

CRACCTUM



VOL I., No. 8

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1937.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

Professor Arnold Wall is evidently an authority on phonetics, judging by his articles in the "Herald." Quite a fanatic, in fact.

Two students sallying to a French lecture after calling in at the Grand for a "quick one," narrowly escaped being run down by a car. "Gosh," said one, "that nearly took my breath away!" "Well, I hope it did," said the other, "or Dora will suspect us."

Suggested slogan for the College cap: "Too much spoils the flavour."

Several people were impressed by seeing Sonja Henie skating with one leg in the air. At the Social Committee's skating party we will not be surprised to see several people skating with both legs in the air.

"The young people of to-day are becoming taller," says an educational authority. Do our professors hope we'll stay longer?

The trouble with the student who takes pains is that he so often gives other people one.

"The whole of the brain never works at one time," states a scientist. This was illustrated by the choruses in the Music club concert.

Criticism in brief: At the Music Club concert, the University orchestra played Grainger. Grainger lost.

We read that burglars who broke into a house at Mt. Eden were surprised by a medical student working late. Well, who wouldn't be?

Mr. Haydn George, secretary of the Lit. Club, says that the standard of contributions for Olla Pods is much higher this year than last year. He is pleased to note that fewer young girls are taking up trypewriting as a career.

A Scottish student complains of the poor quality of the ink in the College office. He has ruined two fountain pens with it already.

A young man who darns his own always wears golf socks. They have eighteen holes.

"Conscientiousness and tenacity are the main factors in promotion," we read. But we have yet to hear of the postman who was promoted for sticking to his post.

Bow legs are two and far between.

The Woodhouse Old Girls' Association held an enjoyable social evening at Courtville recently. "I'll prove myself Best," said one blushing damsel!

An intelligent girl is one who can refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

Doctor Anschutz cannot know what is going on under his nose. If he did, he would decide to have it shaved off.

Manufacturers inform us that the best shoes are made from snake-skin. Banana skins, of course, make the best slippers.

Scientists claim to have produced a more perfect finish for cars. Nothing, so far, seems to beat a good strong telegraph post.

Mr. McGregor informs us that a tree gains a new ring for every year of its growth. This must be where Hollywood stars got the idea from.

A Queen St. barber denies that beards are coming back. But ours does every morning.

A local cinema advertises "complete change of shorts with this week's programme." Behind the screen, we hope.

Miss Betty Lorrimer, a former member of the A.U.C. Tramping Club, recently tramped for five days over the Ruakuras with a fifty pound pack. This, in our opinion, is carrying things a little too far.

Mr. Haydn George, on his way to the Tramping Club dance with a well-known member of our younger set, took her first to a Mothers' Meeting, a Wayside Mission and a Registry Office.

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

The Official Organ of the Auckland University College Students' Association, Auckland, N.Z.

Editor Publications: ERIC H. HALSTEAD

Editor Craccum: A. OWEN WOODHOUSE

Sub-Editor: W. J. B. OWEN

Chief Reporter: JACK FAIRBROTHER

Secretary: MISS C. HALL

Exchange Editor: MISS J. FLEMING

Business Manager: A. P. POSTLEWAITE

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1937.

NEW EDITOR

PUBLICATIONS CHIEF HANDS ON "CRACCUM"

The editor of publications regrets that he will be unable henceforth to personally superintend the publication of "Craccum." However, he is pleased to state that the good work will be continued by A. Owen Woodhouse, who is now promoted to the editorship of "Craccum."

Mr. Woodhouse is a gifted young man who has contributed considerably towards the success of "Craccum." As sub-editor he has done most of the spade work for each issue, i.e., when the copy comes in, words have to be counted, copy corrected and sometimes rewritten, passages altered and sometimes cut—all this is quite a big job. The corrected copy is certified by the editor and sent to the printer. Also Mr. Woodhouse frequently assists Mr. Owen, the other sub-editor who supervises lay-out and proof correction.

Finally it should be mentioned that he is a forceful writer and a sound thinker—one who is quite capable of directing a constructive policy.

Hence the editor feels justified in handing on to a younger man who in ability and experience should admirably serve the publications department of the Students' Association.

—E.H.H.,

Editor Publications.

* * * *

STUDENT EXECUTIVE ELECTION

During the next two weeks events of great importance to the students of A.U.C. are due to take place. On Wednesday of next week the Inter-College Joynt Scroll Debate will be held here; the next day is set aside for the election of a President and a Secretary of the Student's Association, while a week later the annual election for the executive committee of the Association will arouse interest throughout the College.

The exact importance of these elections is not sufficiently comprehended by the average student. A peculiar apathy regarding their own interests allows many students to forego their right to vote, while others are not even aware that an election of concern to themselves is taking place.

During the past year a spirit of optimism has been abroad in the College; carnival week was a great success, the graduation ball committee for the first time in its history showed a small profit, the hockey tournament was rightly a source of pride and congratulation. Joynt Scroll is to be held here, and next year at Easter time, A.U.C. will entertain representatives from all the other Colleges at the annual tournament. At present we are rising on a wave of enthusiasm that might carry the Students' Association of A.U.C. to a success which years of hard toiling could never attain; but it might allow us to sink back to a dull routine, or even an insecurity which should be the scorn of every student.

There is much to be done during the coming years, and in the immediate future careful consideration of our recent gains. It is the duty of every student to cast aside the selfishness or apathy or disinterest—whatever the cause may be—which has allowed, in the past, the annual elections to pass by without a thought.

"Craccum" suggests that the question of voting be given careful consideration; that all candidates for the executive realise that the services demanded of them will be considerable

and that they be prepared to accept these services with a determination to leave no stone unturned for the good of the College.

If only we, individually, can forget ourselves as individuals and realise our obligations as members of this College, we will leave behind us a tradition of service that will live in the minds of future generations and lift our College to that status which hard work and unselfishness can alone achieve.

* * * *

STUDENT BLOCK EXTENSION

The time has come when the College authorities will have to seriously consider the extension of the present student block. It is doubtful when the Students' Executive themselves realize this necessity.

The ping-pong room is rapidly becoming a common, common room, i.e., a common room for both male and female students. This room is a games room, and when the Men's House Committee furnish it with a billiard table the sexes will have to meet in the corridors and passages.

A third floor could be added to the present student block at no great expense. A gymnasium, a common room, committee and club rooms could be provided. There is no doubt that present accommodation for student activities is totally inadequate and it falls far short of that provided by the other colleges.

COMING EVENTS

Wednesday, July 28—

Junior Debate

Thursday, July 29—

Literature Club

Lit. Club.

Friday, July 30—

Women's Coffee Evening

Free discussions in M.C.R.

Sunday, August 1—

E.U. Tea

Student's Service at the Tabernacle at 7 p.m.

Monday, August 2—

Science Soc.

Sci. Soc.

Tuesday, August 3—

Engineering Soc.

French Club

Wednesday, August 4—

Joynt Scroll Debate

Thursday, August 5—

Skating Party

Presidential and Secretarial Elections.

Friday, August 6—

Interfac. Ping-pong Finals.

* * * *

DO YOU REALISE—

THAT An honour is being done A.U.C. in having the Inter-College Debate allotted to Auckland this year.

THAT Auckland is represented by two very capable debaters.

THAT The students of all colleges in N.Z. will have their attention focussed on your response to this function.

THAT It is your privilege and your duty to make this debate a huge success.

Come to the College Hall on August 4th (Wednesday), at 8 p.m. for the Joynt Scroll Inter-College Debate.

