

VOL. I., No. 6.

MONDAY, JUNE 28th, 1937.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

Professor Sewell has decided not to produce "Hamlet," because he can't find a suitable Hamlet. This should not have been difficult, as Hamlet's chief characteristic is that he can't act.

Miss Minchin complains of the insufficiency of heaters in the College Library. She is tired of having to rebuke people whose teeth are chattering.

"Craccum" offers its hearty congratulations to Cecil Segedin (Sir) who has been elevated to a position on the College Staff. He has to climb four flights of stairs to reach his room in the tower.

A student was recently reprimanded for driving home from Masquerade Ball with only one hand on the wheel. He was subsequently charged with erotic driving.

Recent headline—"Women in factories—the two-shift system." Dailies and Nighties, we presume?

The Social Committee has just received a congratulatory note from Miss Bourne, who says that although at Grad. Ball graduands were expected to wear gowns only for the first two dances, she was relieved to see that most of the women were still fully clothed at the end of the function.

A reader asks for a preventative against getting the blues. Don't train.

Unearned increment was recently defined as the College Fee.

A Queen Street fish-shop advertises "Oysters from our own beds." A wet sheet and a flowing sea?

Heard before a football smoke concert: A: "Going out to-night?" B: "Not completely."

Beauty is but skin-deep. That's why so many 'Varsity women' are thick-skinned.

Our Theme Song:

Rocke of ages, cleft to me
Though from out our Bourne of time and place
The flood may bear thee far.

Halo hats are said to give the wearer a surprised expression. This isn't as bad as giving the beholder one.

To a Modern Poet:

I know of scribblers who compose
Sad verse in drunken dozes.
But Mr. ——— simply sits
And decomposes.

"I do not mind nights out," states Mr. Darcy Walker. It's the daze after he objects to.

A reader inquires for a few wrinkles to prevent ageing.

Our Film Review: Camille—"It's all in the cut."

At the Auckland-Victoria radio debate several speakers waxed scurrilous about Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere. They should remember that people who sling mud lose ground.

Mr. Bullen is sporting a chic set of woollies, hand-knitted by Professor Forder. Readers are referred to Construction 173 in Professor Forder's latest work, "How I Applied Mathematics," which is said to be even brighter than his "Higher Course Geometry."

The absence of Miss Jocelyn Miller caused a recent meeting of the Deb. Soc. Committee to lapse for lack of de quorum.

Mr. Kenrick claims that he can read a woman like a book. She must be a plain type.

* * * *

STUDENT WISDOM

King Stephen was the first English martyr who was martyred in England. He was burnt alive in St. Alban's, Holborn.

Matrimony is generally necessary to salvation.

A volcano is a large mountain with a hole at the top and a fireplace at the bottom, and sometimes the fire comes out at the top and destroys all the cities at the bottom, if there are any.

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

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MONDAY, JUNE 28th, 1937.

COLLEGE EXPANSION

The College Council is in the process of formulating a definite ten-year plan for College development. After a survey was made of the requirements of all departments of the College, Prof. Sewell interviewed the students in order to give them an opportunity to expound their views and state their needs.

The executive appreciated Prof. Sewell's action in hearing their case. President Blair prepared a fine report which stated specifically that the students wanted—

- (1) A hostel
- (2) A gymnasium
- (3) New grounds
- (4) Student representation on the College Council.

It appears, however, that the students' requirements will be a last consideration, as library, staffing and building will absorb most of the available money within the next ten years. If this is so we trust that ground expansion, at least, will be promoted. The whole College from Chairman of the Council down to the youngest fresher, should work tooth and nail to obtain Government House grounds.

* * * *

STUDENT REPRESENTATION ON COUNCIL

It might interest readers to know that Pat Blair's chief opponent in the election of a N.Z.U.S.A. President, was a member of the Canterbury College Council. In spite of this Pat was elected.

Your Executive feels that it is time A.U.C. had student representation on the College Council. We do not want voting rights, but we want someone who can express student views on matters concerning them. Such a representative should have attained his majority and should be a student of some standing. At the same time he should be in close touch with student affairs. For these reasons "Craccum" suggests that the immediate Past-President should represent the students on the College Council.

* * * *

VARSITY LECTURER RECEIVES DOCTORATE

It is a distinction of no little merit to be considered worthy of a Doctorate. Mr. K. Bullen deserves the congratulation and indeed the admiration of the whole College. In the "Herald" of last week the public of Auckland was informed that Mr. Bullen had been successful in graduating Doctor of Philosophy in Mathematics at the University of Cambridge.

It is well-known, of course, that Mr. Bullen is a lecturer in Mathematics at A.U.C., and a very capable one, too. "Craccum" feels that this latest evidence of his ability will appeal not only to students of his particular subject, but also reflect considerable credit upon the scholastic attainments of the College.

Good luck to you, Doctor Bullen, and may your smiling face brighten our sombre halls for many more years.

* * * *

Commerce Ball, with its new Palm Lounge, July 3rd.

Commerce Ball, with its super Swing Band, July 3rd.

Commerce Ball—novel lighting effects, July 3rd.

OFFICIAL NEWS

EXECUTIVE CHANGES

Since the last issue of "Craccum" there have been some changes in the personnel of your Students' Executive. Consequent upon his appointment to the staff as assistant-lecturer in Maths., Cecil Segedin resigned from the Students' Association Executive. We are sorry to lose Mr. Segedin. He was an energetic worker, and as Chairman of the Men's House Committee and House Manager for the Review he gave unselfish and very efficient service.

His place on the Executive is taken by Mr. Doug. Kenrick. Mr. Kenrick brings to the Executive a fund of experience and common-sense. A popular Hongi, a representative oarsman and harrier, he is a man's man, and will undoubtedly prove a great success as Chairman of the Men's House Committee. Doug. is a B.Com., and is at present studying for his M.Com.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment of the year has been the resignation of Mr. S. C. B. Gascoigne from the Executive. "Gassy" has come to the conclusion that his studies require more time. He is taking honours in physics this year, and in his own words "this is no cinch!" The Executive will miss his enthusiastic and unselfish work on behalf of the students. "Gassy" was elected to the Executive in 1935 and since then has distinguished himself on the Men's House Committee, the Social Committee, the Inter-Faculty Committee, and the Publications Committee. He is a special contributor to "Craccum," the dispenser of popular advice to those in trouble.

