

VOL I., No. 4

MONDAY, MAY 3rd, 1937.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

In supporting her argument that A.U.C. is only a night-school, Miss Johnston stated that many people went through the College just like the cleaner. Picking up dirt?

When urged to wear a hat, Prof. Cooper said his hair was a good cover. And, of course, it's not so easy to talk through it.

"For dancing, Auckland holds the palm."—N.B. Not just the finger-tips.

"Even in the poorer schools there are no rags nowadays," boasts a Labour M.P. Thank heaven even the poorer colleges still have a few.

"General Smuts"; the name given to the black races of Africa.

Loud-speakers will be used for revue again this year. Last year we had two just behind us.

Weather experts are not yet certain whether we've had our summer or whether it was some warm weather left over from last year.

A woman student complains that her steady is very good to her, but has a bath only once a fortnight. A white man, but not very.

"There is a great deal of impurity in the air," states a scientist. Yes, but only the dirty-minded tune into it.

No one would have described our tournament reps. as Scarlet Women. However, after reading about themselves in "Craccum" many of them became a trifle pink.

We read that yawning is conducive to good looks. It's a pity our lectures are so enthralling.

"Side-cars have never been popular. Most girls prefer to stick to the pillion." We don't blame them when the roads are so hard.

At a recent debate it was disclosed that two of the opposing speakers had been meeting at little-frequented exhibitions of obscure Oriental art. This seems to be connected with the lady's subsequent avowal of her desire to join issue with her opponent.

"There is much to be said for our Auckland weather." Yes, but it would be banned.

Our editor remarks that we are good losers. So we ought to be with all the practice we've had.

The answer to "Who was responsible for Women's Vice?" is Professor Bartrum.

Theatre-owners complain of the bad manners of patrons who come late. The Dramatic Club feels this is nothing to the unpardonable conduct of those who don't come at all.

Definition of a gentleman—One who can play the saxophone and—doesn't.

From the back of the library we can see the unfortunate inmates of Mount Pleasant propped up on their pillars. Like patients on a monument?

Hongis claim that they preserve the University spirit. It's usually a case of the spirit preserving them.

"Can I tell when a girl's interested in me?" asks a reader. You could, but no really nice boy ever should.

A woman student wants to know if dieting improves the figure. Corset does.

What's to prevent the average woman smoking if she wants to? The average man's lack of cigarettes.

And Dr. Neil Macfarlane—eminent authority on children's complaints?—was heard to murmur, "Cigarette pity they lack'm."

Mr. Skyrme has reported that several shadowy figures have been seen round the Women's Common Room at nights lately. Perhaps this is the University "spirit" we hear so much about.

When urged to join the Training College Corps, Mr. Gunson pleaded that he was only the great-great-great-grandson of a Gun.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE AFTER PROCESSION COFFEE EVENING THURSDAY, MAY 6th

MASQUERADE BALL

Pre-announcement of a great and epoch-making idea. REMEMBER Saturday, June 19th.—Fancy Dress Optional. Masks Provided.

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

Editor: ERIC H. HALSTEAD.
Sub-Editors: A. OWEN WOODHOUSE,
W. J. B. OWEN.
Secretary: MISS CORINNE HALL.
Chief Reporter: SYD. C. GASCOIGNE.
Exchange Editor: MISS JOAN FLEMING.

MONDAY, MAY 3rd, 1937.

CARNIVAL WEEK

This year A.U.C. will bring to the eyes and ears of Auckland the greatest expression of student enthusiasm experienced in this city for many a long year. Capping comes but once a year, and this year's graduands are going to have a whole week of celebration. "Craccum" extends the heartiest of congratulations to those who are to be capped. Capping is truly a time of rejoicing. It is the culmination of a period of earnest study and steady achievement. We trust the graduands will experience the proud thrill and happy satisfaction of the graduation ceremony.

Producer Johnny Reid is hard at work on his Revue, which opens on May 7th. It is well up to standard, and although not as spectacular as those of the last decade, for pure undiluted wit and intelligent amusement, it far surpasses them. Halstead, Mair, Orch, and their "processers" are hard at it producing the greatest spectacle of the century—the 1937 Olympiad. The King George V. Memorial Health Camp Fund is the good cause. Another feature of carnival is a special attraction offered by the Hongi Club. This year the graduation ceremony will be preceded by a "Mock Capping Ceremony," and President Orchiston promises a real surprise.

DIGNITY

Certain students have been expressing themselves both in debate and in the correspondence columns, rather strongly on the subject of scholarly dignity. Unfortunately, their expression has degenerated into an attack upon the Hongi Club.

Our University is a source of civic pride to most Aucklanders, and the Hongi Club has helped more than any other institution to bring Aucklanders to realize that there is a fine body of enthusiastic students in this city. Our own college authorities have never had occasion to complain of the activities of the club, and whenever asked to assist them they have always been only too willing to oblige.

While "Craccum" wishes to be impartial, it does not like to see destructive criticism which, under the cloak of an appeal for dignity, is nothing more than an attack on worthy activities from which they hold aloof. If they have some better ideas, let them join the Club and by so doing, improve it. If they don't like the Hongis on personal grounds, let them start a new club. The more inter-faculty groups in this College, the greater will be the contribution to student life.

The Graduation Ceremony does not lack dignity. While Hongi activities in some years have been rather feeble and unworthy, it would break a popular tradition to eliminate them. That their participation is popular is proved by the fact that the only people to criticize their activities have been a handful of students. "Craccum" admits that they were "weak" last year, but it reserves its opinion until after this year's capping ceremony. The Hongis say that they have something good and quite in keeping with our University traditions.

We must remember that ours is not an English University, nor is it an American University. It is a New Zealand University, and we must build up our own traditions. Our student life must not be judged by overseas students. Our outlook is different. We proudly state that we do not need to look back at the dim, dusty and dead past for standards. We look forward to the glorious future, hoping that our successors will have fuller student lives.

THE MUSIC CLUB

It has seemed to "Craccum" for some time past that a word of congratulation and praise should be extended to the Music Club. Although a mere youngster among some of the older clubs affiliated to the A.U.C. Students' Association, it functions with an assurance, and a spirit that must in the end reflect great credit upon this College.

It has a membership of about one hundred and fifty persons, and Wednesday after Wednesday the Hall resounds to the vocal enthusiasm of practically every one of those members. And it is indeed significant that this club, of all the others, has attracted many persons who otherwise would be completely outside the activities of the Students' Association.

With the Music Club, one naturally associates its President and Leader. The guiding hand and sustained enthusiasm of Professor Hollinrake has given to the Club, from its inception, a freshness and a vitality that has gained the quiet approval of the whole College. Recently the Carnegie Trust presented an electric gramophone and nine hundred records to the club, and for several weeks a daily recital of these recordings has been given in the Hall. Professor Hollinrake was the guiding genius behind the introduction of this series of recitals, and he is sufficiently enthusiastic to personally conduct each one.

We have no hesitation in extending to the Music Club and to Professor Hollinrake himself, the appreciation of "Craccum" (and, indeed, we feel sure the whole College will join with us) for the tradition which they are slowly building up of the great and lively interest the College has in musical activities.

COMING EVENTS

- May 3.—Mon.: Engineering soc.
- May 4.—Tues.: Dr. T. Z. Koo's address in the Hall, 8 p.m.
- May 5.—Wed.: Dress rehearsal of Revue. Debating Club Impromptu Speeches.
- May 6.—Thurs.: Procession. Coffee Evening run by Social Committee.
- May 7.—Fri.: Revue.
- May 8.—Sat.: Revue.
- May 9.—Sun.: S.C.M. Tea—Dr. Koo on "The World Community."
- May 10.—Mon.: Revue.
- May 11.—Tues.: Revue.
- May 12.—Wed.: Revue.
- May 13.—Thurs.: Free. Take heart.
- May 14.—Fri.: Graduation Ceremony. Graduation Ball.