OTAGO — CANTERBURY — WELLINGTON

OTAGO — CANTERBURY — WELLINGTON

will be represented

and

LITTLE GENTLE AUCKLAND TOO

STUDENT CHURCH SERVICE

Sunday, August 1st, at 7 p.m.

Baptist Tabernacle, Queen Street.

Support Your College and Come to this Service

Preacher: Rev. Alex. Hodge, B.A., B.D., Ph.D.

STUD ASS

ELECTIONS

ELECTIONS

AUGUST 12th

AUGUST 12th

Are you standing??

Do you want to stand?

Make up your mind.

See that only the best men get on this important committee by

VOTING

AUGUST 12th

AUGUST 12th

AUGUST 12th

AUGUST 12th

PROFESSOR SEWELL REVIEWS for CRACCUM

DR. BEAGLEHOLE'S BOOK

"SOMETHING MORE THAN A PAROCHIAL SIGNIFICANCE"

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION SYSTEM

The Review of Dr. Beaglehole's book, which appears below, has been specially written for "Craccum" by Professor W. A. Sewell. The editor felt that "The Radio Record" had committed a breach of faith, not only to its readers, but also to Dr. Beaglehole himself, in publishing the rather distorted impression which "A.R.M." seemed to have gained from "The History of the University of New Zealand." Professor Sewell has written with a scrupulous honesty that comes as a welcome relief from the overwrought partiality of "A.R.M.'s" article. The editor is indeed grateful to the Professor for his generous co-operation in this matter; it is perhaps indicative of the great help and encouragement which he has at all time given to the Students' Association at this College.

HISTORY OF UNIVERSITY OF N.Z.

by C. J. Beaglehole.

Dr. Beaglehole was well-chosen by the Council for Educational Research to write this history of the University of New Zealand. The subject-matter disciplined Dr. Beaglehole's tendency to overwrite and it gave ample opportunity to his great gift for sardonic litotes. Dr. Beaglehole hears in mind as he writes a consistent philosophy of university teaching and consequently his wit illuminates (where otherwise it might have tended to obscure), the points he makes. It is, perhaps, a disqualification in an historian to have sympathy with his victims: and Dr. Beaglehole is not greatly burdened with sympathy either with fools or knaves. His lash is, therefore, shrewdly aimed whenever occasion lies—and if the whip is occasionally flicked *con amore*, a professor of Auckland University College is hardly the person to complain.

From the mass of informative, although (it must be admitted) often tedious detail, two things emerge: first, that the New Zealand University and hence each of its affiliated or constituent colleges have suffered from the fact that University degrees were sought after during the nineteenth century and that they were sought after in different ways and at different times in the various provinces: second, that not only the University but also the Colleges have been slow to learn that in an academic institution the wisest guides and best-informed mentors of the institutions' destinies are those who teach and those who have been taught in the institution itself. It is gratifying for a professor of the University to read Dr. Beaglehole's book—for as the years pass, one becomes more and more aware that the professors were usually right and the laymen usually wrong.

The University of New Zealand was a nineteenth century institution. It was founded in an age when New Zealand was proud to regard itself as democratic and was anxious that it should be as democratic in education as in all other things. To secure a fair field and no favour in university work, it was clear that stress should be laid on the examination and that this examination should be open to everybody. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that this emphasis should tend to drown the still small voices of those who were of the opinion that a university was significant primarily for the standard of its teaching and only secondarily for the standard of its examining. Mr. Maurice O'Rorke, Member for Orehunga and first Chairman of the Council of this College, did (with that caustic Irish gift of words which, one learns, made him not only the first but also not the least distinguished of our Presidents), complain of "that houseless and homeless University" which was "utterly foreign to what a University should be." The still small voices were of no avail. Geography—together with a number of small affiliated institutions drawing their share of an exiguous Government grant—was too much for them. The New Zealand University remains an examining body.

It was an examining body, to some extent modelled on the University of London, but not wholly. "Colonialism" is remarkable not only for its astonishing powers of self-congratulation but also for its fluttering moments of self-depreciation. It was early regarded as axiomatic that if a professor was ready to teach in New Zealand, he was thereby disqualified from conducting examinations in such a way that standards would be maintained. It was in vain that, early in the development of our University, Professor Shand, of Otago protested: "If the University were a teaching body . . . the examinations would be conducted by the Uni-

versity professors, with whom might be associated for that purpose other examiners selected from the body of teachers without the University. In institutions where examinations are not looked upon as an end in themselves, but are regarded as subordinate and subservient to teaching, this plan has been found to answer perfectly." As late as 1911, the system of external examination was still the subject of complaint. Even to-day, in 1937, the problem is by no means solved.

But the system of external examination was only a part of a larger question. The University had begun with a poisonous ideal—that examination is the main function of a university. This distrust of the teacher, as Dr. Beaglehole very properly points out, and as the "Reformers" of 1911 insisted, tended to lower the prestige and consequently the efficiency of university teaching and it tended, too, to exclude from any effective share in university control those who might be supposed to be most expert in the administration of academic, as distinct from financial, affairs. It must have been galling, indeed, to men of the calibre of Hunter, Wall and Von Zedlitz, to see matters of syllabus prescriptions, the making of appointments, etc., in the hands of men less able than themselves to make provision: to work, indeed, under the control of a Senate which was entirely "unconnected with the officers of (these) independent affiliated Colleges."

Things are much better to-day, both in the Colleges and the University. The Professorial and the Academic Boards have most of the powers for which the "reformers" so eloquently and, it must be admitted, so rightly pleaded. They have the powers—but I question whether even to-day that vigilance which is the price of freedom is not also the price of academic authority and prestige, in the matters in which academic teachers are the most competent to advise and decide. All those who wish well for the University will recognise that it must be a democratic institute, but we tend to forget that democracy does not necessarily imply that everyone should have a finger in every pie. An ideal democracy is that one in which each cook or each group of cooks bake their own particular pies as well as they can be baked. And too many cooks tend to spoil the pie.

The academic elements in the University and the Colleges have much of the power, if they have any of the will, to bring about that state in the University which Dr. Beaglehole calls the "crystallisation of controversy." Teachers, students and past students could, if they wished, deliberately "believe" the University into being much of the place it ought to be. Our difficulties—the great stress laid on examinations and certificates, the lack of residential halls, the utilitarian outlook, the "come and get it" technique of tuition, the low prestige of ideas and of free enquiry in the community—all these are inherited from the unfortunate past of the University. It is no good deceiving ourselves. Dr. Beaglehole's criticisms are wholly justified—even though his diffident suggestions or improvement through specialisation, etc., are of doubtful expediency. We have to build on that past, however unfortunate it may have been. We do well, then, before anything else, to recognise how very unfortunate it was.

Dr. Beaglehole's conclusions are exhilarating—if only for the fact that one can enjoy on every page the thought of the particular person who is bound to disagree with him. His final word, however, should be inscribed in a prominent place in every University College in the Dominion: "As the court of justice should be no respecter of persons, so the university should

be no respecter of ideas; as we do not seek to intimidate the majesty of the law, so we should recoil with equal repugnance from the intimidation of the intellect . . . only in the free functioning of the intelligence is there hope for the university or for the world." That is the philosophy of university study and teaching which Dr. Beaglehole has borne in mind as he has written this book. It gives to his work something more than a parochial significance.

* * * *

SPORTS SUMMARY SATURDAY JULY 17th

FOOTBALL

No Senior games. Junior, Ponsonby 17—University 3. Third: Technical O.B. 37—University 0.

