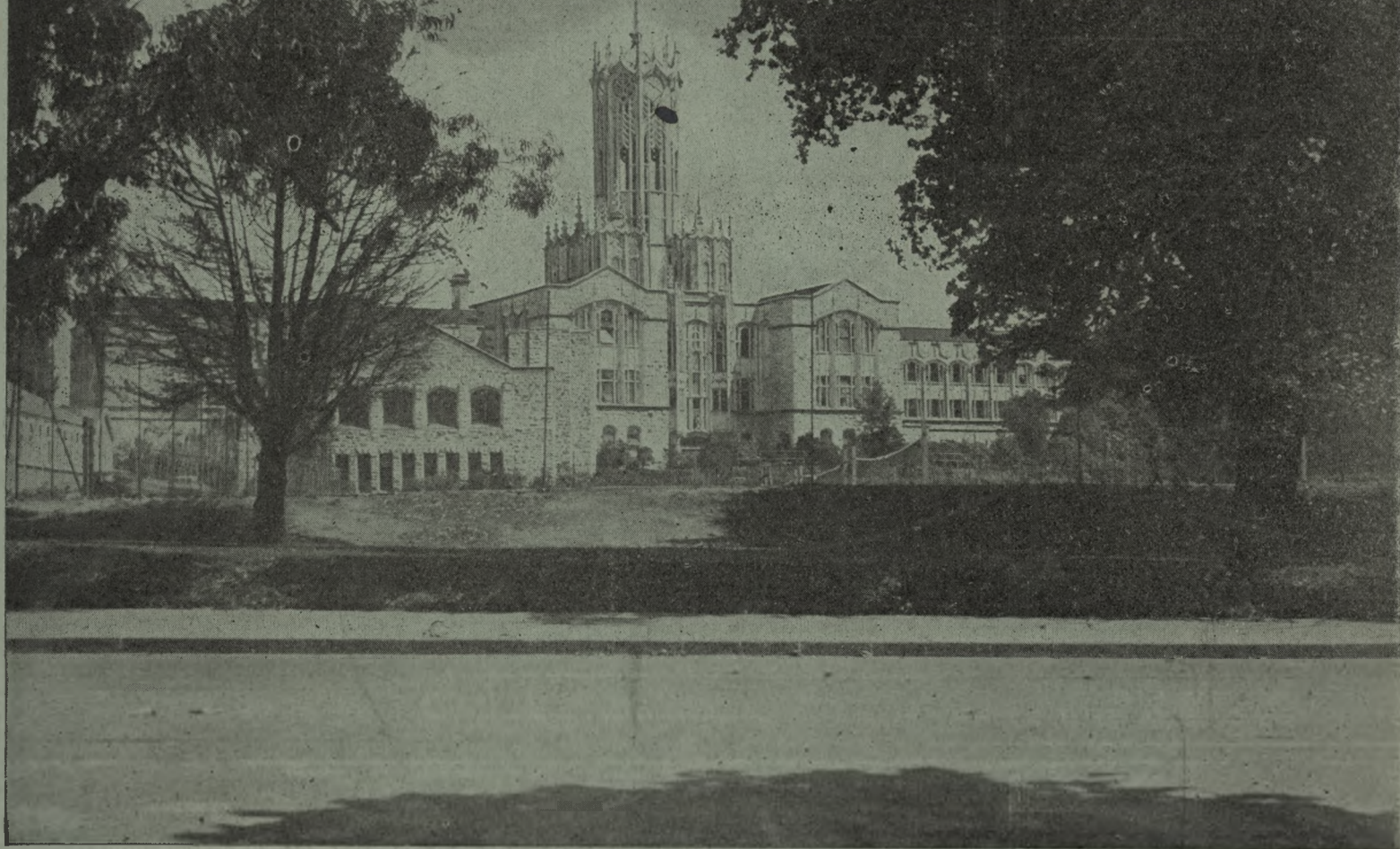


Special Hockey Tournament Number

CRACCUm



VOL. 1. No. 5.

MONDAY, JUNE 7th, 1937.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

We hear that many people in the Coronation crowds were disappointed. They shouted "Hail, oh King, hail!" and the King only reigned.

Mrs. Odd, when canvassing for members for her S.S.S. (Society for the Suppression of Slimming) said that no plump girl could be considered fat. More waist, less speed.

We hear that Mr. Giffins has been awarded the Hogben Ham-slice for his encouraging bar-racking at the Auckland-Canterbury hockey match.

"It does not pay to bottle things up," states an eminent psychologist. We understand that he has now shifted his brewery shares to a canned beer factory.

It is inadvisable to kiss and make up. One gets the kiss and the other the make-up.

Our sympathy goes to one of our science lecturers. He went home dog tired and found his wife feeling kittenish.

A girl is as old as she looks, but a man isn't old until he stops looking.

The Maid's Lament.—Every perm. has its turn.

The Canterbury goal-keeper blocked many of Auckland's goals. His host was with difficulty restrained from giving him a bullet instead of a billet.

"A grass widow is often in clover but never in weeds," said Mr. Gascoigne reminiscently.

"The young man with a career ahead of him should avoid emotional entanglements," states a well-known business man. Keep out of 'arm's way!

Maidens Beware! Many a girl who gets taken out, in the end gets taken in.

A scientist states that the farmer's best friends are common worms. We understand that the National Party is bringing a libel suit.

At an intimate dinner given for him in London, Mr. Savage announced that all his underwear was made of pure New Zealand wool. Sheep's clothing?

"In the first round for the Athenian Cup our senior debaters walked over the opposing team who scratched." Who wouldn't?

"It is illogical to have conventional dress for a wedding and not for a separation," says a woman writer. Hasn't she heard of divorce suits?

At the Hockey Ball a very tired member of the team refused to take a rest on the balcony balustrade because she was afraid of dropping off.

A young reader complains that she is always booked for 'Varsity dances about a month ahead by the wrong man. Another of the predatory males we hear so much about.

A student is one who is supposed to know very little about a great deal, and he goes on knowing less and less about more and more, so that eventually he comes to know practically nothing about everything.

A professor, on the other hand, knows a great deal about very little, and he comes to know more and more about less and less, until eventually he comes to know practically everything about nothing.

EXCURSION TO CHATEAU TONGARIRO AUGUST 13th—20th-

The attention of students is directed to this coming excursion. It will be organised by the Social Committee, will cost approximately £5 (which will include train-fares, bus and accommodation), and will provide everybody with an opportunity to laugh, live, and be merry altogether!

Sign the notice on the large board IMMEDIATELY for accommodation purposes only. This will entail no obligation to go but will help your dear friends the Social Committee to gain an indication of numbers for booking.

Builder on a scaffold,
Gravity defied,
Fell into a mixer,
Was he mortarified?

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

Editor: ERIC H. HALSTEAD.
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MONDAY, JUNE 7th, 1937.

CORONATION WEEK

The Empire has acknowledged a new King and Queen. On May 6th King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were crowned and students throughout the Empire have celebrated and acknowledged the Coronation with deep respect and expressions of loyalty.

To the student, the greatest event of Coronation Week was the address of Earl Baldwin to Empire Youth in the Albert Hall. The eyes of all Empire youth were turned towards that gathering. Its importance may not be fully realized until several years have passed, but the charge made to youth by the greatest contemporary statesman was indeed a challenge. Youth to-day is indifferent to politics. Earl Baldwin has shown us the great responsibility which will soon be thrust upon us. Are we to meet the challenge?

"Democracy is crying out for leadership. The next generation—it may well be you—will have to save democracy from itself." It has been said that the World War robbed the generation of its leaders. It might be true, for with the passing of the leaders of the pre-war generation, we find Empire governments slipping into the hands of men of second-rate ability and poor personality. Earl Baldwin stated significantly that the big problem of the next quarter of a century would be the problem of government. "The old doctrine of the divine right of kings is gone, but we have no intention of replacing it with a new doctrine of the divine right of States."

It behoves every student to rally to the throne. The reign has begun under the shadow of the ex-king's abdication, and under the threat of a European crisis. The recent Empire-wide expressions of loyalty were symbolic of our pride in our constitutional monarchy. Long may it endure!

"Courage, discipline, and efficiency are as essential to democracy as to dictatorship." Only by these qualities can democracy fight the insidious anti-British propaganda of Communism and Fascism.

* * * *

CARNIVAL.

A.U.C. celebrated the greatest Carnival Week for several years. President Blair and his lieutenants are to be congratulated for the fine effect of organisation, skill and artistry displayed in both Procession and Revue.

