming,
In a Paradise of silence, in a heavenly Nirvana,
In the street-lamp softly gleaming,
In a haze of beer he sprawls there, like the
skin of a banana.

He is lord of Greece and Tyre,
He is great and all obey him,
Damsels plucking on a lyre,
Soothing panegyrics play him.
Little gnomes in flimsy dresses,
Fly to do his slightest pleasure
And, with heads of silken tresses,
He may toy and play at leisure.
He is lord of Greece and Tyre,
As he lies there in the mire.
William Jones lies dreaming
In a glorious negation, in a bath of liquid butter,
With his purple face a-gleaming,
With his clothes awry and dirty, in the wet and
slimy gutter.

Gone are bosses, working hours,
He is Bacchus, Aphrodite,
With a wreath of scarlet flowers
And a costume like a nighty.
Faded lack of money, illness,
Days he's spent within the cooler,
In his land of peace and stillness,
He is sovereign lord and ruler.
Gone are bosses, working hours,
All the world before him cowers.
William Jones lies dreaming,
In a flood of gentle twilight, with a million
sprites to guide him,
In a land with pleasures teeming,
In an everlasting smoke-oh, with his empties
tossed beside him,
While he snores there, tanked completely,
All the nations humbly bow,
Honour William Jones so meekly,
English, Russian, French and Chow.
With a single cry, they've crowned him,
'He is God,' they all have said,
See! the beery mist around him
Forms a halo o'er his head.
As he snores there tanked completely,
Angel choirs praise him sweetly.

* * *

THE ARCH MISOGYNIST

Architect Kelly boasted of his misogynist intentions and Mr. Chapman with lifted eye-brows murmured something about "the little girl you were with in the passage just now." Architect Kelly is a super-super-misogynist. He said, "Well, I just wanted to see if I could stand up to the strain." The parties concerned asked that their names should be repressed, and the Editor, hastily drinking the beer put forward as a bribe, decided that this should be done!

* * *

ON HIS ALTARS

God must love the flowers on His altars.
Within a thousand churches dimly vaulted,
They gleam in purity. Day and night
With Him they keep communion. And within
their petals
In unearthly delicacy gleams His light.
Tall and stately handmaidens, they stretch up-
wards,
Cool with their memories of woodland hours,
Of crystal dawns and showers.
There at His altar, God must love His flowers.
BARBARA DENT.

* * *

OXFORD GROUP

All those interested in Group activities are invited to get in touch with any member. A note in the rack addressed to Groufer will be assured of an answer.

The Group exists for the encouragement of those who feel its need.

Absolute love.
Absolute honesty.
Absolute purity,
Absolute unselfishness

is demanded.

We meet together to share our joys and our difficulties. With God's help we will overcome everything—we have no president or secretary. But we are an organisation—a group of life-changers intent upon following God.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

Come to practices on Monday evenings in the College Hall if you play anything that squeaks or saws, or drones or snores.

AND STUDENTS!

That Concert is coming—Watch Notice Boards!

SOCIAL

Have you noticed the unusual interest, that men of the college, have been taking in shop windows lately? Formerly we were dragged past the most provocative chapeaus, and the newest fashion displays, not even being allowed a last lingering look; but now all that is changed; and we are having difficulty in pushing our way through the dense crowd of window gazers. Is it because men are becoming effeminate? are anxious to know what colours are to be worn this season? are wondering what are the latest musical numbers at Lewis Eady's? No! The Marcus girls are in town. And have you seen their photographs!

Even the most serious-minded, sometimes have a little flutter, and this time girlish hearts were made glad by the long fluttering frocks they wore, and the lots of gold braid they saw, at the Government House Garden Party which was held recently. After all, it was rather a thrill, and everyone had a lovely time criticising everyone else's frock and drinking cider cup in the big marquees. Among those who rustled around were: Pat Shirtcliffe and June Hilary, who were two dainty little debs; Cecil Upton, Jocelyn Miller, Margaret Bartrum, Helen Coates, Vaarie McBride, Joan Duthie, Nancy Northcroft, Alison Milsom, Mary Grierson, Joan Hellaby and Jocelyn Hesketh.