BASKETBALL

Senior A.—University Whites 14—Training College B 8. University Blues 15—Rovers 3. Senior Reserve.—University 8, Bridgens 2.

HOCKEY:

Men—Senior: University 1, Mount Eden 1. Junior: St. Luke's 3, University 1; University 4, Y.M.C.A. 0. Fourth Grade: University 3, Grammar 2. Women—Senior: University 4, T.C. 0. Intermediate: University 3, Technical 0.

HARRIERS:

University were second in the ten-men teams' race.

(University were unplaced in the whippet racing and pigeon flying.—Editor.)

SATURDAY, JULY 24th.

BASKETBALL:

University Blues 14 v. University Whites 7; University (Senior Reserve grade) 3 v. Y.W.C.A. 15.

HOCKEY:

Men—Senior: University 5 v. St. Lukes 1. Second Grade: University A 4, Somerville 3; University B won by default from St. George's. Third Grade: University 1, Tamaki 1. Fourth Grade: Somerville won by default from University. Ladies—Senior: University 2, Training College A 0. Intermediates: University won by default from Technical C.

FOOTBALL — STOP PRESS.

According to our latest advices, the Springboks defeated Auckland—the score just to hand reads 19—5. ("This is indeed news," said Mr. Sorgenhoeffler!)

According to even later advice the Springboks defeated the Waikato team by 6 points to 3. (Did you say news, Mr. Sorgenhoeffler?)

* * * *

TRAMPING CLUB NEWS HIKERS ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

The club's first evening function was held recently in the Biology Theatre, when Professor Algie addressed a good attendance of members on "Tramping in the Swiss Alps." The Professor's excellent lantern slides and ready wit combined to make an entertaining as well as instructive evening.

The participation of the 'Varsity Club in the combined Tramping Clubs' dance is a gratifying acknowledgement of our status as a thriving club. The students present did not fail to indicate our young club's strength and vitality.

Perfect weather conditions favoured the last day tramp last Sunday to the new Scenic Drive district. The club's next outing will be a week-end camp at the Alpine Sports Club hut (July 30th-31st). A tramp down the Glen Ness Valley to Piha will be the main feature of the week-end. Watch notice-boards for details of trains, requirements, and cost.

GIGANTIC !

THRILLING !

ABSORBING !

SKATING PARTY, AUGUST 5th
RINK EXCLUSIVE TO STUDENTS
AND FRIENDS

AND ONLY 1/- FOR THE EVENING.

MEN! BE CARED FOR BY LOVELY WOMEN.
GIRLS! BE SHARED BY PHYSIQUED AND
NOBLE MALE-UNDERGRADS
ROUSHWORTH'S RINK THURS. AUG. 5th

STAFF v. STUDENTS' DEBATE

OUTSTANDING SUCCESS
MISS BEST PLEASED

Quite the most witty, interesting and well-attended debate of the year took place last Wednesday, 22nd July. At long last the students have debated against representatives of the Staff, and the innovation proved to be a remarkable success.

HIGH STANDARD REACHED

Professor Sewell, Professor Anderson and Mr. Blaiklock supported the motion that "This University has nothing to learn from Oxford or Cambridge." Messrs. Haydn George, Hutchinson and Braybrooke represented the Debating Club and trod the rather dangerous but exhilarating ground of decrying our own University system.

The debate was outstanding for the ease and fluency of all the speakers, and a standard of public speaking, which, among students at least, is rarely excelled. The whole audience was delighted to hear Professor Sewell confess "that he had experienced a certain wringing of the withers" and Professor Anderson describing himself as "a logician having to defend a universal negative proposition." Mr. Blaiklock drew a vivid picture of an undergrad. coming down from Oxford with little to his credit but an accent; and he imagined the sorrowing parents muttering "I poured in my gold and there came out this calf."

The three student debaters roused a most enthusiastic hope for the Joynt Scroll. If Mr. George and Mr. Braybrooke can emulate on August 4th the standard of this debate, then Auckland need not fear the final verdict. They

all debated with a happy and untroubled ease that was worthy of the highest praise.

The College Hall has not seen such a satisfied audience for many years. Even Miss Marie Best had to confess that "these spirited speakers certainly do attract one," but unfortunately, cut "Craccum's" reporter short in the midst of a very powerful harangue. Miss Best knows how to handle her men—more's the pity!

MYSTERIOUS DEBATING

"GRETA GARBO"

AUCKLAND MEN IN SUSPENSE

And talking of Joynt Scroll: have you heard the rumour abroad in debating circles? One of the southern Colleges is sending as a representative for Inter-Varsity debating honours, an entrancing and super-graceful woman undergrad? We believe she has spent years "on the prowl" (a la Prof. Sewell) for a certain student of A.U.C., and hopes to repeat the effort of those snappy sirens who seduced brave men with lilted and encouraging words. Arrangements are being made to bind Messrs. George and Braybrooke with stout manilla, in the Ulyssean manner.

The New Educational Fellowship

SUCCESSFUL CONFERENCE ALL FINISHED
HAVE WE GOT EDUCATION?

Having faced the battery of brilliant oratory offered by the New Ed. Fellows, our special correspondent came to the conclusion that we are a generation of suckers. Our education has been cruelly neglected and we are the poor unfortunate victims of "great moguls," class-room tyrants, and men of letters. Much have we suffered in the name of science and literature. "The old education with its academic bias must go," say these boys (and the local idealists), but no one seems to know what must take its place. However, in spite of the fact that the conference offered little in the way of a constructive educational programme, it certainly was inspiring and some good suggestions capable of immediate application were offered to the imaginative teacher.

THE DELEGATES

We are not able to report what our visitors thought about Varsity education. They left it alone. But they had a lot to say about primary and post-primary education.

DR. BOYD dealt some telling blows at present teaching methods. His seminars were most instructive. His criticism of our system of education was particularly good, because he has suffered under a similar system in Scotland. The lack of co-ordination between education services in our community was mentioned by him. This is a serious fault in our system, and there seems to be new determination on the part of teachers to set this matter aright.

PROFESSOR HART was very outspoken on the subject of inspectors and examinations. A picturesque figure and a fluent speaker, he always held his audience. His seminars were interesting and at times very amusing. "The examination system in New Zealand I believe to be a menace to the education, health and happiness of the child, a menace to adequate and proper teaching, and a barrier to the development of a modern programme of education," said Prof. Hart.

Apparently Prof. Hart must cut a considerable figure in the U.S. When giving us the "low down" on Chicago during his lecture on "Civic Complacency" he told us that the racketeers were going gunning for him when he was there.

MR. HANKIN brought some nice pictures and gramophone records from London. He might be a good inspector, but he was not a good speaker. A special feature of one of his seminars was the good advice to teachers offered by Messrs. McKay and Laidlaw of the Farmers' Trading Company.

MR. SALTER DAVIES was responsible for the following wisecrack: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach; those who can't teach, teach how to teach." He was a man of culture. His lectures were interesting, witty and carefully prepared. The comparisons he made between the English and our own systems of education were useful. His lecture on "Education for leisure" was very fine. This is a new problem for the educator. With restricted hours of work, the proper employment of leisure time needs careful planning and education.

DR. EDMUND W. S. BRUNNER was the orator of the party. His was a commanding personality. His speeches inspired. He was easy to listen to, and the "stuff" of his speeches was of a high quality. Along with Dr. Dengler he made an eloquent appeal for greater international understanding. The final lecture he gave on the World Situation was very fine. He was always interesting on American politics, and the social and economic aspects of American life.

