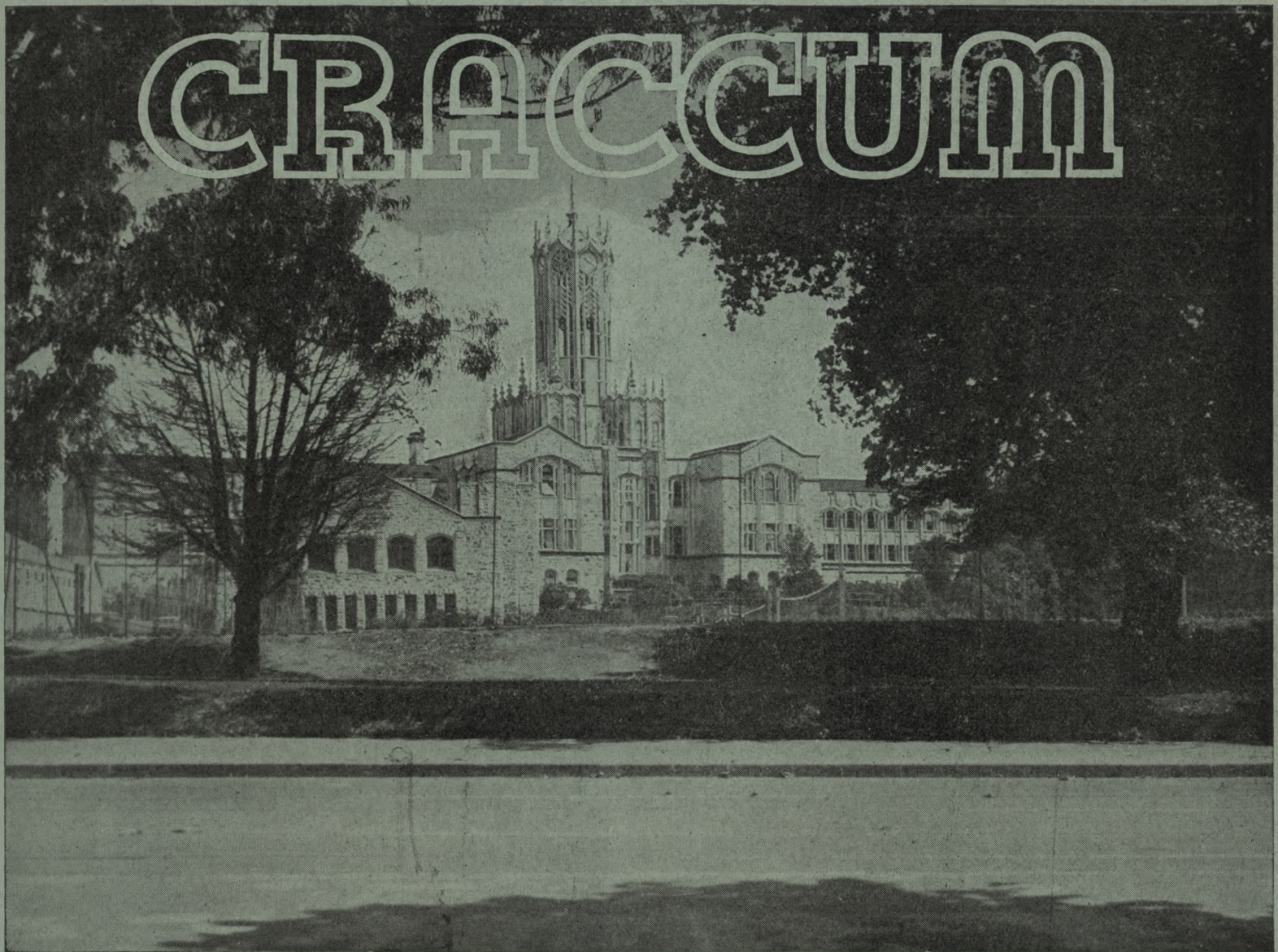


**ELECTION ISSUE**



VOL. 1., No. 9.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1937.

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## TOPICAL TOUCHES

It is rumoured that the reason a certain well-known professor is never seen in the College Cafeteria is that Mrs. Odd was once tactless enough to tell him that she provided a square meal for a round figure.

A student of zoology informs us that the mosquito has one exclusively feminine trait—that of stinging people for its supper.

We have yet to hear of the kleptomaniac who just couldn't take it.

You can't tell how far a modern couple has gone just by looking at the speedometer.

A beginner asks for hints for playing strip-poker. It is advisable to remember that any old suit will do.

In an interview with Craccum reporters a woman candidate for exec. was asked why she was standing. She replied that no one had had the decency to offer her a chair.

Fashion hint:—There will be little change in trouser pockets this summer.

Modern clothing is nothing if not sensible, and when sensible is usually next to nothing.

The manager of the Khyber Pass rink said that he was surprised to hear so many expressions of disgust about the hardness of the floor. It is evidently not a complaint of long standing.

Timid people prefer blondes. Afraid of the dark?

The average schoolgirl, says an educational authority, is poor at geometry. Yet when she grows up she soon becomes expert at eternal triangles.

"Very few people these days," complained Mr. Utting at a recent E.U. tea, "open a meal with grace." Many of us, of course, use a bottle-opener.

Professor Cooper has constituted himself our moral tutor. He informed his Latin III. class that you could kiss someone, or plant kisses on someone or even heap kisses upon someone, but it was not permissible to cover them with kisses.

The feminine of bachelor is lady in waiting.

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl is too sensible to look sensible.

Only the very young die good.

Several people at the skating party were charged with endangering the public safety by stopping suddenly without signalling. They hadn't a leg to stand on.

"The average student," says a shoe-shop proprietor, "does not take enough interest in footwear." It is only when he is waiting for election results to come out that his heart is in his boots.

An Auckland magistrate stated recently that it is dangerous for a motorist to have even one drink. A case of one swallow making a summons.

A spiritualist declares that in the next world everyone will be "on the level." Naturally, they will all be on a spirit-level.

"Herbs can do a man far more good than beer," states a herbalist. Thyme, gentlemen, please.

For medical students.—A local paper advertises: "Surgical instruments, complete assortment of lately deceased surgeons."

"Novelists paint the modern girl in glowing colours," states a critic. As if she can't be relied on to do it for herself.

Echoes of the Freshers' Welcome:—  
Professor: S-w-ll (in a recent lecture):—  
"What I might call—if Mr. Reid will pardon me—the 'stuff' of Milton's language."

## CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

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

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Exchange Editor: MISS J. FLEMING

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1937.

## STUDENT ADMINISTRATION

Another year has passed and President Blair can look back with pride upon the student activities of the 1936-37 session.

The President-elect is confident that next year will be even better. If his confidence is to be justified every student will need to co-operate in all college activities. Next Thursday the elections will be held. It is the privilege and duty of every student to exercise his vote. Vigorous student life requires keen and energetic direction.

Next Easter we have to entertain representatives from the other three colleges at the 1938 Tournament; Procession and Carnival follow soon after. It will be a strenuous year. At present there is a good student spirit. This keenness to co-operate must be given adequate opportunity for expression. However, this enthusiasm must be carefully directed. Elect a strong executive and when it is elected support it loyally.

## BLAIR SAYS GOOD-BYE

The retiring President, Mr. A. P. Blair, has decided to sever completely his connection with administration work of the A.U.C. Students' Association. For three years he has toiled honestly and well to help the affairs of the students and he has done his work with such a lack of fuss and such an obvious sincerity that he has won the respect of all. He is a true example of a man who has been steadily pushed forward into the "limelight" against his own inclination. Always averse to publicity, it seems to have been his fate to be well-known. He has accepted his obligations and pulled his weight and we are sure the students will join with "Craccum" in saying "thank you!"

