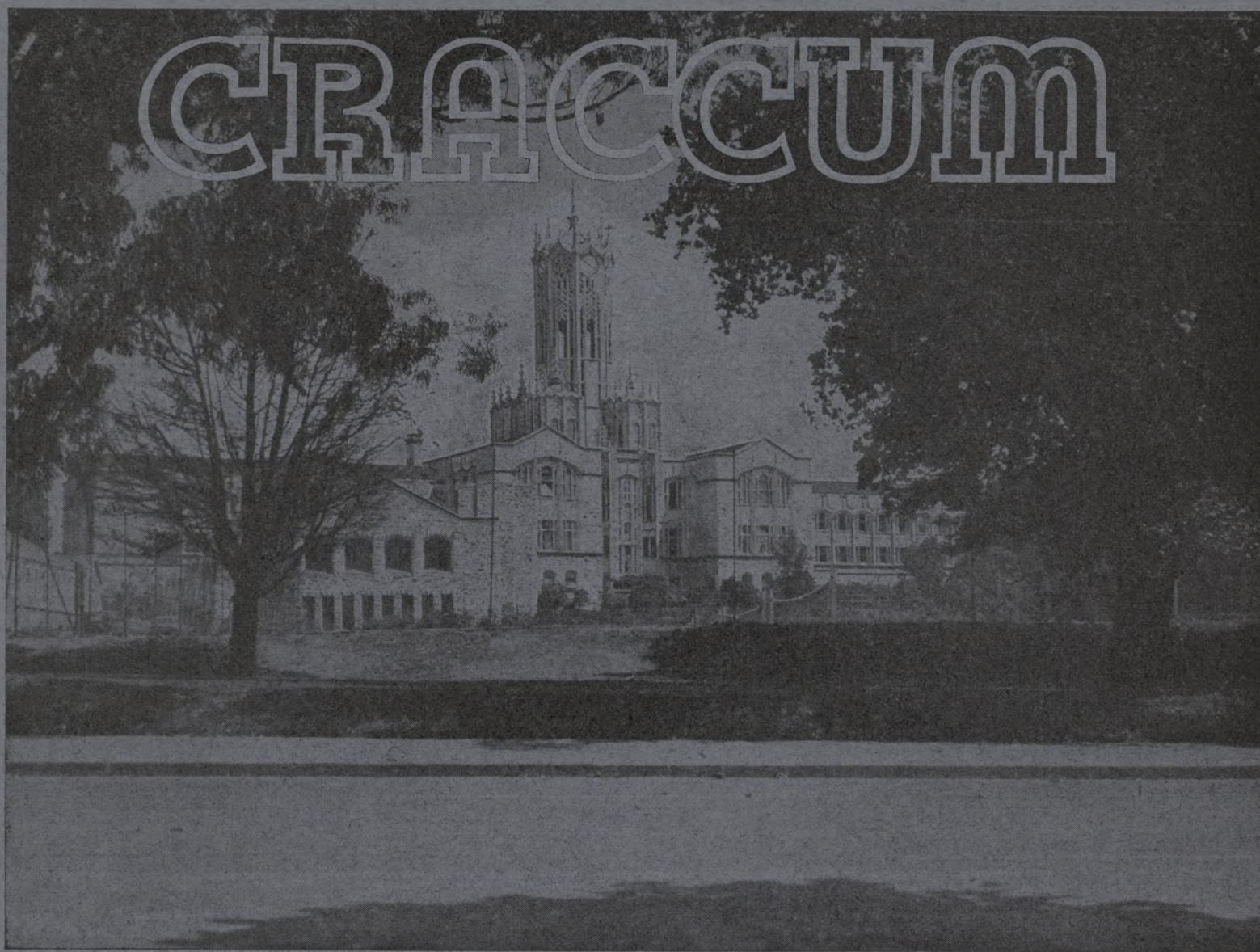


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Special Election Issue



Vol 12—No. 10.

AUCKLAND, N.Z., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1938.

Price: THREEPENCE.

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A SIMPLE STORY—II

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a wild young man named Hilary Hamlet Brown who spent all his time in Smoking and Drinking and driving Fast Young Women about in a shiny sports model car that cost goodness knows how much (and even then it wasn't all paid for) and he never bothered to swot for his exams or anything and his Aunt Matilda used to say he would be the death of her but he never was which was rather a pity in one way because she had a good deal of money. Well one day while he was carelessly tossing off jelly and cream after jelly and cream in the College Cafe his eye fell upon the gentle features of Mildred Bloggs and he knew right away that she was the Only Woman in the world for him and it made him feel quite queer in the stomach for a bit so that he had to hurry away and drink some brandy. Well of course he came straight back and proposed but Mildred whose mother was a life member of the Temperance Union said lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine so then he made a solemn promise to give up all his godless ways if she would only consent and after a bit she gave in and said all right she would and he was as good as his word because from that day he became a Changed Man. Well of course Hilary was all for getting married on the spot but Mildred said no not until we've got some furniture and things and then it came to Hilary with a pang of shame that practically all his money was spent on account of his riotous living and probably they wouldn't have been able to get married for months and months if it hadn't been for Mildred remembering about GEORGE COURT'S WINTER SALE and being able to buy carpets and curtains and table cloths and satin for undies and things all at about HALF THE AMOUNT she'd expected. So in the end it all turned out for the best and they furnished a flat quite cheaply and whenever their friends admired their Suzy Cooper tea set or their real Irish linen supper cloths they always said yes we got that at GEORGE COURT'S SALE IN KARANGAHAPE ROAD and they got to feeling quite sentimental about the whole thing.

TOPICAL TOUCHES

Wedgwood pottery, we are told, has an unbroken tradition. "Unbroken" is good.

Without Comment: Morton's Fork was a method by which Henry VII. stung people at both ends.

"Gray flannel trousers cleaned. Back like new in four days."—Advt.

"Yes, but what about the front?"

There is a much better cure for influenza than whisky, says a specialist. Only nobody wants it.

"Wanted, swimming pool attendant; live in." Not in this weather, thanks.

"I've half a mind to become a scenario writer," said John Reid, the other day. That's all he'll want.

The latest invention is an electric toothbrush. It works in conjunction with toothpaste, which it meets just outside the tube.

"The shorthand writers are women and work turn and turn about in brief shifts."—N.Z. paper. Perhaps the less they turn and turn about, the better.

"The stars can tell a gardener a lot," says an astrologer. If he sees several all at once, for instance, he knows he's left the rake lying about.

There was a record number of marriages in Sweden last year. It is well known that the best matches come from Sweden.

The beauty of a car, says a writer, is that you can drive away and forget everything. Including the lunch basket.

With the advent of summer, thousands of men get off the chain for a few weeks. But, we fear, most of them just go on the links.

"A senator is a creature with the body of a man and the brains of a horse."—Examination answer.

U.S.A. papers please copy.

"Now microphones pick up sounds which nobody can hear."—Headline in paper. Now, this, of course, it is only a step to television broadcasts which nobody can see.

A tailor says it is important news that there is a possibility of creased trousers becoming unfashionable. So important that it should really be printed in the Stop Press.

Examination question for primary school: Name a New Zealand tree and give its uses.

Answer: Oak; used for furniture and jam.

"Mrs. — gave a tea the other afternoon to announce the engagement of her daughter to about fifty of her young friends."—Society note. We are incapable of comment.

There is a faint hope that Mr. Nash will find a means of lowering the income tax, we are told. And an equally faint hope that we shall be able to raise it.

A sufferer in the recent floods wants to know the best way to prevent water coming into the house. Now, that's easy—don't pay the water rates.