Dr. DENGLER provided the fireworks for the conference—he threw his arms at us, he threw his legs at us, he said "I tell you a little joke"—and the conference just loved it. Dr. Dengler made his appeal rather by force of personality than of intellectual profundity. Rather than saying anything of supreme originality, he possessed the happy knack of tracking down other people's profundities, clarifying and simplifying them. He always had a clear-cut plan for each lecture, and the listener gained a clear idea of essential points. His method was that of the school teacher, rather than the lecturer.

Dr. Dengler leaves the impression that he is the man who has put into practice what too many educationists only preach. He has put into practice the activity ideal of new education and he is now doing his part towards achieving international goodwill—a great practitioner of the new ideals.

TO MOVE HEADQUARTERS NEXT MONTH

N.Z.U.S.A. GOES TO WELLINGTON

(By Courtesy of N.Z.U. Press Bureau)

Thanks to prompt action by V.U.C., centralisation of the N.Z.U.S.A., decided upon at the General Meeting at Easter, will soon be complete. The V.U.C. delegates, appointed as a sub-Committee by the General Meeting, prepared a comprehensive report and made recommendations as to suitable office premises in the city of Wellington. This report was submitted to a recent meeting of the N.Z.U.S.A. Executive, held at C.U.C. It was approved, and arrangements will be completed at a general meeting of delegates to be held in Wellington next month.

The N.Z.U. Press Bureau will ensure that a report of these important proceedings will be circulated to all College papers.

N.Z.U. Press Bureau.

The Secretary of the Bureau submitted a constitution, and asked for affiliation. After the constitution had been referred to and approved by a sub-Committee, the request was granted.

International Conference.

A letter was received from the Secretariat-General of the C.I.E. (International Confederation of Students), inviting a New Zealand delegate to attend the next annual conference in Paris. A letter was written to Mr. McGhie, the London representative of the N.Z.U.S.A. asking him to ensure that New Zealand should be represented in the best possible way at this meeting.

COMING CHURCH SERVICE STUDENTS URGED TO ATTEND

The attention of all students is drawn to the advertisement on page 1 of the Student Church Service to be held in the Baptist Tabernacle on Sunday evening, August 1st. The holding of this service is the outcome of meetings held between the Students' Association, the S.C.M., and E.U. and U.C.C. Although these bodies helped with the starting of the service, it is to be distinctly understood that the service is in no wise connected officially with S.C.M., E.U., or U.C.C. It is a University Church service inaugurated by the Students' Association.

The preacher will be the Rev. Dr. Hodge, minister at the Tabernacle, whose fine intellectual attainments make him admirably suitable for conducting a student service.

It is felt that this new departure is deserving of all the support the students can give it: Universities at Home have their weekly chapel services. Why cannot we have an annual College Church service. It is the earnest hope of the movers in this matter that all students, whether or not they are members of a religious body, within the College, will endeavour to be present at the Tabernacle for this service.

Further enquiries about the service may be made from Mr. Blair, Miss Bartrum, or Mr. Horn.

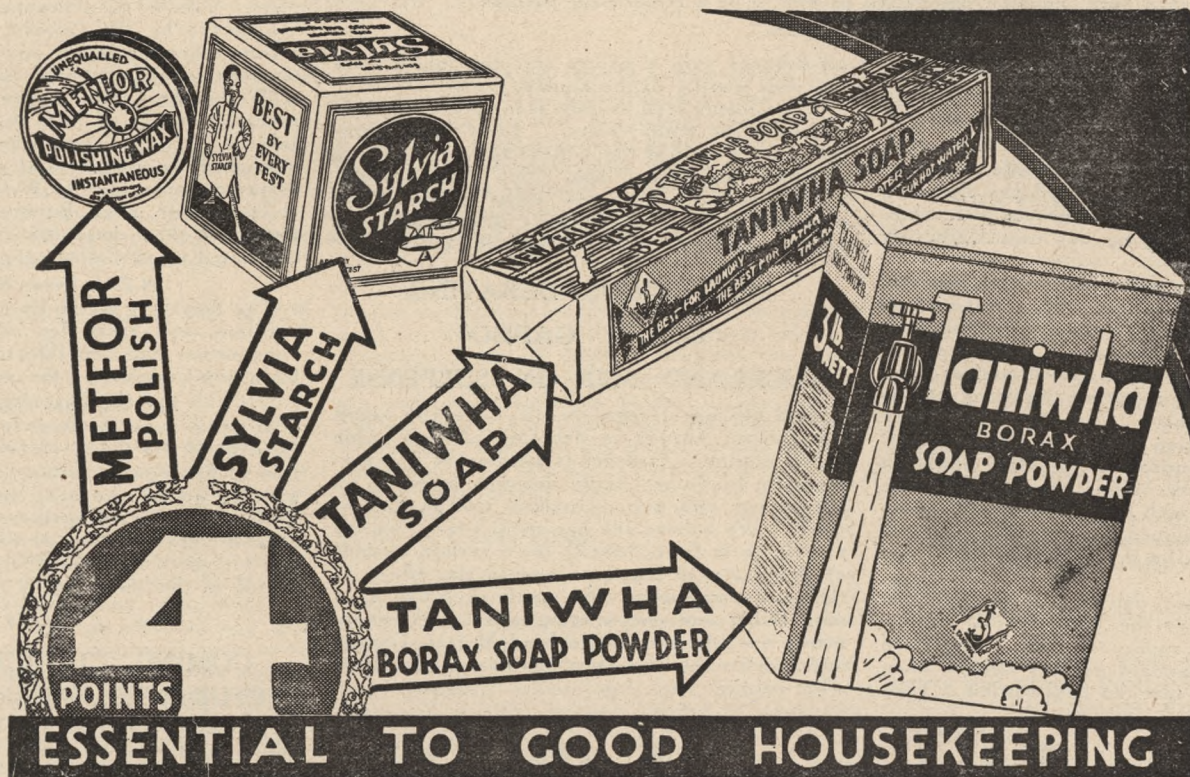
ELECTIONS IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Editor wishes to announce that all Candidates for the 1937-8 Executive Committee of the Stud. Ass., must interview the editor as soon as possible if they desire publication of their qualifications. The object of this interview is strictly serious, and candidates will be required to outline their College activities, and give a short summary of their policy—if any. Candidates are urged to treat this matter seriously, and to take full advantage of the facilities which "Craccum" can offer. Friday, 30th July is a tentative fixture for the interviews and further information may be gleaned from the College notice-boards.

INTER-VARSITY DEBATING,
INTER-VARSITY DEBATING,
INTER-VARSITY DEBATING,
INTER-VARSITY DEBATING,
INTER-VARSITY DEBATING,

COLLEGE HALL,
COLLEGE HALL,
COLLEGE HALL,
COLLEGE HALL,
COLLEGE HALL,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th.



Lion

PALE ALE

Brewed by
NEW ZEALAND BREWERIES, LTD.
Khyber Pass.

Over
the Bar-



Lion is a mellow, amber and benign brewed malt beverage, ale or beer.

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.

S.C.M. MEET E.U. ON COMMON GROUND THE HOLY WAR

S.C.M. TRIES TO CONVERT E.U. AND FAILS GIRLS VERY INTERESTED

A brilliant match right through was the comment of both the S.C.M. and E.U. "witnesses" to last Saturday's football match.