## OUR NEW PRESIDENT

"Craccum" would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Eric H. Halstead upon his election (unopposed), to the Presidency of the Students' Association. Apart from picking up an M.A. with second class honours he has for the past five years been intimately connected with the affairs of students at A.U.C. He has at various times seen service on a wide variety of committees, and during this year has managed to act as chairman of the Processions Committee, as Chairman of the Publications Committee and as a Tournament Delegate, apart altogether from representing for A.U.C. in the tennis team and taking three subjects for B.Com.

Mr. Halstead has a bright flashing smile, a capacity for visualising constructive and valuable schemes, and a wide popularity. Given a loyal and hard-working Executive he should achieve great things during his coming term of office, and we wish him well.

VOTING ————— VOTING  
VOTING ————— VOTING  
VOTING ————— VOTING

ELECTION FOR STUD. ASSN. EXECUTIVE  
ELECTION FOR STUD. ASSN. EXECUTIVE  
ELECTION FOR STUD. ASSN. EXECUTIVE

THURSDAY, 12th AUGUST  
THURSDAY, 12th AUGUST  
THURSDAY, 12th AUGUST

Polling Booths at A.U.C. in the executive room and at Training College.

—ACCEPT YOUR PRIVILEGE AND VOTE!—

## MARGARET BARTRUM

Never will election day come and go without leaving some little feeling of regret that we are saying good-bye to our former President and lady Vice-President. Not that Moggie is leaving us—Heaven forbid—but no more will she be at our head to preside at House Committee meetings and no more will she be the co-partner (the official one, of course.—Ed.) of our well-known President Blair. Moggie has always very capably filled the somewhat arduous task of lady Vice-President, and her efficiency has often put us to shame.

We take this opportunity of thanking Moggie and of wishing her the best of luck in her future career.

## THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT

"Scots wha' hae, etc." With the battle cry of her fathers ringing in her ears, Miss Shona Paterson takes her place as the new lady Vice-president of the Students' Association.

Shona's election to this position is indeed a happy event and a tribute to her many splendid qualities. As a singer, Shona is well-known to all students, and as Chairman of the School Committee she has made herself universally liked and has proved that on occasions a woman can show organising ability.

A girl of many parts, Shona is a keen ping-pong player, a fair tennis player, and an expert on hockey—her faculties as a goalie being amply shown in her weighty stick work which earned her a N.Z.U. Blue this season, and which finally made her an Auckland rep. Behind her slow drawl, Shona houses a keen mind and will even at times rise to witticisms. She is sure to completely fill the position of honour to which she has been elected.

Congratulations, Shona.

## BRUCE ORCHISTON

Bruce has been our efficient secretary throughout the past twelve months and he has worked like a Trojan all the time. When asked why he was not standing, Bruce stated that from hence forth he was going to devote his whole energies to the Hongi Club. Good luck to you, Bruce.

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION SECRETARY  
MR. DARCY WALKER

We interviewed Mr. D. Walker, who has been elected unopposed as Secretary of our Association, in order to get the lowdown on his past career, present ambition and secret vices, if any.

Mr. Walker, a third year Science student, who crashed his way into Varsity with an Entrance Scholarship, was looking very young and coy despite the heavy burden that has descended upon his shoulders. In response to our query Mr. Walker assured us that despite his youth he is well experienced in secretarial duties, having been secretary of the Men's House Committee and the Hongi Club and a member of the Procession Committee.

Darcy (we were now getting pally) confessed to having shot for Varsity in the last N.Z.U. tournament (we also believe that he was half shot for science in the last Flying Squadron). Senior "B" football and a spot of occasional rowing are also included among his pastimes. We wish him luck with the onerous position which has fallen upon his shoulders.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE  
MUSIC CLUB CONCERT

Oh, 'Varsity students all, we be,  
(With a fol de braggety diddle de hop)  
And none so smart or clever as we  
(Sing rum te tum te tiddly te peep)  
For though we hardly know a thing  
At least we'll show you how to sing.  
(Sing hey, sing rey, sing dum te pop).  
Chorus:  
(Rum tum foodelty tay  
Dum te tiddle tra la).

———— ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ————  
———— ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ————  
———— ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ————

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION  
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION  
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

COLLEGE HALL  
COLLEGE HALL  
COLLEGE HALL

THURSDAY 12th  
THURSDAY 12th  
THURSDAY 12th

8 P.M.

# Inside Stories

## "CRACCUM" INTERVIEWS

### All the Facts About the Election

### Student Interest Aroused

In this issue "Craccum" has made an attempt to introduce the candidates for Executive honours. It is not an easy matter to summarise a person's ideas and achievements in a few lines and there may be a certain amount of disappointment. But a sincere attempt has been made to present each candidate's credentials in a logical, impartial and helpful manner. Some of these interviews are lengthy, some much shorter; we particularly ask our readers not to be influenced by that fact but to examine the underlying ideas and the experience of each candidate with careful judgment.

On Thursday next it will be your duty to vote for seven of these men and three women. Show your appreciation for the sacrifice of time and energy which they are prepared to make for you by voting.

#### LADIES FIRST

#### COMPETITION AMONG FAIRER SEX

##### MARY MARTIN:

Basketball Committee, Social Committee, Joynst Scroll Committee, Executive 1937, corresponding member for N.Z.U.S.A., N.Z.U. Basketball Blue, 1936-37, Auckland Provincial Basketball Rep. 1936-37, and Dominion Rep. 1937. Miss Martin has represented A.U.C. for three years in the basketball team at Tournament. She is a member of the Rhodes Scholarship Student Selection Committee and is on the Training College Executive. Miss Martin gave us her reason for standing—her anxiety to promote N.Z.U.S.A. in its critical period of existence, to enliven social life in the college and to fight for extension of college grounds and the building of hostels. We asked about her favourite flower; "daphne," daphnitely, stated Miss Martin. She plumped for commerce when we asked for her choice of men students. Mary has done good work as A.U.C.'s corresponding member for N.Z.U.S.A. has proved efficient and energetic. A little bird tells us that with the President, Mr. Blair, she journeys forth to Wellington in a fortnight to represent A.U.C. at an N.Z. U.S.A. meeting.

##### MARIE BEST:

"I would like to encourage an Inter-Varsity publication," stated Miss Best at an interview last week; "and I will not consider this College complete until a new storey has been built on the students' quarters." Miss Best wishes to consolidate the spirit of enthusiasm which has been aroused during the past year, to encourage radio debating, and make next year's Revue more successful than ever. She also suggested that a cock-tail bar would be useful in the Cafeteria. Miss Best is a third year Arts student and her committees are as follows:—Debating Committee, 1936-37; Dramatic Committee, 1937 (her ability as an actress is well-known); Tramping Club Committee, 1937; Publications Committee, 1937 (being responsible for the popular "Topical Touches"); Classics Club Committee, 1936. "Do you drink?" asked the Editor. "Yes," said Miss Best bravely, "water."