All functions are brilliantly successful. The Procession Committee had one moan, but let that pass. They have had enough publicity at any rate. "The Observer" satisfied them with a vengeance. The people of Auckland are clamouring for another procession. They will get it—bigger, brighter and better—if it's possible to improve on this year's showing. The Revue surpassed all expectations. Its brilliant effects eclipsed some other feeble displays. "Hearts of Coke"—"The Asbestos" and the Russian Ballet will be remembered for a long time for good acting and production. The time has come for a full length extravaganza at His Majesty's. Next year's Carnival Committee should entertain this seriously. Given the publicity that we received this year, the producer, and the bumper houses we had, such a venture would be crowned with success.

The Ball Committee report that for the first time in the history of A.U.C. the Grad Ball made a profit (£8)—nice work. We all know what a great show the Grad Ball was. A thousand people enjoyed good music, good fun and a poor supper.

The Graduation Ceremony was dignified and brief. The speeches were good. Prof. Sewell indicated that he is beginning to understand the colonial instead of condemning him as a barbarian. Pat Blair introduced the subject of 'Varsity Expansion. We are going to hear more about this. The Hongis justified their presence and made a definite contribution to the proceedings.

In all, A.U.C. students can be reasonably proud of their effort during Carnival Week. It left an excellent impression upon the people of Auckland.

* * * *

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

A.V.C. has seen many innovations and successes this year. The latest innovation is the holding of the inter-Varsity Hockey Tournament in Auckland and the latest success is the capture of the Seddon Stick by Auckland for the first time in seven years.

Our women's team, too, played magnificently and came within an ace of repeating the performance of the men. But, most important, the tournament was a success for all Colleges from a hockey point of view and from a social point of view also. The games and the Tournament conformed to the best tournament traditions of sportsmanship. Special mention should be made of Massey College, which generously decided to send a team to the tournament though it was most inconvenient and several of their best players were not available. Massey should do better next year and it is certain that there would be no more popular winners of the stick than M.A.C.

Special congratulations are due to the N.Z.U. Blues from Auckland and particularly to Lawrence Hogben who was appointed captain of the N.Z.U. team and to Shona Paterson, who was appointed President of the N.Z.U. Women's Hockey Council.

* * * *

COMING EVENTS

JUNE.

- Wed. 9th.—Debating Society v. Labour Club on "Socialism in N.Z."
Fri. 11th.—Coffee Evening.
Sun. 13th.—E.U. Tea.
Tramping Club: Trip to Northern Waitakeres.
Mon. 14th.—S.C.M. open forum: 12.30-1.30 p.m.
International Relations.
Sci-Soc. lecture.
Tues. 15th.—S.C.M. open forum: 12.30-1.30 p.m.
Engineering Soc.
Wed. 16th.—S.C.M. open forum: 12.30-1.30 p.m.
Radio debate from IYA—A.U.C. v. V.U.C.
Thurs. 17th.—S.C.M. open forum: 12.30-1.30 p.m.
Classical Society.
Fri. 18th.—S.C.M. open forum: 12.30-1.30 p.m.
Annual General Meeting of Free Discussion Club in Men's Common Room at 7.30 p.m. Also "Race Suicide in N.Z."
Women's Coffee evening.
Sat. 19th.—Masquerade Ball.
Sun. 20th.—S.C.M. Tea.

MASQUERADE BALL MASQUERADE BALL MASQUERADE BALL

SATURDAY, 19th JUNE
IN COLLEGE HALL.

FANCY DRESS OPTIONAL.

Beautiful women, entrancing music, strong, handsome men? Sure they'll be there, so come along and make things zoom in happiness and gaiety.

SATURDAY, 19th JUNE—COLLEGE HALL

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

SECOND FRIDAY OF TERM.

18/6/37, at 7.30 p.m.

Free Discussion to Follow.

SUBJECT: "Race Suicide in New Zealand."

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

GOOD-BYE TO THE SEVEN LEAN YEARS

SEDDON STICK TO A.U.C.

GIRLS JUST MISS

For the first time since 1930, A.U.C. has won the distinction of being champion 'Varsity at hockey. Further gems in its crown of glory are the wooden spoon newly presented by "Big Ben" Denby, of V.U.C., and won by our second team, five N.Z.U. Blues, the fact that no goals were scored against the champion team during the tournament, and the fact that the girls' team, though only drawing with C.U.C., nearly beat O.U. and held them to a good draw, thus finishing one point behind them in the tournament.

The tournament held in the vacation was the first ever to be held in Auckland, and its success is a good augury for next Easter, as this tournament is more than half as big as the Easter affair and should prove valuable experience to us. Of the various entertainments it need only be said here that the picture party to "Rose Marie" was well patronised and enjoyed, the men's dinner was a wow, the women's was quieter but a feminine wow, the dance was a success, the Saturday coffee evening went well, and the drive was held in fine weather. But, as a matter of fact, the visitors came to play hockey as well as to be entertained. Here, then, follow brief descriptions of the games in which A.U.C. teams took part.

THE GAMES REVIEWED

A.U.C. v. O.U. (Friendly Game): 8-0.—On a perfect, fast ground, Otago were left rather at sea and found the A.U.C. team a bit tough after the train journey. A.U.C. were attacking most of the time and when Otago did move in attack they did not look particularly dangerous. Les. Hercus, Otago's goalie, brought off many brilliant saves and was the busiest man in the O.U. team. Noel Broun played an outstanding game at centre-half for Auckland, the fast ground suiting him well.

A.U.C. 2nds v. Victoria: 1-3.—A.U.C. (fielding five regular second-graders, the rest thirds) gave V.U.C. an early shock when Bennett rocked in a hot goal, but V.U.C. slowly and steadily made up the lee-way. Our team played good hockey, Moir being outstanding at left full-back, while Sale, Bennett and Herriott all worked like Trojans. This was a very good effort by our second team. For V.U.C. Shaw scored from a good corner shot and combined well with his inside, Cole, while Oram also played well on the wing. Newcombe played a clever constructive half game, and Abraham was a steady full-back.

A.U.C. v. C.U.C.: 2-0.—This was Auckland's closest match of the tournament, and Canterbury are to be congratulated on their fine showing. The match would have been even closer if Shillito, the C.U.C. crack full-back, had been playing, although Louisson and Metson put up a very stout-hearted defence. A.U.C. scored in the last five minutes of the game, first a brilliant scoop by Greenbanks from an acute angle which soared into the top corner of the net, then a hard shot by Yule from the edge of the circle which gave the goalie no chance. The A.U.C. forwards were brilliant in the field, but the inside forwards missed badly on occasions when goals should have been scored. The outstanding forwards were Yule and Greenbanks. N. Broun found the soft ground against him and did not play up to his standard, although he stopped Duffield well and truly. Speight played an outstanding game as right-half; time and time again C.U.C. found his positional play perfect. Watson, left-half, also played exceedingly well, and Cawkwell played an outstanding game at left full-back. Henderson made one terrific save and several other good ones: the terrific was a high leap to the ball in the top corner of the goal to which he just got his hand. If C.U.C. had got this, they might have held the lead, but this was the turning point. Of the C.U.C. team, Hall played a canny game in goal; Louisson and Metson played solidly,

though they did not clear quite hard enough. Cyril Walter shook off his hangover and played a great captain's game; he was always in the thick of it. The wings were given little scope by the A.U.C. halves, but the three insides, Eggleton, Duffield and Glenday, worked hard. Eggleton did some very clever work, but spoiled it by burbling at the referee, and unnecessary wild play, which probably cost him his blue. Duffield did not shine: the newspapers said he was too well marked, but that won't explain everything. The fact is that though exceptional at stick work Duffield is not a good combining player; his spectacular runs were not coming off and all he could do with the ball was to smack it hard across to the right where it was eagerly snapped up by Watson, of A.U.C. He practically ignored the centre-forward and a shot which should be one of the judicious inside's best weapons, the through pass to the wing. But the newspapers probably know best.

THE FINAL

A.U.C. v. O.U.: 6-0.—This was just a repetition of the friendly match, with desperate but ineffective efforts by Hercus, the two full-backs and Warren and Aldred, while Hubbard, on the left wing, put in some good gallops. Yule played outstandingly for A.U.C. and Watson was the best man on the field. Good team work and position won the final with every man on his game for A.U.C.

A.U.C. 2nds v. Massey (Friendly Game): 3-2. (Game for the Spoon): 1-4.—In the first match the seconds played well and the forwards combined nicely. No player was outstanding, but the team work was good. Petch, the Massey centre, was their best man. In the second match Massey played much better and A.U.C. played much worse; they were weakened by the inclusion of one of the regular second-grade full-backs, who played very badly. Petch, of Massey, was again outstanding.