'Varsity presented a bright and merry scene on the night of Freshers' Welcome. The committee worked hard to make the freshers feel at home and judging from the happy expressions registered all around it was not a case of "Love's Labour Lost." Who were the six cheery souls who used the cricket room for their headquarters? If noise means fun, they were certainly enjoying themselves. After the show, several parties congregated at the Victoria Cafe, and spent some pleasant hours engaged in mastication with interludes of song provided by one or two of 'Varsity's best crooners.

Midnight at Tournament Ball—Shona Paterson qualified for a latch-key. The occasion was marked by the opening of champagne bottles and congratulations pouring in from all quarters. It wasn't necessary to have an introduction, best wishes were pressed on the popular lass by friend and stranger alike.

Our sympathy goes out to Doug Kenrick, who had to leave Tournament when festivities were at their height. He seems to have made the most of what time he had, however. We hear from an interested observer that, for the first day after arriving home, he didn't know whether he was in Dunedin or Timbuctoo.

The Dressing-Gown Parade was up to standard this year, except for Lawrence Hogben, who appeared in the same old red silk. Eric Halstead made a striking picture in his coat of many colours, "Bronc" Brown in loud affair of scarlet, edged with black (not improved by the addition of a 'Varsity blazer), presented a complete contrast to Pat Blair, who was chastely garbed in grey.

We hear reports of an exceedingly hilarious dinner-party at the Clarendon Hotel, Christchurch. The participants were two of our brightest lasses, one of our delegates and a medical student from Dunedin, the popular possessor of a handy two-seater.

When is a wallflower not a wallflower? When she is dancing with a member of the Hongi Club,

Seen recently: Professor A. B. Fitt, Master of Arts of the University of New Zealand and Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Leipzig, taking tea and cakes with charming khaki-clad Cub Mistresses. The Professor has recently assumed the position of Chairman of the Metropolitan Scout Council.

Miss Pat Roberts picturing with Mr. Ron Jones at the Civic. And of all appropriate films it was "Hearts in Reunion." Pat, we are told, thought each quintuplet a little darling and very sweet—"just what the quintuplets would think of Pat," said a deep voice!

* * * *

READ ABOUT REID

At 2.15 a.m. the other morning we saw Producer John Reid bending low over the typewriter and crooning a lullaby about fresh-scaled fish. He told us it was merely the 22nd successive late night he had had—all caused by Revue and that cruel mistress, Fame.

We thought ahead a wee bit and couldn't help thinking of all that might happen. Ah, poor broken reed that he will be!

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO:—

A. P. Blair, for his election to the exalted position of Presidency of the N.Z.U.S.A.

A. W. Wylie, for bringing great credit on himself and his college by gaining the splendid distinction of a Shirtcliffe Travelling Scholarship.

G. L. Mather, for gaining a Carnegie Fellowship in Education.

And to the following Senior Scholars:—

Helen Coates, Tinline Scholarship.

E. R. Collins, Physics.

G. L. Hogben, Applied Maths. and Proxime Accessit in Pure Maths.

L. H. Milliner, Botany.

Marjory Penty, Architecture.

M. H. Vautier, Roman Law.

H. Williams, Contract and Torts.

And all the ladies.

* * * *

RESURRECTION OF ENGINEERING SOCIETY

After two and a-half years of inactivity, our Engineering Students have re-formed their Society and elected an active executive, as follows:—

President: Mr. McLaren.

Student Chairman: Mr. Bell.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. Monckton.

Committee: Messrs. Fancourt, Chitty, Davidson, Scherer.

Under the direction of the Society it is hoped to have a Dinner, Dance, Student Lectures, and lectures by outside engineers.

A well-attended meeting endorsed the proposals and implied support for the suggested functions.

* * * *

GOLF TOURNAMENT

All interested in golf are invited to attend the first meeting of the Golf Club on Tuesday, 20th April, at 8 p.m. There is to be a two-day tournament at Maungakiekie in the May vacation, on 20th and 21st May. Be in!

* * * *

COMMERCE COFFEE EVENING

30th APRIL.

