

VOL. I., No. 10

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1937.

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TOPICAL TOUCHES

We read that most football referees are tee-total. But they manage to get their share of the boos.

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Miss Gorrie says that the young author should endeavour to keep his story moving. Of course the average editor can be relied on to do this for him.

* * * *

On his return from the Chateau a young man declared that his one interest in life was skiing. These Chateau women certainly seem to be very attractive.

* * * *

A lecture is the process of which the notes of the lecturer are transferred to the notebook of the student without passing through the minds of either.

* * * *

In order to brighten Field Club outings Miss Jean Crosher intends to invite all students with outstanding features to come along and bring their own mugs.

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The College Council has decided to glass in the east side of the cloisters. This was forced on them by the student who spilt a can of oil outside the cafe and said he mistook the pavement for troubled waters.

* * * *

Tennis enthusiasts are already beginning training for next season. However, it is officially denied that Mrs. Odd is developing a hot service.

* * * *

A girl in the Montague Show complains that whereas in the good old days men in the stalls would exchange a wink with a chorus girl, they now indulge in forty winks.

* * * *

The recent vacation proved of especial benefit to Latin students. They felt the need to recuperate after Professor Cooper's painful puns.

* * * *

Epitaph for the student who added milk to his coffee:—"How can a man die better; than facing fearful Odds."

* * * *

Helen Coates and Cecil Upton left for England by the Rangitara on the 25th of last month. From what we know of Cecil and Helen, they won't be finding these ocean voyages all bunk.

* * * *

It is denied in official circles that a swimming pool is being built underneath the science block. Apparently the scheme won't hold water.

* * * *

A Music I. student says she composed a sonata in two hours. It will take more than two hours to compose Professor Hollinrake after he's listened to it.

* * * *

Pearls come from oysters, but a woman gets her diamonds from some other poor fish.

* * * *

Queen Street sign: "Take tram to Museum." It certainly seems to be the best place to dump them.

* * * *

Headline in local paper: "General offensive at Shanghai." That's probably what he's there for.

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Out of consideration for Professor Belshaw "Craccum" has decided not to publish his views on the Government's radio policy.

* * * *

The Athletic Club is taking steps to prevent anybody winning the walking event three times running.

* * * *

The Art Gallery is advertising a loan exhibition of old French and Flemish masters. Our offer of collaboration was turned down.

* * * *

A modern school-teacher is not expected to use the cane. Children should be seen and not hurt.

* * * *

You can lead a voter to the ballot but you can't make him think.

CRACCUM

Published fortnightly.

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

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1937.

"AU REVOIR"

This issue of "Craccum" is the last for 1937. No doubt many mistakes have been made during the past few months, and much can still be done to improve the "dear old rag." But the outgoing publications committee has worked with an energy which has not been altogether without success.

"Craccum" must have the support of every student if it is to continue to prosper. Next year a system of yearly subscriptions will be inaugurated among students and friends of the College. This will entitle each subscriber to all the issues of "Craccum" and the issue of "Kiwi" for the year at a small reduction in price. It is to be hoped that the scheme will be widely supported and that "Craccum" will have an assured sale.

Any students who would like to join the staff of Publications are asked to communicate with the Editor immediately. There are many people of literary ability at A.U.C. who would be welcomed with open arms by the Publication Department. The experience gained on a small journal such as this is quite valuable and certainly very interesting.

May we all be blessed by good fortune at the exams., have a wonderful vacation and come back to another successful year for A.U.C. in 1938.

* * * *

'VARSITY PARTY AT NATIONAL PARK

The trip to the Chateau during the first week of the vacation seems to have been successful in almost every way. Not only were the arrangements of the social committee adequate, Mr. Keys, a most painstaking and competent leader, and the weather perfect all the time, but more important still, each party can feel a bit closer to the interests of his or her companions.

The enthusiasm of those lucky ones who made the trip is even now a most infectious ailment. Every single member of the party came back to Auckland feeling that the Chateau had given to himself or herself a most wonderful holiday.

Mr. Rodwell deserves to be thanked for his infinite tact, cheerfulness and enthusiasm. No doubt much of the happiness of the party can be traced to his kindly and enthusiastic participation in everything that was going.

This trip has a significance which is sometimes lost sight of by pessimists at A.U.C. It means that we have a spirit and an understanding among the members of the student body as strong as that founded in any other institution. At present it might be a latent enthusiasm, but it can be produced in the true environment.

The trip to National Park has given us a new stimulus just as so many of our clubs and societies have been stimulated this year. On the whole a year of many gains and not unworthy of a little self-congratulation.

Bless you A.U.C.—you are an erring child but when you start off in the right direction you certainly move quickly.

* * * *

ANNUAL STUDENT SERVICE

Those responsible for the inauguration of the Annual Students' Service should indeed feel gratified at the sincere response which their initial venture invoked. They are, moreover, to be commended for such a move which is undoubtedly in the right direction as the large and very representative gathering of students on 1st August proved.

The attendance on that occasion is indicative of an earnest desire on the part of the general

body of A.U.C. students to worship together. Since we lack here that which in many overseas Universities is a very vital part of student life—the College Chapel and College Chaplain—it is incumbent upon our Students' Association to make such provision as is possible to repair this omission by organizing services during the College year, at which all students may have the opportunity for common worship.

The fact that the question was discussed at some length at the annual general meeting suggests that our students are not always merely frivolous or concerned with what is happening perhaps in Russia, while impatient of the interests of their own country. We have made a move towards establishing for A.U.C. a tradition more serious than the opinion of us held by many people in Auckland. We seem to be judged by our public appearances and for this reason too, as well as the more obvious ones, we should cherish this latest institution.

TOURNAMENT 1938

BILLETERS REQUIRED

"SPILL IT MOTHER! CAN I BILLET?"

Tournament will be held in Auckland next year. A tremendous amount of organising will be necessary and the whole of A.U.C. will be required to help to make the Tournament an outstanding success.

Billets will be required for dozens of visiting students. Mr. Blair is in charge of this aspect of the Tournament Committee's work. Speak to him and offer to take from one to forty visitors! He'd be tickled to death if you take the forty!

However, don't let it pass from your minds; quietly advertise Tournament at home, and among your friends. Auckland can show the world how a Tournament should be run.