So you haven't heard why the postal rates have gone up? Well, it's because next year Lawrence will be at Oxford and Pat at Gisborne, and the Post Office officials are seizing their opportunity to make some money.

If you thought you saw Tarzan in the corridors last week, let me correct you. Just one of our bright architects who went without a shave for a fortnight—and all for a couple of egg-nogs! Was that all it was worth, Clem?

Craccum

THE OFFICIAL FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION OF
THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION ISSUED ON THURSDAYS DURING TERM.

General Editor:
A. O. WOODHOUSE
Sub-Editors:
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Sports Editor: Chief Reporter:
E. D. MORGAN. D. T. CLOUSTON.
Secretary: Circulation:
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A. P. POSTLEWAITE

VOL. 12—No. 10.

AUGUST 4, 1938.

Executive Elections

The annual election for members of the Students' Association Executive, is to be held on Thursday next, August 11. Short accounts of each of the candidates are given in this issue in order to be of some assistance. Only bona fide financial members of the Association are entitled to vote at this election.

It is sincerely hoped that students will realise their obligations and interest themselves in the election. The Executive is a body which should be representative of student opinion, it has wide powers regarding student administration, and with a capable personnel it can do a great deal for A.U.C. The duties of an executive member are onerous, and the thanks are few. We would ask candidates to consider carefully whether they are prepared to devote the necessary time and energy to the work, should they be elected. For the same reason, the student body as a whole, should acknowledge the public-spiritedness of candidates who do accept nomination, by exercising their vote.

We extend to all the candidates our good wishes, and trust that the merits of each and every one of them may be weighed carefully and with scrupulous fairness.

Local Body Stupidity ?

Several months ago the Students' Association Executive requested that the Transport Board should erect a tram shelter in Anzac Avenue, opposite the Science Block. At last a reply has been received to the effect that such an erection would obscure the vision of traffic passing the Grafton Road corner. The request has been declined for this reason.

Either the Transport Board is unimaginative regarding the form such a shelter could take; or miserly in its expenditure; or simply bone-headed and unsympathetic. Because the visibility question could be overcome by a boy with a meccano set if he was at all interested. And, in any case, "Craccum" is inclined to doubt very much whether the problem has the slightest significance.

Why should hundreds of University students stand about on wet nights with no shelter from the elements when, for example, employees of the Lion Brewery and patrons of the skating rink opposite, may recline luxuriously in the large shelter provided there? The matter may be relatively unimportant—the principle is not. May the Executive, by a miracle of divine providence, help the Auckland Transport Board to attain to a measure, at least, of reason and charity.

POINTS OF VIEW

Democracy is the aristocracy of roughs.—Talleyrand.

Man is like a bicycle. If you don't ride him he falls.—Bismarck.

Artists are the antennae of the race.—Ezra Pound in "Polite Essays."

Let us endeavour to live so that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry.—Mark Twain.

The only way I have ever discovered of catching a train is to miss the one before.—G. K. Chesterton.

Even if you are on the right track, you will be run over if you sit there.—Eupax Pars.

A jury consists of twelve persons chosen to decide who has the better lawyer.—Gordon Frost.

A Chinese laundry is only as strong as its weakest chink.—Walter Winchell.

It is old-fashioned to talk about sin to-day; one must talk about social maladjustment.—Rev. Richard Montgomery.

The objection to majority rule is that the people vote for the candidate most like themselves.—Robert Quillen.

The human conscience is that portion of the psychic that is soluble in alcohol.—Dr. Benjamin Tilton.

Moderns have outgrown religion. They are too smart for any superstition except palm-reading and astrology.—Los Angeles Times.

Most people are other people. Their thoughts are somebody else's opinions, their lives a mimicry, their passions a quotation.—Oscar Wilde.

We must behave towards a work of art as we do towards a great man; stand before it and wait until it says something to us.—Schopenhauer.

It is the incessant fear of fear, the fear of being afraid, that moulds the face of the brave man.—Georges Bernanos.

Marry by all means. If you get a good wife, you will become very happy, —if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man.—Socrates.

All women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations on the eternal theme of struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress.—Lin Yutang.

By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this,
One of you is lying.

—Dorothy Parker.

Heaven was good to me in the matter of handing out a sort of half-breed Adonis profile. Straight on, I didn't look so good, and even sideways I wasn't too terrific, but a cross between a back and a three-quarter view, why brothers, I was hot! (—Will Rogers in "The Good Old Days.")

Blessings on him who first invented sleep! It covers a man, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty; heat for the cold and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases cheaply all the pleasures of the world, and the balance that sets on even terms the King and the shepherd, the fool and the sage.—Miguel de Cervantes.

Inside Stories

"CRACCUM" INTERVIEWS

All Facts About The Election Student Interest Aroused

The following paragraphs are the result of a series of interviews which "Craccum" has had with candidates for the coming Executive elections. An endeavour has been made to present impartially and carefully each candidate's credentials in the hope that the reports may be an assistance on voting day. No attention whatever should be paid to the respective lengths of these reports.

It is no easy matter to do full justice to every candidate, and "Craccum" hopes that nobody will feel unfairly treated in this respect. We ask that the matter of electing your representatives be given the consideration which it deserves, and that each candidate's merits be carefully weighed.

Members of the present executive are mentioned first and their reports are slightly shorter than the other ones because they should need little introduction to the students by now.

On election day, Thursday, August 11 next, you will be required to vote for three women and seven men. Make sure your Students' Association fee is paid and that you are duly enrolled as entitled to vote. And make sure that you exercise your vote—it is a serious and important business.

MEMBERS OF PRESENT EXEC.

MARIE BEST.—Executive 1937-38; Dramatic Club Committee 1937-38; Tramping Club Committee 1937-38; Secretary Publications Committee 1937-38; Debating Club Committee 1936-37-38; Delegate to N.Z.U. Press Bureau Conference 1938; Classics Club Committee. Miss Best has taken a prominent part in the last two Revues and combines with her host of executive positions, a cheery smile and a constant sympathy for the world at large.

* * * *

MURIELLE C. SMEED.—Executive 1937-38, Women's House Committee 1937-38; Secretary Basketball Committee 1937-38; Sci. Soc. Committee 1936, Secretary 1937; Inter-faculty Committee 1937-38; Secretary Social Committee 1937-38; and an A.U.C. Basketball rep. Murielle has done a lot of work in her quiet way this year; she refused to admit, however, that her bright smile was an asset to the Executive (Loud cries of "RATS" from Mr. Reid).

* * * *

DAVID T. CLOUSTON.—Executive 1937-38; Training College Executive 1937; Hon. Treasurer T.C. Students' Association 1938; Chief Reporter "Craccum" 1938; Publications Committee 1938; Secretary Carnival Committee 1937-38; Chairman Carnival Book Committee 1938; Chairman A.U.C. Committee for Chinese Student Relief; Processions Committee 1937-38; Controller of Ways and Means Tournament 1938. From which you will gather that David is a busy fellow! And you are not far wrong.

* * * *

PAUL W. DAY.—Co-opted to Executive 1938, Chairman Inter-faculty Committee and Bookstall Committee; Secretary Sports Club and Literary Society; Controller A.U.C. Broadcasting; Member of the Debating Committee and the Athletic Club Committee. Mr. Day will also represent A.U.C. at the Joint Scroll Debating Contest this month, and has taken a keen interest in football.