NOVELTIES :: MONTE CARLO

Brazilian Beer (specially matured) will be supplied from rare old stock. Price 6d.

CRICKET

It has been a long-standing custom to elect Mr. A. M. Matheson to the senior captaincy of the club, and Mr. Butler, our new captain had not proceeded very far before he discovered, perhaps for the first time what creatures of habit we all are, especially members of the 'Varsity Cricket Club.

Mr. Butler incidentally was regarded as rather fortunate to smuggle into the First XI. after poor form last season, but evidently of the opinion that we had not seen him at his best, he chose to give himself the opportunity to make amends. We are pleased to record that results have fully substantiated his contention.

The Senior side has not departed from precedent in exhibiting the usual erratic form. After a brilliant victory over the champions, North Shore, in the one-day game (which seems to have died a natural death—did it lead too fast a life?), they proceed to lose six wickets for 38.

Against a poor bowling side in Eden, only to stage a brilliant comeback on the second day and finish within a dozen runs of their opponents' total. The big four or five, as it is now once again, managed to maintain club averages comparable with the best in Auckland and youthful ambition or what youthful ambition there was left in the other six, complementary members of the side, was once again effectively stifled. Such is 'Varsity cricket.

Season's Highlights:

Bill Lange's brilliant century in the one-day game just clinched on time; Ron Busin's two rush jobs—105 and 109—made in his usual lusty fashion; Butler, 5 for 21 against Ponsonby, first round; Noel Dixon, a careful century in the Senior B one-day game; brilliant fielding by J. C. Jessup, also on the same day, and Bell's throw-in against Ponsonby at Shore, in the second round game. 'Varsity Reps., Matheson and Garrard, figuring in three century partnerships and pulling the Plunket Shield game out of the fire against Wellington.

We condole with "Skipper" Matheson on his non-inclusion in the side for England and feel sure that, but for Tom Lowry's soft corns, he would most certainly have been making the trip.

We would like to thank Mr. Harding for the great job he has done on the practice wickets throughout the season, and will now ask him to take the smile off his face and step up for the honorarium which has been so well earned.

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PRESS CONFERENCE

Momentous decisions were made at the first annual meeting of the Press Bureau (N.Z.U.), held at C.U.C. during Easter. That qualified representatives from each of the four University papers should be given full delegate privileges at Tournament was probably the most important motion passed. The Conference was attended by representatives from each of the four papers. Those present were:—

Messrs. D. Kennedy, W. Meade, and S. Burnett (Otago); F. N. Stace, N. Buchanan, and H. Baigent (Canterbury); E. Halstead and Gascoigne (Auckland); and Ames (Victoria).

The meeting opened with reports from each paper as to form, finance and circulation, etc. Then it was decided that exchange editors at each college should interchange interesting stories and news, as well as blocks and copies.

Then followed an indignant outburst at the way reporters were treated at Tournament this year—and Auckland immediately promised privileges next year for reporters from the southern colleges.

It was also decided that the N.Z.U. Press Conference recommended to the N.Z.U.S.A. that it favours the formation of a national student magazine running parallel to the independent college papers, and that it recommend the formation by the N.Z.U.S.A. of a sub-committee to fully investigate the situation in conjunction with the sub-committee of the Press Bureau.

The final motion before the meeting adjourned for refreshment was that this meeting take the initial step in the formation of a Press Bureau (N.Z.U.), and that Messrs. Baigent, Stace, Buchanan, with corresponding members in A.U.C., V.U.C., and O.U. be appointed a committee to investigate and draft details of organisation and constitution, the final ratification to be made as soon as possible by the Publishing Authorities of the four colleges.