Let us be among those present.

By the way, go and tell Mr. Hogben that Tournament is to be in Auckland next Easter. He would be most interested and surprised and certainly grateful for your advertising. Don't forget.

WANTED AT ONCE
WANTED AT ONCESTUDENTS INTERESTED IN
STUDENTS INTERESTED IN
WRITING
WRITING

Gain experience for yourself and help the Association by joining the staff of Publications at A.U.C.

Applicants please interview the Editor (Mr. Woodhouse), as soon as possible.

THERE WILL BE NOTHING
FURTHER TO DO THIS YEAR

YOU ARE WANTED FOR 1938.
YOU ARE WANTED FOR 1938.

DON'T FORGET — VACANCIES FOR
COMPETENT STUDENTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Mr. A. P. Blair is drawing up an amended constitution of the A.U.C. Students' Association, to be submitted first to the Executive for approval, and later to a general meeting of the Students' Association (probably the half-annual general meeting of the Association next year).

Anyone desiring to submit amendments to the constitution must hand these in to the Secretary at least six weeks before half-annual general meeting next year.

DARCY WALKER,
Hon. Secretary A.U.C.S.A.

STOP PRESS

DEBATING

The Faculty of Law (Messrs. Braybrooke, Woodhouse and Lewis) defeated Arts (Miss Best, Messrs. Hogben and Gully) in the final Inter-Faculty Debate last night, Wednesday, September 8, 1937.

SECOND SCIENCE DINNER END OF TERM FESTIVITY QUIET DIGNITY?

The second annual science dinner has come and gone, and Craccum is pleased to report that no account has yet come to the hands of the Organisers for material damage done to the restaurant furniture.

Being held on the last Friday of the term, the show could be nothing but a brilliant success. The old Common Room piano found a new setting in the Cavalier Tearooms and the erstwhile quiet room resounded to the noise of many a varsity chorus. The dinner has definitely established itself as one of the foremost functions of the year.

The official programme included: Toasts to the College and to the faculty (Darcy Walker—Professor Bartrum); Songs by Charlie Fleming; a toast to the Staff (Ron Bell—Doc. Briggs); a humorous item by Grifkins; a toast to the Scientific Societies (Prof. Burbridge—Charlie Fleming); and to the Kindred Faculties (Griffie—Eric Halstead).

High lights, either before, during, or after the show, were:—Gassy's Adventure in Princes Street; Doc. Robinson's Taxi; Mr. Cox's Unusual Quietness; Eric's Story About the Spring-boks' and Barney's Parking Sign. Mr. Cox says the dinner was characterised by quiet dignity.

* * * *

DEBATING CLUB SUCCESSES AT THE NEON CUP VICTORY PAUL DAY WINS JUNIOR ORATORY

The policy of the Debating Clubs in giving all members an opportunity to speak in Cup as well as College Debates, has proved remarkably successful.

The senior team have again won the Athenaeon Cup, while the junior team is in the finals. In the junior oratory contest, three Varsity members topped the list: Paul Day, J. Goodwin, and M. T. Roseveare.

THE NEW STUDENT CHAIRMAN

We congratulate Mr. C. P. Hutchinson who has succeeded to Mr. George as student chairman and the Debating Club for the coming year. Under his capable management the consideration of the club's gains during the past year is assured.

* * * *

VALEDICTORY

The College will lose one of its most popular lecturers when Mr. Macqueen of the Education Department leaves us and the "curse of security" to take up a Carnegie research scholarship in Wellington soon.

Mr. Macqueen's popularity will be vouched for by members of the staff, by students (particularly Education I) and by Mrs. Burns. But apart from his personal charm, or perhaps because of it, he has been one of the brightest and most stimulating lecturers A. U. C. has ever known. Since his appointment here he has sent out from Education I scores of students richer in knowledge, in humorous anecdotes, and in the theory of education. His lectures are a stimulation and an inspiration to those capable of thought and personal reading. They are a constant disappointment to the unit-hunter expecting a resume of the year's syllabus. He has been in closer touch with the students and their affairs than is usually the case. He is, in fact, all a University teacher should be. On behalf of the students "Craccum" wishes him well in his new sphere of activities.

* * * *

Our Patrick had really no fear
Of wine or whisky my dear!
But he swallowed some gin
And 'cos of his sin
He soon changed his bed to a bier!

—CHIPS.

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EXECUTIVE NEWS

MISS PATERSON TRIPS TO WELLINGTON. KENRICK NEW VICE-PRESIDENT.

The next Executive is now firmly established and at the first meeting of the noble assembly everything was passed in perfect unity. Everybody ended up by being as good friends as when the meeting had started.

I happened to be in the Executive room the other day when nearly all the committee members were present, so by keeping my ears open I was able to pick up a few points about them from the bits of conversation that passed at random. Eric Halstead, of course, was the big man, and while being president, is also one of the Tournament Delegates and looks after External Affairs of the College.

Shona Paterson was busy at the typewriter. She was surrounded by letters and carbon paper and I gathered that she—as Corresponding Member for N.Z.U.S.A.—was preparing for her trip to Wellington with Pat Blair to attend a meeting of the Association.

"A HEAVY YEAR'S WORK"

Marie Best and Owen Woodhouse were in the corner talking seriously. I didn't dare interrupt but I guessed that they must be discussing the future of that miserable paper called "Craccum." Marie, who is now Owen's private secretary, is contemplating a heavy year's work. ("Pardon?" said Mr. Woodhouse!)

At the table, occupying the very small amount of space that was not occupied by Shona's extensive letters, sat Darcy Walker. He seemed very depressed at the amount of work he had to do as Secretary of Stud. Ass., but cheered considerably when I gave him a mintie, and under its influence confided in me that Doug Kenrick now held the position of Vice President of the Stud. Ass., as well as being Chairman of Men's House. He also told me that Hadyn George's popular eloquence was to be lost on the Inter-Fac. Committee and that the S.C.M. have put in for a bigger grant. I asked him what he thought of Shirley Entrican as his Assistant Secretary, and he expressed complete approval, so I concluded that it would be a happy partnership.

OYSTER PATTIES FOR "AFTER-DEGREE?"