END OF TERM—and praise the Lord!

IMPROMPTU SPEECHES

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5th

The Debating Club cordially invites you all to participate. Leave a note for the Secretary.

DR. KOO OF CHINA

TUESDAY, MAY 4th, 8 p.m., College Hall

"Christ Speaks to the Modern Man"

SUNDAY, MAY 9th, 4.30 p.m.

Women's Common Room
"The World Community"

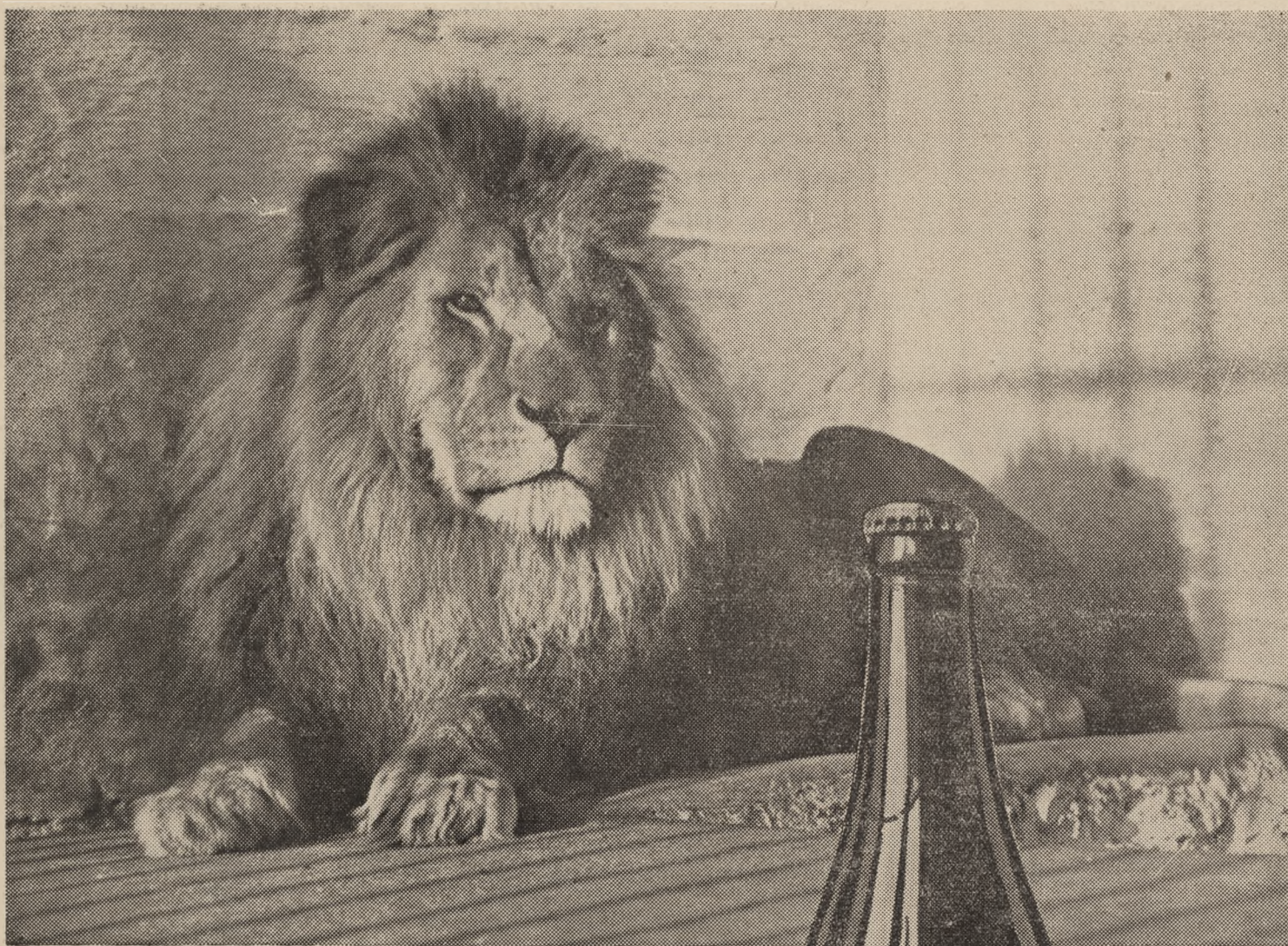
GRAD. BALL

The A.U.C. Graduation Ball will be held in the College Hall and Library on May 14, 1937 (Friday) from 10 p.m. till 3 a.m. Any ball held after that time is definitely unofficial and not recognized by the College Council.

The Graduation Ball Committee comprising Mr. Roche O'Shea (Chairman), Miss Shona Patterson, Miss M. Bartrum, Messrs. Pat. Blair, Bruce Orchiston, Jack Fairbrother, Postlewaite, and W. Maurice Brown (Sec.) have arrangements well in hand and the ball should be better than ever.

All University students (past and present) will be able to secure tickets (7/6 double, 5/- single) at the College. Invitations will also be issued. Anyone desiring extra invitations for friends, etc., should apply to the Secretary or to Miss Patterson and Mr. Orchiston.

Remember Friday, 14th May — Graduation Ball—the Ball of the Year.



All Joking Aside

We could write mightily about the Capping Ceremony that is conducted daily out at our Bottling Store when the crown caps are whipped on to the bottle battalions—but—

All joking aside—

Just a line to advise you that "LION" is still the best of brews, and that there's enough for all.



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CARNIVAL WEEK

VARSITY HIGH-LIGHTS SPILL THE BEANS
Our Special Sleuth Reports

President Blair was in the Exec. Room. Escape was impossible so he took several puffs on a pipe and gave us his ear.

"Mr. Blair," we asked, "divulge the doings; let us in on the latest." Mr. Blair got off the end of his pipe and straightened the old school tie.

"Well, as a matter of fact, most of my time since tournament has been taken up with correspondence with our delegate in Christchurch." (We wish to record that Mr. Blair did not blush). "But I believe that this year will see a bigger, better and brighter carnival." Apart from that pregnant statement, Mr. Blair was as usual non-committal and preferred to consult his legal associate before making a further statement. But we were adamant, we persisted.

"What part are you playing in the Procession, Mr. Blair?" The President went into conference, then quietly informed us that he is to be the official censor. Thereupon we asked that with due regard to public modesty could Mr. Blair permit the inclusion of the Domain Statue in the Procession. He assured us that he personally was superintending the construction and erection of a fig leaf for same.

Continuing our search for information, we descended into the underworld. We pocketed our dignity and scoured the haunts of Secretary Orchiston.

After the first round we shyly popped the question: "What do you think of the carnival week?" Mr. Orchiston took a deep breath: "The . . . best scheme yet. The Hongis are bearing up well. B'gad, if all the boys are in boots and all we'll put on the best show in years. Be in boy! Got any ideas for the mock Grad. ceremony?"

It was then and then only that we got in a word. "What do you think of the idea of having an organised capping week?"

"Oh, that! Been done elsewhere for centuries. But I'm glad to see something in that line here—ought to be permanent—celebrate all the year round, y'know! Be in boy! By the way, have you heard the latest about the Sultan and his girl friend —?"

We gave it up and returned to higher levels. We tracked down Producer Reid, the man behind the Revue, as he was sobbing quietly in the tower. On our entry Mr. Reid hid his black shirt behind the bookcase and donned his disguise of a red tie, while Mr. Reid's "Secretary" commenced to type. At this stage we must admit that we found it more conducive to a bright and happy outlook on life to focus our gaze on Mr. Reid's "Secretary" than on Mr. Reid.

We suggested that perhaps if we took Mr. Reid's "Secretary" out for the evening we might glean, amongst other things, some information on the Revue. Mr. Reid removed his red tie and donned his black shirt and remarked that we should confine our attentions to him and to him alone. Without, we hope, visible effort, we gazed upon Mr. Reid, who was replacing his red tie.