* * * *

MILTON G. MABEE.—During 1938 Mr. Mabee has served on the following committees: Chairman, Social Committee; Chairman, Commerce Society; Treasurer, Men's House Committee; and Chairman after the departure of Mr. Kenrick; Treasurer, N.Z.U. Tournament; Graduation Committee; Tournament Ball Committee. He was co-opted to the Executive in March of 1938, on the resignation of Mr. Holland. He is a fourth-year Commerce student and has done extremely valuable work during the year. He may be recognised by his unobtrusive manner and a smile that goes rather well with his nicely-cut suitings.

OWEN WOODHOUSE.—Member of 1937-38 Executive; Chairman Publications Committee 1937-38; General Editor of "Craccum" 1933; Editor 1937; General Editor "Kiwi" 1938; A.U.C. Delegate to N.Z.U. Press Bureau Conference; A.U.C. Tournament Committee 1933; Bledisloe Oratory Committee 1938; Social Committee 1937; Debating Committee 1936-37. He once was heard to remark—"Know me, know my 'Craccum.'"

LADIES NEXT

ANNETTE EVERY.—Third year Arts. Women's House Committee 1937-38; Debating Society 1938; International Relations Society 1937; Secretary I.R.S. 1938; S.C.M. 1937-38; prominent on Bookstall Committee; energetic member of "Craccum" sales staff. Annette is emphatic on the point of braid on 'Varsity blazers which she believes that should be removed, and she also believes that gown-wearing should be strongly encouraged in the College "especially now that I've got one myself." She is a ball of energy, always on the bustle and doing something. Mr. Clouston remarks that Annette always reminds him of Carroll's Dormouse, and her intellectual capabilities are demonstrated by her remark that "Craccum" is a "very good paper indeed."

* * * *

JUNE GREVATT.—Third year Arts. Dux and Head Prefect at school. Keen member of Dramatic Club, having taken leads in several productions. Member Debating Club. June is standing so that she "may harness her talents to the active life of the Students' Association." She is tall, dark and handsome, and believes in more co-operation between the sexes at the 'Varsity. Such things as a Common Common Room she considers to be essential. She would like to see more interest taken by students in such extra-curricular activities as the Debating, Literary and Dramatic Clubs and thinks they could be brought more to the notice of students in general.

* * * *

AVENAL HOLCOMBE.—Third year Arts' Student; Secretary Dramatic Club 1937-38; Women's House Committee 1937-38; Publications Committee 1938; S.C.M. Social Committee 1938; Circulation Manager for "Craccum" and "Kiwi." Avenal took a prominent part in the 1938 Revue and has worked towards the success of the Dramatic Club in a most enthusiastic manner. As circulation manager of "Craccum" she has been invaluable and has helped to a large extent in raising the circulation to its highest point since inception. She was rather diffident about talking to "Craccum" and so "Craccum" has been forced to do most of her talking for her. She is always cheerful, conducts psychological intelligence tests with great zest and is generally a pretty nice lass! She was at C.U.C. before coming to Auckland.

FAITH JOHNSTON.—Third year Arts. Secretary Le Moyne College Tour; Women's House Committee, 1937-38; Dramatic Society; Publications Committee 1937-38. "Craccum" Reporting 1937-38. Faith is an enthusiastic feminist, and believes that the women could do more than at present to further the interests of the Students' Association. She also believes that the Men's Common Room could be improved considerably. She has the dubious distinction of having played John Reid's spouse twice in dramatics. Faith is easily recognised by her charming smile and willingness to oblige.

AND THEN THE MEN

R. CULFORD BELL.—Men's House Committee 1938; Secretary Sci. Soc. 1938; Tournament Committee 1938; House Manager Revue 1938. Mr. Bell has displayed a keen interest in the activities of the Men Students during the year and is anxious to do a "spot more work for the Students' Association." You may know him for his adorning moustache and general air of elegant bonhomie. He believes that gown-wearing should be encouraged at A.U.C.

* * * *

JOHN CARROLL.—Full time third year Science Student; Men's House Committee 1937-38, Member of Rowing Eight at Tournament and plays in Science Faculty Rugby Team. He is an enthusiastic Hongi, believes in closer co-operation between the faculties and thinks that more support should be given to the Rowing Club. He recently ran the "Land's End" picture show for Chinese Student Relief and is "tall, dark and handsome."

* * * *

NORMAN A. DERBIE.—President of the Architectural Society 1934-36-37-38; Procession Committee 1937-38 and Captain of the famous Flying Squadron which was successful in recovering the Drinking Horn for A.U.C. at Tournament time. Mr. Derby has also had experience in the promotion of Studio Stampedes. He believes that the Architects can do a good deal for the College, particularly if one of the faculty is a member of the Executive. Apart from having perhaps the best hand-writing among all the students at A.U.C., being able to drive a car with "biff," and being a thoroughly good "chap," Derby has a Stetson that is the envy of the whole College.

VOTING
VOTING
VOTING

THURSDAY
THURSDAY
THURSDAY

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

of Candidates

CLEM. L. GREEN.—Architectural Student; Swimming Club Committee 1937; Harriers' Committee 1938; Publicity Committee 1933; Delegate to Processions Committee 1938. Mr. Green, so far as we could tell, was the only bearded candidate for election this year—"just for a bet, Owen, an egg-nog you know." He grinned broadly and tried ideas right and left. Mr. Green favours cheaper dances, 'Varsity expansion, increased publicity methods in the city, and the introduction of a conversazione at the opening of the year. "Under that beard" said Miss Entrican as he left, "beats a heart of purest gold." It reached his hips, you see! Perhaps?

* * * *

G. R. HOLE.—Social Committee 1936-37-38; Swimming Club Committee 1937-38; Carnival Committee 1938; Architectural Society Committee 1936; Tournament Committee 1938; Tramping Club Committee 1938; Grad. Ball Committee 1937; Chairman Tournament Ball Committee 1938; Organiser Chateau Party 1938. Mr. Hole is a keen enthusiast regarding 'Varsity expansion and believes that his architectural experience might be of some assistance in this direction. He has done much good work in organising social functions in the College and has worked on "loads of decoration committees." He sang in the Revue last year and has been a keen supporter of the Music Club since its inception. One bright idea he shyly suggested was the establishment of a fives court. Good man, Geoff!

* * * *

D. H. LEWIS.—Law Students' Society Committee 1937, Secretary 1938; Debating Club Committee 1936-37-38. A fifth-year Student, completing LL.B. this year. Has been responsible for a great deal of the re-invigoration of the Law Students and would like to embark on a system of co-operation between faculties if elected, particularly with regard to the part-time problem. Mr. Lewis favours the formation of a Union on the lines of the Cambridge Union, which would greatly help the fostering of Student interests. Students will remember him as the gentle doctor of divinity in the Mock Court. He may not be a famous basso, but is an energetic member of the Law School.

* * * *

WILLIAM N. MACKIE.—A qualified accountant (B. Com.), he has served for three years on Commerce Society Committee; is delegate to the Junior Chamber of Commerce; Secretary of the Political Economy Circle; on the A.U.C. Publicity Committee and finds time to play in the 2A football team. We asked him if he liked "Craccum." "A jolly fine paper," said Bill. Surely a tactful candidate, this one. He feels that he now has time to give to administrative work and is anxious to do "the job well" if he is elected.

* * * *

J. F. MARTIN.—Stage Manager for Revue 1937-38 and member of the Revue Committee. A Science Student intent on Geology and willing to try his hand at Student Association affairs. Mr. Reid believes that he is the fastest erector of stage props in the Southern Hemisphere—and Mr. Reid ought to know!