* * * *

CLIFF DALTON

"Craccum" wishes to extend sympathy to Mr. Cliff Dalton who is unfortunately suffering from infantile paralysis. We trust that the affliction will disappear and leave the wonderful Dalton physique as fit as ever. If the worst happens, Cliff declares that he is going to take up golf. He intends to proceed with his Rhodes Scholarship as soon as he is well. He will probably leave for Oxford in January.

* * * *

COMING EVENTS

- June 28—Mon.: Scientific Society
29—Tues.: Engineering Society
30—Wed.: Joint meeting of Debating and S.C.M.
July 2—Fri. Women's Coffee evening. Free Discussion M.C.R.
3—Sat.: Commerce Ball.
5—Mon.: Scientific Society. International Relations.
6—Tues.: Joy at Scroll Trial. Play Reading.
7—Wed.: Debate.
9—Fri.: Sci. Soc. Coffee evening.
11—Sun.: E.A. Tea.
12—Mon.: Scientific Society.
13—Tues.: Engineering Soc.
14—Wed.: Inter-Faculty Debate.
15—Thurs.: Music Club Concert.
16—Fri.: Music Club Concert.
17—Sat.: Studio Stampede.

AUCTION SALE

Men's House Committee will sell the contents of the Pound, approximately one month from To-day.

If you want your hat and pants, get them from the Pound immediately. Pay your penny and reclothe yourself. Get those back notes back before they go.

But remember, the Great Auction. All unclaimed goods must go. No reserves! Be in! REMEMBER:

AUCTION NEXT MONTH.

COMMERCE BALL

JULY 3rd

COLLEGE BALL

NOVEL LIGHTING SWING BAND
PALM LOUNGE GOOD SUPPER

SUB. 7/6 (DOUBLE)

Admission by Ticket Only—Obtainable at Library.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

SOCIALISM AND ARCHITECTURE

MR. W. R. SIMPSON.

4
POINTS
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THE BEST FOR LADIES
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It is immensely popular at the private bar, public bar and (in the fishing season) the Manukau Bar. It is sold in bottles, handles, "halves," and kegs—the latter being the fashion at birthday parties, farewell parties and parties.

Lion brewing and Lion drinking have been going on for some 75 years, but the old-timers of 1862 had nothing on you fellows of 1937. Lion is just the same good brew that they enjoyed in their heydays.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Under the Direction of the Literary Club.

THE WEAVER

Cease thy faint song above the shuttle's singing,
The moon is a wand of silver on the floor,
And under the mountain, nightingales singing,
Haunt the leaves that frame my dwelling's
door.....
Lay down thy love-lace of the fairy linen,
And cloud-spun stitcheries of opal sheen;
By the veil of thy falling hair, a face is hidden,
Still as water, and the long eyes green
As Chinese jade; thy fretted hair, grain-gold,
Is a vest of summer on the moon-washed
store—
Ah, stay thy wheel! for now the night grows
old,
And the mountain-ways more white than sun-
bleached bone.

"Return! oh Stranger, by the road of shales—
The steepy crag, and hollows wan with mist,
And under the peak, thy grove of nightingales,
And lilac-gardens, pale rose-amethyst.
For mine is a lintel carved with many spells,
And here are knit the medieval veils,
The green brocades o'er-spun with heather-bells,
And tapestries, for queens in faery tales.
Be warned strange lover, and return with speed
Ere day reveal this fatal face, begone!
Ah, sadder hearts than thine were known to
bleed
For Monmur and the Courts of Oberon:
But he who looks on faery-woman's face,
Perilous behind her saffron hair,
Sells his soul in that enchanted place.
For elves are faithless and their song a snare.
Grey wanes the moon above the wood of night-
ingales,
Fast flies the shuttle to feed the magic loom;
Soft sings the weaver, and the face of heaven
pales—
As the stranger from the Valley looks upon
his doom.

—MICHEL.

* * * *

APRIL DAY

We walked upon the windy hills,
And we were free
To breathe the cool, sweet air of heaven.
And laughed to see
The sheep, that grazed there in the sun.
In terror flee
To distant slopes, at our approach.
And suddenly,
Beyond a peak, we saw the lake.
So small, and still,
Caught in a dimple of the range;
And with one will,
Beneath its spell of loveliness
We stayed, until
Night's shadows crept across the lake.
And hid the hill.

—B. BATES.

* * * *

LULU

A Poem of Touching and Mystic Pathos, after
Edgar Allan Poe.

By Antonio Doloroso.

It was down by the Orakei Basin
On the very last night of the year,
By this dismal and ghoul-haunted basin,
On this night, of all nights of the year!
The waters were lonesome and chilly,
The mud it was misty and drear,
The low-tide was stagnant and stilly
As I wandered with Psyche down here.

With Psyche my spirit down here.
Our talk had been mostly satanic,
Our thoughts had been palsied and sere,
Our memories were treach'rous and sere,
For we marked not this place phantopanic,
We marked not the time of the year,
(Ah! this night of all nights in the year!)
Then my Psyche was seized with a panic,
And my heart it was gripped with a fear,
When at last we had cause to remember
The place and the time of the year—
The thirty-first night of December,
The basin so stagnant and drear!

For 'twas here that I left my old sweetheart
On the very same night of last year;
Here I left my deceased Chinese sweetheart
Grew weary and left her down here:
Left Lulu inside her dread bier
Mong the mists of this mystical basin
On the very same night of last year!
We were bearing her corpse to the graveyard

But we tired and left it down here;
We were carrying the corpse to the churchyard,
On this very same night of last year
Had been carrying the corpse to the churchyard
But grew weary, so left it down here!

So I lifted the lid of the coffin
Where the flowers had grown withered and
sere,
Grown wilted and withered and sere,
The lid of the cold clammy coffin
By the Orakei basin so drear.

Then my heart it grew sober and ashen,
As I gazed on my old Chinese passion,
As cold as the mountains of Thule,
As the misty dim regions of Thule!
Then I sat on the edge of her coffin,
Closed the lid ere I sat on her bier,
Then I sat on the lid of the coffin
Where the posies were withered and sere—
Had been dead since this night of last year!