"What part are you playing in the presentation of the Revue?" Mr. Reid blushed and was overcome with modesty.

"Well, what do you think of the Revue?" Mr. Reid again blushed and was overcome with modesty. We then realized that here was the revue in person. We used strategy!

"What are the outstanding features of the revue?" Mr. Reid spoke volubly and at length and we gathered that the Revue is to be Brighter, Lighter, not Tighter, Scrappier, Happier, full of Variety, Pep and Vitality and under the exclusive patronage of Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini.

We left hurriedly as with a salute Mr. Reid put a match to his red tie.

Mr. Halstead was rather busy interviewing numerous fair collectors for the procession and we were, we gathered, unwelcome. But even the wrath of a Halstead could not deter us.

"How are the Procession arrangements progressing?" Mr. Halstead reluctantly removed himself from the milling throng, replaced an itinerant hair and assured us that with the aid of his harem the process was certain to provide a substantial contribution to the Health Camp Fund. Mr. Halstead informed us that he is to be joint censor, whereupon we realized that President Blair will be very busy. We sought Mr. Halstead's assurance that the Procession would be strictly teetotal.

Isn't Craccum wonderful, girls?

Mr. "Bronc" Brown was in conference with the wife. However, he was willing to make a few calculated statements.

"This year it is hoped to make the premier

social function of A.U.C. the Graduation Ball—the best ever," said Mr. Brown.

Bronc informed us that he had put up a great fight to have the ball held in a city cabaret but that for this year the spirit of the old school tie would be retained. Mr. Brown agreed with other members of the Ball Committee—Messrs. Fairbrother and Orchiston—that an attempt should be made to control the liquid refreshments and informed us that the above mentioned gentlemen will collect all flasks of supper at the main entrance at 10 p.m. and will return the flasks at the back entrance some time after 3 a.m.

And then we wandered back to our toast and sardines, dreaming of the Grad. Ball, Reid ties, Mr. Halstead's contribution to the Health Camp (he would have made Solomon green we think), Mr. Orchiston's boots and President A. Patrick Blair's sweet demure smile. We have always had an affection for violets.

* * * *

CRACCUM GETS LOW-DOWN ON REVUE

This year's Review has pep! It has variety! It has action! (and re-action!) It has music! And there are even one or two wise cracks!

The principal features comprise:—

The G-Men of the Yard:—A sketch which guys Gilbert and Sullivan, by parodying Gilbert's paradoxes and Sullivan's melodies. Set in New New York in the hide-out of Big Nick Adough, the gangster chief, it tells of Ben Edgarcorn's sacred vow to clean up crime. Featuring the world's most cultured gun-boys.

The Pills Bros. Present:—One of the hottest quartettes you've ever heard in your life. A marvellous imitation of the famous Mills Bros., these boys sing those classics, "Raven Blues" (after Edgar A. Poe) and "The Bott-Fly Has Tackled Ole Faithful."

The Blussian Ballet:—The world-famous ballet come in in all their beauty to visit our stage. They will present an entirely new conception (Ian Reidiska), featuring the well-known dancers, Sidiva Gascoinova, Alovitch Gifkinski, and others.

Hearts of Coke:—The Very Little Theatre from Eputantetungata have kindly consented to perform this remarkable patriotic play. See how Gwendoline Fearnix frustrates a horrible Bolshevik plot to plunge England into chaos! See how Bulldog Normanduke foils Count Lollipopski! See how—ah, but come and find out!

Ohello:—A Marxian interpretation of Shakespeare. Do you remember Prof. Sewell's "Macbeth"? Come along and refresh your memory on "Ohello." Shakespeare as he should not be played. Acted on the world's screwiest set (by Nitemair and Co.).

Floridoda:—This is a burlesque of the type of musical comedy fashionable about 25 years ago. Archibald de Syntax, a dustman of noble birth, captures the heart, hand and bank-roll of Marguerite Spon-Duliks, but not before he has passed through the fires of injustice. Features some good singing and the well-known Life-buoy joke.

The Aesbestos of Stupidides: A new translation from the Greek of the famous author of "Oroastus," "Nudea," etc. A tragic play performed in all its stark realistic splendour. Special chorus of old men and women (the only trained chorus in captivity). See how King Aesbestos got it in the neck!

In addition to these items, the Revue will contain topical songs, bright and brief interludes, Maori song medleys, an exclusive interview with Miss Lean Fatten, AND special selections by the Revue Orchestra.

Do you think you will get your money's worth? If you aren't satisfied with the above account, come along and see the show anyway. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This show will be the best in years. Bring your mothers, fathers, sisters, cousins, butcher, undertaker, gasman, charlady, great-aunt, dog, brother, and dentist. But come. Prices only 1/- and 1/6. Commences next Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th.

Celebrate Coronation Day by seeing the Revue and making a night of it!

* * * *

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Social Committee wishes to make public the fact that in future, all non-students desiring to attend College dances must obtain invitations. Any student anxious to invite visitors to the dances should approach Miss Paterson (the Secretary), or any committee member.

RESURRECTION?

N.Z.U.S.A. REMOULDED
FIXATION OF HEADQUARTERS IN
WELLINGTON

The annual meeting of the New Zealand University Students' Association in Christchurch was momentous. After a long discussion, in which A.U.C. were the conservatives, the delegates agreed that the cause of the impotency of the N.U.S.A. was the annual change of headquarters and the consequent dislocation of affairs. It was resolved therefore that headquarters be fixed in Wellington.

The Auckland delegation, consisting of Messrs. Postlewaite, Orchiston and Blair, opposed this resolution. They opposed it on one ground only. They freely conceded that permanent headquarters would have the advantage of continuity and increased efficiency. But, to their minds, these advantages were outweighed by the probability that permanent headquarters in Wellington would mean that the views of N.Z. U.S.A., instead of being the views of all five University Colleges, would be those of Victoria College. This, we suggested, was inevitable. Therefore, we argued, that if the views of N.Z. U.S.A. were permanently coloured by those of Victoria College, N.Z.U.S.A. ceased to exist in fact. This in our view logically damned the scheme. However, A.U.C. was the sole dissenter and so the experiment is now in operation. It is the scheme in every way in its power. It is beyond question that N.Z.U.S.A. should be an important agent in University affairs. It is a link between the University Colleges. Its function is to deal with problems affecting them all. It can be made into an operative vital force. Machinery is being set up in A.U.C. to reach this objective. N.Z.U.S.A. should have the wholehearted support for this College for it can do much both for the College and for individual students.

C.I.E. Services

The N.Z.U.S.A. issues cards for students travelling abroad. These cards give valuable hotel and travelling concessions in all parts of the world. The definition of "students" has lately been broadened to include graduates of two years' standing. Students interested should apply to the Auckland N.Z.U.S.A. corresponding member.

Debating

Foreign tours were discussed. It is probable that a team of Negro debaters from Le Moyne College, U.S.A., will tour N.Z. next year. If satisfactory arrangements can be made the N.Z. U.S.A. will reciprocate by sending a New Zealand University Debating Team of three to America. Woman will be ineligible for this tour.

Text Books

Mr. Meade, of O.U. is investigating the problem of high cost of text books and will endeavour to secure concessions for students. President of N.Z.U.S.A.

Although headquarters are fixed in Wellington the President may be a member of any of the University Colleges. This year this office has come to A.U.C.

General

A.U.C. was struck by the informality of meetings which gave them the flavour of a social gathering. Our own Executive meetings which have, in the past, been criticised for easy-going methods, are models of efficiency in comparison. But much good work was accomplished in the 15 hours of meetings and C.U.C. is to be thanked for its courtesy and hospitality to delegates.