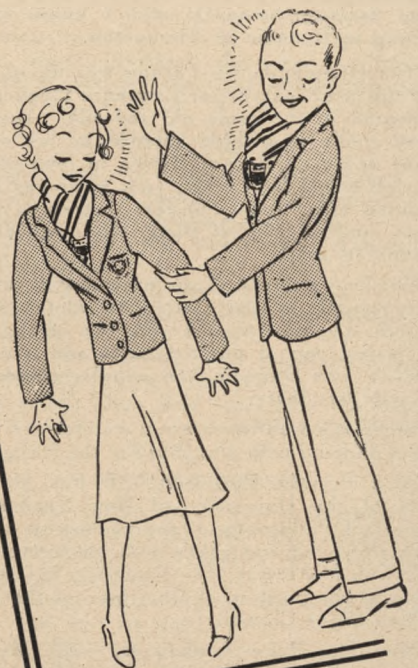
* * * *

"Nonchalance in men's clothes can be overdone."—Women's Weekly. Perhaps the rejected suitors who complain to Aunt Alice would not have been rejected if they had pressed their suits more assiduously.

Have You
Won a
'Varsity
Blue?

Then Wear the Scarf
You're entitled to

And purchase it, with all your other 'Varsity needs, at George Court's, of Karangahape Road, the Store for all official 'Varsity wear.



GEORGE COURTS
KARANGAHAPE ROAD - - - AUCKLAND.

PEARLS AND PEBBLES

By CALIBAN

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF ENTERS HELL

Hell's cannon blare with infernal drumming,
(Boom, bang, crackle, blare the guns of Hell.)
Down to his home Basil Zaharoff is coming,
Dainty nose a-sniffing at the brimstone's smell.
Followed by his regiment, the peer advances,
Soldiers and civilians, more than tongue can tell,
Maimed and blind behind him all his army dances.
(Boom, bang, crackle, blare the guns of Hell.)

Armless men and headless men and men without faces,
Legless men and trunkless men and here and there a lad,
Men with hands all ribboned clutched to gaping places,
Men who've died in mustard gas, and men gone mad.
Women, too, in thousands with their brows distorted,
(See their leader's bosom with his triumph swell),
Weary women, dreary women, maids with whom men sported.
(Hear the joyous thunder of the guns of Hell.)

Clutched to his breast are his cashless bags.
(Bang, rattle, rattle,
Hear the tittle-tattle)
Proudly he stalks in his blood-splashed rags.
(Bang, crash, clatter,
Hear the bullets patter)
Glory! What a sight to see Zaharoff watered
By the soft-splashing blood of the millions slaughtered.
Look! His hands are wet with the red stuff flowing.
Cheer, for Sir Basil to his Lord is going!

Crash, clang, clatter,
That's the only glory.
Boom, bang, rattle,
See, his face is gory.
Long live Sir Basil both in song and in story,
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Friend and foe together, sunken all that mattered,
Follow on their slayer in the ranks of death,

Not a single murmur 'neath their banner tattered,
Gone is all remembrance with their last, long breath.
Zaharoff unheeding, with his beard a-streaming,
Marches through the fires and the coals red-gleaming.

Hear the demons roar,
"Hail the prince of war!"
"Praise to him who made
Murdering a tradel"
Tremble, ye devils, seek the lowest regions,
Zaharoff comes to the bottomless well,
Murderer of millions, with his broken legions.
(Boom, bang, crackle, blare the guns of Hell.)

Satan, resplendent, at this glorious meeting,
Rises from the furnace where he sits alone,
Spreads his splendid arms in an ecstasy of greeting,
Motioning Sir Basil to his snake-coiled throne.
"The tide of peace, my princeling, thou hast truly turned it."
(Hear the songs of glory from the demons well.)
"Sit beside me, brother. Thou hast surely earned it!"
(Boom, bang, crackle, blare the guns of Hell.)

* * * *

A.U.C. DRAMATIC CLUB

The tradition of high-class dramatic presentation associated with the name of Oxford and the great English universities finds a humble but still active expression in the A.U.C. Dramatic Club. The chief production of the Club this year will be "Hamlet," which, produced by Professor Sewell, it is hoped will prove at least as great a success as last year's "Macbeth."

Among other activities this year, the Club will present readings of Congreve's "Way of the World" and Shaw's "Heartbreak House." Freshers and all others interested in stage work are cordially invited to take active part in these productions. The appeal of the Dramatic Club is a wide one, and the committee feels that an interest in its work will be of considerable profit to students.