* * * *

E. D. MORGAN.—Treasurer of Law Student Society 1938; the new Sports Editor of "Craccum"; Literary Editor of the 1938 "Kiwi"; member of the Senior Football XV at A.U.C.; past member Football Club Committee; past Secretary of Boxing Club; and has represented A.U.C. in Atheneum Cup Debates. Mr. Morgan believes that the Sports Committee is too cumbersome as it is constituted at present and should be controlled as a portfolio of the Executive. He is a strenuous supporter of 'Varsity expansion and if elected would do everything possible to prosper any good scheme brought forward. Morgan, apart from carrying off every scholastic plum available in the Law School, writes some of the finest poetry a student of this College has yet produced. He was Counsel for the Defendant in the recent Mock Court, and has a deep and hearty chuckle which marks his yachting activities. He is at present engaged in perfecting a rolling gait.

H. T. PRENDERGAST.—Fourth year Science Student; Men's House Committee 1938; Football Club Committee 1938; Student Chairman Table Tennis Club 1938. He is mainly interested in the acquisition of sports grounds for 'Varsity Clubs and favours the amending of the agreement regarding Blandford Park to provide for more favourable terms for A.U.C. He has been mainly responsible for the establishment of the Table Tennis Club this year and has written some very fine sports articles for "Craccum."

* * * *

MURRAY WILLIAM SPEIGHT.—Third year Arts. Tennis Club Committee 1937-38; Secretary Hockey Club 1938; Classical Society Committee 1937-38, Secretary 1938; President Classical Society 1938; A.U.C. Tournament Committee 1938 (Transport); Member of Literary, Debating and Dramatic Clubs; Writes Sports Notes for "Craccum." Murray is keenly interested in all sport and has represented A.U.C. in Hockey 1937, 1938 and Tennis 1938; Captain A.U.C. Tournament Hockey Team; A.U.C. Delegate to N.Z.U. Hockey Council. He is a full-time student and is keenly interested in student affairs.

* * * *

NORMAN E. STACE.—Secretary Men's House Committee 1938; Procession Committee; Secretary Social Committee; Secretary Sci. Soc. Dinner Committee. Interested in Rowing. "And I'm not so bad at tidly-winks" says Mr. Stace with a sly smile. He has been an energetic member of the Men's House Committee this year and has done fine work in connection with Men's Socials. Norman believes that much remains to be done at A.U.C. to improve and extend Men's Social activities. He is determined if elected to devote much time to this aspect of College life.

* * * *

JOHN SAMUEL STACEY.—Fourth year Commerce Student. Boxed for 'Varsity 1937; Hurdled 1938; plays 2A Football, 1938; Treasurer Dramatic Club; Treasurer Commerce Society; Delegate for Commerce to Procession Committee; Commerce Delegate Inter-Faculty Committee; Organiser Commerce Debating Team; wrote the phoniest Balance Sheet ever conceived for Commerce Mock Company Meeting. John is an energetic supporter of all Commerce activities, and is notable for his business-like manner and attention to detail. He energetically supports the principle of co-operation between A.U.C. and the city, and believes that Commerce could do much to help in this direction. Asked for his views on "Craccum," John admitted that it was a good paper, but said he considered it not what the students want.

* * * *

A. G. M. TUDHOPE.—A member of the Law Students' Society Committee and the Law Ball Committee, has been a keen supporter of the Debating and Dramatic Clubs and "ran in the Inter-Faculty Sports (badly!) this year." Recently he delighted audiences at the Mock Court in his role as defendant, and was also a member of the 1938 Revue. Mr. Tudhope seems to have enjoyed his boxing and football but assures us that he does both "with more enthusiasm than success." From which one will gather that he wears modesty all over himself. He is a final year Law Student and has worked valiantly and well to encourage members of his faculty to take more part in affairs of the Student Association. We asked him what he thought of civilisation: "Just grand," replied friend Graham. "And the girls at A.U.C.?" "Why, Mr. Craccum, they are civilisation!"

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

STUDENTS'	ASSOCIATION
STUDENTS'	ASSOCIATION
STUDENTS'	ASSOCIATION
ROOM 19	THURSDAY 11th
ROOM 19	THURSDAY 11th
ROOM 19	THURSDAY 11th

8 P.M.

W. ALLAN PYATT.—Senior Scholar in History. Plays football for Varsity Junior Colts, prominent member International Relations Club, keen sportsman, and interested in political and social questions. Allan is doing Honours History this year, is one of Varsity's tallest males, and is conspicuous for his happy knack of doing thoroughly anything he tackles. He is an enthusiastic supporter of College sporting activities and believes that the present Sports Committee, if re-organised on a more workable basis, should be able to do much for the improvement of the existing clubs.

INTERVIEW WITH CRACCUM

A CANDIDATE'S VIEW-POINT

The door of the Executive room ceases suddenly to support my back, a superior head emerges, and I stagger in showing all my chattering teeth in a glittering smile. The Editor fixes the microscope of his keen but kindly eye upon me. "Another half-wit—no only a quarter this time!" the generosity of his welcome seems to say. I park the collapsed form in the nearest chair and find that the glittering smile has frozen into a repulsive snarl.

The Editor offers me a cigarette. I refuse nervously, twist my handkerchief, am coaxed, accept coyly, and think what a blithering idiot I am, feel, and must look. The Editor with the air of a benevolent school teacher encouraging a particularly backward infant—puts a few easy and elementary questions to me. I gaze at him blankly and shake my head. With admirable restraint he chokes down a "No spika da English?" and goes down the mental ladder of the conversation from the backward infant level to the raving maniac rung.

My smile becomes horsier than ever, I make gurgling sounds and my ears twitch. The Lady President begins to look round nervously for a likely exit, but the Editor continues to beam kindly upon me, and makes an encouraging remark about my —, he finds it difficult to discover the right word, but settles magnanimously on — intelligence. I say ah! and leer triumphantly at the L.P. who cowers visibly behind the Editor's broad shoulders.

The Editor says not to be shy about my achievements, and I say eh! what achievements? and the Editor sighs mentally, and becomes kinder than ever. He tries to sneak up on me and surprise some lingering shreds of sanity by a new approach. What would I put if I were writing the account of myself by myself? I think. The silence grows, like some misshapen monster, heavy and horrible. In the Editor's tender regard I read the thought, "Some sits and thinks and others just sits—this is definitely a just sitter."

My mind chases itself round in circles like a puppy after its own tail. He wants me to think. Sure, but what with? Shall I ask him? No, the L.P. is trembling on the brink of a bolt now and that would settle matters drastically!

He wants me to praise myself, eh? Well now, I don't think I'm much but everyone is always telling me how good I am, and what's my opinion to millions. Hee! Hee! don't be so darn silly! I sit on the hounds baying in my soul and gaze goofily at the Editor. He gathers himself together, determined to be benevolent to the bitter end. "Thank you so much, you've been MOST HELPFUL."

The hounds in my soul are momentarily unleashed. I hurl a few hysterical soprano thunderbolts at his perplexed head and say goodbye to the tip of the L.P.'s nose and one frightened blue eye which peeps politely round the Editor's back. I make a zig-zag exit demolishing a waste paper basket and swallowing my cigarette butt en route.

A prospective candidate outside says, "Was it very bad?" and I say, "No, don't be silly. Just be like me. Sail in cool, calm and collected, and give 'em the works—that's the stuff! I told 'em a few things that made their hair stand on end—plenty of Pep—me. Ha! ha!"

Memorial Window Now On Show

Come Home To Roost After Fourteen Years

At last, 14 years after the decision to order it, Canterbury College has its War Memorial Window. A long story, with more complications and crises than any one person will ever know, lies behind the negotiations concerning it which have been carried on by the Council for over ten years.