Two delegates were outstanding in debate and in constructive contribution, Miss McLaren of V.U.C., and Mr. Meade, of O.U. Both were conspicuous for clear thinking and for lucid exposition of their thoughts. They should give good service to N.Z.U.S.A. in this critical period of its existence. From all delegates, however, there came helpful and useful suggestions. Our "Pos," of course, was prominent for his sound common sense, and his knowledge of the business world. Proceedings were marked by the obvious desire of all delegates to co-operate. Parochialism is always a danger in these N.Z.U.S.A. meetings. This year it was refreshing to find it absent.

* * * *

A.U.C. MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

All students interested in mathematics, especially those who are advancing the subject, will find the meetings both interesting and informative. A one-hour lecture is followed by a short discussion.

Probable topics for this year:—

Statistics—Mr. D. E. P. Neale; Integral Equations—Mr. S. C. B. Gascoigne; Matrices—Mr. C. M. Segedin; Conformal Representation—Mr. E. R. Collins; Probability—Mr. C. H. Vincent.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE LITERARY CLUB

WIND SONG

Here where prosaic lamps gleam in the night,
Through these my lovely trees
Stealing the silvered magic and entrancement of
moonlight,
Here you whispered to me, lover wind,
Here you pleaded, caressed, sang and sang in
the harp leaves of my trees . . .
Songs that are wordless are ever the best—
Lilting song of your soul, O wind . . . and my
face caressed.

—Barbara Dent.

* * * *

AUCKLAND

When the Sunday is clear and bright, you take
your visitors up One Tree Hill or Mount Eden.
And there, in the fresh wind, you look out
across the soft hills on which the city stands, to
the sea on either hand, and to the riding surf
of the Manukau bar; and you look down on the
pleasant green of the hedges and the native
trees, and the many open spaces. You look in
spontaneous admiration upon these natural won-
ders, and if you are trite, as you mostly are,
you will murmur a line or two from Kipling,
and hustle back to your car to get home to
your fat tea.

But you have not seen Auckland from the
pretty hill-top.

You have not seen the dirty drab brown and
the peeling paint of our slum areas. You do
not even like to think of slums; you do not
observe the ugliness of the small backyards,
nor even the ugliness of the necessity for such
unbeautiful places; you have not seen that fair
child in the second hand jersey from the Mis-
sion, sucks his greasy potato chips wrapped up
in Truth—you refuse to see him in fifteen years'
time, a pasty yahoo in a pub.

You do not see the vulgarity of the Remuera
Road, where too often the first simple beauty
of a garden has been lost in the abject arti-
ficiality of terrace upon terrace, and the waste-
ful overdressing of the landscape. And you
cannot see the ninety-nine who stop to admire
this munificent complexity of ornamentation,
who call it beauty, for they are utterly awed
by the obvious cost of it all.

You do not see that pathetic host of pretty
bungalows at Mission Bay, nor can you feel,
from the fresh hill top, the cloying mental
inertia of smug security.

You are unable to see the poorness, the dirt
of Upper Symonds Street, as it looks when
all the people have gone away. You have not
seen the ghastly pink and yellow that many a
Mr. Jones has painted his jimcrack building,
nor the bold, ugly inartistic advertisements that
deface the walls of every shop, in the frenzied
endeavour to sell the petty goods that we must
buy.

You do not see the Grafton Bridge. You do
not see the small insignificant shops in Queen
Street, where small insignificant proprietors sell
their tawdry imitations of the second best, to
the great unheeding majority who have never
been able to afford good taste.

You will not see these things, my complacent
friends, from the top of a mountain on a fine
day, reciting poetry.

—R.G.

* * * *

BUSHLAND DAWN

Grey dawn breaking—what is that I hear?
A note has fallen softly, lightly on my ear.
A single, liquid note, round and clear and full,
Touched with unseen power of the mystical,
Stealing through the leafy growth from the
depths within,
Sounding the awakening to all feather kin.
Hark! Another cometh from some further tree,
Full of mournful happiness, ringing mellowly;
And now the notes in one's and two's ring out
on every hand
As if from some fairy harp, plucked by fairy
hand,
Up the scale and down again with no thought
for time,
And little thought for harmony — sweet and
glorious chime!
'Twere as though the fairy hand plucked at
every string,
Thoughtfully enquiring to know what sound
'twould bring,
Or perhaps some childish touch on an organ's
keys,
Lightly striking random notes, a youthful ear
to please.

—H. W. Manfred Downard.

THE MOUSHIRGIANS OF NUREMBERG

Few people have heard of the Moushirgi-
ans of Nuremberg, and yet a stranger family never
existed.

In the most prosperous days of mediaeval
trade, there lived at Nuremberg an Armenian
carpet-maker, his wife, five sons and five daugh-
ters. Haijk Moushirgian was poor but indus-
trious. All night long in his narrow house, an
oil lamp burned brightly, and while the Mous-
hirgian brothers slept, their five sisters wove
strange and many coloured patterns. Golden
turrets, red and blue lilies, and shining birds
grew so quickly beneath their agile fingers that
the passers-by vowed they could hear the rustle
of wings, and breathe the scent of crushed petals.
At day-break, the sisters would retire to an in-
ner to sleep, and the brothers, shouldering their
wares, would make their way to the market-
place.

For their appearance alone the Moushirgi-
ans would have been known throughout the city;
the sons being flaxen-haired, blue-eyed and
dark-skinned, while each of the five daughters
had dark hair, black eyes, and skin as white
as milk. But the records of the city of Nurem-
berg tell us a still stranger fact about them.
Though they could neither read nor write, each
one possessed the amazing power of speaking any
language whatsoever. For at that time, Nurem-
berg was filled with Jews, Bohemians, Venetians,
Russians and Greeks, bringing carpets and silks,
oil, perfume, wine, and spices; but no matter
how distant the country from which these
travellers came, one of the Moushirgi-
ans would settle their disputes, and speak with them as
fluently as though he knew no other language.
"Stranger still," records the history, "this power
was given only to one member of the family at
a time."

After many prosperous years, however, jeal-
ousy and superstition stirred the minds of the
people of Nuremberg. The Moushirgi-
ans, accused of sorcery, were condemned to be burnt
alive. Accordingly, the carpet-maker, his wife
and his ten children were bound hand and foot,
and placed upon an immense heap of brush-
wood erected before their own house.

But scarcely had the flames begun to crackle
at their feet, when the twelve Moushirgi-
ans began to sing—each in a different tongue—a tune
so sweet and yet so strange that the foolish
citizens of Nuremberg fled in terror. When they
returned, the Moushirgi-
ans had gone. So had
their house, although no trace of ashes could be
found. From that day, say the records, Nurem-
berg's trade began to wane.

No one knows what became of these strange
folk. Some say that they were Egyptians who
went back to the wild desert from which they
came, but a traveller, returning many years
later from the great Novgorod fair, spoke of
a band of twelve strange persons who dwelt
together in one tent — speaking only among
themselves, and weaving the fortunes of men
into many coloured carpets.

—B.B.

* * *

THE LITERARY CLUB

Literary enthusiasts invaded the Women's Com-
mon Room on Thursday, April 15th, to hear
what Mr. J. W. Shaw thought of "New Zealand
Drama." His outline of the progress of drama
from Grecian to Shavian times was so interesting
that most people were sorry when it was all
over.

Then the audience had their say, and it was
found that University students still had the
power of speech, and could wield it well in
argument. We are thinking of starting a Mutual
Admiration Society because, after "ravishing
Rilda" had congratulated J.W., he reciprocated
by saying the discussion had shown students
were facing up to problems. It cheered us up
quite a bit!

One thing we learned was that apathy is not
confined to 'Varsity, but is apparently quite
widespread. Please note! Another cheery-
thought was that both Alan Mulgan and Jack
Coppard wrote University Extravaganzas before
achieving fame in drama.

So watch your step—Reid of the Revue.

A REPLY TO R.L.L.