The initial presentation for the year will be given in the College Hall towards the end of April and will comprise two one-act plays—Maeterlinck's "Intruder" and W. S. Gilbert's "Rosencratz and Guildenstern."

HO, HO, HOGBEN!

The following brilliant conversation occurred one day last week when a well-known College figure (whose name we decided to suppress) was doing a line (as a dentist) with one of our "bright young things." (Have we really got them at A.U.C.? Ed.):

"Knock, knock!"
"Who's there?"
"Hogben!" said the strange gaunt genius of A.U.C.
"Hogben who?" said bright young thing.
"Hogben wide dem pearly gates, two, three! Yes, No?" (This, of course, is a subtle Italian invitation to play dentists in Albert Park at midnight! Hotcha, what?)

* * *

EXHORTATION TO ELOQUENCE

The Debating Club is seeking new blood. Come along and get yours tested. Everybody is invited to participate—those who have never spoken previously, those experienced in debating technique, and, above all, an audience from which to draw inspiration.

Suggestions regarding subjects and discussions will be welcomed, because our aim is to make Debating more truly attractive to those who fear to hear their own voices. You give vent to your emotions and ideas in the Common Room and particularly in the Vestibule, where the Professorial Board strictly (?) enjoins silence. Why not speak under ideal conditions? You can, and we want you to try.

Help a Club determined to make itself felt in College life, where student thought is allowed ample expression and student speakers opportunity to develop oratorically.

On Wednesday, 7th, our juniors put on an excellent show. The standard was high, especially when versatile Marie Best beat Jack Goodwin for first place.

Keep these dates in mind:

April 21st—"University or Night School."

April 28th—"That the decline in the birth-rate is due to fear of War."

May 5th—Impromptu Speeches.

HAYDON T. GEORGE,

Student Chairman.

**FOOTBALL CLUBS
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AUNT ALICE'S CORNER

Dear Aunt Alice,

Your advice to "Eve" has got me into a terrible mess. I was unfortunate enough to drop all my books in the corridor to-day, and immediately a boy made a dive to pick them up. I felt terrible when he began to get fresh with me, and asked me if he could take me home in his car. And he has such a dreadful reputation. I was really most embarrassed, because he wouldn't take no for an answer. However, I managed to slip out of the window of the Women's Common Room and got away before he saw me. But I am dreading the next time I see him. Oh, Aunt Alice, what shall I do? Please help me.

Yours tearfully,

Sob-Sister.

Answer:—After giving your query careful thought, I think I can find a way out for you. Accept his next invitation, but before meeting him have a heavy meal of spring onions and garlic, which I confidently predict will cure him for ever, or at least keep him at a respectable distance all night. And, by the way, just how did you get down from that window?

Aunt Alice.

Correspondence arising out of "Eve's" letter is now closed.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

I want to ask your advice on something which means a great deal to me. I am a poet, and my family is very unsympathetic. When the glory of a sunset calls to the depths within me, and I quote the Immortals, my brother asks brutally: "Feeling better now?"

Dear Aunt Alice, last night I read through all my poems (I call them my soul-children) and decided to send to you for criticism the following, which I consider to be the most inspired expression of my feelings. Will you tell me frankly if I should continue?

"Ah, Love, Love, Love!

I pant and sigh for thee.

Come, take thy bow

And aim a shaft at me.

I cannot eat—

My appetite is gone!

I yearn for love

Before my life is done."

And oh! Aunt Alice, please tell me, where was Moses when the light went out? I've always wanted to know, but I was shy of asking, because he chose such queer places to be in. You know, bulrushes and things.

Yours affectionately,

"A Violet by a Mossy Stone."

Answer:—Far be it from me to curb your girlish enthusiasm, but I cannot help feeling that you should wait and let the lava of your volcanic nature cool to the hard basalt of experience. Then when wisdom and maturity have come to mellow the leaping flames of your genius, perhaps you can take up the pen again. In other words, Violet, if that poem really expresses the way you are feeling, go and see a doctor.

As regards Moses, I trust I have always held myself apart from low humour, and if you really want the truth you had better ask Mr. O'Shea, who is the most likely man I know.