##### SHIRLEY ENTRICAN:

Fourth year Arts student; Women's House Committee, 1935-37; Bookstall Committee, 1936-37; Hockey Club Committee, 1935; Rep. Hockey, 1934-35; Women's Cricket Club, 1934-35. Always cool, calm and collected, Miss Entrican is a lady of many qualities, and has the clear thinking brain of a third year History student. Miss Entrican is keenly interested in Tournament, and is prepared to see that next year's tournament is as successful as the tournaments she has experienced, and also heard about. "Everyone," she states, "should pull their weight and then everything will go perfectly." She is anxious that the excellent standard of Revue should be maintained in the future

and is prepared to coach next year's men's ballet. "What do you think of the Hongi Club?" she was asked; and Miss Entrican said that it was an awkward question, so we said that we knew what she meant.

##### BERYL HOOTON:

Secretary of Women's Hockey Club; plays in the Senior Hockey Team, and has represented A.U.C. for two years. She gained her N.Z.U. Blue in 1936. One of the main organisers of the Hockey Tournament held in Auckland this year. Swimming Club Committee. Represented A.U.C. at swimming this year. Miss Hooton will be best known by her general sporting activities and her cheerful disposition in both defeat and victory. She has, however, more intellectual pursuits. She speaks French with difficulty and holds a seat on the French Club Committee. When questioned as to her policy, Miss Hooton expressed a hope that the future should reveal a Winter Tournament at which all the winter sports such as football, basketball, hockey, etc., be contested. She considered that efforts should be made to start a Fencing Club in Auckland since this college is the only one which does not indulge upon this sport. Miss Hooton is convinced that more playing-fields are essential, and maintains that Government House is our only course.

##### NAERA MACKIE:

Third year Arts Student with a wide knowledge of Science; Women's House Committee, 1936-37; S.C.M. Committee, 1936-37; French Club Committee. Miss Mackie is also interested in Classics, debating, all sorts of French things, hockey and basketball. When asked her reasons for standing, she said she wished to make people of the city become 'Varsity conscious by assisting to make all student functions a success. Miss Mackie is a very willing worker and has done much of the selling work of "Craccum." "I really prefer Science men," she stated, "because I see more of them, but I find it better to forget the lot of them." (Wise girl! Ed.). Her greatest ambition is to "bump off Government House," and so extend our grounds.

##### BESSIE ROBERTON:

Secretary of Orchestral Society, 1934-36; Secretary of Women's House Committee, 1936-37; Women's House Committee, 1936-37; Classical Society, 1935-37; Tournament Rep. Hockey, 1935; Captain of Senior B Hockey team, 1935; Training College Executive, 1937. Miss Robertson's businesslike manner cannot fail to impress all those who have anything to do with her. When asked the reason for her standing, she said that she was anxious, as the present state of the College life had been so improved, to offer her services to keep these activities going; and she stated that she would leave "no stone unturned" (referring of course to the new Science block). Miss Robertson, being a Training College student, is keenly interested in the part-time question and feels there should be more co-operation between Training College and

the University. After a detailed study of the men of both centres of learning, Miss Robertson admitted that the University men were quite the nicest.

##### MURIELLE SMEED:

Coming to the College in 1934, Miss Smeed took up a Science course and is now doing her final year. She is a well-known figure in all scientific circles and has put much time and energies into the Sci-Soc.—being on the Committee in 1936 and the Secretary in 1937; besides this she has maintained a lively interest in the Field Club and the Tramping Club. Miss Smeed has done much for the Basketball Club, both as a player and as a Committee member, with which she has been associated since 1935. This year she is Secretary to the Club, and has been a College Representative player for the last two years. In 1936 she was elected to the Women's House Committee and has been one of the main organisers of the Ping-Pong Tournament held recently. Miss Smeed also represents Science on the 1937 Inter-fac Committee. Miss Smeed feels that the Stud. Assn. has been aroused to a pleasant state of activity and is willing to do her best to help it to maintain these improvements. She is also interested in the financial question. "If I were elected," stated Miss Smeed, "I would see that the Basketball Club and the Sci-Soc. were given a more substantial grant." She is very anxious to see a College Hostel and is a firm believer in co-education and in inter-mingling of the sexes.

\* \* \* \*

#### AND THEN THE MEN—

##### W. M. BROWN

W. M. (Bronc) Brown, B.A., Secretary A.U.C. Defence Rifle Club; Secretary N.Z.U. Shooting Council 1937; Secretary Grad. Ball Committee 1937; Shooting rep. 1936-37; A.U.C. Shooting Blue 1937.

Mr. Brown stated as his reason for standing "a general interest in the College, and a wish to give back something of the good which it has given me." He feels that the last executive has done good work, and would like to see it carried on next year. He is anxious too that elections such as this, should always be contested, "to show that students are taking an interest in the College." He tactfully suggested when asked for a description of his favourite flower, that Hades would be jealous if he passed on the dark secret.

Mr. Brown, a few months ago, delighted the eyes of the Auckland public with his lovely little statue of a well-known Cabinet Minister, and many of our readers will remember his illustrations in the Carnival Booklet.

##### D. T. CLOUSTON:

Secretary Carnival Committee; third year Arts student; prominent member of 1936 and 1937 Revues; and an enthusiastic manipulator of a hockey stick for the last two years. He is on the reporting staff for "Craccum"; is not

# of Candidates

ashamed of being at Training College; believes in supporting the social activities of A.U.C., and would like to be connected with administration work for Carnival Week and Tournament next year. His favourite flower, we understand, is the violet, "modest like myself," but he managed to remark with a shy smile that the girls at A.U.C. are "the most varied I have known!" Mr. Clouston visualises capturing Government House Grounds as the commencement of a great drive to found an Educational Hill with 'Varsity as its centre and so "fulfil the ideas of our early settlers." He may be distinguished by his penetrating eyes, kindly habits and "slung" arm—gained, as he said, "on the playing fields of Auckland."

## JACK FAIRBROTHER:

Fourth year Architect; co-opted to the Exec., 1937; Chairman Inter-fac. Committee, 1937; Men's House Committee, 1936-37; Processions Committee, 1936-37; Publications, 1937; Rowing, 1937; Architectural Society; Treasurer Hongi Club; Grad. Ball Committee, 1937; and Carnival Committee, 1937. This versatile young man also rows and plays junior football and is a member of the Architects Flying Squadron. "Life is pretty good if taken in the right way," said Mr. Fairbrother; "and, of course," he added, "I prefer Waitemata." He is chiefly interested in men's affairs and sport and although he would like the men's common room to be opened on Sunday nights as well as on Saturday nights, he is contented that things in general should continue as they are. "Do you think that smoke concerts should be run twice a week?" he was asked. "No," was the prompt reply, "I couldn't stand the strain." "And do you think that woman should wear shorts, Mr. Fairbrother?" "That," he said, "is difficult to answer, because there are so many points of view." Mr. Fairbrother feels that N.Z.U.S.A. has not enough to do and believes that it should follow the Colleges in rotation and not have fixed headquarters.

## A. M. FINKLESTEIN:

Swimming Club Committee, 1936; Tennis Committee, 1937 (Secretary); Men's House Committee, 1937. Mr. Finklestein is a Hongi, is interested in the sporting and social sides of 'Varsity life and would like to see more co-operation between the Colleges. He has had a good experience of keeping records and is attracted by the idea of evolving a good system for the Executive. He believes that the sporting and social clubs of the College should receive larger grants from the Executive than the others and that the religious bodies should find more for themselves. Mr. Finklestein's favourite flower is the daffodil, "if you must know." Perhaps this has greatly supported him in his work on the table-tennis championships.