I agree with R.L.L. in one thing she says:
Namely, that, "it is advisable to write about
something which you have felt or thought for
yourself." The reason is this—that no poetry
can seem sincere unless it has been part of the
writer. If it has been written merely for the
sake of "writing poetry," without that inner
urge that some call inspiration and others laugh
at, it can never ring completely true, and in-
stinctively, as we read it, we sense the lack of
the spirit that pervades the poetry of the heart.

I disagree with R.L.L. concerning the poem,
"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—granted
the rhythm is perhaps not all it could be, it
seems to me not lacking in imagery. If there
were more imagery the poem would be over-
loaded. As it is, it is the very suggestiveness
which I think suits the theme. An overloading
of imagery would spoil the simple tragedy of
the mother's loss, as expressed in the poem, and
make the clear thought flowery, and too heavy.

And talking of imagery—a lovely example
is "Legionnaire." There is a freshness and de-
licacy, a coolness of summer grasses, about the
poem that is the very spirit of the lovely name
Damaris. I would like to congratulate the
author on a beautiful little poem.

True poetry is born in pain and striving, and
strangely enough, it is this pain that makes a
poem live, and that gives it power to touch the
hearts of others. The simplest few lines, Emily
Dickinson's "Thunder in the Room," for ex-
ample:

"I got so I could hear his name
Without —
Tremendous gain —
That stop sensation in my soul
And thunder in the room."

can hold as much of the soul of poetry, as the
great odes such as Wordsworth's "Intimations."
For me, it is not the form, but the thought be-
hind it that makes poetry, for the thought natu-
rally turns to the form which seems to suit it,
and will not be satisfied with any half measures.
The poetry which is mere form, without the
poetic inspiration behind it, lacks the "human
touch." It is the poet's pain which reaches out
to our hearts, and pulls the tide to itself. I
would rather have a crude four lines torn from
the writer's heart in real feeling, than a per-
fectly metred and rimed sonnet, that yet lacks
the "human touch."

—"Beverley Anne."

FOOTBALL NOTES

What promises to be the most stupendous
Rugby season for the past 15 years opened on
Saturday. Although the membership of the Uni-
versity's club has fallen off somewhat during
the past few years, the club has entered four
teams in the competitions, these being Senior
A, Senior B, and two junior teams.

Competition for places in the Senior team has
been very keen, especially in view of the fact
that an inter-island Varsity game is being held
in Dunedin on 19th May. After this game the
New Zealand Varsity Football Blues will be
awarded.

Although beaten by Ponsonby on Saturday
by 19—5, the Senior team is certain to show
a vast improvement and should extend any
team in the competition. The forwards are the
strongest pack that the club has had for several
seasons and has been greatly strengthened by the
acquisition of Foreman, of last year's Otago Ran-
furly Shield team. Drake and Thomas who both
toured Japan with the N.Z.U. team last year,
are again playing. The other forwards com-
prising the pack are:—Lange, Morgan, David-
son and Medhurst, of last year's team, together
with Armitage and Caldwell, who both repre-
sented Training College last year.

Amongst the backs, Bush is commencing his
tenth season in senior football and will be the
mainstay of the back line. The wing-three-quar-
ters, Hayman and Kirkland, with Martin, who
shows great promise at centre-three-quarter;
Cooney, Cornes and Mulvihill at five-eighths, are
all senior players; and there is strong competi-
tion for the half-back position between Rae,
Evans and Reid.

There is every prospect that the Second
Grade team will have a very successful season
as there are some very promising backs.

On Saturday night a very successful smoke
concert was held in the Men's Common Room
with Professor Algie as chairman. About 140
attended, and during the course of the evening,
a presentation was made to Club Captain Les.
Colgan, who has recently joined the Benedicts.

The Club is still short of members and an
appeal is made to any footballers in the College
who have not joined the Club, to do so at
once.

SOCIAL

The dancing season has now begun, so, girls, gird up your garters and go into battle. The Architectural Faculty has, in the past, produced many good dancers. At present we have Architect Orchiston, a masterly and nonchalant performer. This big shot has a formidable rival in the cheery person of Geoff. Hole, who certainly has rhythm in a big way.

Jocelyn Miller's ear-rings have gone off to Australia on the "Water Hen."

Vaarie McBride

Fluttered about El Rey like a white moth, Her frock incredibly attached by fragile strands, Inviting to the scissors.

In absence of her true and faithful friend, Nessie, of raven tresses justly famed, She did carouse and sport with two fair maids, Olga Hunter, haunting 'fore the throng, A fragrant top knot stolen from nature's store, And Moira Woods. They with their escorts joined

And did perform a noble haka there, To benefit the rude Australian tars, Ignorant before of Akarana's fame.

Seen at the cocktail party on board the Canberra—Alison Milson, Gwen Amos, and Shiela MacKinnon.

James Chapman-Smith has set the fashion for motor-cyclists by appearing in a natty pair of green canvas pants.

The Labour Club dance was not very well patronised, which was a pity, as the dance had possibilities. Among the attractions were the mildness and beauty of the night, new and pleasing decorations, plenty of floor space, and Mrs. Sewell looking very dashing in black taffeta with silver spots.

Who was the bold girl who asked Charlie if he had been treading on anyone's Cornes? Of course he annihilated her with one look.

Cliff Dalton is now well established at College House, Christchurch, having already cleaned up all the boys at swimming. (They certainly can do with the clean-up at C.U.C., Christchurch, is such a dirty place sometimes.—Ed.). We hear rumours of a dashing widow, you know, the car and flat type.

Since last issue of "Craccum" everyone has been going party conscious, and following up the Labour Club dance was the dance held by the Junior National League. No, it wasn't a 'Varsity function but it was supported by a large number of co-eds. We were surprised to see there two ardent committee members of the Labour Club, Nessie Macfarlane and Vaarie. What was their motive going into an enemy camp? Were they there to steal plans or merely to compete with the National lassies for the coveted attentions of the sterner sex among whom were those two bright Hongis, Doug, Kenrick and Odch.

Three guesses as to the identity of the "someone who had more time than sense (Auckland Star)" who put the "For Sale" notice on that graceful bird surmounting our already famous Domain Gates. Who else but four enthusiastic members of the Hongi Club? Their little prank even warranted a picture in the paper. You'd almost think they were film stars with all their publicity. Still they roused public interest and gave the papers something to print.

The Navy League Ball was the scene of a very happy "coming out" party for dashing Helen McCormick. Present were:—Helen Coates, Alison Milson, Sheila MacKinnon, Cecil Upton, Jocelyn Hesketh, "Joey" Duthie, Evelyn Asmuss and Marjorie Daniel.

* * * *

TRAMPING CLUB

On Thursday, April 22nd, the Tramping Club held its general meeting. Despite counter attractions (and a very cold night when it would have been much nicer to stay at home), over 30 students attended the meeting and agreed that the club be re-formed. Mr. Bullen was in the chair. After the constitution (in 33 clauses) had been ratified, there came the election of officers. Mr. Bullen was elected president. Other officers elected were:—Club Captain—Mr. B. R. Monckton; Secretary—Mr. C. F. Wrigley; Committee—Miss Marie Best, Messrs. Dempsey, Fleming and Segedin.

The meeting concluded with a brief discussion as to policy. It was suggested that tramps be held on Sundays every second or third week, and that efforts be made to avoid clashes with the Field Club. Several week-end trips would also be arranged. It was suggested that the club offer its services to the Social Committee so that it might help with the Chateau trip at the end of the second term.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary. C. F. Wrigley, Hon. Sec.

CURRENT COMMENTS

I occasionally swank a little because people like it; a modest man is such a nuisance.—Mr. Bernard Shaw.

I am such a modest man.—Mr. Bruce Orchiston.

Miss Withers is not important enough to be my companion at a "first night," but I have no objections to Miss Temple.—Freddie Bartholomew.

I declare Mr. Bullen duly elected.—Mr. Bullen.

Most people that rattle the sabre have never worn one.—General Goering.

Mr. Scrimgeour, the law of the land proves you a liar.—Truth.