Aunt Alice.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

I arranged to go to the Labour Club dance with a girl, but she turned me down at the last minute, and now I have to find someone else. The other evening I met a very nice girl and in fact went over pretty big. The trouble is I do not know her address. How can I find it, Aunt Alice?

Jimmie W.

Answer:—Just ask at the College Office. You will find the staff there most sympathetic—in fact, they may become embarrassingly so—and they should fix you up. If all else fails, try Miss Bourne.

Aunt Alice.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice,

My father is a Presbyterian Minister and I have been subjected to a very pious upbringing. It is my intention to join either the E.U. or the S.C.M., but I must confess that I find it extremely difficult to choose between them. You understand that I must be most solicitous as regards my spiritual welfare.

McGorin.

Answer:—You must understand that I am strictly neutral and will endeavour to set out the relative merits of the societies concerned

as dispassionately as possible. In the first place, the E.U. believe in the "literal inerrancy" of the Bible; that is, it is all O.K. except for printer's errors. The S.C.M., however, try to explain a lot of it away and hold out for the seven deadly sins instead. (The Hongi Club just practice them and don't believe in anything at all.) As far as the library is concerned, the E.U. go in for heavy anti-Darwinism, the S.C.M. pin their faith to paperbacks, while I may also mention that the Catholic Club go in for a lighter style altogether. In fact, parts of their encyclopaedia are positively frothy. The E.U. are perhaps the more active socially and their banquet is one of the functions of the year, while I am informed that their poker school was one of the bright spots of the tournament team's trip to Wellington. This again is offset by the superior charms of Miss Morton-Smith, as President of the S.C.M. So you see it is a hard choice and largely depends on your personal tastes in the matter of entertainment.

Aunt Alice.

* * * *

TRAMPING CLUB

The annual general meeting of the Tramping Club is to be held on Thursday, April 22nd, in Room 37, at 8 p.m. Unfortunately, for several years there has been a lack of interest in the club, and it has been threatened with extinction. But there seems to be no reason why this state of affairs should be allowed to continue—a brisk and vigorous programme, aided by some measure of public support, should make it possible to build up an energetic and flourishing club of which the A.U.C. should have every reason to feel proud.

We urge, therefore, all those who would like to take up tramping, and all those who cannot decide with which sports societies of the university they would like to be associated, to make sure to attend the general meeting on April 22nd. Your support is needed, and your suggestions are needed. If we have an enthusiastic membership and an enterprising committee, the revitalisation of the Tramping Club will be an accomplished fact.

* * * *

A.U.C. FIELD CLUB

If the fame of the Field Club activities has not yet reached you, we now welcome any students interested in Natural History, to join with us in making 1937 a more memorable year than ever as far as this club is concerned.

Profusely illustrated lectures are given throughout the session by well-known Auckland scientists or by visitors of note who happen to be in the city. Informal discussions follow each lecture and the famous Field Club suppers.

On Wednesday afternoons, excursions are made to some of Auckland's finest gardens and to other spots of scientific interest in and about the city. Day excursions are held from time to time, these usually including a launch trip to one of the islands of the Gulf, or a motor trip to some part of the Ranges.

Perhaps the most popular of the club's activities are the camps. These include week-end camps, a weeks camp in the first week of the May vacation and a more ambitious trip after degree, when we endeavour to recuperate after the great ordeal and forget all our troubles (if only for a week).

Watch the notice boards for announcements re lectures and excursions and then come along. You will not be disappointed.

* * * *

SUCCESSFUL ANNUAL MEETING OF HONGI CLUB

Two and a-half hours of ordered method resulted in the election of the 1936-37 Hongi Executive. Important decisions were reached about the future policy of the Club and one and all can count on the Club for a fair number of laughs from now on!

Officers are:—

Patron: Brain Rudman.

President: Bruce Orchiston.

Vice-President: Jack Alexander.

Secretary: Darcy Walker.

Treasurer: Jack Fairbrother.

Auditor: Bill Macky.

Committee: Bob Wallace, Eric Halstead, Doug. Kenrick, Jim Takle.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

DR. T. Z. KOO,

Eminent Chinese Scholar,

General Meeting, College Hall, Tuesday, May 4th, at 8 p.m.