Now Psyche she called out for Lulu,
While I thought on the things of last Yule,
While I mused on events of last Yule,
For Lulu, my Lulu, our Lulu,
While I pondered my loss of last Yule.
As she called, on the end of the coffin,
On the ultimate edge of the coffin,
On the ultimate edge of the bier,
('Twas the very last night of the year!)
As she called there appeared my Lulu,
There appeared a young Chinese ghoul!
Then I knew it was Lulu, my Lulu,
Sweet Lulu come back as a ghoul!
I knew her, my young Chinese Lulu,
Come back an ethereal ghoul!

So I sat on the coffin with Lulu,
By these ghoul-haunted waters so drear,
So mystical, ghostly and drear,
And I said, "Shall we play Pakapoo 'Lu?
Pakapoo, for these flowers so sere?
Pakapoo, pakapoo, pakapoo, 'Lu?
For the flowers that lie dead on your bier?"
For I knew not what I should say to 'Lu,
For the vision had filled me with fear!
So we played pakapoo on her coffin,
For the emblems so wilted and sere;
Played pakapoo on the coffin
For the flowers that had died on the bier.
We played, and then Lulu must kiss me,
In this dim misty region so drear,
By this ghoul-haunted basin so drear,
For she said that for long she would miss me,
As she lay in her cold clammy bier.
She approached, but I cried out, "Oh, Lulu!
'Lu, Lulu, 'Lu, Lulu, 'Lu, 'Lu!
I cannot be kissed by a ghoul 'Lul
I shall die of affright if you do!"

But she rose from her end of the coffin,
From her seat on her sepulchral bier,
And she moved to my end of the coffin,
While my heart it was palsied with fear,
While my knees they were knocking with fear
And she placed her cold hand on my shoulder
And her fingers they closed like a vice;
Her pitiless hand on my shoulder,
And gripped it with fingers of ice!
But then, as she bent down to kiss me,
I was happy, though startled to hear
The words of a city Policeman
"Come on! Move along! D'yer 'ear?
You can't go to sleep on the kerbstone,
Though it may be a Happy New Year!"
'Twas the very last night of December,
(This night of all nights of the year!)
And I thought I had sat on a coffin,
But I found I had been "on the beer"!

* * * *

THOUGH YOU CRY

You may say to him softly, "My God"—
But he will not hear: He will not turn
To see where you stand alone.
He will not know the low wind's pitiful moan
Was the sigh of your self, oh weeping, lonely
heart.....
Though you cry "My God"—he will not turn
or hear.
Or know how lordly he is, or kind or dear.

—BEVERLEY ANNE.

TO A WATERFALL

Silver ribbon among the hills so flung,
Gleaming in the brightest noon-day light,
Sparkling like a string of jewels that's hung
Upon the mountain's breast! O, wondrous
sight!

Thy thundrous roar into my ears is sung
By wafting winds as but a murmur slight,
Though when I stand beside thy brink thy
tongue
Is deafening; yet I love upon its height
To stand and gaze, and listen, filled with awe,
And watch thy waters ceaseless sweeping
down
In all their might; or fix mine eyes, before
It falls, upon a piece, which at thy crown
Is separate and to watch it, plunging, fall
And feather into spray before thy wall.

—H. W. Manfred Downard.

* * * *

TO K. IN WELLINGTON

"You and I—and Wellington in the Spring."
Grey hills have loved you long, dear city,
Grey, loving hands of rain have blessed your
ruggedness with pity,
Seas have been bridal to you, and all the winds
of heaven
Have sung to you, like harps plucked by fingers
of gods.

Now, curled in your gipsy breast,
Her green eyes closed, Spring sleeps in tranquil
rest.
But when your Lady wakes, and timidly steps
forth,
And wonder-eyed, touches the storm-trapped
hills.
And whispers, and throws wide her arms and
fills
Each questing wind with eagerness and promise
When the grey seas crash, and roar upon your
sands,
And the grey clouds race—a sudden hour will
come
When men will turn, and see your Love,
And cry in bitter longing, stretch empty hands
And turn, and gaze at things anew
With Spring rife in their eyes—
Then in the rainbow gleam, before the magic
dies.
I will come, swiftly, eagerly, long—seeking, in
the night,
To where you hide my sister to the Spring,
Come again to the grey eyes alight for me,
To the hands wide-stretched, to the heart, the
exquisite love—
And as I come, the seas and the winds will
sing—
"You and I—and Wellington in the Spring."

—BARBARA DENT.

* * * *

RADIO DEBATE

A.U.C. v. V.U.C.

Crowds congregated in the Women's Com-
mon Room on Wednesday, 16th, to hear the
new radio installed for the Auckland-Victoria
debate.

From 8.15 to 9.0, lighting debates on such
subjects as "Hotels should be open from 6 p.m.
to 6 a.m.," gave opportunity for scintillating
witticisms from both speakers and listeners.
After this, a debate on such a relatively unim-
portant subject as "Modern Journalism is a
Menace to Democracy," had a fair chance of
falling flat, but the fact that Messrs. George,
Wrigley and Hutchinson comprised the home
team, prevented any woman from leaving the
room, till the last echoes of Mr. Hutchinson's
Oxford accent had died away.

The affirmative was taken by Victoria, who
reversed the decision of last year, and were
victorious. Our team, however, is to be con-
gratulated on making a very fine showing (or
hearing). Haydn George and A. R. Perry, of
Victoria, were adjudged best speakers, and our
team work was specially commended.

FEMALE SCIENTISTS OVER-POWERED — BURLY MEN WIN THE DAY — MISS BARTRUM DISAPPOINTED

On Wednesday, 16th, the science women met the science men in a nice gentle game of basket-ball. The women's team—Misses Smeed, Joughin, Macky, Howie, Higginson, Chambers, Harris, Simpson and Bartrum—appeared in regulation gym-dresses, but nevertheless the men's concentration on the game was marvellous. The men's team—Messrs. Carroll, Prendergast, Gilmour, Gamble, Respinger, Millener, Clarke, Mills and Rapson—wore football togs with sandshoes. Mr. Segedin was patron, being the only member of the staff present, though we rather suspect a party of Profs. of watching from Prof. Bartrum's room. Mr. Fraser appeared in the interests of the Fletcher Construction Co.

The teams cheered one another from opposite ends of the court, the women won the toss and elected to defend the Government House end. In the first hectic minute, Mr. Millener and Miss Chambers disappeared over the bank, where the wire fence used to be. When they came back Peg had a cut knee and Laurie a gory hand. In this connection it may be stated that Prof. Bartrum, while enquiring after Peg's injury, told her that "seeing is believing."