Listen, I don't go in for that play-boy stuff any more—no, ma'am.—Max Baer.

I must get accustomed to managing an important establishment.—Mrs. Simpson.

I guarantee that for every student who went to the Russian Ballet, ten went to the Marcus Show.—Miss Johnston.

Mr. Bronc Brown always thinks best very late at night.—Miss Beryl Campbell.

* * * *

PROCESSION GAGS

What the Faculties and Clubs are Doing

Hongi Club—Gods, Goddesses, Nymphs, Satyrs, Dryads, etc.—Tarzan Escapes.

Harriers—Marathon runners.

Traning College—Marathon runners; Terra Del Fugan team. Green Pastures, School Milk, Bilbao Blockade.

S.C.M.—Personality Quest.

Catholic Club—Carcase Show.

Engineers—Clipper arriving. Simplicity.

Law—Mock Court.

Rifle Club—A Semple Statue.

Commerce—Scrimmaging—1937 type. Jack Blunt.

Architects—Commercial Adverts., Russian Ballet, Great Novel Display.

Football—B.-men.

Science—Savage Press Attack, Surrealism, Stork Derby, Five Million Club.

Meds.—? —Look out!

Arts—Cabinet—where? Revue.

Hockey—Home for lost sailors.

Wanted—Follies of 1937. Those I Z B's. 1938 Tournament.

Men to form national teams are wanted. If you don't know what to do. Come as an Esquimaux or an Inua. We especially want men for the Esquimaux team—"God's frozen people."

That guy, Othello,
Was a pretty swell fellow.
It was Desdemona
Who was the jonah.

FRESHER FROLICS AMONG FEMALES

YOUNG LAD WOOS WHILE MOTHER SIGHS 'VARSITY GRANDEES AMAZED

Is Fresher Sidney C. Gascoigne a Don Juan? Can we allow him to introduce Aunt Alice methode into his frolics with female undergrads? Already he has been in Auckland long enough to wreak havoc in some of our proudest institutions. With a load of poise and spitting softly into the night air, he mutters, "They'll all be mine."

Exotic and play-boyish in temperament he has surrounded himself with lavish ornamentations and wears satin underwear dotted with heart-shaped purple ribbon. We are told he uses bath-salts, Eau-de-Cologne and Listerine mouthwash—and do the girls like it? Believe us, they just lap it up.

Play-boy Gascoigne must be stopped. "Craccum" appeals to the women to stop short in this head-long infatuation. Remember "Craccum" staff and forget this red-headed sixteen-year-old from down below. And now for a spot of sleep and forgetfulness—Goodnight, everybody.

* * * *

THE FIELD CLUB

Sixty odd enthusiastic members (or was it seventy? and these weren't all odd) enrolled for the first Field Club Excursion, last Sunday, to the Npises Islands—the one spot in the Hauraki Gulf not cluttered up with mullet boats and dead marines. The trip was unfortunately postponed but will be held another week-end shortly. This club can produce an army of over half a hundred members. Just realise. If all these members stood on top of each other, they would form a column ranking as high as last year's Dogfish—which, best beloved, is just the reason why they don't stand that way.

The Field Club caters for just anybody who feels a craving for the great open spaces. Excursions are run throughout the year to places of interest in the local backblocks. Camps, too, occur sporadically, for those who like to rough it a bit—but just a bit. In a community worn out by Marcus Shows and Clippers, these activities certainly take on, judging from the numbers that roll up—"and so inexpensive, my dear!"

Lectures are given several times a year, on Natural History subjects, with supper provided—free of charge.

And to join? Just follow the notice boards and sign when required. If you are a bug-hunter, botanist or an-Ologist, so much the better; if not, don't let that worry you. Just bring along your lunch and mug, and we will provide you with tea and an appetite.

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WOMEN'S HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

This year the Women's Hockey Club are creating a precedent hitherto unknown throughout the history of the New Zealand University by holding the Annual Hockey Tournament in our home town. Every other year we have had to cheerfully pack our bags and go to the other end of the Dominion to get beaten, but this year we are doing the entertaining and we hope to win.

That we will have a MAGNIFICENT TEAM we have no doubt; and that the TOURNAMENT WILL BE A SUCCESS we feel certain since we know that we have your interest both from the point of view of sport and entertainment.

And just as it was Eve who first started to sin, so it is that the women have taken the lead in making this somewhat unconstitutional decision, and although the men have shown signs of being interested we can't promise that they will follow suit. So, choking down our possible though not probable emotions, and making a superb showing of that Spirit of Independence which has made the name of Woman unbearable we have resolved that a Woman's Tournament will be as popular as any other Tournament.

The visitors will arrive on Wednesday morning, May 26th, and leave again either on Saturday, or Sunday, according to their desires. Matches will be played on Thursday and Friday, with such things as picture parties, etc., thrown in at odd moments. But, on Friday, there is going to be a WOPPER TOURNAMENT BALL. Everything will be 1st Class—just as all Tournament Balls are 1st Class. If you have never been to a tournament ball you must take this opportunity—and, if you have you won't need persuading about this one. You'll come.

How about a BILLET?

Here is your opportunity of having a real live Otago lady to come and stay with you; or if you favour the "Ladies of the Plains" we might be able to oblige you.

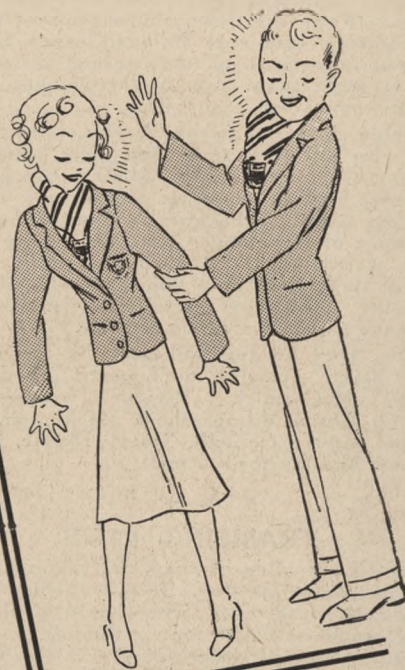
The musical comedy star.....

Has only to quarrel with the producer to find every chorus girl willing to take her part.

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

Light and Dark

How like the secret of our mortal life
With its eternal strife
Of light and dark, that noble towering tree
Breaks sudden there and free
From the black boles
Of yonder giants—their arms close interlaced
And with strange patterns traced,
For even thus, from their deep-shaded past
Burst cleanly through at last
Our shining souls.

How sweet it is, when hearts are sorely pressed
And thoughts all sombre-dressed,
With vain reflections, while black shadows pass
Before the spirit's glass,
To see the light.
Like to some man, whose eyes are white and dead
And withered in his head
And so the joys with which the earth is fraught
To him are ever naught,
And all things bright.

Forbidden, since he cannot clearly gaze
As we, with wide amaze
On God's fair works, and in his silent heart
He bears a yearning smart
Which burns incessantly.
Then, as he lives in feeling, groping death
God strokes him with His breath
And all his blind-bound thoughts like spirits
fade,
He cries, once out the shade
"At last, my Lord, I see!"

Thus then the humna soul, like that great tree,
Is given grace to see.
Inseparably knit, in life displayed
God's mingled light and shade.
Our joy and woe.
Why weep we then? Is e'er the summer sky
So bright to human eye
As when from o'er it sweeps the palling shroud
Of an enclosing cloud?
He shapeth so.

* * * *

PLEASE REMEMBER!
PROCESSION DAY

May 6th is the great day. All men and women of the College are invited to assist the Procession Committee on this great day to produce the greatest spectacle of the century, and to collect money for the King George V. Memorial Health Camp Fund.