After considerable delay (about 7 holy days), finality was eventually reached over the referee. S.C.M. had proposed Bower-Black, knowing his partiality for Miss Morton-Smith, while E.U. trumped for Mr. Blacklock, but after many conferences, prayer-meetings and tea-parties, Dr. Briggs proved acceptable, since he was sure of his ground in a football match, even though he could not say just how many animals went into the ark or whether his Higher Criticism of Rugby rules would be upheld.

Miss Morton-Smith opened with a short announcement regarding oranges at half-time which urged on S.C.M. Play was not spectacular, although the spectators, who obviously were enjoying their first football match, added helpful suggestions particularly regarding Roseveare's lobster-like appearance, Simpson's marvellous jersey which was faintly reminiscent of Miss Petit's latest E.U. pyjamas—(two piece, of course, which she wore to celebrate the recent house party), and Bennett's shorts.

Perry made a great dash like a "dancing Dervish," to quote Miss Purnell, and succeeded in scoring the first try. Unconverted, however, was the verdict. "It's a downright shame," interjected Betty Thomson. "He is—I know." (Betty knows a lot more too, she duplicates it.)

Now and again Hayman rose to great heights but his Pacifism was too prominent. He could not kick "Euishly" and on turning his both cheeks he found himself rather knocked about.

A Scotch mist was now descending. It was the day for Stewerts. Stew. Christie now managed a try which was quickly followed by Stew. Perry's second try. Both were unconverted (not the Stewerts' this time).

Some hot shots followed by Jean Curry who suggested stern measures should be taken with Rout, who had just bitten Lewis' ear. The latter, bound by Social Justice and Pacifism, did not retaliate but a Theological discourse followed which ended in the rout of Vernon and incidentally allowed Taylor to score for S.C.M. "Our Annette" promised to "swat" up all the complicated rules appertaining to conversion for her forthcoming address before the Hongi Club, which it is rumoured she hopes to join.

Half-time.

Jean pulled up Becroft's socks. He seemed to like it. Lindsay read out the 179th Psalm to Norm Bennett, who henceforth intends to devote his full time to basketball. S.C.M. and E.U. had their own supply of oranges to prevent perversion.

Once again—On with the Ball. A free-kick was awarded E.U. because Roseveare had rubbed Maha's nose in the mud. But the kick misfired or backfired and in the general mix-up Maha unthinkingly, scored another try for E.U. Even the Maori could not convert. It was the old problem of coming over the line but refusing to be converted when you see what is over the other side. It's over the edge. Yule, although out of season, with a magnificent bull-rush scored another.

S.C.M., not to be outdone and in order to pacify Miss Curry, forced a try. Brilliant work this, especially Hayman's breakaway and Taylor's final dash, in spite of deliberate obstruction by Mandeno, who persisted in sitting on the ball just as if he was clucky.

Both sides now had their blood up and spectacular play was being looked forward to, but the referee, who most people had overlooked during the game, blew his whistle three times and announced the Grand Finale. S.C.M. struck up "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the ball when it rolls" (This undoubtedly was one of the best items of the morning), and E.U. sung lustily, "Fright the good Sight," much to the annoyance of the S.C.M. sideline who deplored this martial air. (Roseveare was the one exception.)

Dr. Briggs pronounced the Benediction and the last we saw of him was his being Mortoned and Pettled by the two bright lasses who considered that even if each side could not convert the other, then the referee should not go without suffering the snares of femininity.

Interviewed yesterday, he assured us that henceforth he will attend all E.U. Squashes and S.C.M. parties if his wife does not find out.

Yes, and the score, E.U. 15, S.C.M. 6.

WHO IS DOING WHAT?

MILLINER "COCOAS" WITH WOMEN

NOCTURNAL SWIMMING IN PARK POND

STUDIO STAMPEDE APPEALS

We have heard that one of the most prominent members of the music club had to remain behind the scenes during the Concert in order to turn the pages of music for Prof. Hollinrake. Bad luck Jean! but perhaps it's just as well.

Pat Shirtcliffe is now hoping for an inclusion of hockey in the Olympic Games, after her brilliant achievement of scoring two goals in one match the other Saturday. She has notified the selectors that she would prefer to play in the men's eleven.

John Reid tells us that he had his hair cut two weeks ago—but we say that it looks like a month.

At the extraordinary general meeting of the Students' Association held on Monday night, nobody seemed to understand what it was all about, but we did notice Bill Stride sharing a pea-nut with Dick Mills and Mac Barr. "Monkey business."

The progress of Prof. Sewell's play was greatly hampered by the fact that one of the leading players, Miss Peggy Leary, developed a bad cold last week.

The progress of Prof. Sewell's play was greatly hampered by the fact that one of the leading players, Mr. Ivan Hodder, also developed a bad cold last week. This, we take it, is another matter of coincidence.

Faith Johnston and Shirley Entrican were promised many men and plenty of fun and games at their recent visit to a fortune teller. But then we always suspected this.

Private sleuths found Owen Woodhouse quite incapacitated after the birthday cake on Saturday night. Can't take it, eh!

Cold weather lately has made it necessary for Cocoa parties to be instituted, so enabling Lorrie Milliner to entertain his lady friends in his lab, where the cocoa is made.

Helen Coates was given her first farewell party the other night. From now on there will probably be many more.

The greatest hit of the term amongst the girls has been Dr. Dengler. We have it from an authoritative source that 17 passages have already been booked to Austria.

The poster we saw in the Women's Common Room is evidently another example of the "Child Art" of which we have heard so much about.

We hear that Nessie Mcfarland has been playing at "ducks" at Training College. The ugly ducklings, eh!

Splash! Splash!

Nocturnal wanderers in Albert Park were entertained by Bob Seaton and boy friend, who were giving an exhibition of swimming around the pond, by the light of the silvery moon. Their movements were somewhat impeded by coats, waistcoats, trousers, and etceteras.

The Sci. Soc.'s coffee evening was a howling success. The peanut race caused roars of mirth and Mr. Munro's waltz polonaise was much appreciated.

A few Bohemians, however, threw over this entertainment for a pyjama party run by Alison Milsom. The deserters were Gwen Amess, Shiela Mackinnon, Paddy Fenton and Ted Gillies.

High Lights of the Studio Stampede

Miss Bee Orchiston looked charming in a beautiful Turkish costume. She wore her lovely hair in two plaits over her shoulders, and her intriguing face was revealed through a veil.

Doug. Lamb gave a most delightful and too—too—attractive impersonation of anger. He was red all over, including his face.

Grandmother Lin Mair brought out her best night-gown for the occasion. It was the new knee-length, and had becoming frills at neck and wrist.

Rona Lewis impersonated Charlie Chaplin with great success, even to the uncertain gait.

The recent publicity given Jimmy Henson's noise had caused the temporary maladjustment of his vocal organs through over-work, so he had to leave admiring audiences unsatisfied.

Sheik Doug. Angus was going over big with all the girls.

Ron Culford Bell changed his whole personality and appeared as Hitler.

Crash! Clatter! Bang!

The library stairs have claimed another victim—this time Fresher Budge.

Murielle Smeed has now acquired quite a taste for cocoa so we hear.