Soon after this the men, despite the girls' splendid defence, came within range of the goal (by underhand passing methods, it may be said), and Mills netted; then Clarke, then Mills again, and then Jepson. (At this point the bar-rackers became frenzied.)

This stung the ladies into action, and the men's lead was soon reduced by three. Here we must digress to congratulate Miss Macky on her imitations of the Domain Statue. The play was very open and even, but Jepson's shoulder, slowly but surely, battered its way through the defence, and Mills goaled four times. Half-time came with a sigh of relief, and an 8—3 lead to the men.

Upon resumption the girls cast caution to the winds. Time and time again, in spite of Miss Howie's cries of "Draw your man, girls!" they were beaten back, mainly by the brilliant interception of Messrs. Carroll and Prendergast. Both teams were obviously tiring, and it was mainly through opponents' mistakes that goals were registered.

Clarke scored for the men, and soon afterwards Miss Macky netted for the women. Clarke, of course, then replied with another goal. Centre play followed, and by the way Miss Chambers stuck to Mr. Millener, she appears to be profiting from her study of geological twinning. The girls rallied again, but in spite of all their efforts, the men scored two goals to their one.

The score when the final whistle went was 12—5 in the men's favour. The referee was Miss L. Stanton.

* * * *

TRAMPING CLUB

The Tramping Club held its second outing on Sunday, June 13th, when a record turnout of 25 visited the Mokoroa Falls. An excellent pace was kept up, and the weather was more favourable than on the last trip.

The next outing is scheduled for Sunday, June 27th, when Mr. C. A. Fleming will act as leader on a tramp round Rangitoto and Motutapu. The party will meet at the Olive launch-steps at 9.45 a.m.

The Club's first social evening will be held on Thursday, July 1st, when Prof. Algie will give an address.

The Club has been asked to participate in the dance to be held on the 13th July, by the four leading Auckland Tramping Clubs. Tickets may be obtained from committee members.

* * * *

THE FIELD CLUB

The Field Club's Presidential address, presented by Mr. W. R. McGregor, on Thursday, June 17th, has been ranked by some members as the best lecture the Club has received for several years. "Glimpses of Island Life in the South-west Pacific" was the subject, illustrated profusely by many lantern slides.

The next lecture will be given by Mr. E. G. Turbott on "Animal Life on the Hen and Chickens Islands", on July 1st. We anticipate references to Mr. Turbott's last stay on these islands, when he was marooned on short rations for several days.

A field trip will shortly be held and members should watch the Notice Boards for details.

LADIES' HOCKEY ON KING'S BIRTHDAY

A.U.C. WIN CHAMPIONSHIP

Three teams were entered for the Seven-a-Side Championship, and the first team were completely successful.

A bare victory over Training College B brought the side face to face with Kiwi's seven well trained players, and once again 'Varsity's luck held out. Pat. Shirtcliffe was shooting well, and the whole forward line developed the "hit and run" strategy to a nicety—a habit which is useful in seven-a-side, but fatal with the whole team.

So 'Varsity found themselves meeting Mt. Eden in the finals. Mt. Eden's well-weathered and experienced females rather scared our younger innocents, however neither side excelled and were it not for the marvellous work of the two halves and full back I think the hardy Eden annuals would have won. The match ended in a long corner to Eden and a short corner to 'Varsity, giving 'Varsity the win by one point. Well done!

* * * *

CONGRATULATIONS

A.U.C. HOCKEY STARS SHINE

As forecast by "Craccum's" hockey reporter, L. H. Watson, secretary of the 'Varsity Hockey Club, has been selected for the New Zealand team to tour Australia. We congratulate Scottie on the well-deserved honour.

Congratulations also to the following Varsity players who have been included in the Auckland rep. teams—women's and men's:—

Women: Shona Paterson, Clara Lynch, Pat. Shirtcliffe, Jean McGechie, Beryl Hooton.

Men: Tony Cawkwell, Lawrence Hogben, Stan. Braithwaite, Henry Cooper and Garth Twigden, of the Grammar Old Boys' Club.

Men's Junior Reps: E. V. Sale, W. Moir, M. Speight, B. Bennet, Cowperthwaite, T. Wilson and David Clouston—a well-known Training College impressario.

* * * *

MEN'S HOCKEY NOTES

The seven-a-side tournament held on the King's Birthday was a fair success as far as A.U.C. was concerned. The senior team reached the final and was beaten there by a long corner to nil after extra time. The second A were beaten first round, but the second B covered themselves with mud and glory by winning the open second grade. This was a splendid effort. The third grade were disqualified through playing a second grader, but the fourths reached the final where they were beaten by a better side. For the tournament total, Varsity came a close third with 20 points, one behind Grammar Old Boys.

At the present time the Second Grade A and B are each leading in their sections, the seniors lie third with still a show in the champ.

* * * *

ROWING

The club is carrying on during the winter months. Every Sunday morning boats have been on the harbour and crews for next season will be chosen in the next week or so.

All men who have been down to the sheds or who intend to take rowing seriously next summer are urged to roll up next Sunday at 10 a.m.

* * * *

HARRIER CLUB

The A.U.C. Harrier Club is pleased to report that the 1937 season is now in full swing, with everything going well. The club roll stands at forty (40) and of these at least thirty turn out with unfailing regularity each Saturday. Membership is keen, and this enthusiasm is backed by a good club spirit. So all things considered, the season promises to be one of our happiest to date.

A varied programme has been arranged. This includes ordinary club runs, centre races, invitation runs, a field day, and it is hoped a week-end camp as a wind-up for the season. Our club runs start from different venues each Saturday, and so your College harrier gets a first-hand knowledge of the layout of Auckland. For instance, runs have been arranged from Takapuna Grammar School, King's College, Avondale, Epsom, Mt. Roskill, etc. All types of runners are catered for in these club events by the formation of four packs—racing, fast, medium and slow.

The club at present holds the teams championship and the individual title won last year at the New Zealand U. Cross Country Championships which were held at Auckland. This year the event is to be held in Wellington, and

our club is making strenuous efforts to defend these titles. Members are training hard under the direction of Les. Barker, and we should make a bold bid to come out on top in Wellington at the end of August. Last year three of our members—Messrs. E. Stephenson, R. C. Haszard and C. Francis—secured N.Z.U. Blues.