Matters came to a head last year, when the affair was put in the hands of New Zealand's High Commissioner in London. Thanks largely to his efforts the window was shipped, and arrived at the College a few weeks ago. The Council lost no time calling tenders for its erection, and the work was immediately proceeded with. The finishing touches have been made in the last few days, and most students have no doubt taken the opportunity of inspecting it.

The following description of the window appeared in the Christchurch "Star-Sun," on March 2, 1938:—

The window, which cost £3,000, is in five elaborate stained glass panels. The general scheme of the design represents the service of humanity and the defence of the achievements of civilisation.

The central figure is symbolical of Humanity, supported by two figures representing Action and Thought. These are supported by two double groups of climbers representing Service by Action at the right of Humanity, and Service by Thought at the left of Humanity.

Service by Action is represented by King Alfred occupying a central position at the head of two groups representing action in war and action in peace. Service by Thought is represented by Shakespeare occupying a central position at the head of two groups of figures representing service in thought in the Arts and Sciences respectively.

The base of the window is occupied by a representation of the defence of the Mount of Humanity against ignorance and brutality by a group of soldiers in the uniforms of the Great War, in which New Zealanders are conspicuous. The group includes figures of a nurse and a Maori.

STUDENT SLAVERY

THE NEED FOR COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

HARDSHIP IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

(Press Bureau Special Service.)

University of California, May 1, 1938.

A pamphlet from The Student Workers' Federation of the University of California reveals that one half of the University's students are either wholly or partially self-supporting, that most of the students receive less than 40 cents an hour, and many, even below 25 cents an hour.

Their University Calendar states that 55 dollars a month is a moderate expenditure, so that a student must work 34 hours a week at 40 cents an hour to eke out a bare existence. But most of the wages received are lower than 40 cents an hour, according to the statistics of the Labour Board. Compare this with the minimum wage of 75 cents an hour for organised unskilled labour.

Worse is the fact that students can work only 12 to 25 hours a week without serious interference to their studies. It follows that many who are self-supporting are living below an adequate standard.

In their own words, they "realise that these conditions are detrimental to the pursuance of an education, harmful to health, and demoralising. The conditions exist because the students are not organised to bargain effectively with employers. They must take what comes or leave College.

What is the solution?

The working students have founded the "Student Workers' Federation," which is the mouth-piece for their collective bargaining to gain the following:—

1. Decent working conditions.
2. Regular hours of employment.
3. A minimum wage of 50 cents an hour.

Can striking analogies be found nearer home?

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

I was playing golf the day
That the Germans landed;
All our troops had run away,
All our ships were stranded,
And the thought of England's shame
Altogether spoiled my game.

—Harry Graham.

TRAINING COLLEGE TOURNAMENT

AUCKLAND'S TURN THIS YEAR

Trumpet calls and tin pants were once the distinguishing marks of a tournament. But heavy blacksmithing has given way to gazelle-like javelin throwing, and fanfares give way to halfpenny circulars and free lucky-packets which doesn't mean a thing, but which provides a good 8 h.p. opening to some penny-a-line information about the A.T.S. tournament with W.T.C.

Training colleges, dear subscriber, have their glories no less than ours: in addition to orchestras, Prof. Hollinrake, and other acoustic aberrations, they have inter-collegiate games, when the titans of the Rugby field and the ping-pong tables contend for memorial rose-bowls and engraved cuspidors.

This year it is Auckland's turn to be the hosts (though how some of us can stand two tournaments, I don't know) and if they run their show on the lavish scale always expected of an association with too much money, it should be worth seeing.

The Rugby, and the Men's and Women's Hockey matches should be of a high standard, and all contests will, we know, be played off in that delightful atmosphere of domestic goodwill which is the birthplace of all embryo teachers (this is a bit mixed). Not that we mean any slight by this reference to domesticity—on the contrary, we envy A.T.S. its fine grounds and buildings and also its unity of purpose which is inevitably conducive of a "family feeling" absent in the colder if more sophisticated atmosphere of student freedom at a University.

NEWS VALUE—NIL!

Biblical authorities (if any) claim that one, Mr. Job, lived a hell of a life: he had, it seems, practically everything from flat beer to house maid's knee. But one thing, dear financial member, he did not have: he never experienced that "gotterwriteanarticle" feeling which is induced by an inhuman editor and a weekly edition of "Craccum." In vain search for things that happened, we approached Miss Paterson to gain an exclusive interview with a swansong vice-president. All we received was the news that Patrick Archibald (ah! this Norman blood) Blair had just bought a new pair of braces. News value, it seemed to us, nil.

So we turned to Norm. Stace. We found him denying medical opinion and dogmatically stating that his incubation period would be 12½ days and like it—he was tired of bed anyway. Not, we felt, the kind of thing to rock Fleet Street.

So we reluctantly came to the opinion that nothing happens, so what's the use? Disheartening, isn't it?

Letters to the Editor

THE MOCK COURT

Dear Sir,—

I should like in your columns to thank all those who so generously gave of their time and energy to the production of the Mock Court. The credit for whatever success it achieved is theirs alone. I should like particularly to thank those members of other Faculties, including Miss Billing and Messrs. Reid and Tweedie, for their assistance. Finally I thank those who braved the perils of the weather to see the show, and yourself for an eminently fair review in your last number.

D. H. LEWIS.
Honorary Secretary,
Law Students' Society.

* * * *

VARSITY DANCES

Dear Sir,—

With regard to "Part Timer's" letter in which her (or she) advocates a greatly reduced scale of prices for Varsity dances, I would point out that the only dance held this year at the price suggested, drew an attendance of approximately 50 couples, and proved the greatest single loss sustained by the Social Committee this year (with the exception of Freshers' Ball, which function incidentally, is almost always a financial loss, owing to the special conditions governing it).

Hence, while agreeing with much of "Part Timer's" letter, I would like to make it clear that the "remedy" for the situation is not necessarily the apparently obvious one of reducing prices.

CHAS. F. CORNE.

"MURDER WITHOUT MOTIVE"

REID OUTHOLMES SHERLOCK

After several delays occasioned by the prevalence of winter ailments, the Drama Club's fifth reading of the season was presented in the Men's Common Room on Monday, 1st August.

The play was a three-act detective-mystery, "Murder without Motive," and John Reid was the author and convener. The plot was exciting, the mystery well-sustained, a questionnaire at the conclusion of the second act failing to reveal any member of the audience who had "spotted" the murderer, and the solution, when it was unravelled, was ingenious and convincing.

The detective, Dr. "Homer" Pigeon, read by John himself, was a gentle and apparently rather absentminded old man, deeply interested in Greek literature and with a habit of quoting from his own translation of Homer, "a good one, not like Pope's." The other characters, practically all of whom were at some time or other under suspicion, consisted of a wealthy publisher, a young engaged couple, a neurotic novelist, two French authors of travel books, a rather bombastic solicitor, and the butler. Ivan Hodder was the bullying and extremely stupid police-inspector, Edferly and other parts were capably read by Ian Smith, Avenal Holcombe, Paul Day, Alan Gifkins, Marie Best, Denis Gully, Joyce Burnet and Bill Stride.

Altogether this was one of the most enjoyable readings to date, and congratulations and thanks are due to the author for providing such good entertainment. This is the first reading of an original play we have had, but it is to be hoped it will not be the last.

We learn from a reliable source that Ivan Hodder is to present the next reading, but Van refuses to disclose the title as yet, "they might raid us, old man." It should be interesting.