A.U.C. 2nds v. C.U.C.: 3-4.—This was another good effort of the seconds. In the first half rather selfish play lost us goals and Duffield and company romped in with four. In the second half Moir, changed over to the right, stopped Duffield's nonsense and Cyril Walter obligingly decided to have a sleep. As a result the seconds finished up looking like a winning team and there is no doubt that this was their best effort. C.U.C. were rather uninspired after their great game the day before.

N.Z.U. HOCKEY BLUES

The Blues' team, announced at the dinner, was as follows:—Hubbard, O.U.; Braithwaite, A.U.C.; A. Broun, A.U.C.; Cole, V.U.C.; Yule, A.U.C.; Johnson, V.U.C.; Walter, C.U.C.; Hurst, C.U.C.; Cawkwell, A.U.C.; Hogben, A.U.C. (Captain), and Hall, C.U.C. Emergencies: Brebner, O.U.; Newcombe, V.U.C.; and Petch, M.A.C.

N.Z.U. v. AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL TEAM

The team went out determined, but not over-confident, against hockey's strongest provincial team in New Zealand. Cyril Walter leapt straight into the fray and played magnificently, while the rest of the defence worked off its nerves. Auckland looked dangerous at the start, but the 'Varsity side gradually worked up to a surprising pitch of combination and of stamina (considering the dinner and ball of the previous night). Every player justified his selection, and on the run of the play the side earned its win by three goals to two. This is the first Auckland defeat since the Indians came here.

COMMENTS ON THE AUCKLAND TEAMS

A.U.C. thoroughly earned their win. The positional play of the defence proved too much for the other teams to penetrate and the forwards were able to penetrate the others' defences by good combined play. The find of the

tournament was Maurice Yule, A.U.C. right wing. By his style of play he completely exposed the individualist type of right-wing play which is all too common, and his unselfish centres were a treat to watch. Watson played outstandingly at left-half and should stand a good chance of a trip to Australia with the New Zealand team. Speight, a second-grader, played really good hockey and must have gone close to getting his Blue. The team as a whole excelled in the two Otago matches and played solidly against Canterbury.

A.U.C. 2nds.—This team was an outstanding success and is to be heartily congratulated on its fine showing. If our regular second-grade team had been available we might have had two teams in the final; as it was, all the promotions played well. Owen Herriott led the team ably and worked like a tiger, while the rest of the forwards all played well. The only time they really combined was in the Massey match. A.U.C.'s weakness as a club at the moment is in the combination and scoring powers of the inside forwards. But there are tons of promising individuals and the team work will come. Bennett played shrewdly at centre-half, and Hansen and Devereaux never let up. Moir was absolutely outstanding at full-back and will go a long way; he is unfortunate in that there are two dead-heads who can't be kicked out playing at full-back for the seniors. Sale played splendidly in goal and went close to a Blue. Neil Robinson was a very solid foil for Moir. The whole team should be heartily congratulated.

LADIES INCLUDED

(By a Lady Herself)

Yes! The hockey tournament was a wow, and the woman modestly claim half shares in the honours.

Having seen a brilliant display of hockey from the side-line of the friendly match between the Otago and Auckland men, we set out on Thursday with high intentions and staggered through mud and more mud to a victory over V.U.C. and a draw with C.U.C. Friday morning saw us weary and stiff, but nevertheless keen to meet the much-feared Otago team.

The first half found us in the lead by two goals, but unfortunately we could not stand up against the hard pace set by the determined Southerners, and the match ended in a draw, with the resultant loss by one point of the stick to Otago, who had beaten C.U.C. by a fair margin.

We owe our success to keeping Otago in check by carrying out a scheme of keeping the ball out to the wings and away from their most dangerous centre-half, Hazel Johnson, who in spite of the wing play put up an exceedingly brilliant performance.

Of the A.U.C. team, a word of praise may be said of their combination and general team play, which was very pleasing. Also a few words to the untiring energies of Clara Lynch and Marjorie Rohan on the half-line, the latter of whom went unrewarded. Nor can we fail to mention the brilliant display shown by Dorothy Smith, playing as right full-back, and combining well with Joyce Bell, who played very steadily. Shona Paterson earned her N.Z.U. Blue by making some hefty and well-timed saves, while the forward line did their best considering the conditions, and although they missed some excellent chances their combination and spirits were good.

Saturday morning saw five of our team take their places in the N.Z.U. eleven, these being Shona Paterson, Dorothy Smith, Clara Lynch, Jean McGeckie, and Pat Shirtcliffe. The play, however, was extremely poor and the New Zealand University were beaten 1-nil.

We heartily congratulate Otago for winning the stick in the women's championship, and also our own worthy men on their well-earned win.

The Revue Reviewed

"Craccum" has sometimes been accused of partiality in its criticisms. In this issue students have for the first time, an opportunity to read our report of a 'Varsity entertainment side by side with that of an unbiased observer—Mr. R. F. Spragg (bless him, the dear soul). We are indeed grateful to Mr. Spragg for arising from his nightly singing of Gilbert and Sullivan to provide his old haunts with a touch of that peculiar moaning frenzy so typical of public-spirited gentlemen and of Mr. Spragg.

However, it was so sweet of him. Thank you, Mr. Spragg.

REID HITS THE 1937 STAGE

"All my own work," said Mr. Reid, chewing his pipe and blacking his shirt with coke-dust, when I approached him on the question of the details of the authorship of the Revue; "except that Mr. Hogben wrote Miss Fatten's interview."

And if you will cast your mind back on the Revue, you will no doubt agree that Mr. Reid was right. His wit runs in clearly defined channels which were very obviously marked out in this his latest effort. Mr. Reid either burlesques the serious, perhaps the over-serious, or else amuses you by sudden anticlimax. The difference is that the one is sustained, the other hits you with a quick stroke; the real substances of each is the same. But I proceed to details.

There were the usual remarks, mainly in the measured tones of Mr. Hogben, oozing out of the microphone before the performance and between items; as one might expect, some were funny, other feeble. The orchestra, under the lengthy baton of Mr. O'Gorman, rendered Von Suppe. The members were labouring under difficulties; I observed the trombonist keeping one eye on the music, one on the baton, and using the other to sight the slide of his instrument into a two-inch space between chairs. The noise, however, was convincing. Then there was the traditional opening chorus, quite resonant, quite unnecessary. The caricatures of University personalities were perhaps not so well cast as last year.

Preliminaries over, the curtain went up on "Floradoda." This effort shared in conception the same weaknesses as "The G-Men of the Yard," for further comment, which see. Some of the singing, particularly Miss Phelan's, was pleasant.

Next was an interlude, "The Nth Degree," representing the anti-climax type of Reidian wit. It was well done and well cast; the contrast between the passionate pleading of Mr. Clouston and the measured wisdom of Mr. Gifkins was good. Details such as Mr. Gifkins' blue shirt, white tie, and nail-polishing were excellent.

Next was perhaps the best item of the show, the Blussian Ballet. It was good farce as long as it lasted, even if the brains of some of the audience were as dull as mine in failing to perceive that Mr. Reid was endeavouring to satirise the American admiration for the superman. Mr. Gascoigne and Mr. Gifkins were outstanding. Note for programme compilers: French for "female dancer" is "danseuse," not "danseuse."

Next were some topical songs; words were as good as, and singing rather better than, usual; nothing else of especial interest.

Next, "Hearts of Coke," a satire on the well-meaning efforts of amateur actors and repertory societies; amusing, with Mr. Reid on his favourite themes for satire of imperialism and the old school tie and socialism. But the farce of the missed cues was better than the satire.

A medley of Maori songs followed, which was quiet and pleasant to hear, except when the ukulele and guitar played conflicting chords.

Next was the "Aesbestos of Stupidides," an excellent bit of burlesque (class 1 of Mr. Reid's wit). The lamentations of the chorus and the equipping of the herald with a tricycle were perhaps the most ludicrous touches; but the humour rarely flagged throughout. One of the best items.

After the interval the orchestra warbled through Drigo's "Serenade," and this was followed by two numbers by the Pills Brothers. The words were good, though a bit inaudible in the first number, "Raven Blues." The singing could have been a little more confident, and would have sounded better, perhaps,

over the microphone. The announcements preceding and during the item were amusing.