PEARLS AND PEBBLES

By CALIBAN

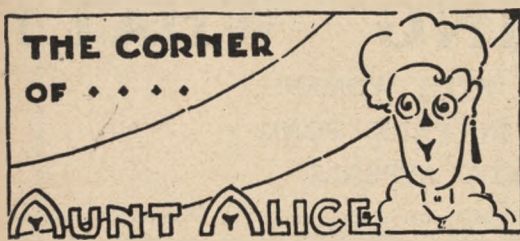
REFLECTION

i often wonder when
elephants die do
they have homes up in
the sky
and wings and harps and
flowing gowns do
those we shoot
have martyrs' crowns;
a queer idea this thought
of mine if elephants
then why not swine and
snakes
and camels tigers too
in fact the whole entire
zoo do angels weep and saints
bemoan the passing
of a humble snail and seraphim
with heavenly fuss receive
a duck-billed platypus;
do martyrs hymn a monkey's
death and watch with bated
anxious
breath the sinking of a lone
giraffe or turn away
with heartless laugh
are special thrones prepared
above for
bisons who with saintly love
have led a life divine unflawed
and flown to their prepared
reward and do

the cherubs hold carouse
to praise the coming of
a mouse
no teaching on these points i
find and thought has
made me quite resigned to
this idea that in the skies
there is a
special paradise where zebras
join their paws and
sing hosannah in a joyful
ring and hippos crowned
with halos
bright play harps so sweetly
day and night where little
insects bugs abhorred
with bats and beavers praise
the Lord i like
to fancy this you see for
if its true there's
hope for
me.

IMPARTIALITY

The Fascist says the Communist
Has started all the mess,
And the Comrades claim the Fascists
Are the cause of our distress.
But I, who have no sense of shame,
Suggest perhaps they're both to blame.



(Since our last issue, Aunt Alice has received three more inquiries re loss of beer at the Commerce Ball and seven at the Studio Stampede. She wishes to state that she will consider the recovery of such property purely on a percentage basis.—A.A.)

Dear Aunt Alice,—

I've fallen in love with such a lovely man, he's tall and dark and wears such a well-tailored brown checked suit with shoes to match, yellow tie to tone and a green hat. He seems to quite like me too, because he took me to the Masquerade Ball and now he's asked me to the Studio Stampede, but they say the course of true love never did run smooth and on the way home he asked me to kiss him. Now he's got a moustache and I'm sure it would tickle so I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I nearly did once, but at the critical moment my insides made such a noise that they sounded as if they were running up and down stairs and that rather spoilt the glamour of things. He didn't ask me again. It's not the first time that it's happened, either, so please Aunt Alice, can't you help me?

LOVELORN LUCY.

Answer: I was strangely moved by your simple, yet so tragic story (though I didn't think much of the punctuation), and I can assure you that you have my deepest sympathy for what must be a most unfortunate affliction. From the content of your letter I cannot tell whether it is caused by too much to eat at dinner or to much to drink after dinner or just plain nervousness, but I rather fancy its the last. In that case your best cure is practice. So I suggest you have a few work-outs on the third or fourth string, just to get over that maidenly diffidence, and then it should be plain sailing for you, Lucy.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,—

I am a member of the E.U., and the other evening to my everlasting shame, I was inveigled into a card game called bridge. I tried hard to learn but it was so difficult and I was so confused by the queer technical terms like "jump takeout" and "redouble damnyou" and "four-light partner," but really it was rather fascinating and I was wondering if you could help me with it.

And by the way, its the E.U. House Party soon, so please could you tell me whether a flush beats a straight, and what's the usual royalty on four cards?

SIMON

Answer: I am so glad you have written to me so that I can warn you before it is too late. Leave the game alone. Bridge brings out all that is worst in human nature, reveals all of man's infirmities, tears way the veil from all his hidden vices. Simon, have you ever noticed some of our men students playing in the common room? Have you not seen how their fresh innocent young faces are already lined and careworn, how their hands tremble and their shoulders stoop? (That comes chiefly from counting trumps, I may add). So keep out, Simon. The blasted game is too hard anyway.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,—

Yet another delicate problem is submitted to you for advice. Several times lately the policeman on point duty at Pitt Street has tossed me the glad eye, so to speak. Now I feel sure it is only his sense of duty and the restriction imposed on him during his hours on duty that prevent him from making my closer acquaintance. I thought of staging an accident, but that involves other people and I might get hurt. Anyway its rather crude. Perhaps you can suggest a way in which we could become acquainted. I think I could get on all right after that.

Thank you in anticipation.

GENTLE ANNIE.

Answer: The best plan I can think of is this: Stall your car across the tramlines at ten past five next Friday night. Then when he comes over to see what's the matter weep all over his tunic, call him "sergeant" and get him to push you out of the way. By then you will know him quite well. In fact, he will probably have told you all about your car and your family and quite a lot about yourself. I wouldn't believe it all, though, Annie.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,—

A short time ago I decided to become a suicide blonde. It worked all right at first but last time I refused to go out with my boy friend, instead of jumping off Grafton Bridge (of course there's a fence there now), he took out a brunette and then came back and told me what wonderful hair she had. I was so disillusioned. So I've decided to revert to my original colour. But, Aunt Alice, my problem is that I've now got an inch of black hair on each side of my parting. In three months half my hair will be black and half yellow. I've been wearing a beret all day and flowers on top in the evening and I don't see how I can wear more flowers than I do. Last time my partner said it looked like a gig-lamp. Oh, Aunt Alice, I'd hate anyone to think I'd dyed it (its only bleached). What am I to do!

ANNABEL.

Answer: Do what Jean Harlow did and just dye it back again. No one will mind if you make a decent job of it and it probably won't create as much comment as your original change—people get used to that sort of thing, you know. Or you could give it another half-inch and then get an Eton crop like Naera's, and if it's as successful as hers you should be well satisfied.

AUNT ALICE.

A woman, charged with shop-lifting recently, blamed her doctor for telling her to take things quietly.

"Ice-cream is good for the complexion," states a doctor. Sundae's child is fair of face.

INTERFAC. FOOTBALL

ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS DO WELL

This year four teams have been entered and the final game will be played next Wednesday between Science and Architects - Engineers, both teams having beaten Arts A, and won by default from Arts B, a team that exists in name only.

Science, led by Gassy and Johnny Carrol with Hendy bringing up in the rear, managed to overcome the opposition of Arts eleven enthusiasts and by a judicious exchanging of players the final score ran out at 14—5. Our special reporter, Mr. Hogben, got tired about half time and shifted away for a fast one, so we can't give you the low-down on this game.

Architects-Engineers swam out 6—0 in their game against Arts, mainly by opposing ten players with an assorted fifteen. The game was played in a heavy downpour from start to finish. Catran landed a cross kick in a square of mud which should have been occupied by one of Arts absent players and Blakey ran over for a score. Sharma, who was often seen swimming strongly, went over under the posts and the game ended 6—0. Whereupon we emulated the noble example set by Mr. Hogben.

ROWING CLUB PLANS FOR 1938 TRAINING ALREADY COMMENCED

All members and prospective members are reminded that a full muster is required every Sunday morning in order that crews may be selected and training commenced for next season. The services of experienced coaches have been secured and they have already commenced work with Varsity crews.

Regatta experience is essential if A.U.C. is to regain the Hebblerley Shield next Easter, so it is advisable for all prospective members and all interested to come down during the winter and get the benefit of valuable coaching.

It is also the intention of the club to take out boats on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons during the winter. Anyone who wishes to go down on these days and have a few hours on the harbour can see J. Fairbrother in Room 44, or leave a note in the letter-rack.

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MUSIC CLUB CONCERT

The Music Club concert was one of the most pleasant programmes that I have ever attended at the Auckland University College.