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

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

THURSDAY, 11th AUGUST
THURSDAY, 11th AUGUST
THURSDAY, 11th AUGUST

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

—ACCEPT YOUR PRIVILEGE AND VOTE!—

Pearls & Pebbles

(By CALIBAN)

LAMENT

I entered Auckland 'Varsity
With grim determination
And mind intent on mopping up exams.,
I said, "Now, my lad, I figure
That you'll toil like any nigger,
And you won't get tangled up in foolish jams.
You'll shun pub-crawls, dinners, dances,
Be unmoved by damsels' glances,
Treating every like distraction as a crime,
In your prayers at study's altar
You will never, never falter."
I was very, very simple at the time.

For a time my life was meagre,
And I scorned petitions eager
From the clubs that sought to capture busy me,
Saying "Get some other moron,
All my days I have to pore on
Lectures, notes and such to finish my degree."
With smug virtue's mist surrounded,
I was being firmly grounded
In the rudiments of learning, deep, sublime,
And I said "I cannot mask it,
This degree is in the basket."
I was very, very simple at the time.

From all sides loud voices grated,
"You will not be educated
If you sit and swot your eyes out all the year,
Though it cause you much compunction,
You must join each student function,
Fewer men are made by learning than by beer.
With your fellows you must mingle,
Though your virgin ears may tingle,
And you'll rise, a he-man, from your school-boy
slime."
Till I thought, my conscience swaying,
"There's a lot in what they're saying,"
I was very, very simple at the time.

So at length, by maids tormented,
I reluctantly consented
To "lead a side"—just once—in a debate,
There was no one near to warn me
Friends from this would fast have torn me,
I consented, and the moment sealed my fate.
Having spouted, won, inflated,
And with life intoxicated,
To the Labour Club Committee did I climb
Joined the Lit. Club, Hongis, Sports' Club,
Made the Law men found a Torts Club,
I was very, very simple at the time.

As the madness mounted higher,
Deeper sank I in the mire,
And I joined all college clubs that I could find,
Music Club, Field Club, Dramatics,
Football Club and Acrobatics,
With the one word "culture" firmly in my mind.
Soon my every night was taken,
Books, and notes were quite forsaken,
Now I didn't give for swotting half a dime.
To true education turning,
Manhood's lessons I was learning,
I was very, very simple at the time.

Years I've been now at the college,
Culling crumbs of useless knowledge,
Growing hoary in the service of my clubs,
With a place on each committee,
Muse I deeply on the pity
Of my wasted life, spent partly in the pubs
I have never passed a section,
I have severed all connection
With my text-books, and I've nearly passed my
prime.
It's too late to be repenting,
And so, gray, I'm left lamenting,
"I'VE BEEN VERY, VERY SIMPLE IN MY
TIME."

There was a young fellow of Sydenham,
Who lost his best pants with a quid in 'em,
He found them again
In Petticoat Lane,
But there wasn't a quid, but a Yid in 'em.
—Punch.

"Up, the Wasters ! !" or African Ecstasy

(By Mukfa Moruns)

Another Instalment of Our Thrilling, Throbbing, Surging, Overwhelming, Exotic, Gripping Serial.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

(Cuthbert Featherstoneleighhoughton, in love with Euthenasia Snaggletooth, is foiled in his endeavours to win her hand by Deveril Peewit, a cad of the deepest dye. He sets out for Africa to win his spurs, and the love of the heiress.)

Now Read On, Commencing Here:

CHAPTER III.

PERIL!

The mighty surface of the well-nigh impene- trable forest of M'Bombabooooland palpitated gently in the tropical sun like the bosom of a love-sick hippopotamus. A stillness as of a deaf-mute community sing-song, brooded like a paralysed eagle over the softly-undulating pimpak trees. To Cuthbert Featherstoneleigh- houghton the chattering of the monkeys and the grunts of the elephants conjured up visions of his club in Mayfair and a tear rolled down his stubbled cheek and splashed into the ink. He was sitting in the shade of a lubwa tree with his note-paper resting on his knee, com- posing his twentieth letter to Euthenasia. Again and again during the last six months, he had attempted to send word of his exploits to his adored one, but Fate seemed against it. Three of his carriers had fallen a prey to the dread wind, the lampoon, two more had been swallowed by tigers, four had mistaken the open mouth of a rhinoceros for a jungle path, and their future had thus become a mat- ter of pathological speculation. Eventually, Cuthbert had taken things in his own hands and trekked one hundred miles through swamps and bolabola vines, past deadly cobras and snarling pumas, where every tree held a dozen gubgubs coiled to strike, and every bush concealed ten spitting cuwiggas. Clutch- ing a note to Euthenasia in one hand, a gun in another, and a pipe in his teeth, he had even- tually arrived at the nearest trading station, only to find that it had been swept away by the flooding of the Bungabunga three days before.

In despair, he had tied his message to the leg of a wild duck and had the satisfaction of seeing it circle three times in the air be- fore disappearing into the mouth of a yawn- ing giraffe. After that, he became slightly dis- couraged, and did not write so often.

To-night, however, something made him write. A feeling of something gnawing at his heart, rending his very bosom, tearing at his vitals. He removed the luk-luk fly from his shirt and continued.

Suddenly, with the speed of a talkie court- ship, two native carriers rapided to him.

"Sahib! Sahib!" they chested, but Cuthbert was British! His nostrils quivering, and his old school tie flashing in the sun, he drew himself to his full height, a true monarch of men, every inch a king and every foot a ruler! "Down, dogs," he husked.

The two carriers fell on their faces and kiss- ed his shoes, then sprang to their feet.

"Elephants, Sahib," they jabbered. "Ele- phants." And even as they spoke, a mighty crashing re-echoed through the jungle, as ter- rible as a combined concert by every swing band in the world mingled with a terrific trum- peting as of a Titan with a thorn in his foot. A careless smile played over Cuthbert's face. So, he thought, Peewit strikes!

Jumping high, he grasped a trailing vine with one hand and hung suspended, a gun in the other, not a split second before the herd of elephants maddened by a ship's wireless broad- casting parliamentary debates, broke through the green wall of wubawoba plants.

A daredevil light in his eyes, the smoke from his pipe curling lazily up, his old school cry "Up the Wasters," in his heart, Cuthbert pumped round after round of lead from the gun in his hand into the charging monsters. In three minutes, twelve dead elephants lay in a heap before him. Carelessly swinging to the top of the pile, Cuthbert paused to fill his pipe with Barney's and went on shooting.

Hours passed during which no sound broke the stillness, save for the maddened grumping of the dying monsters and the crisp crack of the elephant gun. The forest for acres around

was littered with dead elephants before Cuth- bert yawned, put his gun aside and curled up to sleep on the still quivering back of the largest beast.

CHAPTER IV.

OUTNUMBERED!

It was dawn before Cuthbert awoke. Clamb- ering down and deliberately picking his way between the dead beasts, he changed his even- ing suit for a more serviceable day garb and set out on his dangerous journey. His mission was to see if the country was suitable for a chain-store system and, British-like, he was determined that death alone would keep him from his purpose. Then, with a pang that sear- ed his very marrow and froze the vitals in his veins, he realized that his carriers were dead, and that he had lost his compass the day before. His jaw set firm, and his chin took on that cast before which even infants fled in terror.

He drew a coin from his pocket. "Heads east, tails north," he tensed. It fell down a hole, so he turned south.

Suddenly, his hat flew from his head. As- suming that it was merely a friendly boa- constrictor, he bent to retrieve it, only to find that three spears transfixed it. He swung round. The brushes were white with ges- tilating savages, all armed to the ears with long poles in which old razor-blades were fixed, rusty sythes, and an occasional spear.