Meeting and Tea, Sunday, May 9th, at 4.30 p.m.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE GRADUATION CEREMONY

Dear Sir,

Next month brings with it the most important event of the University year, which is the Graduation Ceremony. The question was raised last year, whether there was any particular reason why the citizens of Auckland had not been more generous in the past in endowing this College with bequests. I venture to suggest that the answer lies in the fact that this College, by its public behaviour, does not inspire any feelings of civic pride. The Procession in the Town Hall of the Professorial Board, the Convocation, and the Graduates were dignified and worthy of the occasion. This early impression, however, was completely vitiated by the activities of the Hongi Club. No doubt this club may claim that the mantle of the motley, cap, and bells has descended upon its shoulders from the Court Jesters of the ancient Saxon Kings, but the "keeping of fools" is no longer considered part of the modern panoply of royal dignity. In your paper, the Hongi Club claims to be "the only institution in this Varsity which brings members of all the Faculties together in the interests of the Varsity." Furthermore, that "it has the spirit and the good of the College at heart." If these claims are to be substantiated, let them prove them by concentrating their activities in spheres other than those of the Graduation Ceremony itself. One more quotation, "our ideal is to have every student a member of the club." Since they are so far from realizing their ideal, by what right do they inflict their conceptions of humour on a defenceless public? It is only just that a referendum of all students should be taken on such questions before any club arrogates for itself so much undelegated authority.

I make a strong appeal to all students to cultivate the impression that this College is building up traditions of scholarly dignity, and to be proud of the fact that they are privileged to be members of such an institution, which in turn should become the greatest source of civic pride to Aucklanders.

C. P. HUTCHINSON.

SWIMMING

Dear Sir,

With regard to the very poor exhibition given by the A.U.C. swimmers at the recent tournament, I am certain that there must be a remedy for the unfortunate state of affairs which exists.

In the past few years very little encouragement has been given A.U.C. swimmers. There are apparently no facilities for organised training. Admittedly there is a Varsity club night at the baths, but what does that mean—a gathering of two or three unfortunates who discuss the weather and have an idle swim around the baths. There is no mention of organised racing, no competition of any kind is conducted, and no coaching is available—apart from that which individual members are able to arrange for themselves.

What we would like to see would be an effort on the part of the committee to provide the services of a coach on club nights. An exorbitant fee for such services should not be necessary, and the coaching would be invaluable in giving us better chances of getting somewhere next tournament. Also, is it not possible to arrange swimming for points prizes, etc. Anything to stimulate interest and to keep that interest alive until 1938, when I hope that we will be able to gain more points in swimming than at least one of the other three colleges.

Yours, etc.,

HOPEFUL.

ARCHITECTS AND POULTRY CLASS

Sir,

The committees of certain College clubs are curious to comprehend the basis on which the architects have calculated the cost of the colour work they are occasionally commissioned to execute. We do not doubt that their drawings are not dear at the price of four shillings a piece. They are well worth it, for the white walls of our buildings could bear brightening a bit. It is possible, however, that our guineas will not go so far and that the executive will be forced to increase the levy, or the clubs cease to advertise. The architects may then observe a unique biological metamorphosis; having done in the goose that laid the golden egg, they will find only an ugly duckling avowing Douglas Credit ideas.

Yours, etc.,

"NONEN."

SHOOTING

The Editor,
Canta, etc.

Sir,—In view of the alteration in the results of the Haslam Shield contest, I have been instructed by the N.Z.U. Tournament Committee to make the following statement.

Owing to a certain ambiguity in the wording of the rules the Otago University Defence Rifle Club held that unless a man was actually among the first eight of the twelve men firing for the contest, he was not included in the team, and since only the eight highest scores were counted, that he did not represent in Tournament. O.U. granted no Tournament privileges to the four lowest scorers, who were further not eligible for O.U. Blues.