Next was "The G-Men of the Yard," which was perhaps the weakest item on the programme. Not only was Mr. Reid's wit flagging distressingly, but the thing was inadequate in conception. It endeavoured to burlesque something which was never meant to be taken seriously; consequently, instead of satire, it had to remain as mere Gilbertian imitation; more, by using actual Gilbertian situations, it degenerated into Gilbertian plagiarism. Which is not likely to amuse anyone, least of all anyone who knows his Gilbert. The performers did what they could with the material. The trend of these remarks will apply in a lesser degree to the weaknesses in Floradoda.

A second interlude, "The Yellow Claw," followed. The conduct of this was similar to that of "The Nth Degree," but it was perhaps a little too long and the denouement not quite crisp enough for it to reach the standard of that effort.

Next, a haka in the authentic manner, well done (if indeed I am any judge of hakas) and well dominated by the large gentleman who led it, and who was obviously enjoying the whole business and who secured the maximum effect with the minimum of effort.

Next, the above-mentioned interview with Miss Lean Fatten; quite amusing, perhaps a little long. Mr. Hodder on the microphone was excellent.

Lastly, "Ohello," very definitely in class 1 of Mr. Reid's wit. Mr. Hodder again shone—physically and histrionically—as the drunken waiter, and rather overshadowed the rest of the cast. I think I should place it as the best individual performance of the show. The satire here was rather pointed occasionally, and a little more restraint might have improved matters. Mr. Reid's chasing of the spotlight was amusing; but those acquainted with the object of the satire must have recognised a couple of delightful touches in the scenery and the imaginary alcohol consumed by Mr. Reid. Mr. Woodhouse put over his last speech well, except on the last night, when he apparently forgot something and failed to make his pistol bang.

In general terms, the review this year showed a marked improvement over last year's. It was more compact, and the standard of individual items varied much less than last year. Even if, as I have endeavoured to show, there is a certain sameness about Mr. Reid's wit, yet with the exceptions I have mentioned, it rarely fails to be amusing; and Mr. Reid deserves congratulations therefor. He was ably assisted, I have no doubt, by all his helpers.

—GRUB.

* * * *

EX-PRODUCER SPRAGG AS DRAMATIC CRITIC

THE GREAT MAN'S OWN STORY

In his foreword Mr. Reid tells us that his aim is to produce a greater success than last year's Revue—which, to put it mildly, is possible—and, in my opinion, he has certainly succeeded.

I think first of all, however, that musically the production was weak. We missed our old friend "Gaudeamus," which gives a student show such a dignified and appropriate beginning, and after the National Anthem, were presented with "Pique Dame." This is not a suitable opening for such an entertainment even when played to perfection, and the Orchestra, in the words of the weather report, was "rough to rather rough." The Entr'acte was even less inspiring. It should be realised that the artists on the other side of the footlights are as much a part of the show as their colleagues on the stage, and that there must be the closest possible co-operation between the producer and the musical director throughout

the whole of the rehearsal period. To the audience it seemed as if Mr. Reid had said to the musical directors (by the way, why two of them?), "Let there be an orchestra, and let there be an overture and an entr'acte," and left it at that. Next year I hope much more attention will be devoted to the Orchestra.

Next may I remark that the essence of Revue is continuity, and the essence of continuity is careful planning of the programme and expert stage management; not that I am belittling the efforts of Mr. Martin, who proved himself a worthy successor to the one and only Lofty Bertram, but I felt that the house was in darkness too long and too often. All these gaps were filled by interludes on the loud speaker, which were always entertaining, but the "voice in the darkness" began to pull down the tempo of the show after the first ten seconds, and, in my view, none of the breaks should have exceeded this time. The answer to this problem is probably more elaborate dress rehearsals.

Lighting was an improvement on last years, and many of the items lent themselves to special colour effects. The general arrangement of the stage, designed to facilitate quick changes, was simple and effective, but I feel, and I think Mr. Reid will agree with me, that the front curtain was not a success. It looked shabby and untidy when it was down, and caused some amusement among the audience and, no doubt, bad language on the stage, when it was drawn. In any case, it was quite unnecessary.

The programme was certainly amusing and that is the ultimate test of its worth. The Opening Chorus was a neat piece of writing, with a pleasant sprinkling of college topicalities—and personalities—and a cheerful solo by Mr. Holland. The chorus, however, did not get a chance to make a good start. Singers cannot be expected to break into a chorus when they are out of sight of the conductor and the audience, and cannot do their best when they are moving on to the stage. And the girls—poor things—had to sing their verse into the backs of a row of muscular professors.

Floradoda was not quite up to Mr. Reid's usual standard, and without Miss Phelan's voice and Mr. Heerdegen's comedy work it might have failed. As it was the principals sang, Mr. Maich spluttered, Mr. Segedin wept, the audience chuckled, and all was well.

The Nth Degree followed. Both Mr. Clouston and Mr. Gifkins worked well, and by the last night, the blackout came at the right moment.

And then the Ballet—the finest thing I have ever seen at a 'Varsity show. A tremendous amount of work had obviously been put into this item, which might so easily have been merely feeble. All hail to Mlle. Gascaroina—Aunt Alice in private life—and the ladies (and others) associated with her.

The topical songs fell somewhat short of the high standard of the rest of the show. The trio was bad—rank bad—not because of the singers who did their best with a difficult song insufficiently rehearsed, but because a Sullivan patter song moves too fast for a number of topical ideas to be grasped by an audience, and because, in a song of this tempo the consonants must be carefully arranged so that the vocalists may have some chance of pronouncing the words. The fault, as I have said, lies not with the singers, but with the author, who should never have written to this tune, and with the producer, who never should have allowed it to go on the stage. The quartette was much better. Here the harmony was very effective, and, above all, the words were clear. I might mention, however, that a key which suits soprano and tenor is usually not the best for contralto and baritone.

Mr. Reid is to be congratulated on Hearts of Coke, as are all who took part in it. This sketch was pure joy all through, especially to anyone who has ever played in amateur theatricals. Specially good work was done by Mr. Hodder and Miss MacCormick.

The Maori Medley provided a valuable variation in the programme and was immensely popular with the audience. It was, however, somewhat under-rehearsed, being little above Men's Common Room standard.

Aesbestos was probably the most finished production of the evening. Mr. Reid behind a cotton wool beard led the revels. John is blessed with that rare quality in a student actor, a sense of comedy, and every point he made was greeted with howls of mirth. Mr. Maich and his tricycle were good, and the chorus deserve a crown of laurels all round—

even the lady who would smile at all the funny lines.

The Pills Brothers presented a very fine parody on the more noxious type of modern melodies. Their harmony was excellent and they had just the right air of disinterested sentimentality, which marks the born crooner. They might have made the words a little clearer, but the second man from the O.P. side made up for the deficiencies of the others in this respect.

Have I used up all possible superlatives, because I need most of them again for "Ohello." The sketch was of a high standard all through, the butter box set gave the desired modernistic effect, and the whole show was delightfully reminiscent of the work of a very well known prof. Every member of the cast did fine work, particularly Mr. Hodder, who provided us with one of the most delightful "drunks" I have ever seen.

The Yellow Claw was a very useful little interlude, though I doubt whether an impassive Chinese henchman would chew gum. The Hakas were good; a great improvement on the Maoris' previous item, and they grew better every night.

The interview with Miss Fatten laid the Students' Association open to more slander actions than I could count. I was told that Mr. Smith had been practising this for months before, and I trust that his success may encourage all to do the same next year. The item was chock full of good points and Mr. Smith got every one across. The first time I saw it I was quite exhausted from laughing. Congratulations!

The G-Men of the Yard deserved a better fate. Here was the case of a brilliant little parody, badly cast and under-produced. The audience also failed to do their bit. Possibly many of them were ignorant of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera and the rest slightly shocked at this light-hearted trifling with the masters' works. Mr. Braybrooke's voice was a little weak for the part of Mick Adough. Mr. Holland, Mr. Fleming, Miss Speary and Miss Ball all did as well as lack of rehearsal permitted, and the chorus, led in each time by Mr. Fleming, did their best, and all, I fancy, have learned that Sullivan's songs are harder than they look. Here, if anywhere, was a chance to use the badly underworked orchestra. Never mind! What is one minor flop in such a delightful evening?

And then the show ended—very suddenly. No final chorus nor even the National Anthem to tell us we might go home. A final chorus, be it ever so humble, should not have been difficult to write and learn. It would have rounded off the show and given the audience an opportunity of seeing and applauding the whole company.

However, it was a fine piece of work and the most enjoyable show I have seen for many a long year.

—R. F. SPRAGG.