He looked around. They were everywhere. He looked up. They hung from every tree! He swore. He was outnumbered! Three natives approached. "The iron, this time, I think," hissed one. "No, a mashie," insisted another. The third held out an old golf-bag, from which the first selected a rusty club. He whistled. Sixty natives, burbling hideously, seized Cuth- bert despite his protests, and succeeded in holding him nearly firm. The first native brought the club down with a crash on Cuth- bert's cranium. He struggled violently. An- other terrific blow. He writhed like a mad- man. He had been to an English public school. The blows did not affect him.

Two hours later, the first native had fallen exhausted to the ground, the twisted club be- side him. Save for a slight headache, Cuth- bert was unharmed and struggled wildly. A second and third native followed with the same result.

At last, one of them, seeing a British flag protruding from the Englishman's pocket, seized it with a whomp of triumph, and tore it into fragments.

Cuthbert fainted!

(What hideous fate awaits our hero at the hands of the uneducated blacks? Will he come to his senses—ever? What is Peewit doing? Read the next absolutely unbelievable episode!!)

THE ELECTION AND EFFIGIES

A very sanguine secondary school master once asked 4A what happened on July 17th, 1797. The answer was inevitably "The Glori- ous First of June," which reminds us that August 4th and 11th are election days up here. (Don't ask me why.)

But listen to this! This is a quotation from Darcy Walker's Regulations (alias the Con- stitution) sect. 29 para. (a): "No member of the Association shall on the day of any poll or election—(a) in any way interfere with any elector either in the polling booth or on his way there thereto with the intention of in- fluencing him or advising him as to his vote.

"(b) Print, distribute or deliver to any per- son, or exhibit or place in or on any conspicu- ous part of the College anything having thereon any matter likely to influence any vote . . . etc."

All this works up to the glorious guyfawkes- ian climax—

"(c) During the hours of polling make any public demonstration having reference to the poll by means of living figures, effigies, paint- ings, placards, or other like means."

Tut, tut! That means my sack figures of Walker and Reid will all be wasted.

NO THEY WON'T!!

Standing orders, second schedule, sub-section 29 para (c) makes reference only to the "hours of polling." Which means I'm having an auto- da-fe on the tennis court at 8.44 on Thursday morning. Silver subscription.

Wrestler on U.S.A. University Sport

Leo Numa Spills The Beans

Leo Numa, graduate of the University of Washington, who was narrowly defeated by Blomfield at the Town Hall last Saturday night, was lacing up his ring-shoes prior to the bout in his bedroom at the Hotel Auckland, when "Craccum's" reporter arrived. He is 6ft. 2ins., tapering athletically from the shoulders down, more like a hefty screen idol than a ranking heavy-weight wrestler, brown-haired, brown-suited, and with a snappy taste in socks. In an hour's interview he devoted perhaps 30 seconds to his own brand of shop, the other 59 minutes to sports in the American colleges.

"Waal" he plunged into the subject, "I'd say there were 5 major sports at my college, football, basketball, baseball, crew and track. Now football is the big sport. Out of gate receipts a college makes enough to support all its other activities. All the sports are paying sports, but football pays for everything at the college."

He continued in a pleasant drawl.

"It's a tougher game than you have here. I've seen your football, and it looks like basketball to me, with its lateral passes. All our colleges have big stadiums. At Washington the stadium holds 45,000, and for the big games, seats are added. You have your stadiums here?"

"We've got Blandford Park but of course it's not quite so big," I said unblushingly. "How many football teams does a college run?"

AMERICAN METHODS

"Three. The freshmen—they can't play for 'Varsity, the 'Varsity team, and the super-'Varsity. Super-'Varsity are the men just on the edge of the 'Varsity squad; they practise against it. There are about 50 men on each squad."

"Say, lemme show you this game," he said seizing my pencil and paper. Here followed intricate diagrams of power-plays, touch-downs and interference, with dots representing tackles, guards, ends, fullback and quarterback. An average 'varsity tackle weighs 230 lbs., guards 200, ends lanky fellows of only 12 stone, and the quarter-back, the general of the team, about 150. The average college team has 5 coaches, a head-coach, and four specialists; for the line, the ends and the back-field. The freshmen's team is limited to a mere 3 coaches only.

"What's the All American team that's selected every year?" I enquired.

"A board picks the team every year," he replied "from the best 'Varsity players. Grantland Rice is on it, and some coaches and referees. The team doesn't play anyone. It doesn't even assemble."

"Which was the champion college last year?"

"University of Pittsburgh, I imagine. Notre Dame was tops the two years previous."

"What do you get for representing the University in sport, Mr. Numa?"

"You get a letter. At Washington it's a purple sweater with a 'W' on it, and a gold ring on the arm for each year. In football there's a big letter W for the 'Varsity team, and a small letter for the super-'Varsity team. Only bigletter men can belong to the big W club. For football a man has to play seven quarters to qualify. A quarter is fifteen minutes."

Spring training, it appeared, starts 3 weeks before 'Varsity opens, and the "grind" continues for another 3 weeks before the games begin.

"ANOTHER BIG SPORT"

"Crew is another big sport at Washington," Numa went on from a comfortable position on the bed. "The campus runs right down to Lake Washington and a canal joins it to Lake Union. We have big meets with California there, 8-oar shells on a 3-mile course. Other rowing colleges are Syracuse, Colombia, Harvard and Yale. Roosevelt's son rowed for Harvard a couple of seasons ago. Of course they can't take it up in colleges like Oklahoma and Tennessee. All the college shells in the States are made by one man."

"What do they cost?" I asked, thinking of the eight we are now bargaining for.

"I wasn't a crew man, but seems to me like I heard they were 3000 dollars, that's £750 of your money. The champion college gets a rake-off from advertising. Last year Washing-

ton won at the Olympics, maybe you know? Ulbrickson is the crew coach."

"What other sports do you go in for?"

"STUDIES BEFORE ATHLETICS?"

"There's golf, shooting, hockey, boxing, wrestling, basketball, baseball, tennis. Hockey we don't play so much in the schools. It's more of a professional game. When I was a fresh 600 men turned out for the football squad, and there were 15 basketball teams, 9 men to a team. The basketball club built a pavilion at Washington big enough to hold a quarter-mile track, and when we get this sort of weather they play inside. There were 2 or 3 hundred men turned out for the baseball—one thing I can't understand is cricket," he stated plaintively.

I expressed sympathy and led him off that ticklish subject, on to the question of athletic "scholarships."

"Once they used to push a man through to play football for 'Varsity," he said, "but that's dead as a hot dog. The high grades killed it. you have to get 85 in two-thirds of your subjects at high school to qualify for a college now."

"And how many go in for sport?"

"As many as can. In our first two years we all do army training in the R.O.T.C.—wear uniform all day even in classes, and do calisthenics. There were 8,000 students at Washington, and over half went in for games. There were women too — played basketball, golf, tennis."

"What do the lecturers think of sport?"

"Of course they think 'studies before athletics.' But it's sport that puts a college on the map. Is that dope O.K.? I guess I'll have to be getting ready to meet the champeen."

Thanks, Mr. Numa.

"THE FANCY" IN HIBERNATION. BOXING CLUB CAPTAIN'S SUGGESTION

The Boxing Club is at present in its customary winter state of hibernation, but Club Captain Harry Turner had some original ideas for "Craccum." Like most of our other sporting bodies, the club is handicapped by lack of its own training quarters. Of the 24 entrants for this year's championships, very few were regular attenders at official headquarters, the Auckland Gym.