## HAYDN T. GEORGE, B.A.:

International Relations Club Committee (Secretary), 1936-37; Student Chairman, 1937; Debating Club Committee, 1937; Student Chairman, 1937; Secretary of Literary Club Committee, 1936-37; S.C.M. Committee, 1936-37; Publications Staff, 1937; Joynt Scroll Committee, 1937; Leader of Joynt Scroll Debating Team for A.U.C., 1937; and A.U.C. delegate to the Union of Debating Clubs in Auckland. Mr. George also is on the Youth Committee of the League of Nations Union and in that capacity is travelling in the near future to Christchurch as a delegate. He is anxious to use his abilities in an administrative way for the Students' Association. He is anxious to quicken the social interests of students by aiming at more informal functions; he would like to see the work of the Publications Committee extended so that it may incorporate a full expression of 'Varsity life; and he believes in an annual Church service for students. If elected he will aim at extension of College grounds and the consolidation of all the enthusiasm of this past year. Mr. George believes in co-education. "I have been brought up to it," he stated, "and it has developed me considerably." But strangely enough he doesn't like the taste of lipstick. He "plays hockey badly" and has a sweet smile

## PETER GARRY:

Fourth year Architectural student; Inter-fac. Committee, 1937; Hongi Club Committee; Boxing Rep., 1937; Rowing Rep., 1936-37; plays Rugby. Mr. Garry is convinced that full-time students should do more for the College and laments the lack of enthusiasm shown by the average full-timer. He is interested in all kinds of sport and if elected would devote most of his attentions along these lines. We said to him: "Mr. Garry, before you go, do you think that women ought to wear shorts?" "Yes," he said, "by all means—if they've got decent legs." He is interested in the success of Procession and is anxious to see the Carnival Week of 1938 become larger and better than ever.

## A. W. HOLLAND, B.Sc.:

Secretary Social Committee, 1937; Secretary Music Club Committee, 1937; Men's House Committee, 1936-37. Mr. Holland is interested in the social interests of the College, in the part-time problems and the development of the musical society. He would like to see fuller reports of executive meetings made available to students and thinks that the executive should fight for more grounds, and the building of a gymnasium. Mr. Holland admitted confidentially that co-education would solve many present-day problems and that the women at A.U.C. were "on the whole a jolly decent crew." He admitted that his favourite flower was the daffodil and agrees with the principles of the W.C.T.U., "up to a point."

## D. KENRICK, B.Com., Dip. Banking:

Chairman Men's House Committee, Rowing Club Committee, Hongi Club, Rowing Rep., 1936-37; Cross Country Rep., 1936; Executive, 1937. Mr. Kenrick is a qualified accountant, feels that he could use his experience of the Men's House Committee to good advantage, and is filled with determination to promote a 'Varsity spirit. He believes that three things are essential to A.U.C.—the Court of Convocation to keep graduates interested in the College, the Rowing Club to give a feeling of co-operation and the Hongi Club for its ideals of fraternity. Saturday night functions in the Common Room were inaugurated while Mr. Kenrick was chairman and his next ideal is a common-common-room. He modestly admitted that his favourite flower was the blue cornflower and that he never worries about the faculty of any woman student. He goes by their looks and at A.U.C. they are of a high standard. At this stage Mr. Kendrick blushed at some beautiful memory, and "wouldn't talk."

## M. G. MABEE:

Commerce Society Committee, 1935-36-37; Commerce Society Treasurer, 1937; the future Treasurer of Tournament Committee, 1938. When Mr. Mabee entered the room one realised that here was a man who meant everything that he said. Mr. Mabee said that he thought that there should be on the Executive more men who knew something about finance and business in general, and it was for these reasons that he was standing. While he realised that the student life was being run very well at the present time he was hopeful that were he elected he would evolve some sound financial scheme whereby things could be bettered. He considered that the locker in the Men's Common Room should have Yale locks fitted on them, and be made entirely "unpickable"—even with a pen-knife. Mr. Mabee preferred to remain non-committal when asked what coloured lipstick he favoured.

## LINDSAY MAIR:

Fifth year Architectural student; Secretary of Processions Committee; Secretary of Architectural Society; shooting rep. Mr. Mair is a well-known figure about the University circles and social life. "What do you think of the Women's Christian Temperance Union?" he was asked. "Very good, so long as they keep it to themselves," was Mr. Mair's answer. Mr. Mair is interested in Procession and Carnival Week in

general. He thinks that "Craccum" has improved and would be willing to do some mild reporting on occasions. He thinks, like the rest of us, that the College has once again recovered its old prestige and is anxious to help with the good work. "What is your favourite flower?" we asked him. He replied, "Ferns." But the Editor decided that ferns were not flowers, and Mr. Mair decided that roses would be his choice.

## H. D. ORCHISTON:

Mr. Orchiston (not to be confused with the late secretary of the Stud. Assn. Executive) is a third year Science student. His reason for standing is that he has an interest in College administration and will be here for two or three more years. He would like to begin a campaign to lift the prestige of the College in the eyes of the public and break down the social formalities so often observed among students. He would not agree that the girls should wear shorts, but smilingly asked for shorter skirts. Any students will remember him as the "muscle" Tarzan of the Blussian Ballet of Revue fame.

## JOHN REID:

Publications Committee; Dramatic Committee; Chairman French Club; Student Representative on Library Committee; Chairman Carnival Committee; Producer and Author of Revue; Editor of Carnival booklet; Sub-Editor of Kiwi; Catholic Club Committee; Student Church Service Committee; Rhodes Scholarship Student Selection Committee and "Caliban" in private life. Mr. Reid is an example of the fact that "even a part-timer can take a part in College life," but has no time for any strenuous sports apart from chess. He would like to see Carnival Week a permanent and important part of the College year; believes in expansion of grounds, and "thinks that students should broaden their cultural outlook by taking generally a greater interest in college societies and extra scholastic activities." He shyly admitted that he was not a teetotaler, that his favourite flower is the narcissus, "of course," and that A.U.C. women "are alright as women go, but shouldn't wear shorts." Apart from all this, Mr. Reid wears a hefty pipe on occasions.

## OWEN WOODHOUSE:

Publications Committee, 1937; Social Committee, 1937; Secretary Free Discussion Club, 1936; Debating Committee, 1936-37; Editor of "Craccum." As the Editor, he can't say too much about himself, can he? However, he is standing because he would like to consolidate the work done for "Craccum" during this year and use the wee scraps of experience he might have gained for the good of the College. Apart from being a third year Law student he is the original of that popular song by John Reid, "Don't burn our Woodhouse down."

\* \* \* \*

## THE PESSIMIST'S DAZE OF THE WEEK

Moan-day  
Blues-day  
Whines-day  
Curse-day  
Sigh-day  
Battered-day  
Done-day

VOTING  
VOTING  
VOTING  
VOTING

THURSDAY  
THURSDAY  
THURSDAY  
THURSDAY

DON'T FORGET!  
DON'T FORGET!  
DON'T FORGET!  
DON'T FORGET!



# Lion

## PALE ALE

Brewed by  
NEW ZEALAND BREWERIES, LTD.  
Khyber Pass.

Over  
the Bar



Lion  
is best

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.

# V.U.C. Have Popular Win

## Large Audience at Joynt Scroll Debate Andrews of Wellington Best Speaker

The Annual Joynt Scroll Challenge Debate was held at A.U.C. on Wednesday, 4th August, when teams representing all four Colleges, debated the motion that "Democracy has failed," before about two hundred people.

Mr. A. P. Blair, President of N.Z.U.S.A., was in the chair, while Messrs. J. Hogben, J. W. Shaw and the Rev. T. Gladstone Hughes were the official judges.