* * * *

POETIC FEAT

My love, thy small and softly shadowed feet,
Have kissed the perfumed sheen of pillowed rose
And drifting now along the dewy grass,
Moon-tipped and cool as winds that whisper
Softly on far-distant river-beds, they move
For me in aching loveliness—so white—
So gentle and so very small. Our eyes
Have seen the stored up wonder of the skies
When sun has broken wonderfully upon
The sleeping earth, and we have heard
The shivering ecstasy of angels singing
Round the gates of Paradise. Oh, dear, it's
sweet

To think it's happened just 'cos you were born—
—(with feet!)
—CHIPS.

* * * *

Suggested slogan to be used by the Professorial Board: "No liquor to be consumed on the premises—there's a 'pub' around the corner."

* * * *

The Unicorn's a creature quaint,
But, after all, he really ain't,
So if you see one—well, I think
I'd dump the bottle in the sink.

ROCKE O'SHEA PASSES ON

"I am convinced that A.V.C. has a finer body of young men and women than any other college in New Zealand."

We blushed modestly when Locke handed us this little bouquet. President Blair could hardly overcome his confusion.

'Twas on the eve of Thursday, 27th May that the Exec. officially farewelled Mr. M. Locke O'Shea. He will assume the post of Secretary of New Zealand Manufacturers' Association on June 21st. Four fourteen years he has served the University College faithfully and well. The College Council have already testified to his efficient work as Registrar, but the students will always remember Mr. O'Shea for the friendly advice and guidance which he was always willing to give. During depression-time students were particularly grateful to him for his tactful and helpful assistance in the matter of fees.

He was a keen supporter of the 'Varsity sports clubs. He has served as president and vice-president of several of our clubs. The footballers will remember him particularly for his fatherly care during the 'Varsity tour of Fiji in 1930.

With the departure of Locke, as we all like to call him, to a field offering greater scope and opportunity for his ability, the students will indeed feel as though a friend has departed from their midst. Let us hope that the next Registrar will be as big a man.

* * * *

DR. T. Z. KOO.

The relationship between Christianity and modern life was the theme of an address to students by Dr. T. Z. Koo, noted Chinese and International Christian leader.

To speak from a practical viewpoint it was necessary to find an avenue of approach to the comprehensive term "life." Dr. Koo had found this in the Chinese philosophy which describes life as a web of relationships woven round three entities—God, Materialism and Man. The relation each of these bore to Christian religion he discussed against a background of Chinese thought and religion.

The Orientals, he said, on observing the wonders of the Universe, look upon God as possessing a state of perfect equilibrium, as a form of creative and inexhaustible energy and as having complete knowledge—knowing all and seeing all. In Christian religion, however, God is spoken of always in terms of personality, the essence of which is love. The most precious thing which Christianity gives, companionship of the soul with God, is missing from Chinese religion.

Regarding Materialism, Dr. Koo said that the Chinese were taught to become masters of craving for material things—not to be mastered by the craving. This is along the right lines, he said, but does not go far enough. Those things which we think can serve us are useful only to a point; beyond that they are valueless.

"Consider to-day," he said, "when the world has a greater abundance of material things than ever before, yet we see the whole human structure rocking on its basis, and the whole human heart trembling with it. Something is wrong. Let us remember rather the words of Christ—Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and these things shall be added unto you. Christianity has a message here which we urgently need."

The third entity—Man—Dr. Koo said was expressed by the word Love—the Love of Christ, which has not the hackneyed meaning of to-day.

The principle taught by Chinese religion was to love those who loved one, and to treat one's enemies with justice. But Christ had presented a higher plane—that of loving one's enemies, and to this we must rise.

"Man is conscious of three planes of living," he said. "The lowest is that of jungle law, in which there is nothing but perpetual conflict and bloodshed, as obvious in international life to-day and inevitable as long as life is cast on this plane. The second plane, that of justice, does little else than keep open old wounds and perpetuate old wrongs, as evidenced by the relations between France and Germany. The third and highest plane of love alone has the power of creating that new life which is the fundamental need of the world to-day and as long as this is withheld, fear, suspicion, and hatred will dominate the relationships between white people and black people, East and West, nation and nation."

PIG COMES TO 'VARSITY

As the lonely prisoner in his prison cell fills the air with sighs and sobbings of his tormented soul, so grunted and squealed the poor little sucking pig imprisoned in Pos's room.

For one long day and one long night the little pig lay tossing and moaning, scratching and kicking in its tower tall. At last its plaint was heard and the hearer of the plaint bore startling news to the benign Postlewaite. Filled with indignation and indigestion Pos. arose from the festive board at which he was eating and proceeded to the spot.

He surveyed the scene, slammed the door on the little prisoner, hurled himself down several flights of stairs and finding himself in the telephone box, summoned in haste the 'Varsity carrier.

"I'm damned if I know what happened to the pig," said Pos. Mrs. Odd, with tears streaming down her eyes, explained to the perplexed Postlewaite that the little sucking pig was presented to her by an admirer (the garbage man, who keeps a pig farm). He had deposited the little mite in Pos's room for safe keeping and now it was gone.

"I'll ring up the carrier and get it back," said Pos, beaming magnanimously. "Oke," said Mrs. Odd. He tickled the little dial, spoke soothingly into the black mouthpiece—and then—slammed down the receiver.

"The damn carrier's gone to Thames." Pos. departs with the sobbing Odd upon his arm.

* * * *

COMMERCE LUNCHEON.

The second of a series of luncheons arranged under the auspices of the Commerce Society will be held on Thursday, 10th June in the Reception Room of Milne and Choyce. The luncheon will commence at 12.45 a.m., and it would be appreciated if those attending would be seated as soon as possible after that time.

M. W. H. Hemingway, Esq., one of New Zealand's most informed and interesting speakers, will deliver an address on "Shall the Mandated Territories go back to Germany." The subject of the address is one of vital concern to every New Zealander, and as Mr. Hemingway has recently spent several months both in Germany and the Mandated Territories his remarks should be an invaluable contribution to our knowledge of the German outlook on her colonies.

A very cordial invitation is extended to students of every faculty to attend this function, and it would be appreciated if anyone accepting this invitation would leave a note to that effect in the letter rack addressed to the Secretary of the Commerce Students' Society.

W. N. MACKIE,

Hon. Secretary.

* * * *

A.U.C. DRAMATIC CLUB

The first production of the Dramatic Club for 1937 was presented to a disappointingly small audience on April 29th. The plays were well-chosen and thoughtfully produced, and merited much more enthusiastic support from the student body.

"Rosencratz and Guildenstern," W. S. Gilbert's parody of "Hamlet," was presented by Mr. D. Banks. Good performances were given by Misses Ida Ball, Joan Fleming, Marie Best, and Messrs. Stokes, March, Gifkins, and Braybrooke. Mr. Braybrooke's silent soliloquizing was especially amusing.

This was followed by Maurice Maeterlinck's gloomy and powerful drama, "The Intruder," which symbolised the coming of the force of Death. The play was produced by John Reid, and the dimly-lighted stage and whispered words of the players created a very effective atmosphere. Maeterlinck's spirit was captured by all the characters, who comprised Misses Marie Best, Joyce Mawhenney, Mary Davidson, and Messrs. Pilcher, Hogben, and Terry Barton. Mr. Norman Pilcher gave an outstanding performance in the difficult part of the blind grandfather.

Altogether, the presentation, though suffering in the first play from inadequate rehearsal, and in the second from lack of props, was a most enjoyable one and well worth the work involved in production. One can only express regret that the students as a whole pay so little attention to the Dramatic Club's efforts, especially when the standard of play and production is so high.

* * * *

A monologue is a conversation between a student and a professor.

To speak in rhyme;
It's gone quite out of fashion
To talk about your passion
However cleverly.
If you're so absent-minded as to say
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
You'll lose your locus standi
A thing that's very lonely
In society.
Sobriety and honesty are fair,
But by themselves won't get you anywhere;
It takes a drink to find the chink
In the armour of our feeling
The old impulse revealing,
In hectic revelry.
On the other hand,
We have the hand of surrealists tried and
true;
They'd think it rather keen of you
To see the moon in her "silver shoon,"
As a celestine orb of gherkin,
Clad in apalescent jerkin.
It seems to me
That poetry
Has been locked up in a madhouse
With those crazy loons who grouse
About conventionality in art,
For what is Surrealism
But a kind of frenzied schism
Tween fancy and reality,
Ignoring actuality?
So take your choice,
You can't read Joyce
Or study syncopation
And wait on inspiration
In a revery that seemingly
Is formed by Jazz,
Begot of dazz,
Ring alcoholic visions
That obliterate divisions
In your mind;
'Tween what is true, and what is not,
What is good,
And what's just tommy rot.