As I entered the hall the orchestra was excelling itself in its mellowness and no one could have any other feeling than that of content. The songs were all so simple and so short that it was not possible for the programme to drag or to become dull.

The chorus was outstandingly well rehearsed, while the efficiency of Bob Spragg as curtain-puller, and the constant changing of his position from a member of the chorus to a member of the audience and vice versa, gave the show just the spice of comedy it needed.

Altogether a most happy evening and a concert of which the Music Club can feel justly proud.

—SAUCY SUE.

BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM

**MISS BOURNE
HITS THE HIGH SPOTS**

THE MAD HATTER ENTERTAINS

"I know I'll be late!" twittered the white rabbit as he scurried thro' the Common Room. But he wasn't late as there was the Mad Hatter's tea-party still in progress. Alice in Wonderland Bartrum was there—she had arrived first and looked such a dear little girl as she shyly welcomed the twenty-ones. Mad Hatter Johnson was almost extinguished by an outsize in top hats—"this style, 10/6"—, Dormouse Every, slept in a corner and March Hare Entrican was remarkably sane.

The Mad Hatter took charge and with a wave of his hand (that endangered the equilibrium of his hat), ordered all and sundry to tear the white rabbit out of sheets of newspaper. Even our zoologist Rona Lewis, found this a tough proposition and the uninstructed were well foundered. Rabbits were popping out of corners all over the common room and strewn all over the floor, but Miss Bourne waded thro' the morass and disinterred the winning effort—a fine piece of artistry by Mollie Gallagher.

Meanwhile the company had wandered off to play a lovely new game known as hockey on the ice, but in Wonderland, at the Mad Hatter's instigation, it was played with a basketball and bare hands. Such fun! Miss Bourne was so excited, and when Jean Morton-Smith butted her in the middle, she tried to chew Jean's ear. The referee separated them, and the game finished among loud cheers and hisses.

On with the party! With purred brows and vacant minds, the poor guests struggled to supply the names of street-signs when given the initials. Such a nice test of your observation, children! Helen Coates surprised everyone by winning this. How have you been spending your time, Helen?

Then came the word that so many eager girls had been awaiting—it was supper-time. Yelling wildly, the multitude rushed into the caf., but fell silent when it came to wandering round the table in desperate attempts to find the appropriate place. At last all were seated and Miss Bourne, with a hungry look in her eye, galloped to her place in front of the cake.



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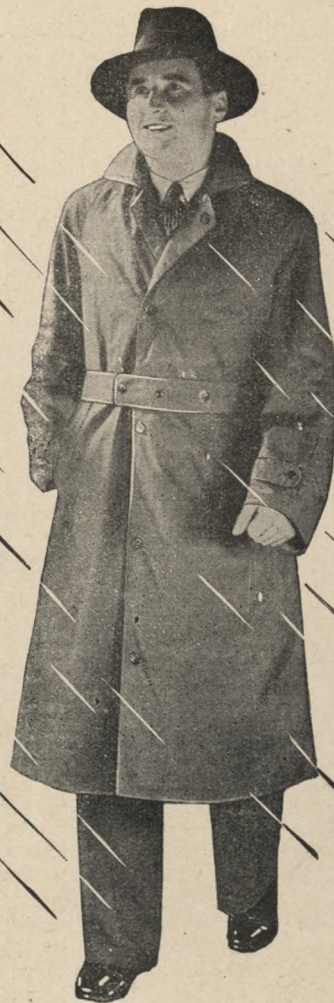
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About the serious business of supper, little can be said except a guarantee of its goodness, as our reporter was too busy to observe anything. After a silent interval, Miss Bourne began to get sprightly and retailed the latest joke about the royal Duchesses. But I can't repeat it here because Miss Bourne's reputation must not be shattered.

Telegrams to the guests were read out by Margaret Bartrum, and Pip's invitation to celebrate at the Milk Bar was eagerly accepted by all present. The Springboks also sent their love—but you're sure to hear more of that later.

Then came the cutting of the cake. Mrs. Odd hovered in the background with a worried look on her face, and Miss Bourne with a mighty effort sliced into the cake. A little incident noted here was a call from Shona, as she seized a slice with two kewpies on it.

"Moggie, here are your twins!"

Margaret started and in an unnecessarily loud tone, repudiated all responsibility, but Miss Bourne pressed her, whispering kindly:

"We understand, dear. But they must be yours!"

On behalf of the guests, Bessie Robertson replied with truly Latin brevity (or was it supperian?).

Most conspicuous among the guests were Muriel Smeed (who demonstrated the most painful way of getting off a chair), Shona Paterson (all coy in her party frock), Betty Drummond (showing all present how to play handball), Kate White (looking rather subdued) and many other celebrities, among these being the bright pair who submitted the theory that hair is pink and buttercups green.

The party broke completely right on the top note of "Auld Lang Syne," played by Bessie Robertson with one finger to the tune of "God Save the King."

* * * *

PING-PONG SUPPLANTS PAKAPOO

CHAMPIONSHIPS NEAR CONCLUSION

EXCITEMENT AT FEVER-HEAT

"Craccum" is pleased to report that the various events in the ping-pong championships are now rapidly approaching the quarter finals. Very good progress has been made in the combined events, but we think it only fair to mention that the other events could have been run off more expeditiously. Reference is made in particular to the players in both singles events. Competitors are urged to hurry along with these matches, otherwise the committee will have no other alternative but to scratch them.

Many heated discussions have taken place as to the relative merits of the prospective champions. All the men are thanking their lucky stars that Hogben, who can, on limited occasions, return the ball, failed to put in his entry. Sciences' leading lady, Bernie Cox, did not strike top form owing to a bad eye. Horrocks has done well so far, but Lewis Clarke is confident of beating him, provided he can get to 31 first. Though Fink's driving is perfect, he will have to touch up his retrieving shot, if he is to progress further. Devereaux, who drives well on either hand, appears to be a likely winner, while Eric Halstead would be unbeatable if the lob was declared illegal.

WOMEN DOING WELL

In a private interview Prendergast informs us that Murielle Smeed and he owe their defeat in the combines, not to the fact that they did not play well, but to the fact that their opponents did not play badly. Yes, Joan Howie has a very fast drive and a deceptive service, but these shots were futile against the magnificent sky-scraper returns of Betty Skipper. After playing herself into a winning position in all her games Shona Patterson simply had not the heart to push on further and crush the hopes of Rona Chatfield. In a game characterised by swift and dazzling rallies Jean McGeachie lobbed her way to victory over Lois Stanton. And what about docile Mac., says the editor. Perhaps she may have been a bit off colour, but she still could not reach far enough to retrieve drop shots.

INTER-FACULTY PING PONG

Of course there is no need to ask what great event takes place on August the sixth. For the second time in history, the various Vacultees will meet on the ping-pong field to prove their strength. The scramble for seats, at Eden Park

on Saturday will certainly be very great, but it will be a mere nothing compared to the race for positions round the ping-pong tables. Keep the night of August the sixth free, and come early, so as to be assured of standing space in the ping-pong room.

Under the watchful eye of the selector, who, it is whispered, learned his ping-pong in the Waikato, the Science team is gradually being welded into an unbeatable combination. Come and see Roberts' swerve (pardon! serve) his way to victory. But he is only one of the many cracks, who will comprise the Science A and B teams.