1. Form of the Procession:

The procession will be a display of "The 1937 Olympiad." A marathon race will precede the procession, the race taking the reverse direction to the procession. The last runner of the marathon will duly meet the head of the procession, at the customs St., Queen St. corner, where the Olympic torch will be handed over to the Lords of Olympia. The sacred flame will be kindled with much ceremony and the procession will move up Queen Street. Olympic teams will follow the Olympic Flame. The Olympian Minstrels will follow the teams. Then 20 floats depicting items of local and national interest, will follow. The Law Faculty will bring up in the rear. They are holding a "Mock Court" at certain points.

2. Procedure:

The procession will assemble at 11.15 a.m. in Princes Street, and be ready to move off at 11.45 sharp. Each float must be censored and will thereupon be given a number which will indicate its respective place in the line. The route is as follows: Princes St., Waterloo Quadrant, Anzac Avenue, Customs St., Queen St., Upper Queen St., Karangahape Rd., Pitt St., Hobson St., Wellesley St. W., Queen St., Quay St., Britomart Place, Anzac Ave., University. The procession will move very slowly. It should arrive at University about 2.30 p.m.

3. Materials:

Clubs, etc., preparing floats are advised that colour, timber and calico can be obtained free from Messrs. Mair and Derby, who are to be found in the Studio.

4. For Men Only:

Men who are unattached are invited to attend. They should dress up as Ancient Greeks in a simple white tunic from neck to knee, with a coloured girdle—short sleeves, sandals on effect—crown of laurel leaves. Men are urgently needed to help with the collecting—see Mr. Barton or sign the notice in the Men's Common Room.

5. For Ladies Only:

Women students who wish to help us are asked to get into touch with Mr. Barton or Miss H. Coates (13-610). In any case, if you are at 'Varsity on May 6th at 11.15, we will be grateful for your services.

6. Collection:

Collection will be in handles and in boxes as last year. When receptacles are full they should be taken to the Official Cars (2) as they cruise up and down along side the procession.

7. Control:

The procession will be controlled throughout by loud-speakers.

REID DISOWNS RED FLAG
BOY PRODUCER HITS BACK

Dear Sir,

I am hurt. Yes, very hurt indeed. "Pax Vobiscum" has attacked my vital spot, my intelligence. He has exposed my long-concealed incapacity for independent thought. I am crushed.

I know, "Pax," I've always been like that, blind, deluded, unable to think for myself, believing firmly that murder and the terroristic dictatorship of the proletariat were evil things. I have never had the courage to reject the conventional moral codes and adopt a non-moral materialism. I am so sunk in barbarism that I believe it better to be one of the ordinary people who act in a definite moral scheme, than to be a fashionable pseudo-intellectual. Isn't it awful?

Yes, Mr. Editor, a man does a little bit of Anti-Red propaganda to counterbalance the activities of the 'Varsity Communist Society—your pardon, I mean Labour Club—and the secret of his intellectual sterility is published aloud to the world. Is this fair? Is there no justice? And yet I fail to see why "Pax" should wax laboriously sarcastic because I poke gentle fun at the Communists. It seems to me they are as fair game as Mr. Semple, Uncle Scrim and Professor Walker, and even "Pax" will admit that their jargon is funny.

I suffer the fate of all pioneers. Once or twice in the Revue I have tried to show in its true light this Hodge-podge of exploded economic fallacies, revolutionary mania, and lust for ease, humourously called Communism. My intentions are strictly honourable. Despite my stunted intelligence, I do my best for my fellowmen by showing them what a jolly joke this Communist racket is, and my only reward is to be subjected to the jeers of the multitude.

They are at least consistent, these Reds. They throw bombs anonymously, assassinate secretly, circulate lying propaganda surreptitiously, and "Pax Vobiscum" writes personal attacks over a nom-de-plume.

Oh, I am hurt.

Yours, etc., JOHN C. REID.

(What a Reidy Wit He Has.—Ed.)

* * * *

THE AMATEUR GARDENER

Calls a spade a spade until he has to use one. Doesn't care what he gets out of the ground, so long as he gets out of cutting the grass.

Must be careful, when planting roses, not to put Lady Astor in the same bed as the Archbishop of Wales.



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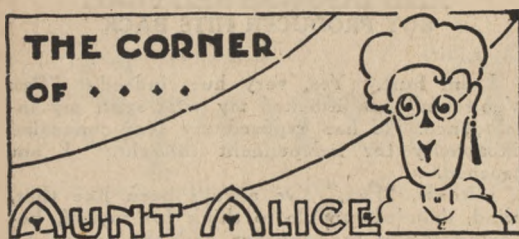
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Dear Aunt Alice,

I am fortunate enough to have been blessed with a keen intellect, a sunny and equable temperament, a superb figure and beauty far beyond that of the average A.U.C. girl. Nevertheless, my parents wish me to go in for school-teaching and until lately it appeared that all this wealth of talent was to be wasted on school-children whose only real consideration is for their appetites. Recently, however, I saw the Marcus Show and I have decided to join them. Could you tell me how to set about it?

Laurel.

Answer: What pleasure it gives me to see that least one of our young things refuses to be confined to this narrow academic life of ours and intends to strike out and make her mark on the world. And don't let your charming modesty stand between you and success. Remember that your beauty will need to be quite up to the standard you mention before you can hope at all.

As for Mr. Marcus, the following procedure is one I have tried with success. Approach daintily but firmly and seat yourself on his right knee (some authorities recommend the left, but I have always held out for the right). Place your left arm around his neck, tickle the left ear gently and then say—well, you ought to know what.

As a useful preliminary try this out on Pas and see if you can get him to take you on as a typiste. And if you melt that flinty heart, Marcus will be easy.

Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I have been taken to 'Varsity dances for the last two years by a certain estimable young man. I like him very much and I do all I can, in a perfectly nice way, of course, to let him see that I think he is a grand person. Unfortunately, he seems to be an advocate of platonic friendship but personally I think it can be a little overdone. Is his lack of ardour due to any shortcomings on my part or is our friendship just one of convenience because he can't get anyone better? His type of looks isn't of common appeal.

Oh, Aunt Alice, I feel so humiliated because I've provided him with ample opportunity and besides everyone else assumes that he is all he ought to be. Do help me.

Janet.

Answer: Not an altogether uncommon complaint in 'Varsity circles. The trouble is, of course, that Varsity men are so very shy and you must be very careful if you want to produce any tangible results. I think he is probably all you hope he is, but not quite sure about it and unwilling to commit himself. What you want to do is, of course, to intensify his feelings. You have several well defined courses of action. There is the old jealousy racket, but this is risky and rather in the nature of a double-edged weapon. A simpler plan is as follows: Next time he takes you out do a bright—yet a shade-reserved sort of line—after Myrna Loy: work up to a nice confidential pitch on the way home and just before you say good-night lean slightly back over the gate with one hand on each side, look him dead in the eye, and, paying careful attention to lighting effects all the time, turn on your No. 1 smile. Then, if he reads this column, he's yours.

And don't write and tell me there are spikes on the gate.

Aunt Alice.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am afraid I am what you would call one of the boys. Though I realize the folly of drinking and all that I do like to be in with the lads and hope to make whoopee over Capping week. But I don't want a hang-over like the one I had after tournament and want to know what you can advise.

Ernie.

Answer: What a pleasant letter to receive, Ernie, and how delighted I am to see that you are resolved to take part in Varsity life in its fullest sense. You rightly feel that you should not curb your naturally high spirits. Keep it up, Ernie!

As regards your query, I must confess that I have not had as much experience in this direction as I would have liked. I have always found

Crème de Menthe pretty good, but the other day one of the older members of the staff told me, in strictest confidence, of course, that hock and soda was the very thing. So I will pass it on to you for what it is worth. Happy days, Ernie.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I am a "Fresher" and would like some advice on the following puzzling question.

At "Fresher's Ball" I formed an acquaintance with a young man whom I thought was particularly nice, and he made my evening a brilliant success. Recently however, I have been perplexed because owing to a previous arrangement I had to refuse an invitation from my friend to go to a dance with him, and, since then, I have not seen or heard so much of him. How can I revive this friendship?