—B.T.

THE FIELD CLUB CAMP

Mixed meals, mixed weather and mixed company characterised the annual May vacation camp, held at Huia. In spite of the weather, attendance was good and enjoyment of the camp certainly did not suffer. Daily excursions were made to neighbouring localities of interest, but probably the one most enjoyed was that to the Huia Settlement for bread, with all the romance of the rising moon, glow-worms and moreporks. "I just laughed and laughed," said one participant.

Round games such as "contact bridge" were a regular feature in the evening and were always won by Uncle Bill.

"You are old, Uncle William,"

The barmaid said,

"Quite old enough to know better,

Yet you constantly try to sit on my head
And pull me right out of my sweater

"I am old, I am old"

We heard him declare

(And I really prefer Uncle Billy),

"But if you just take a good look at my hair
You'll see why I act so damn silly."

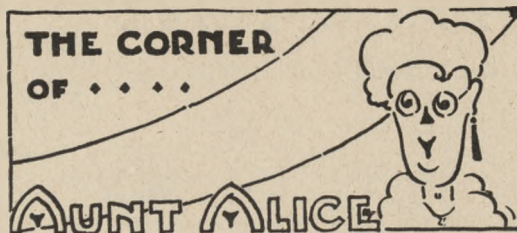
The illuminating incident of Charles (not Kingsley) and the Waterbabies proves that the party was nothing if not clean, yet we regret to record that No-one volunteered for the very necessary duty of scrubbing Pots. We are in full sympathy with Jimmy Waygood who has asked that any account of his acts be censored. We were reminded of that charming book by I. M. Peacock, "Brenda and the Babe," but James is getting a big boy now. His growing pains caused nightly insomnia.

We must not omit to mention that extensive botanical and conchological collecting was done and that an important physics experiment on the behaviour of flat-tops on an inclined plain was carried out with conclusive results.
Answer this one, dears!

* * * *

Do those curvy, red-hot babies,
All those amorous young ladies
That we see upon the movies,
Go to Heaven or to Hades?

You don't know? Well we'll tell you!
They look so awfully swell,
Surely can't be good as well,
So we think they go to make
Another Heaven down in Hell!



Dear Aunt Alice,

I am writing a very hopeful letter to you to seek your advice on a difficult problem.

Much against my will, I was dragged to the University Revue. Needless to say I was horrified and revolted by the impropriety and obscenity of the whole show. I would have left after the interval had not I conceived a sudden affection for one of the young ladies in the opening chorus.

So I stayed on, through the dreary wastes of undergraduate humour, hoping against hope that she would appear again. But she didn't. I came every night after that to see her in the first number, leaving when it was over. And now I can't sleep at nights through thinking of her.

I have never seen her before and since, and as I am on the committee of the S.C.M., I can't go round asking questions about a girl, can I, Aunt Alice? So I wonder if you would find her for me. She is a blonde about 5 feet 9 inches high, with a ruddy complexion (this might have been her make-up); she has three teeth missing in the front and a wart on her left nostril; she squints in the left eye, and wears horn-rimmed spectacles. Could you tell me from this what course she is taking and how I could meet her?

When you have found her for me, I will write and ask you what to do then.

Please do your best, Aunt Alice, for I've got it so bad I can't drink my morning glass of milk any more.

Yours, in palpitations,

"ANGELIEUS."

ANSWER: What a problem you have given me, Angelieus. There were times when I wondered whether you weren't putting something else in that glass of milk of yours—I mean, you're sure it was the same girl each night? Because at first I thought it might be Aimee, but she still has all her teeth and then I thought of Helen, but no, her wart isn't on her LEFT nostril, and Marie doesn't squint, nor does Ida, at least not in the left eye, and anyway she's a brunette, and Joan is only about 5 feet 6 inches, and so on—you see how hard it is? But seeing that you're on the S.C.M. Committee why not have a little heart-to-heart talk with Miss Johnson, who was also in the

chorus (by the way, it isn't Faith, I suppose?). Then let me know the result as soon as possible and I will undertake to fix up the next step.
AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I hate to trespass on your valuable time, but I want your advice. Just lately there has been born within me a nasty suspicion that I am not as other men. The difficulty is this: I have, up till now, managed to lead a rational sort of existence, free from any but the normal worries (financial ones), seemingly quite happy, in spite of entire absence of feminine sympathy. But recently I read this cloying masterpiece of hack journalism:—

"I love you, Sally," he murmured huskily against her neck. "God! how I love you! Darling, darling, darling!" His words were simmering waves of glory, coursing through her. His kisses were life and love flaming beautifully within her. Her voice rasped. . . . And so on. Now, Aunt Alice, the point is this: The above conglomeration of emotions seems to express pretty well the normal mood of 9/10ths of A.U.C. men and women, whereas it moves me only to physical illness. Am I a sub-normal type, or am I too platonically pure for the sordid realities of a 'Varsity common-room?
—THOS.

ANSWER: I cannot agree that this red-hot stuff is the spare-time occupation of A.U.C. students. Go to any coffee evening and what do you see—amorous couples lying all over the furniture—langorous beauties reclining in the arms of the local Gables? No sir! Maybe Beryl and Bronc are holding hands in the corner but that's about all. Anyway, what nice girl wants to have a man slobbering over her collarbone and breathing gin down her back? Far from what you suggest, Thos., I think that Passion as such is so dead in this college that it's about time we had a sort of Romantic Revival. In fact, you might come up and see me about it some time.
AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

I know that Procesh. Day has gone the way of all good things, but perhaps you will forgive me for resurrecting it just for a moment. You problem arising out of the procesh., and I want your advice on a very delicate matter.

I'm just an ordinary modest little fresher, and I want to buy my uncle a birthday present. Unfortunately he doesn't smoke, and ties are so overdone, you know, and anyhow he's very particular—but what I mean to say is, one of the lassies dancing round the maypole of the Tournament float was wearing such a sweet pair of sock suspenders. They were a heavenly blue colour, and would match uncle's eyes beautifully.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Under the Direction of the Literary Club

POEME

Not anything stirs. In the warm summer dark
A magnolia stands with arms
Upheld, votaress of the moon.
Her flowers, waxen-smooth, stained
Silver with her goddess' beams
Are lifted chalice-like. How pure
Their depths! To stoop and drink deep
Of their purity and dreaming scent,
To drift on a tide of passionate pleasure,
Sensuous, sweet! No longing here,
Only fulfillment. No desire to crush
Those flawless petals, bruise their whiteness
With rough hands. They do not madden,
Their quiet is inviolable, aloof.
They lie against the dark leaves
Carven of porphyry, inset in jade,
Filled with moon-silver, the wine of their perfume,
Hauntingly sweet.
I and the night and the chalic'd flowers—
There seems nought else in earth,
So still it lies—the moon a goddess,
Silver-kirtled and we her worshippers.
Oh that I could drink deep of the draught
Here proffered in flowers and know no more
Of the morrow and its petty cares.
Oh that to-night might linger on forever!
But we are not so fashioned. We must forget
Such vain desires—and fight and hope
And suffer and not be afraid.

—MARY STANLEY.

* * * *

SOMEWHERE IN SPACE

"My theory," said Giffkin, absent-mindedly stirring his tea with someone else's fountain-pen, "is that everything that ever happened is still going on somewhere. For instance," and here he dispatched a ferocious glare in my direction, "you have just taken the last piece of muffin." This, I thought, as I hurriedly and painfully swallowed the muffin in question, was quite irrelevant and unnecessary, but Giffkin, as though suddenly galvanised into action by the thought, gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward. "You may THINK," he went on, "that you and that muffin have together concluded a brief, happy, and irrevocable moment." I had though nothing of the sort, but nodded, knowing that resistance was useless. "But somewhere in Space," he added impressively, emphasising each word with a bony and unclean forefinger, "YOU WILL BE EATING THAT LAST PIECE OF MUFFIN FOREVER." My fervent resolve never more to attempt a brandy-snap or a corn-cob was interrupted by Miss Ursham's voice acidly remarking that she supposed that somewhere in space, her fountain pen would be immersed forever in a cup of tea. "Quite so," replied Giffkin imperturbably, "and my theory IS"—at these familiar words, the lady-whose-husband-has-deserted-her gathered up her pink knitting and left the room—"that if radio and television can catch what's going on all round you, WHY,"—he addressed the thoroughly outraged Miss Ursham as a kindred spirit, "Why shouldn't you be able to catch what happened, say, a hundred years ago?" "I saw a supporting picture like that one once," volunteered Miss Appleyard cautiously. "It was called 'If only they had told the truth.'" "I saw one," said Miss Goshawk, "where they put a dictaphone in the husband's wardrobe, and she was just going to divorce him when they found he'd been speaking to the dog all the time. There was a plumber in it too," she added vaguely.