Messrs. Perry and Andrews, from Victoria College, were declared the winners of the Joynt Scroll Challenge Shield, and have now made happily off to Wellington carrying success in one hand and the Shield in the other. It can justly be felt that the contest this year has been a success. It must have been encouraging to the Joynt Scroll Committee to find a reasonably large audience in the Hall and to feel afterwards that the audience seemed quite satisfied with the entertainment provided by the eight speakers.

\* \* \* \*

### THE CUT OF THE RAPIER MISSING CAREFUL IF NOT BRILLIANT

The general effect of the debates was to suggest agreement as to the quality of the speakers but doubt as to their subject matter. The seriousness of the subject as a whole lent itself more to analytical discussion than to fiery debating; and for this reason the words of one of the speakers—"you each have paid one shilling to listen to a series of extension lectures"—indicate the manner of the debates, rather well.

What elements of humour there were, when not purely accidental, caused us to imagine the speaker cocking one ear forward for the hoped-for laugh and then deciding that such a laugh could well be increased by a little playing on the same note. The effect was vitiated by an unnecessary insistence.

In reply, the leaders, carefully neglecting the flashing thrusts of the rapier, swung (usually a little ponderously), on the end of a battle-axe. Occasionally they failed to accept the challenge of an opponent's statement, but it can justly be said that they were all capable of flourishing the golden trumpet of silence with consummate tact.

However, their treatment of a difficult subject was lucid and careful, if not penetrating, and generally their subject matter was good. Mr. Andrews and Mr. George both managed to quicken the pulse of an audience slightly drugged by the general atmosphere of undiluted democracy, and all the speakers managed to be interesting. On the whole a most successful contest.

### SUMMARISED RESULTS

First: V.U.C., Messrs. Perry and Andrews.

Second: A.U.C., Messrs. George and Braybrooke.

Third: C.U.C., Messrs. Wilson and Widdup.

Fourth: O.U., Messrs. Wood and O'Callaghan.

Best Speaker: Mr. R. Andrews of V.U.C., with 81 marks.

Runner-up: Mr. George of A.U.C., with 80 marks.

Winner of Shield in 1936: A.U.C., who were represented by Miss Johnston and Mr. Braybrooke.

### THE FIRST DEBATE V.U.C. v. O.U.

Wellington, represented by Mr. Perry (leader), and Mr. Andrews, opened the case for the affirmative. Mr. Perry stated that his thesis would be based upon Lincoln's definition of democracy as government of the people, by the people, for the people.

He stated that democracy had failed in two ways—internationally and domestically. Elaborating on the first of these divisions he attempted

to show how democracy does not prevent war and does not organise international trade. "The principles of nationalism and self-sufficiency are too hard at work" stated Mr. Perry, and proceeded to remark upon the fact that the contest was held on the 23rd Anniversary of Great Britain's entry into the last world war, and yet she, with the other great countries, was hastily engaged in preparing for the next.

In his reply he painted a vigorous picture of the apathy of democracy to the aggression of "Japan taking slice after slice of China, and Italy openly annexing Abyssinia by force of arms." Despite his resigned pessimism about the certainty of a coming war, Mr. Perry's reply seemed to us to be the most impressive of the evening.

Otago was represented by Mr. Wood (leader) and Mr. O'Callaghan. In rising to defend democracy, Mr. Wood agreed upon the main division of the subject which Mr. Perry had put forward, but looked rather to the aims of democracy than its achievements. He suggested that the ideals of such a system could not be coincident with the word failure just because in practice it had not been successful occasionally. "It must inevitably endure because it springs from the people," said Mr. Wood. "Democracy cannot revolt against itself and though it promises no brilliant results it will get there in the end."

Mr. Andrews was judged the best speaker for the evening. His fluent and attractive style soon found a sympathetic audience, and his arrangement of fact made his the most logical speech of all. He attacked democracy on the grounds of its lack of stability, and adaptability, and from the domestic point of view. From this viewpoint he explained that it had failed economically, politically and spiritually: Economically because it has not provided a satisfactory standard of living, and had failed "to adjust between human and machine labour." Politically, because the party system and professional public speakers guided the destiny of government and lulled the people into an inertia of feeling and a sense of inferiority. Spiritually, it has failed because it has not provided for the expression of the personality of the individual. "It has produced a type of man or woman which will accept ready-made opinions without question. A type that is in danger of losing its spiritual liberty."

Mr. Andrews gave the impression that, capable debater as he is, his true sphere is that of oratory.

Mr. O'Callaghan defended his subject from the international point of view. He attempted to show how the League of Nations Union was "penetrating into the far corners of the world doing humanitarian and social work." He explained how it had nursed the principles of international trade and visualised a perfect international society, looking after the health of the world.

The audience appreciated Mr. O'Callaghan's reference to the "fluent flow of fallacious arguments from the other side of the house," and fully enjoyed his flashing eyes and stern conviction.

### SECOND DEBATE BROADCAST AUCKLAND v. CANTERBURY

The second and final debate of the series was broadcast by Station 1YX. Mr. George (leader) and Mr. Braybrooke represented Auckland, and opposed the motion. Mr. Wilson (leader), and Mr. Widdup, represented C.U.C.

Mr. Wilson asserted that although he would concede democracy a few successes, on the whole it had failed. "It had failed because it was based upon a fallacy—the fallacy of Lincoln's definition."

Mr. George, in putting forward the case for Auckland, stated that it was the principle of democracy that mattered. In trying to develop this principle democracy was succeeding and the "mumbo jumbo of our little high-brows who love to play at being savages," did not necessarily condemn that principle. "Democracy is not a static thing and so we can adapt ourselves to new conditions of affairs." He stated that people were becoming a greater asset politically because they were becoming more conscious of their political obligations. He painted a gruesome and frightening scene of the world as a "carnival with gunfire as the incidental music," and suggested that democracy alone could save a crisis.

It was noticeable that Mr. George (and later entirely without notes.

Mr. Widdup delighted the audience with a division of society into "three rough classes." Mr. Braybrooke alone of the contestants, spoke Those of inferior intelligence (one-sixth of the population), those of average intelligence (two-thirds of the population), and those of the superior intelligence "of whom you, ladies and gentlemen, form a part." His mathematical precision, we fear, was not of the same high standard as his debating, but the audience loved it!

He suggested that democracies placed "too much emphasis on quantity and numbers to the detriment of quality." By its emphasis on mediocrity it placed all mankind on the same dead level of incapacity.

Mr. Braybrooke's style is one of incisive and logical exactitude. He carefully explained his deep sense of embarrassment at the "hopeless hotchpotch of quasi-philosophical thought about the failure of the ideals of democracy," and proceeded to a careful exposition of the "best system of government which the world has yet known." He stated that the party system was only one aspect of the machinery of democracy and it has given man the opportunity of selecting people who are going to rule the country; "whether he picks wisely or not does not affect the principle of democracy." He asserted that at least "we are far from the unbridled tyrannies and cruel oligarchies of history."

### WHAT ABOUT YOUR FOUNDATIONS?

Before concluding we must record one illuminating remark of Mr. George. Referring to oligarchies he stated that the emphasis was always on the head; in democracies the emphasis was on the foundations. We dimly hoped that he would not proceed to advertise "Berlei" and our prayer was answered. He merely talked about Mr. Wilson's remark—"Yes, it is in their material comforts that men win their seats."

At this stage the audience sat back and laughed loudly, but Mr. Wilson, with fine perception, realised that no doubt Lincoln's definition had been voiced earlier in the evening. Mr. Wilson suggested that "democracy had failed to provide every member of the community with the opportunity to express himself creatively and realise himself to the fullest extent." He felt that democracy was too dependent on party politics which did not give government for the people at all.