Unfortunately, Clive Haszard could not turn out this season, and Cliff Francis has been appointed to a school in Taranaki. These two men will be greatly missed as they finished in second and fourth places respectively in the N.Z.U.C.C.C. last year. However, Ted Stephenson, the N.Z.U. champion, is still with us. He is running better than ever, and we hope to see him first man home again at Wellington this year. J. W. Mackenzie, who finished eighth in the N.Z.U.C.C.C. last year, is still running, although he has not struck good form yet. In addition to these "old hands" we have some good new men running. Trevor Johnston (well known on the track during summer) is proving himself an excellent performer over the longer distances. Two Saturdays ago he won the Novice Championship and open event in fine style and we hope for even greater things from him ere the season ends. Clem. Green, who started with us last year until he met with an accident in the procession, is with us again. He is going really well, and promises to be one of our stock men for Wellington. A. E. Kinsella is a new man who is showing good form. Les. Tweedie, who represented A.U.C. at Christchurch in 1935, had an off season last year, but is once more proving hard to beat. By August he should be going really well. We are glad to have Doug. Ball (an N.Z.U. Blue on the track) with us. He is moving along nicely. Alan Ingham, Doug. Kenrick, Frank Respinger and N. B. Blakey are old members who are rapidly getting fit. E. H. D'Ath Weston, next to Trevor Johnston, is the best of our new men, and is running solidly. Other new men who have impressed by their showing to date are Ted Collins, W. J. Dunleavy, B. N. Harden, T. H. Skeet, J. S. Stacey and J. R. Harrison.

The following are the officers for the season: President, Mr. J. M. Hogben; vice-presidents, Messrs. H. T. Jellie, E. S. Kohn, Dr. D. Brown and Mr. W. B. Ball; club captain, A. Ingham; deputy club captain, E. Stephenson; secretary, J. W. MacKenzie; treasurer, L. Collins; auditor, A. D. Thomson; committee, J. R. Harrison, R. M. Kay, H. D. Ball.

* * * *

ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY

Many a time it is rumoured that the life of an architect may be likened unto that of an aristocrat; morning teas, afternoon teas, and always in thick of the social whirl.

But what a price is paid for that bright exterior!

A problem is set, an hotel, a public bath-house for the great unwashed, or maybe just a museum. The powers that be state that this shall be finished four weeks from date of posting.

During the first week the green fields lie before us and the bright stars above us, but alas! in the third and fourth week our drawing boards are before us and the midnight oil burns brightly.

A fusillade of questions shoot round the studio—Will 6ft. x. 4ft. do for a bedroom? Can I have the public bar opening off the dining room? So on until at last the masterpiece is completed.

Proudly it is hung on the screen to be judged—the powers file in and lo! there is no justice—the ideal scheme has received only three marks out of ten.

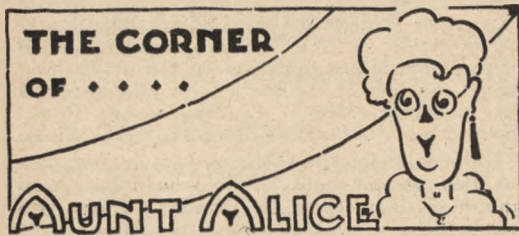
The very next day after this definite injustice another problem is set and the tale is repeated.

And so, when architects burst out they do it properly.

The architectural flying squadron is a by-word in all the fashionable London Clubs, the picnic always has that irresistible something about it, and, of course, you know all about the STUDIO STAMPEDE.

You can remember, or can you? just what a marvellous show it was last year, and this year every effort is being made to make it an even greater success than last year.

In the sanctity of our own studios we welcome the college (young, old, fluffly, and "also started") to cast their troubles away and go Russian, go Chinese, go Nazi, go Hawaiian, but not anywhere else on SATURDAY, JULY 17th, the STUDIO STAMPEDE night.



Dear Aunt Alice, —

I often wonder when I read your page why you are not worn out with other people's troubles, yet here I am with my problem. I used to go and see a young lecturer after his lectures quite often and ask him to explain things to me. We became quite friendly and he used to offer me biscuits, and we were getting on so nicely when the other afternoon he suddenly seized me in his arms. I got up and slapped his face and rushed out of the door. Aunt Alice, I can't help thinking that I may have been too hard on him—it was such a wallop—and I want to make it up, but don't know how to begin.—"Distressed."

Answer: I understand how upset you must feel, but you must admit it was chiefly your own fault. Because after all, it was only in the afternoon—not even Sunday afternoon — and again, it wasn't as if he'd got properly romantic and tried to press those mad hot kisses on your unresisting lips. Oh boy! I wouldn't worry over this, though; you're bound to see him soon, and he will probably be only too anxious to heal the breach provided you give him a helping hand. When I say give him a helping hand, I don't mean a left hook, either.—"Aunt Alice."

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice, —

As a member of the staff of this College I have followed your column with some interest, an interest which has recently been intensified by a rather delicate situation in which I now find myself. Fearful of the ribaldry with which I am sure they would greet my predicament I dare not approach my colleagues on the staff so, Aunt Alice, I am bringing my troubles to you. A certain young lady in whom I was rather interested used to visit me after lectures. Upon her last visit, as I was offering her a biscuit, I happened to trip and fall into her arms. She promptly caught me a stinging open-handed blow on the right cheek and retired precipitately from the room. Should she apologise to me, or I to her, or both, or neither, or what the hell?—A. N. O'N.

Answer: Far from being a problem, this is quite an opportunity if you tackle it the right way. Get her bailed up in a corner so she has to listen for a while and say how sorry you were, but surely she realises the temptation, and anyway, you won't offend her again, and so on; this will scare her properly and if she knows anything about it she will melt on the spot, and you'll have to take her to the Commerce Ball which with taxis, etc., will cost you about 18/- and serve you right!—Aunt Alice.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice, —

Last Wednesday afternoon the boy friend promised to take me out but he didn't turn up and when I asked for an explanation he said he had to go on a "pub crawl" with the boys. He wouldn't tell me what it was, so just out of curiosity I thought I would write and ask you, Aunt Alice.—Nan.

Answer: I hesitate to tell you the truth, Nan, chiefly for the boy friend's sake, but here it is, broken as gently as possible. I may say that the Editor refused to publish this anywhere else so I'm working it in just to spite him.