I have consulted "Who's Who" and "Encyclopædia Britannica" for a solution to my problem but neither of these books has given me any answer. So, Aunt Alice, I am hoping you can help me, especially now that the "Revue" and Grad. Ball are so close.

Yours,

A very despondent Fresher—

Valmai G.

Answer: I hardly thought that you would need to ask me this. Centuries of feminine guile have gone into formulating what can now be regarded as a standard technique for the Pursuit of the Male. You should speak to him nearly every time you see him but vary your action as much as possible—be very friendly one day, coy the next, chilly the day after and so on. In short, keep him guessing. Again, I would use a good perfume—just enough for him to get a whiff of it. That will keep him hot on your scent, so to speak. And I wouldn't be above dropping a gentle hint about the Grad. Ball, but be sure to make it very gentle. In fact, it shouldn't drop at all, just sort of float gently down from Heaven to find a nestling place in under his heart. Ah, we women! What foolish creatures we are!

Aunt Alice.

* * * *

WE WON'T WIN THE SPOON FOR HOCKEY. ANYWAY!

The Craccum representative went to a hockey practice the other day and after admiring the weather and Mr. Broun's legs, found other attractions (not the women hockey players) in the 55 odd members (as we were, the 55 ordinary members) of the Hockey Club. In between watching the ladies on the next field and those on the croquet lawn, Craccum came to these conclusions:—

The Juniors are exceptionally strong and the Seniors are up to standard and should improve on last year's third position. The seconds are exceptionally strong and should win if they hold their form. The second B and thirds should be well up in their grades and we look to the Fourths for the Edgar Morgan Cup again.

Craccum heard talk of a tournament up here (and strictly unofficially of a hot time in the old town that night.)

* * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

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

ARCHITECTS AND POSTERS

Sir,—

"Nonen's" letter in your last issue is so confused that we hope the average student will pardon one so ill informed. We cannot overlook the matter, since we feel an injustice has been done to one of the hardest-worked and most helpful faculties at A.U.C.

May we ask "Nonen" what committees are curious to comprehend the changes? because we are certain no committee has protested. The verbiage of "Nonen's" letter is merely his thought, not that of any committee. If it is, then why did not the committees protest? Why did they leave it for some nonentity such as "Nonen" to protest? Surely he is a voice crying in the wilderness?

Far from being exorbitant in charges, architects have frequently done work free of charge. Having attempted posters ourselves and knowing the time and labour involved we have no hesitation in expressing our gratitude to the architects. We cannot rate too highly the trouble Mr. Bruce Orchiston went to in order to locate an architect to do our posters prior to commencement of 'Varsity. The work done was of such a high standard; it was completed so speedily and graciously in spite of their own business activities and studies, that we are positive "Nonen" has overlooked facts of vital importance.

In conclusion we would urge "Nonen" to reflect before bursting into print. The first requirement of a committee member is loyalty to his club. What passes in committee is not the affair of the college at large unless it comes per medium of the committee itself.

Yours, etc.,

ANNETTE EVERY,

Secretary International Relations Club.

HAYDN T. GEORGE,

Secretary Literary Club.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the members of the Architectural Society, I shall endeavour to enlighten our friend "Nonen" as to the existing state of affairs regarding poster work in the studios.

During the past year our senior students were being continually asked to do numerous posters, most of which carried no remuneration whatsoever.

Appearances may belie but, as full time students we actually have a full time programme of work to get through and this state of affairs could not possibly continue.

After due consideration it was decided to charge the nominal fee for ordinary posters of 4/- for 30 inch by 22 inch, and 2/6 for 15 inch by 22 inch.

Under these conditions I have no hesitation in saying that our students would be pleased to help any Faculty or Society, thus saving their extra expense of employing professional signwriters.

Yours, etc.,

NORMAN A. DERBIE,

President A.U.C. Architectural Society.

OUR STORMY CLOISTERS

Dear Sir,

I feel that it is time the attention of the University authorities was drawn to the stormy blast encountered on the cloister during the winter months. Frequently the pavement of the cloister is submerged in water through which one must wade in order to reach the shelter of the Common Rooms. Occasionally a slender plank makes its appearance. But why not put canvas across the stormy side and so ensure the comfort of students? Failing this it is surely the duty of the college authorities to provide all students with gumboots, sou' westers and oilskins, lifebelts or boats.

"Drowned Student."

INTELLECTUAL SNOBBERY

Dear Sir,

Your editorial on "Intellectual Snobbery" seems to touch upon a vital aspect of A.U.C. life which tends to retard the progress of this College. There is a certain band of "intellectual snobs" (with the accent on the "snobs") who strut through out cloisters commenting wisely on abstract philosophies. These misguided people find that their personalities are so uninspiring and their personal magnetism so infinitely feeble that their only prospect of coming before the public eye is to become the champion of some theory or craze that is opposed to conventional ideas.

To those students and ex-students who read this letter and immediately swell with indignation, introspect a little and see if the cap fits. Then scrap any wild-cat theories you may be tempted to pursue and instead take an active part in the clean and useful academic, sporting and social sides of this University College.

Yours, etc.,

"Graduate."

Sir,

Would it be too much to request the writer of your editorial in your last issue headed "Intellectual Snobbery in A.U.C." to explain the precise meaning of his outburst? We gather from his remarks that the activities of certain clubs and societies do not please him; but further than this we cannot follow him. What is "a certain looseness of intellectual thinking?" Could we have some examples of the "nebulous and untried theories" and the "aphorisms and catch-words" which apparently constitute it? Who are the "people who, in an attempt to display their own profundities of learning and aptness of insight, become warped by this very belief in themselves as clear thinkers?" And what is the "minority group standing in a halo of their own making?"

We wish it to be understood that we make these inquiries entirely from a desire for information on the subject, and not with any wish to begin controversy. We feel sure that your contributor had specific instances in mind of the spirit of which he complains; but to those whose experience with the various College organisations is probably not as wide as his own, we feel fairly sure that the force of his appeal will



be lost. Can you or your contributor assist those who are yet in the dark by giving us some of these specific instances? Until such time as further information is forthcoming, we feel that, to ourself and not a few others at least, the editorial will remain as unfortunately nebulous as the theories which it deprecates.

Yours, etc.,
A.U.C. "Curious."

Dear Sir,

In reply to the letter of "Hopeful" in the last issue of "Craccum," I should like to point out the following facts about the University Swimming Club.

(1) **Competitions:** Besides holding an annual carnival, at which the club championships and at least six open races are swum, and inter-faculty sports, the University Club enters teams in the regular carnivals held by clubs affiliated to the Auckland Swimming Centre. Ample facilities

for competition for certificates and trophies are thus provided for all club members. Owing, however, to the infantile paralysis epidemic, which caused the suspension of all carnivals during the summer, the subsequent difficulty of obtaining suitable baths, the earliness of Easter, and the coldness of the weather this season has been most irregular in this respect. "Hopeful's" criticism is therefore partly justified.

(2) **Coaching:** If sufficient support from members is forthcoming, the University Club holds, during the summer months, a subsidised coaching class under Prof. D. B. Anderson, the well-known coach. Such a class has been held for two seasons now and has caused a marked improvement in club swimming.

(3) **Club Nights:** During the winter (this year on alternate Tuesdays, dating from April 26th) Club swimmers are, on production of their membership cards, allowed free admittance to the Hobson Street Baths once a fortnight.

Since it is impossible for all members to go to the baths on these nights, they are asked to get in touch with the club officials if they want company or coaching.

The failure of most of the A.U.C. swimmers to gain points at the past few Tournaments, has not been due to lack of enthusiasm in the Club but to a dearth of talent. The club is most anxious for all those who can swim at all to join up, take advantage of the facilities it offers, and, after what is hoped will be a more propitious season next year, help A.U.C. carry off the swimming shield at Easter.

Yours, etc.,
Margaret Bartrum.

THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

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