By "LISTENER."

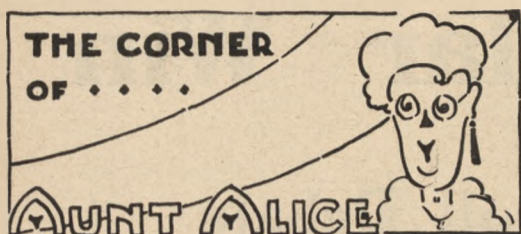
### THANKS

On behalf of the Debating Club I want to thank all those who helped to make Joynt Scroll such a success. Not only those on the Sub-Committee but everybody concerned.

A record, financially and numerically, has been established, and students of A.U.C. have definitely helped in that direction.

Our many thanks.

HAYDN T. GEORGE.



DEAR AUNT ALICE,—

The other evening the girl friend and I were at a party and we were doing so well that I put in what we will call a leading question. Well, Aunt Alice, I thought for a moment I had been a bit premature. She sort of blushed, went shy all over, but then I'm darned if she didn't reply in deaf and dumb language. Now there are times I know when signs can be more eloquent than words, but this can't be one of them because it's got me stumped. So what shall I do? I don't know any deaf and dumb language; I daren't ask my friends; and one thing she did say was, "DON'T ask your mother."

—PETER.

ANSWER: Scout around your friends, get one or two letters off each of them and then piece them together in private, or look up the good old Encyclopaedia here in the library: we'll show you the place. But if you're coming up here why not see me personally? I'm the very soul of discretion and the librarians are just dying to hear what she had to say. —AUNT ALICE.

\* \* \* \*

DEAR AUNT ALICE,—

After reading last issue of "Craccum," I have been moved by various remarks therein to voice a growing disquiet in my mind.

When first I came to College, it symbolized to me the focus of the educational firmament, with nothing more harmless by way of diversion, than ping-pong, or drinking coffee in the cafe. But since then, my observations of student life have shaken the basis of my first impressions.

To see a group of men standing together, apparently deep in some discussion and then suddenly starting a shout of raucous laughter, at first startled me, but when I learned the truth, I was shocked! Then, as time went on, I found that in most quarters, attendance at lectures was a rule honoured more in the breach than in the observance. About the same time, I found that one was esteemed according to his capacity for alcoholic refreshment. Those concerned, not content with this alone, return to College to air their disgrace. This false standard mars such things as Revue, Process, and other great occasions. Then there is a new vice in the form of bridge. I do not know who started this plethora of bridge (for so it is), but one has to be wary of one's spare time, for the most conscientious students are dragged against their wills into this maelstrom of bidding, doubling, and redoubling. That it should have spread so far as to bring about mixed schools in the ping-pong room is deplorable.

One thing further, Aunt Alice. I understand that at one time, it was customary to wear a gown, but the Professorial Board in its greatness of heart now allows students to go ungowned. Since then, a fashion calculated, as I see it, to detract from the prestige of the student, is the habit of wearing polo-jackets and sweaters of hues displaying startling, almost vulgar tastes. The only saving aspect is the fact that the offenders are mainly Science students.

Are these signs of decadence in people who are supposed to have entered into the higher state of society real, or is it the imaginings of my overworked brain? Please tell me.

Yours in trepidation,

"HORRIFIED."

ANSWER: I don't mind admitting that I was disappointed when I read this letter. It's not that I object to a serious request. The plea of the forlorn young maiden, the strong man crying out in the bicycle shed—I hear them, and my heart bleeds. But have a heart, "Horried"—don't preach. If bad influences are working upwards so are good ones drifting down. Why I heard that at the last smoke concert none other than the Vice-President of the S.C.M., Mr. Ken Horn, was present, sinking his beer and pulling away at his cigarette like any abandoned young Hongi. And what's good enough for such a pillar of our society is surely good enough for you. —AUNT ALICE.

DEAR AUNT ALICE,—

The other day as I was passing the Exec. room a friend of mine who is on the Exec. called me in and showed me a letter from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and who do you think it was addressed to, Aunt Alice? —Our Secretary, Bruce Orchiston! Naturally enough I and many of my friends are consumed with curiosity and we MUST know what was in that letter

JACK, ERIC, PETER AND THE BOYS.

ANSWER: Well I managed to find out what it was about. I was curious myself, in fact—and it's an invitation to Mr. Orchiston to take part in an essay contest for a prize of £3/3/- (alternatively a 10 gallon keg), the subject being "The Evils of Alcohol." They had heard that Orch. had plenty of first-hand information on the subject and was in fact a bit of an expert.

This is the Dinkum Oil. —AUNT ALICE.

\* \* \* \*

DEAR AUNT ALICE,—

As one of the males who was at the last Coffee Evening, I have to express my surprise and disappointment in seeing so few glamorous blondes and bewitching brunettes flitting about the floor. Is there no beauty at 'Varsity, Aunt Alice? There seem to be plenty of devastating looking girls at some of our lectures who don't appear at the coffee evenings, and I was wondering if you could use your womanly influence to induce some of these elusive young ladies to come along in the future.

Yours, etc.,

—"BENITO"

ANSWER: Rather a surprising request. After all, I have always done all that I could for the social life of the College. When I was in my palmy days just the rumour that I was going along to a coffee evening was enough to pack the show out. Even then I couldn't get the women along—jealousy used to keep them at home—and I hardly know how to start now. But it seems to me that it's a matter for the men themselves to adjust, and when I think of all the advice I've given them in this column they should know how to set about it. So bestir yourself, Benito; if they won't come you must go out and get them.

—AUNT ALICE.

## DRAMATIC CLUB'S LAST PRODUCTIONS

### ENJOYABLE ENTERTAINMENT

#### STUDENT APATHY DISAPPOINTS

The two one-act plays put on a short while ago by the College Drama Club were a grand success. About twenty minutes before the curtain went up, the stage lacked the all-essential footlights, and both casts were raving in the dressing room for more assistance in "making up!" However, despite the excitement in the wings, the players in "The Long Christmas Dinner" (produced by Marie Best), betrayed no nervousness, and the play was favourably received by the audience. The second play, "The Twelve-Pound Hook" (produced by Avenal Holcombe), was also well acted and appreciated. Altogether the evening's entertainment was particularly good, and merited a much greater support than was forthcoming. Although the audience was greater than is usual at a 'Varsity production, there should be far more interest taken in the club. If students would assist in this way, perhaps the College Drama Society would put on more such praiseworthy performances, but it is too much to expect it to go to the trouble of rehearsing and learning plays unless the whole College makes a point of going to see the production.