Murielle Smeed and Wallis Holland then appeared. They explained to me that they had got "After Degree" Ball fully planned and assured me that Mrs. Odd was going to provide oyster patties for supper.

I was just taking leave when I bumped into

Bronc Brown at the door. "Ah, Bronc, what does the Carnival Co-ordinator do?" I inquired. The beautifully groomed moustache quivered and Bronc looked uneasy. Several days later Beryl told me that the Carnival Co-ordinator is quite the most important person in charge of Carnival Week. I thanked her and took her at her word.

It was some days before I found David Clouston, and then this dapper young gentleman was languidly chewing gum. "I," he said, in answer to my persistent inquiries, "keep the Records, and am writing the Carnival Programme jointly with John Reid." "And John?" "John," he replied, with an abrupt displacement of his chewing gum, "is the producer of the Revue," and with that he stalked away to join Miss Best.

—HUMBLE KATE.

* * * *

PERSONNEL OF THE NEW EXECUTIVE

PORTFOLIOS AT A GLANCE

Eric Halstead—President, Tournament Delegate, External Affairs.

Shona Paterson—Lady Vice-President, Chairman Women's House Committee, Corresponding Member of N.Z.U.S.A.

D'Arcy Walker—Secretary.

Marie Best—Secretary Publications, Corresponding Member of N.Z.U. Press Bureau, Property.

Shirley Entrican—Assistant Secretary, Records Book, Secretary of Bookstall Committee.

Murielle Smeed—Secretary of Social Committee, Registrar of Societies.

Bronc Brown—Publicity, Carnival Co-ordinator Officer.

David Clouston—Records, Carnival Book.

Hadyn George—Chairman of Inter-Fac. Committee, Chairman of Bookstall Committee.

Wallis Holland—Chairman of Social Committee.

Doug Kenrick—Vice-President, Chairman of Men's House Committee.

John Reid—Chairman of Carnival Committee.

Owen Woodhouse—Chairman of Publications Committee.

NON-EXECUTIVE MEMBERS HOLDING IMPORTANT POSITIONS.

Tournament Delegate—Lawrence Hogben.
Secretary Inter-Fac.—Jack Fairbrother.
Legal Affairs—Pat Blair.

August Meeting of N.Z.U.S.A.

MUCH GOOD WORK DONE.

RAILWAY CONCESSIONS FOR STUDENTS?

As a result of the meeting held at Easter when it was decided that the New Zealand University Students' Association should have permanent headquarters at Wellington, a meeting was held during the vacation to confirm and finalise arrangements.

WELLINGTON THE VENUE

There were present Mr. A. P. Blair (in the chair), Miss S. Paterson representing A.U.C., Mr. H. Gilmer, M.A.C.; Mr. F. D. Christensen, V.U.C.; Mr. I. O. Stace, C.U.C.; Mr. Douglas P. Kennedy, O.U.; Miss N. McLaren, Resident Member A.U.C.; Mr. R. S. V. Simpson, Resident Member M.A.C.; Mr. R. S. C. Agar and Miss N. M. Billens (Hon. Secretary).

The fruits of the meeting are that N.Z.U.S.A. now has an office and a typiste in the city of Wellington, and an organisation which is well equipped to conceive and carry out the various functions which concern the University of New Zealand.

DEBATING TOURS

Within the next year a N.Z.U. debating team will be sent to Australia and it is to be hoped that this will be only the start of regular inter-University relations with our sister colony.

The possibility of an athletic tour is also being explored, and will be carried out if satisfactory financial arrangements can be made. A team of negro debaters from U.S.A. have been invited to visit New Zealand next year to debate against our Colleges.

Other matters which are receiving the Executive's attention are the acquisition of travelling concessions for University students, the position of graduates as regards employment, and the bringing to the notice of the Government of matters which affect students. In this connection it may be pointed out that several Ministers of the Crown are taking to keen interest in the work of N.Z.U.S.A., and will assist in every way possible.

A report on the unsatisfactory state of the N.Z.U. blazer was presented by A.U.C. and the suggestions submitted therein. As a result, H.B.'s will be required to improve the blazer in tailoring and quality or the contract will be removed.

Numerous other subjects were dealt with such as the Joynt Scroll report, the future participation of Massey College in Joynt Scroll, eligibility for Blues, the N.Z.U. Press Bureau, scientific research, radio debates and censorship, degree fees, capping privileges, and various other matters affecting students generally.

Much useful business was accomplished, many fruitful ideas and suggestions were born and if the keenness and enthusiasm which prevailed at this meeting continues N.Z.U.S.A. should be a vital force in University affairs.

END OF ASSOCIATION YEAR

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE STUD. ASS.

MRS. ODD THANKED BY MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Students' Association took place in the College Hall on Thursday, August 12th. Of course, the meeting was late in starting, but that was due to the habitual scrounging round for students and wayfarers to make up a quorum, and about 8.15 the members of the Executive filed up the Hall and took their place upon the platform.

THE FAREWELL DINNER

It was the last time that this Executive would represent the Student body, and the scene might have been a sorry one had it not been for the excellent dinner before the meeting. Secretary Mr. Orchiston's face was still flushed from his manful attempt at Mrs. Odd's cherry pie, while Mr. Hogben had completely lost all sense of decency and had slung his gown over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

AN AMENDMENT UNLIQUIDATED

Pat Blair rose from the chair and declared the meeting open. Endless minutes were produced and "taken as read" as is the custom with all well run meetings, and for a while things looked as though there would be the customary boredom of all well run meetings until however, while reading the report of the Procession's Committee, Eric Halstead offended friend Lawrence Hogben by speaking of the "abstentious" behaviour of students during the procession, whereupon the illustrious gentleman whose name contains that useless "g", demanded that the word "abstentious" be substituted by "un-liquidated." Corinne Hall (dear child), seconded the motion; but Mr. Blair, suspecting a conspiracy, declared the amendment out of order.

Not to allow this ungallant interruption to go by unheeded, Jack Goodwin, from the floor, found fault with Lawrence's Tournament report and requested that a trivial word be substituted by a still more trivial word. This motion, being both seconded and passed by the meeting, added greatly to the amusement of the audience and to the discontent of Mr. Houston's typist who had to type the report over again.