Giffkin, beyond closing his eyes like a faintly bored cat, took no notice whatever of these suggestions, but continued to address himself solely to Miss Ursham. "At your elbow," he exclaimed passionately, "the knitting women may be counting the fallen heads of aristocrats."—Miss Ursham hastily put down her own embroidery—"Behind that newspaper," he pointed to the colonel, "Messalina is perhaps"—but the colonel, declining to be linked with such a celebrity, flung down his paper and hurled himself out of the room, commending his soul to some unknown East-

ern deity. "All you need do," said Giffkin, forgetting Messalina, "is to PROJECT yourselves sufficiently." Here he projected himself with such force, that only the entrance of Mrs. Walshe, and her subsequent removal of the teatray prevented Miss Ursham from being immortalised in space beneath the milk-jug, the slop-bowl, and the remaining piece of seed-cake.

Mrs. Walshe quite brazenly and unreasonably prefers Giffkin to any other boarder. I say unreasonably, because Giffkin has twice set her establishment on fire—and once introduced a mad dog into the linen cupboard in aid of a thesis on hydrophobia. On that particular afternoon, Mrs. Walshe's very wide-open right eye, combined with a peculiar sideways jerk of the head in Giffkin's direction said plainly, "He's off again." Basely, for Giffkin is my dearest friend, I was replying with a similar nod, when the cosmopolitan lady with the little girl who had arrived the night before, rushed to the piano and began to play "Angels Guard Thee," with much rattling of her jade bracelets. No one took much notice, whereupon, the cosmopolitan lady looked ruffled, and the little girl, who wore gold rings in her ears and whose name appeared to be Sondra, enquired loudly and plaintively if there would be no new uncles in this hotel. This innocent remark caused Miss Ursham to nudge Miss Appleyard and say, "I told you so," while Miss Goshawk said, "Bless you, we never minded that in Budapest." Miss Goshawk, I must add, is broadminded, having once been involved in a railway accident with five Poles—since when she spells her name with a "J" whenever she can remember.

Meanwhile, Giffkin, in no way disturbed by this interlude, was insisting, crescendo, that he had on several occasions been able to recapture the past, that it was all imprinted on a minute piece of wax in his waistcoat pocket, and that if we would only draw the curtains—it was now almost dark—and sit in a circle with our fingers touching, Giffkin, assisted by an Assyrian friend, "who should be here any minute now," would gladly prove the truth of what he had been saying. At the mention of the Assyrian friend, the cosmopolitan lady, who was half-way towards the door, appeared to change her mind, gave Sondra a shilling, told her to go and have her hair cut—"well up at the back mind"—to ask Mrs. Isaacson if she might stay there to tea, and to borrow one of the boys' blazers if she were cold. To which Sondra replied O.K., but mightn't she have tea with Sammy the porter instead, whereupon her mother told her to do as she liked but to leave her in peace, and returning to the sofa, the cosmopolitan lady crossed one silk-clad leg over the other with evident satisfaction, while Sondra departed, with an entirely odious wink in my direction.

The Assyrian friend now appeared, having three times been refused admission by Nellie, the housemaid, who persistently addressed him as "John" and assured him that "we didn't want anything to-day, thank you." The Assyrian gentleman, however, whose name was quite unintelligible, but sounded something like "charcoal," in no way daunted, effected a smiling entrance through the french window and was effusively greeted by Giffkin, who proceeded to herd us round a minute and wholly inadequate bridge table, taking care to remove himself as far as possible from the cosmopolitan lady.

I have never quite realised what happened in the next few minutes. Charcoal must have had some knowledge of the Rope Trick, or its Assyrian equivalent, for after he had asked in atrocious English for "one match" and had set fire to a small packet of green powder which smelt abominably, I have a dim recollection of Giffkin excitedly exclaiming that he had solved the riddle of the Iron Mask, of Miss Ursham murmuring that it was the Massacre of Glencoe, of actually seeing something resembling a headless body in gumboots drifting above the mantelpiece, and of the cosmopolitan lady covering her face with her plump hands, uttering a shrill cry to the effect that it was TOO terrible, and falling in a dead faint across

the hearth-rug.

All I realised, when finally Mrs. Walshe burst open the door with the assertion that she had never heard of such goings on, was that the Assyrian gentleman had vanished. So had my diamond pin, and even Giffkin's eager assurance that somewhere in space it awaited me, was but poor consolation for its loss.

Author's Note.—The characters in this story are purely imaginary.

* * * *

ROUNDEL

Tell me, is it true that you must go,
That I must stay, alone, so far from you,
To live my life unwilling here below?
Tell me, is it true?
Is there no helping thing that I can do?
Is there no token by which I may show
That our old comradeship is staunch and true?
Your sunken cheeks are pale, like drifted snow,
And in your tired eyes I have a clue
That speaks to me that which I fear to know.
Tell me, is it true?

—By P. W. Day.

* * * *

IN ALBERT PARK,

When peace comes, settling down in Albert Park,
And all the city's hum is hushed and low,
And through the trees there steals the kindly dark,
Then walking hand in hand the lovers go.
And all the drowsy flowers, closed and still,
Await the coming of the magic hour
When Youth comes walking gladly o'er the hill
And love unfolds her splendid crimson flower.
Love's tender spirit walks contentedly.
The birds, the sleepy trees, the blossoms curl'd,
Look down and smile as, from eternity,
They've smiled on the renewing of the world.

—By P. W. Day.

* * * *

THE MERCY OF THE SEA.

Dost thou remember Rome, thou wretch, held
as in a Roman thrall?
The toiling years in Roman galleys; these dost thou recall?
The rhythmic crashing of the oars, and, beating on thy brain,
The dull thud of the driver's club—dost hear it fall again?
Thy aching body shuddered 'neath the lash of cruelty's whips,
The air was foul with stench of men, and oaths were on thy lips.
Dost thou remember, slave?
Yet when the tempest rose to wreck the galleon in her might,
Then didst thou curse the plunging waves that shook her stately height.
In bondage chains thy hated life was never thine to keep,
Yet thou criedest to God to save it from the mercy of the deep.
Long years have passed, thou prisoner still, beneath the changeless sea,
Yet I have eaten through thy chains. 'Tis I have set thee free.
Content lie in thy grave!

—By B. Bates.

* * * *

WE'VE PASSED ALL THAT.

It was the custom in another time
To tell you love in song and rhyme,
To cry to every wind that blows
Your maid is sweeter than the rose,
To call her eyes two pools of tender light,
(Or darkness, as the case may be)
To say that she outshone the day,
And brought a beauty to the night
Greater than the glory of the stars.
But nowadays
We've other ways
That have no rhyming pattern;
It's a custom that is sat on
Rather heavily.
We have no time

Well, as I said, I'm very modest, but in this case, my need is so pressing that I feel I must do something about it. But I'm all in a flutter—you see, I don't like to approach the person concerned, because after all I don't really know him, I mean we've never been introduced, you know, and besides, I've heard that he has a very strict moral code, I'm not sure what sort, and I'd hate to offend it or anything.

You see my problem, don't you, Aunt Alice? And uncle's birthday is getting nearer every day, and I really don't know what to do. Please give me your advice, dear Aunt Alice.
MODEST VIOLET.

ANSWER: Well, Violet, I don't think you have much chance of getting them off the boy concerned. I mean if he's as much of a stranger as you say he is and you go up and ask him for his suspenders he will probably think you have designs on him and make a bolt for the nearest pub. Of course if he reads this he may part up with them of his own free will. Failing that I don't see why you couldn't buy a suitable pair. Why, I remember purchasing some lovely scarlet ones in McKenzie's last year, and they were so nice that when Mr. O'Shea saw them he said—but the Editor won't let me put it in—WHAT a pity!

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

Is it true that Mr. O'Shea is leaving us, and if so, why? Because I did hear that he was going to join some Manufacturers' Association or something at Wellington, but somehow it doesn't seem like Rocke to do that, and knowing how you seem to be acquainted with simply EVERYTHING which is going on here I was wondering if you could tell me what really IS happening.

PRUE.