Mr. Hogben informs our representative that, in spite of the fact that Horrocks is just a hack, not worthy of being seeded in the champ. singles, Arts are bound to win. Just as we were going to press we managed to obtain an exclusive interview with Mr. Finkelstein, manager of the Law team. Though reluctant to talk we gathered from his modest remarks that the Law team is an absolute world-beater and is a moral for victory.

The Commerce team is quietly confident. Look out for Childs and Adams (the man with sand-shoes). Mr. Halstead, Braithwaite and John Grierson will also represent the faculty. The women are a team of dark horses. Mr. Halstead is paying special attention to their training—naughty, naughty Mr. Halstead!

* * * *

HARRIER NOTES

TEN-MEN TEAMS' RACE A.U.C. DOES WELL

Over two hundred runners representing Hamilton and the nine Auckland Harrier Clubs, started in the annual ten-men teams' race held at Avondale on Saturday, July 17th. This record field serves to indicate the increasing popularity of Harriers as a winter sport in Auckland. A.U.C. was ably represented by twenty-three men.

Starting from the Racecourse, the six and a-quarter miles trail led up hill and down dale, over road and cross country. Adverse weather conditions including a strong bitterly cold wind together with heavy going underfoot, made the race a very gruelling one indeed. Despite this, the pace was a hot one right from the start. Hence, while it was not permitted for all runners to cover themselves with glory, all received a fair covering of mud.

As forecasted in the last issue of "Craccum," the Lynndale Club was again successful in winning the event with the good score of 196 points—making their fifth successive win. This club is exceptionally strong and it includes three Auckland Provincial representatives. Therefore A.U.C. Harriers have every reason to feel satisfied in finishing second with 292 points—over 100 points ahead of Presbyterian Club, which was third. A.U.C. now occupies its highest placing in this premier inter-club event. We were fourth in 1935 and third in 1936. Our 292 points were recorded by the following:—

E. Stephenson 5, T. R. Johnston 8, L. E. Tweedie 16, E. H. D'Ath-Weston 28, J. W. MacKenzie 32, L. Smyth 33, A. E. Kinsella 34, J. Tyson 37, E. R. Collins 46, D. M. Kenrick 55.

Other A.U.C. placings were: C. L. Green 57, B. N. Harden 73, F. G. Respingier 77, T. H. Skeet 95, J. Wills 99, A. Ingham 103.

These placings indicate a consistently high standard of performance. Ted Stephenson, N.Z.U. champion, in finishing fifth, ran a really great race, and proved himself to be up amongst the best runners in the Province. He has only to run as well in the Auckland Provincial championships to be a strong contender for provincial representative honours. Trevor Johnston who finished eighth, gave an outstanding performance. This is his first season with the harriers, and he has proved a real "find." He should qualify for a N.Z.U. Blue at Wellington. Les. Tweedie ran surprisingly well to occupy sixteenth place—he is in rare form. These three men are eligible for the N.Z.U.C.C.C. so A.U.C.'s prospects seem very bright. Our problem is to find a good fourth man. However, with several good middle markers offering, this difficulty should solve itself, especially as all these men are training very hard. E. H. D'Ath-Weston, another first-season man, impressed greatly by his fine showing. Unfortunately he is not eligible for the inter-University event.

J. W. MacKenzie, L. Smyth, A. E. Kinsella and J. Tyson all ran solidly and teamed well to finish in the thirties. Ted Collins and Doug. Kenrick moved along nicely to fill the ninth

and tenth positions for A.U.C. Kinsella and Collins are new men to the club, and have shown consistent improvement throughout the season to date. They are both eligible for the N.Z.U.C.C.C. B. N. Harden, a new junior, performed most creditably in his first open race.

The previous Saturday, July 10th, the club held a most enjoyable run from the home of our president, Mr. Julius Hogben, at 4 Station Terrace, Remuera. This was our second run from that address, and we are much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Hogben for their kind hospitality.

Big events ahead are the club championship at Avondale, 31st July; the Auckland Provincial championships at Ellerslie, 14th August; and the N.Z.U.C.C.C. at Wellington, probably 21st August.

* * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

ORGIASTICAL WHISPERING IN LIBRARY

BOO! SAYS CORRESPONDENT

Dear Sir,—

I would like, through your columns, to lodge a strong protest against the positively obnoxious habit of "libspering" so prevalent in the 'Varsity to-day.

By "libspering," I mean the vice of carrying on long conversations in the library, sotto voce, while earnest and energetic students like myself are strenuously grappling with Dover-Wilson or Kant. As a student of several years standing, I can state that whispered tête-à-têtes have long been the rule in our College, but never has the vice been so flagrantly and shamelessly practised as it is this year.

Despite the vigilance of Miss Minchin and her assistants, the practice persists. Hardened "libsperers" plant themselves at the tables close to the wall where the librarian's eagle eye reacheth not, or, cunning as foxes, above the librarian's desk, and give themselves up to an orgy of intimate revelation. The most flagrant "libsperers," judging by the scraps of conversation which mingle with my "Hamlet," are earnest Christians arranging meetings or discussing knotty theological points. After these, who constitute the most vicious offenders, there are three classes of "libsperers."

(a) The "crescendo" libsperers. These are the worst of the classes. Male or female, or half and half, pairs of these nuisances congregate at all hours in our library, invariably close to my table and, smacking their lips, commence a warm discussion on anything. They start on a fairly low note, in which only the sibilants can be distinguished, but which gradually rises through a hoarse whisper to a deep grumble and at last to a miniature shout. The males predominate in this class.

(b) The "spasmodic" libsperers. A particularly irritating class. They are guaranteed to reduce you to a bundle of nerves in three minutes. Their habit is to whisper rapidly for several seconds, read six lines, whisper rapidly again, keep silence a minute, whisper again and so on. The females predominate here.

(c) The "perpetual" libsperers. These fiends, who congregate in mixed pairs, crouch close to the wall, and carry on a perpetual and interminable fire of softly-irritating cross-chat, lasting sometimes for two whole hours. I gather that the majority of students do their courting in this fashion, and that many an engagement has been finalised with one eye on the librarian's desk, but I prefer the less public and more humane method, and I am sure all sensible students agree with me.

I am a humble person, sir. I do not set myself to be any better than my fellowmen. But I would like to state that I come to the 'Varsity principally to study, and not to strain my ears to catch whispered conversation and have my mental peace destroyed accordingly. That is my chief objection to these pests, that, apart from the nerve-wracking qualities of the "libsperer," they have the additional fault of being inaudible at the most interesting times.

I think, sir, you will agree that something should be done to stamp out this menace which is undermining the health of many of my fellow-students. I suggest that paid gunmen be stationed at 3-yard intervals all around the library with instructions to shoot on sight any "libsperer," male or female. I am sure that, if this were done, in a month there would be no woman students left at the 'Varsity, and about half the men. But I would be able to study in peace.

Yours etc.,
—A Voice in the Wilderness.

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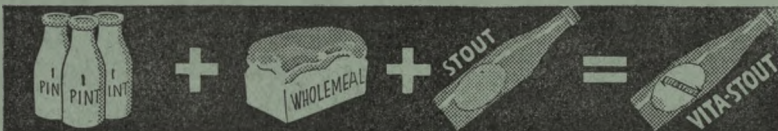


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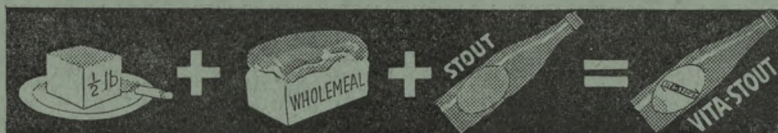
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