Business Manager A. P. Postlewaite was the next victim. The carefully cooked accounts formed a great source of interest to the Commerce Students, and Mr. Bill Mackie trying hard to digest same, finally had to retire gracefully.

ELECTION RESULTS ARRIVE!

While John Reid was manfully hacking his way through an abridged version of the Carnival report, Chief Scrutineer Ron Bell, advanced from the depths of his counting room with a progressive report of the Candidates' successes or otherwise, which he presented to the Chairman, and which the rest of the Executive fell upon with eagerness.

From that time onwards John's report went unheeded and not even John's charming toothless smile could keep the attention of the row of lipping ladies whose gaze were now fixed upon the dumb faces of their representatives on the stage. But fate was against them. John droned on for another ten minutes after which time Mr. Blair decided to keep the report dark, and since there was no further business, asked for general comments. To the horror of the expectant candidates, these came very readily.

Mr. Mackie, while proudly claiming to be a Hongi, confessed that he thought the Church Service was a good idea, and declared the complete approval and support of the Hongi Club—en masse.

THE CAFETERIA

Someone ventured to complain against the Cafeteria, but his words were hotly denied by speakers from all parts of the floor, and the chairman finalised the matter by drawing such a vivid picture of Mrs. Odd's generosity and Mr. Postlewaite's virtue, that Mr. Hogben proposed a motion of joint thanks to the couple in question, and the motion was carried with acclamation.

Not until every possible subject had been discussed to its death did Mr. Blair relieve the anxious minds of the assembly by reading the progressive report—the report which rang the death-knell of the 1933-37 Executive, and announced the birth of the new Committee.

The meeting closed after Mr. Hogben had expressed the grateful thanks of students towards the retiring Pressident, Mr. Blair.

THIS YEAR'S KIWI

MUCH HIGH-CLASS WORK

The 1937 "Kiwi," the annual magazine of A.U.C., is refreshing from more than one point of view, principally, however, because it breaks away from the conventional form of previous years, and dares to be original in set-up, printing and general lay-out. As is usual, "Kiwi," contains much high-class work, equal to anything which has ever appeared in the paper, side by side with material which just reaches the high-school standard. On the whole, however, the standard is very high indeed, and it is noteworthy that there is more variety in the subject matter of the articles and poems than there has been for some time. It is a pleasure to find that the lonely souls, the graves, tombs, down-trodden workers, and starlit platonism of earlier "Kiwis" has been superseded by more vital and healthier subjects.

PRIZE FOR SERIOUS VERSE

The prize for serious verse was awarded by the judge, Professor Sewell, to Mr. J. C. Reid for his poem, "Brother Jesus." This little poem is sincere and moving, with a definite message for the times, and its simple directness is one of its chief merits. Mr. Reid, who was a prolific contributor, was responsible for "My Sister, the Rain," a delicate and charming piece, a little marred by one or two difficult lines, and for "Sic Transit Gloria Dei," an effort in typical Reidian vein, which is more than a little controversial and certainly thought-provoking.

Two outstanding poems of a very different nature are "Mary" and "Judas" by "Helen." A little heavy in imagery, perhaps, and with an occasional eccentricity in the use of words, these two poems nevertheless have the definite marks of sincerity, spontaneity and a keen, visual sense. "The Arid Land," by Michael, is a gem of imagery and shows a decided gift for apt phrasing. Would it be carping to say that the texture is too tenuous, however, and the pictures vague?

"The Soul of the City" by Mary Walsh deserves special mention, on account of its original conception and the use of an unusual, yet appropriate metre.

Of the poems by Barbara Dent "Raindrop Prelude" is trite, and "To Kay" has little originality of thought or expression. "David" however, is a good piece of work, with a memorable first line and a haunting charm. Miss Dent's work suffers from a looseness of expression and a vagueness of idea, although there are excellent qualities in her better poems.

The other poems, without exception, have a made-to-order flavour about them, and on the whole, lack spontaneity. "Lifetime," by Barbara Bates, has a good idea, but is a little unreal. Mr. Heardegen's two poems are at least unusual, but "Dawn and Duck" is a concert, not a poem, and "To the Devil," is rather hard on His Majesty, at least, in the epithets. The single (alas) humorous poem "Women and Men," by H.O.V.A., is delightful. One wishes for one or two more like it.

BEST SHORT STORY

The prize for the best short story was awarded to Mr. Tarleton R. W. Trafford for "The Cat and the Mouse." This study is powerful and convincing, building up a vivid picture and creating a genuine atmosphere. There are many touches of great merit, in the story, showing an eye for detail, such as "One youth lurched into a pew, put his hat on one side of him and extended his arms, wing-like on the other, in reservation for two companions, who followed him, before protest could be made." The description of the cat playing with the mouse is written with great skill and shows a keen faculty for observation. "The Cat and the Mouse" is one of the outstanding contributions.

Worthy of mention, also, is J. C. Reid's "Nightmare," "The Angel with the Vial of Darkness," a whimsical, nonsensical, tongue-in-the-cheek tale. Those who read Mr. Reid's "Saint with the Twisted Halo," will recognise the characteristic introduction of sacred objects in a light-hearted fashion and the extraction of fun from unusual sources. The point at the end of the nonsense is well made and the chase is most amusing. Who else but Brother John could have written "We have had enough trouble up there with anarchists already. That

(Continued on page 9)

Students Little Joke at Christchurch

PAPERS THIRST FOR NEWS—AND R.H. GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO SWALLOW.

(By courtesy of "Canta.")

Headings in the "Star-Sun" recently—"Disappearance of Trophy from Rolleston House. Award to student anticipated. Consternation at College." Truly the power of the press is great, but this time, the story behind the news-story did not quite justify the touching concern displayed for the whereabouts of a common tea cup, valued at eighteen pence, and bearing a striking resemblance in shape to those of the N.Z.R.

This is how it started—way back about a week before this tale begins, several cups were borrowed from R.H. dining room. The Matron complained, and stopped supper until they were returned. In due course, they all turned up, except one, which was apparently lost, broken or in any case vanished. Supper continued to be non-existent, causing acute annoyance to the men of R.H. who recognised that the Matron was quite justified in stopping supper if she wished, but who, nevertheless, saw no reason to give three cheers about it.