P for Progress from Pub to Pub; also for the Probability of getting home pickled.
U think out this one. It's hard.
B for, well Beer, obviously.
C for Chiston, which suggests
R rah rah for the Hongi Club!
A for Almost Anything Alcoholic.
W for Wine and Women, if not song
L for the Last round, hup!

—Aunt Alice.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Alice, —

For months now I have been looking forward to the 3rd of July, which as everybody knows is the date of the Commerce Ball.

But, Aunt Alice, up to the moment nobody has asked me and I am frightened I might miss altogether. In desperation I have even tried

Lifebuoy, but there seems to be nothing doing. I cannot face the shame and humiliation of being probably the only student of the College to miss this function. What should I do?—Ruth D.

Answer: Dear Ruth—Your plight is serious: you had better buy a double ticket immediately (7/6 cash down) from the Secretary, or one of the Committee, otherwise you won't get in. Then you should approach some likely male and telling him you have received a complimentary ticket ask him to go with you. If this doesn't work,

(a) Shorten your skirts and try a professor.
(b) As a last resort, try the Chairman, Mr. Takle, who, if he can't do anything else for you will at least sell you a ticket.

For your assistance I append a list of aids to feminine charm as approved by the Women's House Committee:

(1) First and foremost—Listerine — you never know how useful this is.

(2) Perfume—Evening in Paris—will unbend the most frigid and will warm the heart of the most confirmed misogynist.

(3) As regards more material aids to feminine beauty, I am advised that Mr. Kaye of the Commerce Committee will gladly give advice free. With best wishes.—Aunt Alice.

* * * *

THE SAGE DEPARTS

Rocke has left us; we saw him do it so now we can disclose the facts behind the case—our Super Sleuth will give you the low down.

At the Station, Rocke leant sobbing on our shoulder, and confessed into our ear. We were staggered; we were shocked; we pushed him from us and looked upon the THING aghast. We knew he smoked; we knew he drank; we knew he went—at least we think he did. Pakapoo to him was a second nature, two up a hobby; crown and anchor and Rocke were synomoris—that you see was the O'Shea we knew, but this—this lowest sin; we recoiled from him as from a breakfast egg which has sadly deceived us as to its maturity.

But he had done it; he had confessed to us, and what could we do but believe. He had been caught, threatened with exposure, by the Council, stripped of his office, handed his hat and pants, and told to beat it for there is not room in the College for a man who has been caught writing confidential letters to Aunt Alice.

'VARSITY AND SOCIETY

Betty Drummond, looking extremely charming in blue, celebrated her twenty-first birthday with a cheery party at El Rey. The subsequent dinner at the Drummond homestead was proclaimed by all as epoch-making. Noticed among the guests—Burg. Owen, distinguished in tails; Pedstead, amusing the folks with the latest story about Al Capone; Horsey dragging Margaret away for moral support, while he made a speech at the Y.W.C.A., and Cecil Upton catching the cold which kept her in bed for two weeks.

Pictured prominently in Auckland's leading paper were Sheila Mackinnon, Coates, Milsom, Elizabeth Donald, Bill Hardcastle, Helen McCormick, Tarleton Trafford and Lois Stanton, photographed smiling happily at the Diocesan Old Girls' Ball.

Well-meaning sympathisers at Hinemoa, in trying to cure Doug. Chitty's cold, dosed him so liberally with lemon, etc., that he was found wandering backwards along the passage, and climbing into strange beds. Well, well, Mr. Chitty—it's simply not done, you know!

We are glad to have Nessie Macfarlane back in our midst after her long illness. Unfortunately she now lacks the greater part of her crowning glory, but her new coiffure is just as elegant as the old.

'Varsity sets new style. Amy Macdonald gave hints to socialites by appearing at El Rey in long orange pantalons peeping demurely from under a beige coat.

Flash! Who were the two Dio, Old Girls, caught at the Ball by Headmistress while wooing in some dark corridor with a leading 'Varsity high-light (but at different times?)—Ed.)

Beryl Campbell and Mr. Maurice Brown looked such sweet children at the Masquerade Ball. We have heard of growing old together but this was a new one on us.

Three very happy debs. at the Waikato Diocesan and Sonning Old Girls' Dance held recently in Hamilton were Annette Every, Joy Sanford and Beverley Williamson. A whisper reaches us that A.U.C. was well represented that night.

* * * *

It is rumoured that the Commerce Ball may be a Vice Regal function. We are not too sure about the Regal part of it.

Have You Won a 'Varsity Blue?

Then Wear the Scarf You're entitled to

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PEARLS AND PEBBLES

(By Caliban)

CULTURE

Oft I loll in pink pyjamas,
Reading Coward's smutty dramas,
With a hypodermic needle in my cultivated hand
Gently musing like a Pharaoh,
To the rhythm of "Bolero,"
Puffing lightly on a cigarette of some exotic brand.

Few my friends, which is a pity,
For my chat is really witty,
And my conversation's sprinkled full of cracks
from Shaw compiled.
When an evening's growing boring
I can set a company roaring
Quoting epigrams from Huxley, Molmar,
Maugham and Oscar Wilde.

I despise the humble fellow
Who's not heard of Pirandello,
Or the lusty drama fostered by O'Neill and
Elmer Rice.
And I revel in the squalor
Of the works of young Herr Toller,
In his pieces finding meanings which, the low-
brows say, aren't nice.

"Ah," I hush, "'tis sad there are so
Few designers like Picasso.
Don't you think that Epstein's "Rema" is a
wonder, everyone?"
Then in jargon vague and mystic
I praise Art Surrealistic,
Not because I like it, mind you, but because
it's what is done.

To a group of gaping misses
I will analyse "Ulysses"
And explain "The Well of Loneliness" by charm-
ing Radclyffe Hall,
Saying "Hold, dears, in abhorrence
Those who call sweet D. H. Lawrence
Mad, because he's full of beauty, and contains
no dirt at all."

Music, art, but just the latest
With new drama, are the greatest
Source of pleasure life can give me, I repeat-
edly assert,
But reason for my choice is
That the loudest, shrillest voices
Seem to favour them. To think about it for
myself would hurt.

Thus I squander hours lightly,
Talking smugly, laughing brightly,
Crying phrases Communistic (It's the fashion,
I'd explain),
But I've never thought a second
(Thinking out-of-date is reckoned),
I'm the model modern moron, and was born
without a brain.