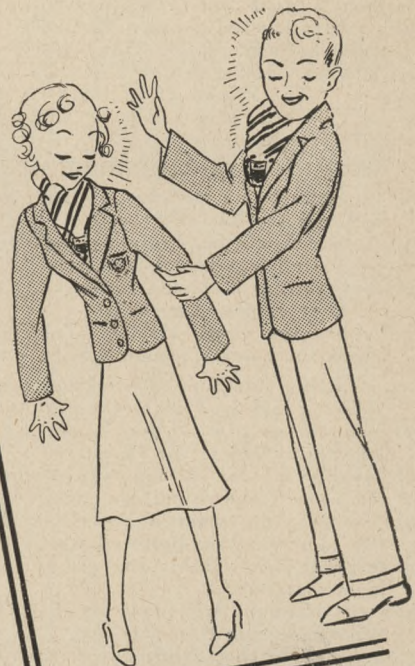
ANSWER: I shouldn't perhaps tell you this because it was told to me in the STRICTEST confidence, but I did hear that dear Mr. O'Shea is going to be Secretary of the N.Z. Federation of Bookmakers, and that his duties at first will be chiefly administrative, such as paying fines, squaring the police and so on, but later on they hope to dabble in opium and maybe have a flutter in the White Slave Market. I believe his chief recommendation was the fact that he had been connected with students for so long that they thought he must have plumbed the very DEPTHS of vice and depravity, which would of course make him admirably suited for the part.

AUNT ALICE.

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PEARLS AND PEBBLES

By CALIBAN

Have you forgotten the old music-hall recitations which used to tear the hearts out of our grandfathers and set grandmother weeping into her sixth antimacassar? Have you forgotten the stirring drama of "The Hell-Gate of Spittoon," "The Pigtail of Li Ing Hound," and "Sunka Gin"? In case you have, Caliban offers for your delectation—

THE HERO OF CARNIDINE HILL.

Did you ever know Hell-fire Tommy, the hero of Company B?

Well, a face like a bad-tempered bulldog and a heart that was golden had he;

He's now rotting in prison for forging, but the memory recurs to me still

Of the evening when Hellfire Tommy faced death on black Carnidine Hill.

It was raining like fun and the Germans were shooting old iron from their guns,

And deep in six feet of foul water we blazed and we cursed at the Huns,

I'd a louse in my ear and my puttees were clinging some place round my neck,

But I stood in my place at attention, though I felt like some sea-battered wreck.

The sergeant below in his dug-out was swatting his twentieth fly,

When the tommies looked up in amazement as there rang out a terrible cry,

"Look, a baby!" they shouted in horror, and the lights down our spines sent a chill,

As they showed us a baby quite helpless and lying neath Carnidine Hill.

"Good Gawd, it's a baby," said sergeant. "We can't let it lay in the cold;

We must rescue it!" "No, it is madness!" I cried.

"None would e'er be so bold;

He'd be shattered to atoms!" "I'll do it," a voice shouted clear through the air.

It was grubby young Hellfire Tommy. There was courage and grit in his stare.

Yes, dirty young Hellfire Tommy, the butt and the joke of the corps,

Oft kicked by the Colonel and Major, but we flinched at the set of his jaw.

"I'll save it," said Hellfire Tommy, and a cheer rose delighted and shrill,

As he leaped from the trench in the darkness and squirmed towards Carnidine Hill.

Oh, dear Lord, how our hearts trembled for him, as the bullets tore hither and there,

As he crawled through the shrapnel and darkness, each soldier breathed softly a prayer,

"He's hit!" "No, he's not." "Yes he is." "No he ain't." "See, they've got him." No? No, he is through!

The cries were hushed low in the blackness, as we watched that brave soldier and true,

Then swift, like a rumble of thunder, a shell hit the spot. He lay still,

But the light showed him clutching the baby that lay beneath Carnidine Hill.

A shout rent the petrified darkness, "My Gawd, he has done it!" 'Twas clear,

"He's a hero," they cried, and I noticed in the sergeant's hard eye was a tear.

Like a flash with his burden towards us, he shot e'er you'd batten an eye,

And into the trench like a rabbit. Not a face in the Company was dry.

"Bring a bung," shouted Tommy, as quickly we hustled him out of the trench,

And before you could whisper "Good soldier" the baby was laid on a bench,

Then we tapped it. The liquor flowed freely and we sang with a hearty good will,

Toasting Tommy with good German beer, sir, which he'd rescued from Carnidine Hill.

Three medals he got for his valour and the shouts were full-throated and loud,

'Tis such men who make nations, my hearty, of such heroes we British are proud,

But cared he for medals or clamour? No, no, for his thoughts lingered still

On the beer that they found in the baby he had rescued from Carnidine Hill.

HIS OWN IMAGE

Thundering and roaring,
Hurling jagged thunderbolts,

The God of Mr. Muggins,
The preaching reviver,

Smites down his enemies
And gobbles them alive,

The red blood mixing
With his warm saliva.

Podgy and prosperous,
The God of Mr. Moneybug

Lolls in his throne-room
And sips rare rum,

His fat hands folded
With rings encrusted

On the surging swell
Of a heavenly tum.

And the God of Roland Egerton,
The sensitive poet,

Trips like a pansy

Where soft winds blow,
His slender hips wobbling
And his beautiful features
Simpereing a blessing
On the fans below.

And Mrs. Smith also
Has her God—yes,
A dear old gentleman
So charming—see.
With large white whiskers
And a big umbrella
Like the Reverend Simpson,
Though he doesn't take tea.

Mr. Albert Grimelon,
An ardent Sharian,
Knows that God is
A force—no more.
He doesn't quite grasp it,
But knows it must be
A power resembling
Dear Mr. Shaw.

But no one knows Him,
The God of Genesis,
The Great First Mover,
The Source of Grace.
The Child of Mary,
The King of Peoples,
The God Whose Cosmos
Reflects His face.

* * * *

THE TRAMPING CLUB

The Tramping Club held its first outing on Sunday, May 9th and amply justified its recent reorganisation. Over 20 members did a round trip of some dozen miles from Swanson, past the Cascades and through the Kauri Forest. In spite of bad conditions underfoot, Club-Captain Basil Monckton set a good pace. Light entertainment by a pair of members whose schoolgirl spirits not even the exertions of the tramp had quelled.

The next tramp will be held on June 13th to the Mokoroa Falls in the Northern Wai-takereis—always a favourite trip in the past. Mr. Jack Dempsey will lead the tramp.

* * * *

'Varsity wisdom:—

You can't make bricks without straw,
The most perfect room must have a floor,
It ain't going to rain no more, no more,
Baby, you are the monkey's paw,
The donkey smiled and said Hee-Haw.
Oh, great is the majesty of the Law.



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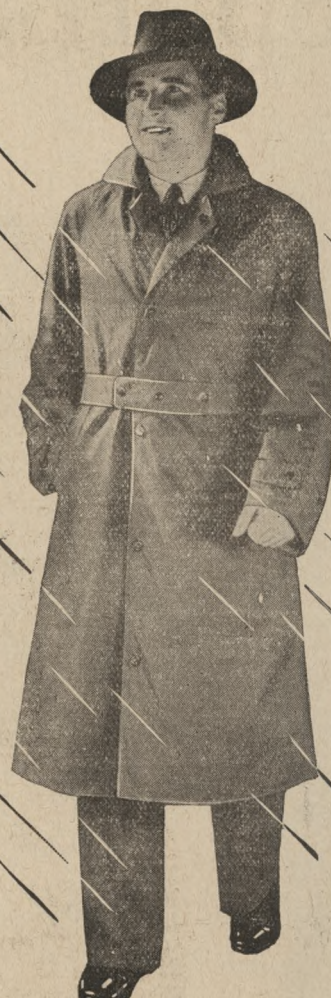
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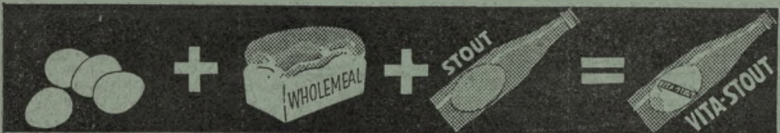


THE SUNSHINE
VITAMIN

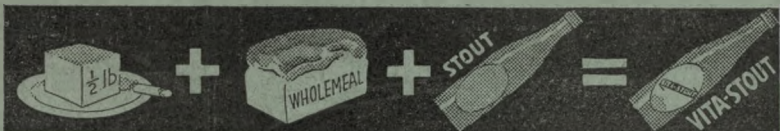
THE LIFE-GIVING
VITAMIN B



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.



$\frac{1}{2}$ 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!



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