Accordingly a collection was made, and an advertisement for the missing cup, described in rather glowing terms, was published in the "Star-Sun." In it was stated that an important function (i.e. supper) had to be postponed until the cup was found.

Here the matter would have rested, had not the "Star-Sun," athirst for news, telephone next day for the story behind the ad. There was no real story of interest to the great reading public, but always anxious to oblige R.H. saw that

a story was provided. It went down very well, and duly appeared with headings quoted above. To do justice to these creative powers of the men of R.H. here are some extracts:—

"Consternation exists at Rolleston House because a cup, awarded annually, has disappeared. The trophy in question, the Dining Room Cup, so called because of its location, was first missed a week ago to-day and it was thought that some students had been up to their usual pranks. However, a full week has elapsed and last evening an advertisement was inserted in the 'Star-Sun'... The trophy has very little intrinsic value, being of specially prepared porcelain and inlaid."

The hoax soon leaked out, and another reporter paid a visit to get the truth. He got it. Since then, the matter has lapsed, but supper is again being served at R.H. The advertisement cost 10/6, and another cup would have cost about 1/6 but R.H. seems to consider it was worth it.



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.

Students Trip to Chateau

MR. RODWELL IN FORM

Salted Almonds at 3 a.m.

There is no need to congratulate the Social Committee on their fine work in organising the Chateau trip; it has already been done by the forty fortunate ones who were there. At least one member of the party who intended to stay only four days remained for the week; nearly everyone intends to return there with another 'Varsity party.



Some of the party in front of the Chateau. Note Miss Hesketh's demure little foot in the process of comforting Wallis Holland.

FRIDAY 13th UNLUCKY FOR ONLY ONE.

The most entertaining part of the whole trip was the way in which people paired off after a few days. In only a few cases did the same couples sit together on the return train journey as on the trip south.

We have been given a lesson on the follies of hasty decisions and on the danger of leaving on Friday 13. We have heard that Coates Milsom decided to join the party only at the last minute when he found that Elizabeth Donald was going. The result was concussion and a trip to hospital.

MR. RODWELL UNPERTURBED BY FINANCE

We have heard a great number of things about Mr. Rodwell, but we can vouch for only a few of them. We do know, however, that—except in the matter of forgetting dress ties, which fashion developed into a positive mania—

ously. He was so attentive (as a chaperon, of course) that he was once mistaken for a doctor. Whether or not he had a recipe for whisky, or threw a party, or played poker, or ate salted almonds in the kitchen at 3 a.m.—these we do not know. In short, Mr. Rodwell enjoyed himself very much.

Hec. Orchiston was heard to confess after the second night that the upstairs balcony was very cold. He also met Little Audrey and provided her with a night's light entertainment. Next morning she went off in her own car without even saying goodbye. Hec was heart-broken.

THE LAST NIGHT

Stan Braithwaite celebrated his 21st birthday by climbing Ruapehu and—we are very sorry to say—by drinking a glass of lager in public in the evening. He had by then recovered from

the injury to his "tootsie" as Mrs. Browne was heard to say.

The last night at the Chateau—dancing and other conventionalities till midnight—then poker—supper of oranges, chocolate, dried apricots, and prunes in the lounge at 1 a.m.—golf till 2 a.m. with bottles as hazards, glasses as holes—3 a.m., tea, toast, and salted almonds in the kitchen.

Wallis Holland is an accomplished St. Mauritz skater as he demonstrated on the frozen Tama Lake.

Maurice Keys, we find, is to be Hitler's successor, his impersonation at the fancy dress ball was both lifelike and prize-winning. Holland created a minor sensation as Miss Wallis Warfield. There was also in attendance the Rector of Ruapehu, Ecclesiastic of Ekatahuna, and Canon of Courtville (all rolled into one), a sheik, a communist, a French maid, and the quins were also in evidence.

"COME UP AND —"

One of the Varsity maids asked the bus driver if he ever felt lonely driving to the station through the wide open spaces, and she didn't even blush when he switched the light on.



Mr. Rodwell conceals a warm heart beneath this natty outfit.

he always set a good example. His economist's soul was not in the least disturbed by the annual loss on the Chateau, in fact he found it a place of many charms which he cultivated assidu-



Party-Leader Maurice Keys in action.



Mr. Prior Hoadley seems to be able "to take it." 'Varsity men are tough at A.U.C.

Mary Tewsley and Meg Elliot were the two Amazons who graced the Ruapehu climbing party—they climbed in fine spirits, on Key's brandy.



Dear Aunt Alice—

I've just been looking at that marvellous animal Mr. Gascoigne! He seemed so wonderful to me that I had to rush away and tell somebody. Oh, dear Aunt, does he exercise an influence over all your actions too? To see such a perfect specimen of manhood is chaotic to one's feelings and he has such a kindly eye, such a powerful jaw, and oh! such a caressing tenderness I should think! Perhaps I'm young and tender. Tell me, do you find his body floating about with you too?

LITTLE AUDREY.

Answer: You have put across a hot one this time my dear! It is difficult to tell the truth in this case but I must confess. Sidney and I have everything in common; he is a tower of strength to me; and oh how foolish he seems to my all-seeing eye. But just like you, Little Audrey, he is always with me with the difference that I plumb for him in the flesh while you merely get the shadow.

Some people would say it is a bit tough, that we eat and sleep together and wear each other's clothes most times—A wonderful, all-embracing transcendentalism of soul-communings; but they don't know! Yes, Audrey, Sidney C. has got it on the world, and still some. Tenderness isn't it! Why, I can remember the time when he swept the whole of a girls' college (mistresses included) into a furore of weeping just with a glance. And yet I've known him in nappies!

You should go along and cheer him up Little Audrey—he'd like it!

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice—

I am in a bit of a hole at present and my reputation, which I have been laboriously building up ever since Tournament, seems likely to be going again. On the last evening of last term a friend of mine asked me to a party over in his flat. When I arrived all the available seating accommodation was occupied, so naturally being a little weary I sat on the floor, and just for a few minutes happened to go off to sleep. Perhaps I should add that during this time some misguided youth took it upon himself to pour beer into my pocket. After a while I woke up (by myself), regained my feet (without assistance) and went home (under my own power).