\* \* \* \*

### SKATING PARTY PRELIM.

#### OUR GIRLS ROLL TO SUCCESS

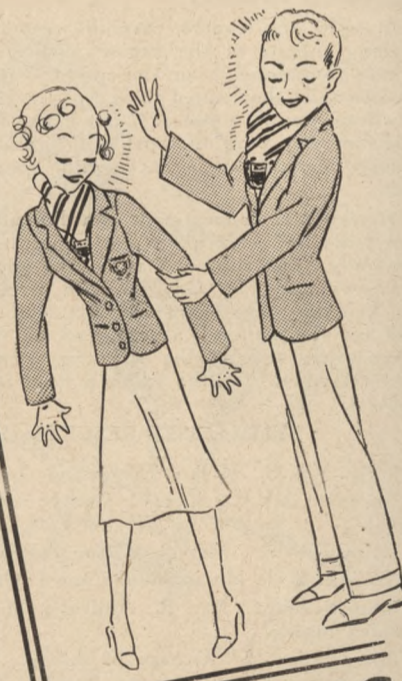
The prophecy made in the last "Craccum" was fulfilled in part, when Faith Johnson and Shisley Entrican visited the skating rink in preparation for the Social Committee's Skating Party. The male species of the area descended upon the pair, and almost before she had her skates on for the first time, Faith was born off into the middle of the arena. Unfortunately, after several minor catastrophes, she decided to test the hardness of the floor with all the forces

(Continued on next page)

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she could muster, and caused her valiant partner to perform a nose dive over her recumbent body, which, in technique, resembled very much that unforgettable masterpiece executed by John Reid over Dressy Mona in the last "Revue"! Blushing and bashful, Faith for a time resisted the allures of her helpers, and retired to the side rail to acquire the ancient art of keeping

upright, before venturing again into the dangerous circle.

Of a more discreet disposition, Shirley plied her cautious way round and round the edge of the floor and nearer to the heaven-sent, stout rail; until at the end of the evening, after innumerable perambulations intersected with sundry tumbles, in her own words, she felt, "That she had got somewhere!"

## HOUSE COMMITTEE ANNUAL SMOKE-O

### CAP PILLAR ON DECK

#### OUTSTANDING SUCCESS

This year's Annual Smoke Concert was probably the greatest show the Common Room has seen. Professor Sewell opened the proceedings from the chair and Skip Watt opened the keg from without. After that the evening could not but be an outstanding success.

We appreciated the presence of several men from the Cap Pilar and the South Auckland Rugby team. The Cap Pilar men gave a most interesting talk on their cruise around the world and everybody was vastly intrigued by the girls of Tristan da Cundha, whose only English expression was "Yes, Sir!" What fun!

Unfortunately the Springboks were unable to appear but as we got more and more into the evening their non-appearance troubled us less and less. We were very pleased to have several members of the staff with us and were very interested in Mr. McQueen's reminiscences.

Other interesting sidelights on the show were Walker's graph which showed the nett profit and/or loss per person per trip and Fairbrother's farmyard style on the Common Room floor next day.

For the benefit of those who were unable to be present and also for those who were there in "spirit" but not in mind, we generously publish the toast list of the evening as follows:—

"The College": Pat Blair—Prof. Worley; "The Staff": Doug. Kenrick—Prof. Bartrum; "The Visitors": Mr. H. C. McQueen—Mr. Burgess, of Cap Pilar; "Past Students": Eric Halstead—Doc. Briggs; "Mr. Halstead": M. Wallace—Eric Halstead; "Mr. Wallace": Mr. Halstead—Bob Wallace.



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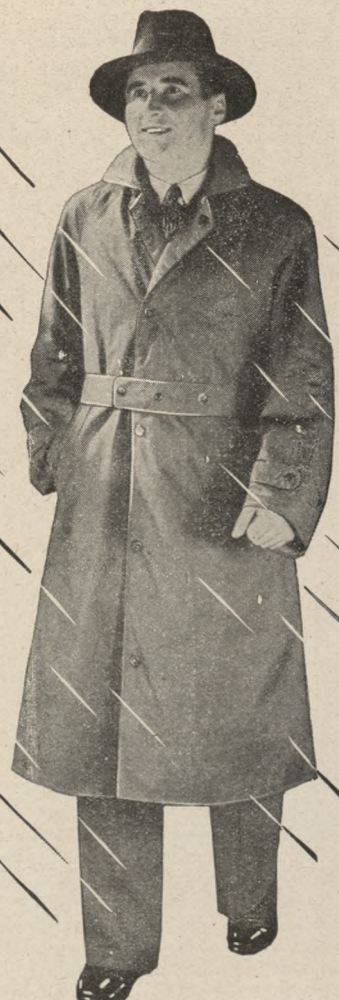
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## INTER-FACULTY HOCKEY ARTS VANQUISH ALL-COMERS MR. HOGBEN SIGHS WITH JOY

Click, clack; Lock. No, there was no need to get disturbed, though many awakened from their mid-day siesta in pleasant solitude, swore softly as A.U.C. once again pitted might against brain in the annual Inter-fac. Hockey Tournament. Architects-Engineers proved the most popular faculty of the day by fielding one man while two or three others with bleary eyes and heavy limbs watched with a nonchalant gaze the aimless passing and piecemeal hay-slicers of the veterans.

Commerce fielded well, passed well, hooked well and swore well; Arts and Mr. Hogben were on top, while Science belied its name.

### Commerce v. Science

The game opened to the cat calls of the Arts babes. A melee in the middle of the field cleared; the last two slipping out of the referee's hold as the Commerce left wing dive tackled the Science right half who crawled back through the ropes. The pace was hot and strong, the passes wide and wild; from one end of the field to the other raged the great fight, and still Science held on; but the end was near. Breath-wet luffed the goalie, ran clear and Gartibus, with a magnificent drive past cover, found the net.

Grim determination was writ in the jowls of every Scientist. They hacked and tore but time and time again the men of figures, kite set, sailed for the line only to be kept out by the sheer doggedness of the Science defence. The men of the city were too good for those of actuarial exactitude and it was clearly evident that only sheer benevolence stopped them increasing the score with monotonous regularity.

### Arts do Well

Arts, with the cunning born of greatness, elected to play the estwhile brilliant Commerce pack ere the men of ink had been fully revived (by a visit to the locker room—these locks could not be picked. Hard luck, Science). The match recommenced with a dazzling onslaught on the Arts goalmouth. Their goalie was peppered, balls to the right of him, balls to the left of him, and balls in front of him. Chin, stick and ankle all helped save the situation till the goal was packed with eleven lusty men. A side-slip, a wrong 'un and a stick in between one player's legs helped delude the attack and Lawrence with a magnificent tail spin put his side above board. Teeth, nails, boots and all went in and as the sky cleared the ball hit the net and there was a great wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst those who deal in forward exchange.

The men of dusty ledgers spilt blood right and left but Arts had the sanctity of the most high. Trader Horn with his spectacular dive passes saved the scholastic wizards from many an embarrassing situation. The tide turned and Chippie (the man with the brown and white pants) scored from just outside the circle.

Onward and upward marched the great men. The cares and woes of offices were forgotten as they slashed their way through mud and slush. At last reward came to the virtuous. With a rattle the wirenetting welcomed the little white ball and Milton Maybee danced a hornpipe with his piece of hickory.

On with the dance and into the fray jazzed the eleven; forward and goalward was their cry and they bit deep into the apple of life as they hooked, pushed, smacked and cracked. Naughty, naughty was their cry as wood removed knuckles and ball—and was it? No! The bar was cracked and the ball rolled behind as the whistle blew 1½ minutes before time. Arts were the victors by two to one and it is rumoured that some rude person whispered, "veni, vidi, vici," but men of wisdom would add "mirabile dictu."

And then—beer and biscuits.

### Science Lose to Arts

Science and Arts, both fresh from the mas-seurs, returned with a lusty cheer. The game was on but the task was hopeless. Science defence was of steel but with just that flaw which caused the edifice to fall. After that little one the game developed into a lifeless struggle of beef and brawn. Cassie's exhibition of tumbling was superb while his falling on the ball on the very toes of the onrushing forwards augurs well for the final of the football competition.

At this point the reporter's attention was withdrawn from the game by a remark regarding the colour and contour of Mr. Gifkin's legs. Suffice it to say that despite or maybe because of Science's airshots Arts had just that sternness of purpose and steelness of will to run out victors.