E. Willoughby, one of the eight top scorers of O.U.'s 1937 team, had fired in five previous contests, but in 1936 had not been in the first eight. The O.U. delegates therefore considered that he had not represented his college in five Tournaments (the limit allowed by the rules) and that he was consequently eligible for 1937. The N.Z.U. Tournament Committee, however, was unable to come to an agreement as to the

correct interpretation of the rules, and decided to call in as adjudicator, Mr. E. C. Levvey, S.M., of Christchurch, and to abide by his decision. Mr. Levvey ruled that the twelve men constituted the team, and there was no course open to the Committee other than to disqualify Willoughby, and substitute in O.U.'s team their ninth highest scorer. This alteration resulted in V.U.C.'s winning the Haslam Shield, with C.U.C. second and O.U. third.

RUTH W. COLLINS,
Hon. Sec., N.Z.U.T.C.

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REID AND THE RED FLAG

Dear Sir,—

Mr. Reid surely deserves the warm thanks of all who wear shirts of the true-blue variety. Using the forthcoming Revue as the vehicle for his death-dealing blows, Friend John (not to be confused with his prototype who walks a more friendly road) will, in a five-night crusade against the Red Terror, entirely demolish all socialist thought, and quite put out of countenance the paid followers of the Jewish oligarchy of Communistic Russia.

Acting on the principle that ridicule will kill anything in this go-ahead and national twentieth century, Mr. Reid will at once accomplish his worthy purpose and save himself the tiresome drudgery of independent thought, by confining his methods of attack to subtle shafts of whimsical humour aimed right at the heart of the clay feet of that unstable machine of social progress and intellectual enlightenment.

We offer for the delectation of our readers such a pearl of philosophical antagonism as:

"Now let us hie away

To sing the Red Flag and read the works of Marx
And live in dirt, illusion, and content."

Isn't it just lovely?

In the 1938 Revue, Signor Reid hopes to accomplish even more, and by Graduation Day, 1939, confidently expects to have forced the Labour Party to rescind Magna Carta, and to have persuaded all trade unions to accept feudalism. John, I am certain the entire A.U.C. hotbed will join with me in giving three hearty British cheers for your anticipated success.

Yours, etc.,

PAX VOBISCUM

:: Patriots Competition ::

Easy Money Cash Prizes

CAN YOU RIVAL MRS. DIONNE?

NO—But you can do big things in other ways !!

STUDENTS—The procession and the Carnival Committee offer you **THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY** to make easy money in your spare time.

READ THIS: It is urgently necessary to advertise our Procession and the Capping Play: To convince Aucklanders that these events are major functions in this city. And so:

- (1) We offer cash prizes of 15/- and 5/- for the following competition:
- (2) Every student of A.U.C. is eligible and if more than 40 lists of 20 names each are submitted the prizes will be by lot. For the person with the greatest number of names there will be a prize of considerable value.
- (3) Each candidate will keep a list of names **and addresses** of people from whom he or she extorts a promise to attend one or both of the said functions. The list must be lodged together with 3d. (in cash or stamps) with me before May 6th, 1937.
- (4) Each list will be inspected and any "faking" will disqualify.

An appeal is made to every member of the College to tell at least 20 people about the Procession and the Carnival Programme. In this way we hope to help the King George V. Memorial Health Camp Fund on Procession Day—May 6th; and ourselves on the Play Days—May 7, 8, 10, 11, 12th.

Prizes will be drawn at the "Procesh Coffee Evening"—May 6th.

I LEAVE THE MATTER TO YOU

B. E. ORCHISTON, Publicity Manager.

PUTS THE PUNCH BACK INTO YOU



THE SUNSHINE
VITAMIN

THE LIFE-GIVING
VITAMIN B



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



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



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

Vitamins in soluble
form added under
our exclusive and
patented process.

Vita Stout has extra vitamins added to give you punch. Builds boyhood and biceps and dispels dyspepsia. It's a miracle of mingled hops, barley-malt and yeast, plus the extra vitamins. If you're floored by late nights, if you've taken to mustard plasters . . . if, in short, you're going the way of all flesh—or if you just want a good drink—try Vita Stout!



VITA+STOUT
THE NEW TONIC BEVERAGE

MAKES THE OLD YOUNG AND THE YOUNG YOUNGER