By now Aunt Alice this innocent story has been so distorted that to anyone ignorant of the true facts of the case it would appear that I was a bit hooped, as my host would have said. I admit that my efforts to disprove this are not helped by the fact that I took part in the "Flying Squadron" during the afternoon and then just sort of waited round until the Science Dinner in the evening. But disprove it I must, and I want you to tell me how.

FERG.

Answer: This is a tough break and I am afraid it will give you some trouble yet. Don't you think that your best plan would be to give the lie to their slanderous tongues by leading a life of such conscious virtue that scandals just fall away from your name? Thus you could wear a dark suit, a stiff collar, and join the E.U. or the S.C.M.; if this is too much of a strain you could go on the waggon for a while, anyway. Above all I would avoid the company of your more disreputable friends, of whom I cannot help feeling that you have too many.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice,

There is a period in the life of a young girl when she is forced to confide her troubles in one who understands. Dear, Aunt Alice, the cause of my trouble is a young man. As you are aware, I am a fresher, rather pleasing to cast eyes upon, and so totally wrapped up in my work that I spend many a happy hour in the library working out mathematical problems or doing a French prose. Now, this sheep in wolf's clothing, or is it "clothing in wolf's

sheep—Oh, Hell'n you know what I mean—invariably sits opposite me in the library, and does his utmost, even to the bribing with chocolate, to make me smile at him. I do wish, dear Aunt Alice, that these young men would realise that I am not a girl like that, and have at least a little compassion upon me. I see his insidious smile everywhere I go, even in the train at night, and oftentimes I have been on the point of going to Mr. Ford to ascertain whether this fellow's intentions are honourable or otherwise. In spite of the fact that I study with my back towards him, he still haunts me. Oh, dear Aunt Alice, what is a young girl going to do? I do not want to be the first to give in.

"STONEWALL JACKSON."

Answer: I think you will have to use shock tactics. Get hold of an old set of false teeth and slip them over your real ones. If there are a couple missing and the rest a bit yellow, so much the better. Next time he starts his ogling you smile back at him all right, good and proper; you should leave a lasting impression and I think he will remember you.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice—

As one of the comparatively few bicyclists of this college, may I ask your advice about certain happenings in the bike shed? Of course, I know all about how bikes get shifted all over the shed and out on to the grass—my problem is more interesting. A certain young man borrowed my pump one night—with my consent of course—and since then he seems to have been trying to make my acquaintance. But he goes about it in such a funny way! I mean, it's quite straightforward to pump up my tyres every other night, but when he pinches—yes, pinches—one of my leather straps, it seems rather odd. (They cost 6d. each, too, and after I had bought a new one, he returned the old. I half expected to see a poem or an ode or something tied to it, but there wasn't a thing there). And another night he struck my bell with a sledgehammer—I wasn't there, but I imagine that is what he used—and then he offered to fix it for me. Well, I didn't mind that so much, because after all you can buy a new one at W _____'s for 4½d., but if he gets on to my lovely new light, which cost 30/—, I shall be really alarmed. What can I do about it?

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

Answer: The next time you have to leave your bicycle in the shed put a charge of T.N.T. in the lamp. You can get some from Mr. Stokes who goes in for that sort of thing in a big way. Then if no one touches it well and good, but if anyone starts messing around he should get a bit of a surprise—in fact, I doubt if he would ever touch anything again. We could do with a new bike-shed, anyway.

AUNT ALICE.

Dear Aunt Alice—

As this is the last issue I thought I would write and say how much I have enjoyed your column and to thank you for all the advice you have given us. I am sure we have all profited from your wisdom. Aunt Alice, I think you're wonderful. You have such a deep knowledge of human nature, and seem to know such a lot about the Hongi Club and everything. We do so hope you will be able to carry on next year; PLEASE write and tell us that you can.

BELLA.

Answer: How nice to have such a totally unexpected tribute—or perhaps not so much unexpected as unsolicited, especially with all the abuse to which I have been subjected by our Editor, who with all his virtues (thank you, A.A.—E.) can be most offensive at times (—it all, what do you expect when you're three days late with your copy?—Ed.).. But just recently he's been very nice (oh, yeah—Ed.) and I'm pretty sure he's after me again for next year (well we've got to fill the blasted paper somehow.—Ed.) and if so I suppose I'll just have to consent.

AUNT ALICE.

Aunt Alice wishes to acknowledge receipt of queries from the following: Gladys, Distracted, Never Been Kissed, Amantissimus, Philip and The Sleuth. Owing to limitations of space she was unable to reply to them this issue but hopes to be able to do so next year.

REMEMBER

After Degree Ball

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AND THEN GO GAY AT
AFTER DEGREE BALL

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(Continued from page 5)

regrettable business of Lucifer, you remember." "Interlude," by M.S., is simple and sincere. Well-written and concise, yet again illustrating the difficulty of making local settings convincing backgrounds for dramatic narrative.

SERIOUS PROSE

The serious prose presents a wide range of subjects. A very enjoyable article indeed is D. J. Morell's "What's in a Name," which presents an interesting subject well treated. "Are We Democratic?" by Possum is a well-informed article, with good material, but inclined to be stodgy and over-long. "Waitemata" is decidedly better, full of interesting information, enough, in fact, for six articles, well set-out, and of particular interest in showing how little we know of the wealth of native lore concerning our own harbour. "Possum's" contributions were valuable and interesting.

An invigorating and healthy contribution was "Laurence Oliver—Iconclast," by "Knock-Knock," a sympathetic and breezy review of "Tadpoles and God," the book which shows just how funny Messrs. Shaw, Wells, and Russell really are. The last sentence is a gem. "Graduation Fore and Aft" has been done before, but it is still good sound advice.

"Griffith Campbell MacLauren," by J. W. G., was well-written and suffers only by its over-enthusiasm.

"The Shortest Day," by D. G., has good points, and is welcome as the only play, but is a trifle inconsequential.

The prize for serious prose goes to J. C. Reid for "Gerard Morley Hopkins," a splendid study of a very great poet. The article is a definite contribution to the study of Hopkin's work written by one who is obviously a keen student of the Jesuit poet, and who has read all the important criticisms of his work. The subject is attacked from an original angle, and the thought of Hopkins is carefully analysed. Mr. Reid's style is apt to be a trifle "sticky" and dry, but doubtless it will improve with practice.