## PEARLS AND PEBBLES

(By "Caliban")

### A SONG OF THE GLASS

A plague on your dusty psychology, musty  
And reeking of rusty and slumbering brains,  
The trouble with Frued is his dirt unalloyed is  
With more than a trace of long-festering drains.  
The world is decaying when asses are braying  
And everyones saying, "Poor People, alas!"  
Thank God man still strolls through the pub.  
door (or rolls through)  
And sees his friends' souls through the base of  
a glass.

Praise God for good beer, men, we've nothing  
to fear, men,  
When gay and austere men can meet, brothers  
quite,  
And drink every season, that modern unreason  
Shall very soon cease undermining the right.  
That scatterbrains probing the mind and dis-  
robing  
The soul in endeavours to find how it goes  
Shall at last realize, men, that more psyche lies,  
men,  
In one glass of beer tilted high o'er the nose.

What cheer in the mournful, embittered and  
scornful,  
Oh-why-was-I-bornful sad songs of to-day?  
What joy in the glumness of novelists' numbness.  
Mute, suffering dumbness and smell of decay?  
A curse on your gloom, man, you're not in the  
tomb, man,  
Forget about the doom, man, thank God for His  
cheer,  
Men still sing the bright songs, the happy and  
right songs,  
The rollicking, tight songs, inspired by beer!

Praise God for good beer, men, that makes His  
ways clear, men,  
And sends all the queer men where queer men  
belong;  
That knocks from our faces the masks and the  
traces  
Of posing. This place is the birthplace of song.  
Forget all the lying, the low, twisted shying,  
The sophistries practised by prophets of ill,  
Elixir awaits you, that once more creates you  
The gift of the angels, so down it with will.

What won every battle, when men were not  
cattle  
Or fit for a rattle, but ripe for a fight?  
What broke the Armada, and each other raider  
And sent the invader in panicful flight?  
Milk, water or gin, sir? Did that make 'em win,  
sir?  
No, no such foul sin, sir; the reason is clear—  
Not trust in Queen Bess or a nation's distress  
or  
Fear of an oppressor, but good English beer!

Praise God for good beer, men, we've nothing  
to fear, men,  
When gay and austere men can meet brothers  
all,  
To praise all creation, in every good nation  
And hurl to damnation the shade of the pall.  
There lies your rock, then, resisting all shock,  
then,  
Though demagogues mock, then, this joy shall  
not pass,  
With hand to your brother, draw near to each  
other,  
And lustily smother all ill in your glass.

\* \* \* \*

## LOOFY LITERATURE OR POTTY PLOTS

No. 2—"BEAU PEEP."

(By P. C. Wrennett)

### CHAPTER I.

The sun blazed down on miles and miles of sand-dunes. The sky shone like a tippler's proboscis. The air was as dry as the after-morning mouth of a dissipated text-book. It was rather warm.

Major de Beaujellie mopped his brow as he led the regiment back after a fierce sally against a tribe of Arabs. A mere fifty of them, they had surprised six thousand fierce Tauregs at their morning salaam. It was no false salaam for the Arabs, however, for now far back in the desert, in the hollow of a dune, the six thousand warriors lay piled neatly in symmetrical heaps. The Frenchman is always methodical.

Suddenly a scream zipped like a zebra through the heat.

A sergeant appeared. "Major," he saluted, "Carfard. They have got it." He pointed

back. Six legionaries were holding hands, dancing round and round and singing loudly: "La nous allons autour de la haie de mulberrie."

The Major scowled: "Shoot them," he teathed.

A shot. The six dancers fell dead, crying: "Vive la France." The troop moved on. Thus it is in the Legion. Relentless. "C'est la guerre."

Eventually, perhaps sooner, the Major halted. They had arrived at the crest of a small hill. Suddenly he started: "Nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un nom d'un biftek," he throatied. "Look!"

Sergeant Lechien looked. There was nothing to be seen.

"What is it, mon pomme?" he husked. "There is nothing there."

"Imbecile, pig, fool, dog," spat the Major kindly. "Precisely."

"But—" stammered the Sergeant.

"The fort!" glupped Beaujellie. "Where is it? There is the oases, there is the flagpole, there is the pool, but the fort—?"

The regiment gazed in horror as the awful import of his words dawned on them. A few hours before, they had left Fort Bonpain, the French Legion outpost, to assail a tribe of infidels. Now they had returned to the spot whence they had set out. The desert was unchanged, with one exception—

Fort Bonpain had completely vanished!

### CHAPTER TWO

(Several hours before)

Hugh Peep, known in the Legion as "Beau Peep" on account of the shape of his legs, gazed gloomily at the regiment of de Beaujellie disappearing into a mirage of the "Queen Mary." He sighed. He had joined the regiment to forget, but (and this was his tragedy), he had forgotten what he had joined to forget. This galled him, this got in his hair. What was the use of joining the Legion to forget, if you couldn't remember what you wanted to forget so that you could forget to remember what you remembered to forget? He, the sole remaining soldier in the fort, leaned on his rifle and sighed.

De Beaujellie had taken his troop, but Peep, being the only Englishman, had been left to guard the fort should any wandering bands attack it. He scanned the horizon and brushed away a tear as he thought of fish and chips on Thames Embankment.

Suddenly he glimpsed a small band of people stumbling towards the fort. He raised his rifle, but a well-known voice broke the silence. It was his brother, "Wee" Peep!

"Wee!" Beau shouted.

"Hugh," said "Wee."

A moment later, Beau admitted to the fort, his aunt, his uncle, his grandparents (four), his five brothers and his sister Euthenasia. "Why have you come so far," cried Hugh, manly tears soaking the stubble on his cheeks.

"We have found you were innocent," quavered his grandparents. "The vicar poisoned himself last week, but confessed as he died to having rifled the Poor Box himself last year."

"Then I am a free man," said Beau. "And you have braved desert dangers to tell me."

"It was nothing," insisted his aunt. "We had to save you from a fate worse than death."

But e'er "Beau" could reply, his grandfather (paternal) fell dead on the ground with an Arab bullet in his neck.

"Beau" sprang to the wall. Thousands of Arabs surged around outside.

"We are surrounded," he shouted. "Man the walls."

### CHAPTER THREE.

(Two Hours later.)

Beau Peep wiped the sweat from his brow. The sand outside was feet deep in Arab corpses. The fort inside was filled with the lifeless bodies of the Peeps. "Beau" alone survived.

"By G—d," he said, "they will not be here to be eaten by carrion. They shall have an English burial."

He sprang over the wall with a spade and in a short space of time had removed a sand-dune right in the path of the terrible zibborn which blew every evening from 7 to 8.25. Scarcely had he finished had the tempest began. Through the gallant lad's path it swept carrying tons of sand, and in a moment the entire fort was covered feet deep in the particles.

"I have at least done the decent thing," he croaked, and staggered off in the direction of the blazing sun, his head bent low, but his spirit, like that of all true Englishmen, unbroken.

### CHAPTER ONE.

The sun blazed down on miles and miles of sand-dunes, etc.

(Simple, isn't it!)

THE END.



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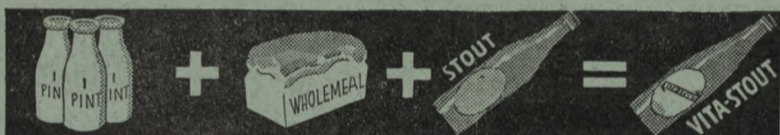


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