* * * *

QUACK! QUACK!

MEDICINE FRUSTRATED

One of the most amusing as well as informa-
tive addresses of the year was given to the
Labour Club by Dr. R. V. Shaw, who spoke on
medicine under socialism and capitalism. "Every
doctor knows that the present system does not
provide adequate medical care for all." As an
example of the wastage under private practice,
he said that a medical committee in the U.S.A.
had found that overhead expenses took 40 per
cent. of a doctor's income and that, by co-
operation, this could be reduced by almost half
—in the U.S.A. this would mean an annual sav-
ing of £40,000,000. There was also "the ir-
ritation and distrust caused by the cash vexus
of the business," because "the economic inter-
ests of the doctor and the patient are generally
opposed."

Although Dr. Shaw believed the ethics of the
profession to be very high in New Zealand, he
said that the system laid itself open to the pos-
sibility of abuses: unnecessary calls, fee split-
ting, and unnecessary operations. There was
also the menace of the quack and patent medi-
cines about which he gave some illuminating
analytical information: Zambuck—Vascelene
and Antiseptic Odour; Beecham's Pills—Rice
Powder and Bitter Aloes and Soap; and so on
ad infinitum (or should it be ad nauseum?)
Under a reorganised medical service much could
be done to cure instead of patching up, because
many of the common ailments were now known
to be curable.

One of the strongest points made was in Dr.
Shaw's remark: "I have no personal quarrel
with the present system which has given me
everything I could want except security; and
I cannot feel secure, knowing that those around
me are insecure."

LOOFY LITERATURE
or POTTY PLOTS

No. 1—

"The Scarlet Sausage Murder Mystery"

By S. S. Van Schwine.

CHAPTER I.

Pilo Pance, the great detective, puffed at his
hookah, and, spitting a caraway seed into the
fireplace, said loudly:

"There is no doubt that, in order to arrive
at a rational conclusion from unassimilated
philosophical material, ratiocination of a cogent
character must be continuously employed."

I agreed, and knocked the ash from my cigar
into an exquisite Ping Pong vase of the Hang-Yu
dynasty.

The Prime Minister, who was wiping his nose
on one of Pance's rare Chinese shawls, inter-
jected lightly: "But, dammit, we always have
the lower classes, what?" At this quip, the
entire company laughed loudly, and several of
them entered the dining-room to view Pance's
new collection of Georgian cigarette-ends.

Hardly had they left, than a shot rang out
and the glass of the window was shattered. The
Minister for the Interior clutched his stomach,
appropriately enough, and fell dead. Pance
sprang to his feet and from the corpse extracted
a long native arrow to which was attached a
note. "Beware, Pance. You are next." "The
Scarlet Sausage," he read.

"Ma mère a deux chats et mon père est an
cheval," he hissed, quoting Beaudelaire.

Suddenly a scream echoed from the next
room. We dashed in. Stretched on the hearth-
rug side by side were three Cabinet Ministers,
dead, each with a small scarlet sausage placed
nealy on his shirt-front.

The Prime Minister's head protruded from
the fireplace, and round his neck was a knotted
cord. The Attorney-General's corpse was
stuffed in a waste-paper basket and the editor
of the "Graphic" lay decapitated on the grand
piano. Several miscellaneous corpses were piled
in the bookcase. Hanging from the chandelier
by one leg was the Archbishop of Canterbury,
whose throat was cut from ear to ear.

He was dead.
"Murder has been committed," said Pance.
I gasped. "No!" I said, "how did you
know?"

"Simple," replied Pance, "there is blood on
my paper-knife." I looked. So there was.

CHAPTER TWO

Pance faced Sergeant Wreath in his office.
"Well, Mr. Pance," snorted Wreath, "we have
arrested the murderer."
"Indeed," drawled Pance, "who was it?"

"I thought you wouldn't know," sneered
Wreath. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer, of
course."

Pance extracted a hypodermic syringe, and
took a long shot of heroin, playfully squirting
the residue in the District Attorney's eye.

"You're wrong, dontcher know," he filtered.
"The Chancellor is dead."

Even as he spoke, a body hurtled through
the door and landed face upwards on the filing-
cabinet. There was a Malay knife buried up to
the hilt in its chest.

"Gawd!" said Wreath. "The Chancellor!"

"Deutschland uber alles wassertrinker," said
Pance, quoting Schiller . . .

The Sergeant grunted and drank a glass of
water. Then, with a groan, he stood on his
head, gyrated rapidly for three seconds and fell
dead.

Pance picked up the empty glass. In the
bottom was a small scarlet sausage.

"As I thought," he hissed. "We must be-
ware."

"Why?" I said.

"Unless we are careful, murder will be done,"
said Pance, and picked the petals off the gar-
denia in his button-hole.

I gaped at his logic.

CHAPTER THREE

Pance faced the company.

"The Scarlet Sausage is due to strike," he
crooned, and carelessly tore a Rembrandt sketch
between his fingers. His listeners shrank with
horror.

Almost immediately the door was blown off
its hinges, and framed in the opening stood a
masked figure with a machine-gun in each hand.

"Now," hissed the Scarlet Sausage, "Diel!"

He pressed the trigger, but Pance, producing
a lasso of thin wire, flung it rapidly at the
criminal, catching him round the neck and
flinging him to the floor.

Carelessly striding towards him, Pance
wrenched off the mask.

Good God! It was the President of the United
States!!!

He snarled: "It was because of the potato
embargo," and writhed on the floor. For a
while his limbs twitched convulsively, and then
he lay still.

A faint smell of butter almonds hung in the
air.

"Sic transit gloria mundi," said Pance, quot-
ing Dante. "And now, gentlemen, permit me
to show you my new collection of Japanese
fish-knives."

THE END.

[Next Nutty Novel: "Beau Peep," by P. C.
Wrennett.]

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S.C.M. OPEN FORUM

During the lunch hours from June 14th to 18th, there have been held a series of Open Forums, organised by the S.C.M., in the Men's Common Room. The purpose of these is to provoke discussion and argument among students who have listened to an address by someone who can speak authoritatively on topics connected with the Christian Faith.