QUOTATION SECTION PLEASING

An outstanding feature of the 1937 "Kiwi" is the quotation section. These were carefully compiled and in nearly every case are remarkably apt. The quotations should be funny without being vulgar or offensive, and the quotation editors, Miss Best and Mr. Clouston are to be congratulated on their good taste and ingenuity.

The illustrations, of which there were many,

were of a very high standard. "Waitemata" was perhaps overloaded with pictures, however. The lino-cuts were admirably executed, especially those of Mr. Hole on pages 15 and 33, and Mr. Corne's contribution on page 9. More illustrations help to give variety to the magazine and the editor is to be complimented on this feature. The illustrations to the "Angel" were especially good, and one regrets that the "Cat and the Mouse" was not likewise honoured.

The numerous short articles are a welcome

feature—Retrospect, Over Ski Goes, Alumni, etc.—while the mighty men—Messrs. O'Shea, Dalton and Blair receive their rightful tributes.

The usual libellous photo of the Stud. Ass. Exec. disfigures page 6.

Mr. Eric Halstead, the editor, is to be heartily congratulated on the 1937 "Kiwi," which shows throughout the touch of his hand. He may rest assured that this year's effort is in the best traditions of the A.U.C. annual publications. —BORGIA.



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AYE, SPY!

By SOX AROHMER AND FRANCIS BLEEDING

PROLOGUE

Sir Clement Tine, the home secretary, set his jaw as he faced Percy Vere in his office.

"You will do it," he dentured.

"Aye" responded Percy, patting the maxim gun in his vest pocket.

"You will not—" breathed Sir Clement.

"Fear not," teethed Percy.

"But if—" throatied the secretary.

"I have thought of that," hissed Percy "See—" He pulled out his watchchain showing a mills bomb attached to it.

"You mean—" gasped Sir Clement."

"Aye," husked Percy.

"The Empire depends on it. If anything happens—"

"Yes," nodded the ace secret operator.

Suddenly Sir Clement started, "Wait," he croaked, and wrenched aside the window-curtains. Seated on the window-seat was the secretary of state, a paper-knife buried in his left temple.

"See," grunted Sir Clement, "Already they are acting."

Percy seemed not to hear, but idly kicked over the wastepaper basket. A spy, who had been concealed beneath the paper, rolled to the floor. Sir Clement rang for his secretary, who threw the man from the office window.

"They are everywhere," said Sir Clement. "Go, and good luck. Remember one thing—"

His voice dropped, "Beware of Caughan Zola!" "The name stinks in my nostrils," whispered Vere, as he dropped through the garbage-chute.

CHAPTER I.

Disguised as a loafer, Percy Vere, wearing the uniform of a civil servant, supported a Monmatre lamp-post, his eyes seemingly closed, but really scanning the street from every angle. He was there to meet Operator V12, and receive the papers from him. V12 was four hours late.

Vere tensed. A beautiful woman quite shrouded in furs glided by. Two black eyes flung him a glance which he caught with both hands and returned on the full. He was about to approach her and ask for a match, when he remembered the Empire. He stood his ground. The woman passed again, and this time a yellow dahlia dropped to the ground.

This time he hesitated not. Like a stream-lined bullet, he sprung to the flower. As he did so the stone parapet of the hotel above him detached itself and crashed on his head.

He knew no more.

When he came to (his senses, understood) he was bound, gagged, trussed and tied hand and foot, and lashed to the steeple of St. Henri des Choux. Being British, his head was undamaged. He looked around. Strapped close by was V12, disguised as a sanitary inspector. Percy gasped as he heard a ticking above his head.

"An infernal machine," he swore.

"Yes," husked V12, "It is the work of Caughan Zola."

"What do you know about him?" said Percy.

"The pink elephant," croaked V12 cryptically and died.

Percy breathed heavily. The machine ticked on. Footsteps approached. A cloaked figure cut his ropes with a knife. The ticking became a buzz. "Quick," said the figure. And handed Percy a parachute. Together they leapt from the steeple and sailed to earth as a shattering explosion blew the church into a million pieces, killing the parson and (since it was a Spiritualist Church) the entire congregation of three. But Percy Vere, whom England trusted, was saved.

He turned to his rescuer whom he recognized as the lady of the dahlia. "You saved my life," he throbbed.

"Fool," spat the lady. "You will be useful." And she removed her mask.

"Heavens," staggered Percy, "Caughan Zola!"

"No less," laughed the villain, and pressing a button in the wall of a house, vanished into a secret passage. Percy knew no more.

CHAPTER II.

Percy Vere hung perilously by one foot head downwards into a sewer in Berlin. With his toes through an iron ring, he was just able to peer into an underground chamber where five men plotted at a table. Plot after plot fell from their lips, and rolled to the floor.

Suddenly, one of them cursed, "Odi proforum vulgus et arceo," he swore, and Percy, who had been to Eton, shuddered so violently he almost fell into the mirky waters.

A bearded man, whom Percy recognised as the leading European diplomat, opened a large suitcase from which tumbled, the bound form of UBO, secret operator. While the five conspirators filtered imprecations through their whiskers, the leader drew a red-hot poker from his pocket and applied it to the soles of UBO's feet.

"Where are the papers?" breathed the fiend.

"You're tickling me," said the doughty secret servant.

"Where—are—the—papers?" roared the five traitors.

Percy could stand it no longer. He scrambled up the ladder. A large policeman stood at the corner.

"Quick," said Percy, giving the international password, "Cayenne Pepper."

The policeman followed him. Together they entered the sewer and the secret room.

"Curses," lisped Percy. "They have gone. But—ah." He leaped on a packet of papers.

"Not so fast," said the policeman, snatching them away.

"Who are you?" breathed Percy.

A mocking laugh answered him. The policeman pulled off his nose.

It was Caughan Zola! ! !

Percy knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

Percy awoke. He was in the middle of the Atlantic. He was lashed to the mast of a large sailing vessel which was sinking.