The series began with an address by Rev. Bower Black on "Faith. What is it? Is it reasonable? Is it Practicable?" Mr. Black suggested that Faith was a basic principle in life, and that we all use Faith, even when we set out on a train journey. This led to a definition of Faith as believing in something and then acting on that behalf. The discussion centred on the nature of reality; one view was expressed that things exist only in the minds of those who see or feel them, the opposing view being that if this were so, if we had to carry the whole of Creation in our minds, we would surely go mad.

On Tuesday, Rev. G. V. Gerard opened the subject of Christianity and the 20th Century. This he dealt with, from an historical point of view—showing that we must accept Christ's existence on Faith, just as a referee cannot prove that a goal has been scored, since the act is completed and over.

Thursday's address was given by Mr. Black, who spoke on "The Christian Group as a factor in social progress." This brought up the question of the Christian Church, and discussion centred round the history of the Church, and its mistakes in the past. It was agreed that the possible reason for these mistakes was that the men at that time had not our high conception of the implications of the Christian Faith.

Friday saw an address on "Is service for men a sufficient means for finding God?" i.e., Isn't it just as good to be unselfish and to serve men without being a Christian? The answer given to this was that Christianity provided the inspiration and instruction for those who wished to serve. Mr. Black then drew the distinction that the Christian knew his purpose, that he had the vision of what can be achieved. Christianity gives purpose, and in addition, gives power.

The disappointing feature of the Forums was the poor attendance. Here was an excellent opportunity of airing opinions, and having them criticised, and of hearing other points of view.



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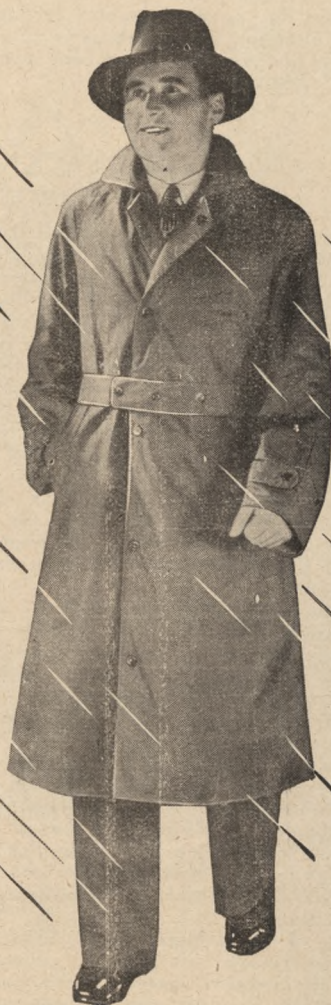
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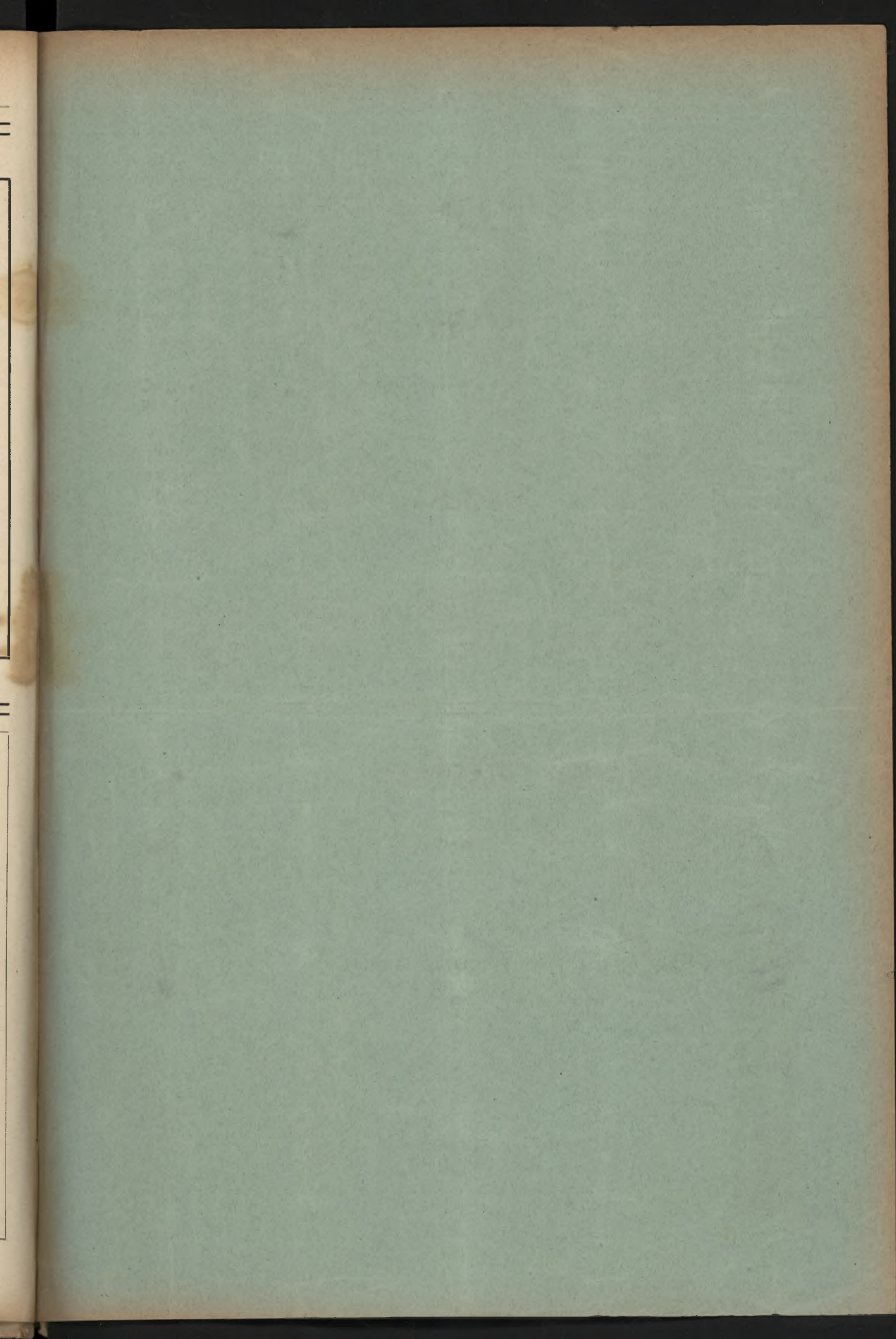
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