The water lapped his ankles. Percy writhed in agony. His best red Sox—they would be ruined. Higher and higher crept the sea. Percy laughed hysterically. He had been ticklish from childhood.

Up to his neck it rose. Percy flinched. Thus would England perish. He who could save her was doomed.—to drown—in water! ! "Kings have all the luck," he mused.

Suddenly an aeroplane swooped from the sky. A ladder dangled beneath it. A man hanging thereon in a black cloak cut his bonds. Percy was assisted to the cock-pit as the tip of the ship's mast disappeared.

"Who are you?" he croaked.

A mocking laugh answered him.

"Wait, Wait," said Percy, "Let me guess. . . . I have it, Caughan Zola! ! !"

"Curses," throatied the figure ripping off the cloak.

It was Caughan Zola! ! (Yes, again.)

But Percy was British. He would get to the root of things.

Grasping the joy-stick joyfully in his teeth and pressing his foot on the pedaltic galtrimeter Percy wrenched off Zola's nose, eyebrows and moustache.

It was the Home Secretary! ! !

"Foiled," he cried, and pointed a pistol at palpitating Percy. At that moment, Percy blew a whistle, and like a flash from hiding places in both wings came scores of armed secret service men, covering the traitor.

Percy knew no more.

EPILOGUE.

Percy Vere was that year awarded the O.M., the D.S.O., the C.A.D., the V.A.D., and the Prime Minister's daughter. When asked by his uncle the reason for these honours, he replied, "I saved England in her hour of need."

Percy knew no more.

* * * *

PEARLS AND PEBBLES

(By CALIBAN)

FLAWS

though low we sink or
high we climb the flesh is
with us all the time and be
our blood
of deepest blue some things
like paupers we must do a
king though crowned with
laurel wreath must daily
brush his regal teeth and
queens however aloof discreet still
wash their hair
and bathe their feet i shake
with joy
to think that peers
like school-boys wash their
titled ears and artists models
sporting dimples
scan their morning face for
pimples nones immune for dull

routine grasps man and beast
in its machine no saint no monarch
though
he pleads can scape the press
of human needs dictators breaking
world relations writhe in
their itchy combinations even
bishops
wives on sundays worry
much about their undies poets
treading glorys path must
or ought to
take a bath priests and peasants
louts
and Lords emperors and teuton hordes
sinners sailors counts and
kings change i hope their
underthings duchesses as fishwives
do pare their toe-nails
princes too goddesses whom
youths adore so nymphs with
neat and slender torso shooting
glances packed with thrills thrive
on little liver pills holy
hermits on their knees suffered
so im told
from fleas gable taylor cooper cave
men like you and i
must shave and we suffer all
the same human faults i cannot
name
even i in poets station shaping
rhymes which shake a nation scorning
poems supercilious am
i blush to state it
bilious.

* * * *

N.Z.U. 4th CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

HELD AT WELLINGTON.

ANOTHER VICTORIA COLLEGE SUCCESS

(By courtesy N.Z.U. Press Bureau.)

Friday morning saw the arrival of the visiting teams by boat and by train. The visitors provided three full teams (six men to a team) but no individualists.

The race was run over the 1935 National Championship course at Lyall Bay. This course, covering a total of 6½ miles, embraces 1¼ miles beach; 1 mile cros country (lupins, grass, work, etc.); 1½ miles road; 1½ miles through the aerodrome, and a final stretch of 1 mile along the road.

As a contrast to the three previous years, the weather conditions were very good, the day being overcast with very little wind.

RESULTS

The placings and times at the finish were:—

1 Rogers (9)	C	38	58
2 Scrymgeour (14)	V	38	59
3 Adamson (12)	C	39	2
4 Horsley (13)	V	39	28
5 Cairns (15)	V	39	53
6 Stephenson (1)	A	40	11
7 Bagnall (16)	V	40	30
8 Burge (17)	V	40	54
9 Oldfield (8)	C	40	55
10 Woods (19)	O	41	21
11 Johnston (2)	A	41	45
12 Stevenson (7)	C	41	53
13 Collins (4)	A	41	57
14 Anderson (20)	O	42	26
15 Kinsella (6)	A	42	27
16 Green (5)	A	42	33
17 Sheppard (10)	C	42	38
18 Wilkinson (11)	C	42	53
19 Dorman (22)	O	42	59
20 Bryant (24)	O	43	12

For the Dixon trophy the first four of each team count, and the results were:—

Victoria 18
Canterbury 25
Auckland 45
Otago 63

The winners' medal went to Rogers of Canterbury.

THE SOCIAL ROUND

On Saturday night 52 were present at a dinner held by the Club. Mr. G. F. Cornish presided. Toasts were drunk to "The Winner," "The Winners," "Visiting Teams," "The Sport."

Over the week-end the visitors were entertained at a picture party, and a drive around the harbour and the city.



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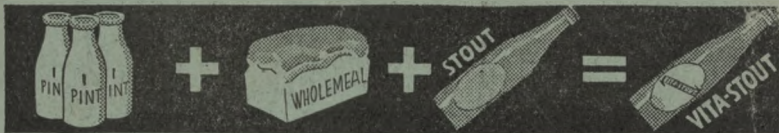


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VITAMIN

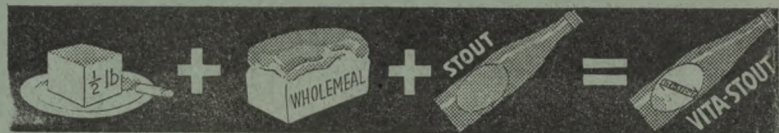
THE LIFE-GIVING
VITAMIN B



3 pints milk plus 1 wholemeal loaf plus bottle stout equals bottle Vita-Stout



4 eggs plus 1 wholemeal loaf plus bottle stout equals bottle Vita-Stout.



1 lb. butter plus 1 wholemeal loaf plus bottle stout equals bottle Vita-Stout.

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form added under
our exclusive and
patented process.

Vita Stout has extra vitamins added to give you punch. Builds boyhood and biceps and dispels dyspepsia. It's a miracle of mingled hops, barley-malt and yeast, plus the extra vitamins. If you're floored by late nights, if you've taken to mustard plasters . . . if, in short, you're going the way of all flesh—or if you just want a good drink—try Vita Stout!



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