Of the Tournament team, Turner, Milligan, and Brown trained there; Jack Barry, light-heavyweight champion, was under Henry Donovan, and H. F. Willis at Hogg's gym. Morry McHugh trained at the Auckland gymnasium when Tournament approached, but neither he nor McDonald had their regular workouts there. Three or four clung to Eugene Donovan's quarters over the Pitt St. Fire Station, among them Chapman Smith, scientific medal winner of 1936.

When our men are scattered over so many gyms in Auckland, a novice is liable to find a largely non-Varsity crowd at any gym, and sometimes he is used as a punching bag by the professionals and local amateurs.

If the boxers had their own training shed, preferably a general athletic gymnasium shared with other sports, new-comers would find a more familiar atmosphere, training would continue all the year and generally put more punch into the club. That of course solves every problem except the matter of money.

It is announced that the New Zealand University Rugby Football Council, acting in collaboration with the New Zealand Rugby Union, has sent to the British Rugby Union and the Universities an invitation to send a British Universities' team to New Zealand in 1940.

HOCKEY SEASON REVIEWED GOOD MATERIAL—PATCHY FORM

Last year was a bumper season for 'Varsity Hockey, when 2A and 2B both won their grades. This year it doesn't look as though any grades will be won, although 2B have still a fighting chance if they can beat Wesley. They drew last time they met, and with the keenness being shown by all 2B members a great struggle should be witnessed. Good luck 2B!

2A started off the season well but the team has had an interrupted season, and has dropped behind a little from St. Luke's. Unfortunately, a number of last year's team, Sale, Moir, Bennet and Herriott, were lost from the start. Then Speight went up to Seniors. Finally two or three poor spirits, after getting a trip to Dunedin, have deserted us just when the playing strength of the club has been weakened by an outbreak of measles.

The best performers during the season have been Dunne, Cowperthwaite, Barham and Hanson.

2B is a team which is noted for its combination and relies more on this than on individual brilliance. Wallace, Patterson, Fraser, Beech, Robinson and Davies have all performed creditably. Next season, with a number of seniors reported to be retiring, some of these promising juniors should have a grand chance of senior status.

SOME EXCELLENT PLAY

This year the third grade team has played with great success, and great credit is due to J. Blitz the captain, who has worked like a Trojan on behalf of his team. Webster, F. Newnook and G. Speight, have played excellently throughout. Other promising players are Knight, Gifkins, Fogerty, Donaldson and Roseveare.

FOURTH GRADE.—Although this team contained a number of new players, it has had outstanding success, finishing second in the grade.

Fisher, Maboe, Willis (captain), Jaffe and Hines have shown good form. All, however, are promising and next year should make their presence felt in Senior Hockey.

NOW FOR THE SENIORS

It is our reporter's candid opinion that the 'Varsity senior team should have won the championship. They have the material, but there seems to be something lacking in keenness. Individually perhaps, the members are keen, but, if there was more training and opportunity for team talks greater success would surely have resulted. On occasions the Seniors have eclipsed all other competition. Prior to the game against Grammar Old Boys (who at the time were leading in the championship), 'Varsity held a team talk on the Friday with the result that Old Boys were soundly beaten on the following day. Although the Auckland selector apparently does not think so, there are five players in the team who our reporter considers have no superior in their respective positions in other club teams: Yale, Cooper, Herriott, Watson and Henderson. The rest too, are all well up to senior standard. There is plenty of good material for next year and "Craccum" hopes that the Seniors will get down to serious business right at the beginning of next season and bring home the Davis Cup last won in 1930.

LACK OF TRAINING?

On the whole then, the season has been successful, but it could have been better if the players were keener on training and team talks. Congratulations must be extended to Scottie Watson on his inclusion in the New Zealand team to play the Indians, to the New Zealand University Blues, and General Committee and the Selection Committee for the fine work they have done. Many players who just turn out each Saturday, are too prone to forget the hard work that those behind the scenes do for the club's welfare. Indeed, most of them are players too, and give a great deal of time for the club.

The selection committee especially has a thankless task and is too often pestered by short-sighted players who imagine that the selectors have no axes to grind, and undertake such an onerous task purely from a spirit of unselfish interest in the Club's welfare.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

Don Martin Outstanding—Evergreen Bush

REVIEW OF SENIOR PLAYERS

When Don Martin donned a nose-guard this season, reporters gave him the obvious label. His nose was broken after a game last year, and he had the steel and cloth contraption made at the hospital to protect it. It has been a subject of some anxiety to referees before every game.

The visor drew the crowd's attention to the dash and determination of this ex-College Rifles player. Our only regular rep. this year, he has been our outstanding player and highest scorer. Bill Lange, fittest (and neatest) man in the team has also played representative football this season, and with Laurie Drake (renowned for his speed, vim and liberal interpretation of the offside rule) was an emergency for the North Auckland game. Ron. Bush retired to coaching and an occasional game for the select "Barbarians" after our final match last year, the disastrous curtain-raiser to an equally disastrous Test. (This was the epic occasion when a gentleman with a bottle referred to him as "that pot-bellied pelican"), but as expected, he could not resist the lure of another game. His terrific line-kicking and beautiful conversions have meant 2 or 3 wins to us since he came back. Pat. Caughey is a recently elected member of the Barbarians, the red-jerseyed club to which only ex-All Blacks and Auckland reps. can belong.

DAZZLING EXHIBITIONS

Jimmy Kirkland and Les. Hayman have given some dazzling wing-threequarter exhibitions, when the ball has got as far as the wing, and now that we are in the 2nd Division, they have had more to do. Ken. MacRae substituted well for Les. Hayman on the wing last Saturday, scoring a nice "slide in goal." Cooney's deceptive swerve and sidestep have been in evidence lately; against College Rifles he showed the real Bert Cooke touch. Tubby Edwards played probably his best game this year against Massey College, when he was a miniature Rock of Ages, and his passes, everything a half's should be. He will be unlucky to miss the North Island team after this game and the one against Victoria. Harry Hodge, our stocky hooker, has been consistent. To see him going baldheaded at a pack of opposing forwards, tackling and going down on the ball, has been one of the highlights of our forward play this season. Charley Caldwell, another from Training College, was selected to play for the Auckland Colts against Kaipara

on the 23rd. One of the minor mysteries of the year is why Selector Lucas has so far passed over Bill Foreman and Ron. Armitage.

The most unfortunate part of the season has been the weather, reducing Blandford Park to a quagmire, and giving us perhaps four good practices this year, and in the last six weeks two practice nights. Now, of course, with the exception of Training College, we are the only senior team in Auckland without a training shed.

THE SECOND DIVISION

Wins in this division of the Senior competition have been rather easy with the natural result that our play deteriorated. In the last game, against Northcote, in spite of a referee who as somebody said learnt his rules out of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, we came right back to form. Results to date are:—

- Versus Takapuna, won 15-3.
- " Parnell, won 9-6.
- " College Rifles, won 31-13.
- " Northcote, won 17-3.

FLYING COLOURS IN PENNANT

COMPETITION

The new competition, successor to the "Queen's" Competition which 'Varsity naturally won easily in 1936, is played when there are representative fixtures. Meeting an Auckland southerly, it nearly flickered out on its first Saturday. Of the 10 teams, 'Varsity played Grammar, College Rifles beat Suburbs, and members of the 52 club went swimming next day. After 50 minutes splashing in the mud we were 8 points down against Grammar, then rallied in the final ten minutes, scored 2 converted tries, and won 10-8. Mal Fraser, Ponsonby all-rounder, was our 15th man, and it may have been his presence that made us produce the real Ponsonby finish. Professor Bartrum, club president and our caustic critic, was linesman for the game. Professor, by the way, was a member of the O.U. team which played a curtain-raiser on Sydney Cricket Ground to the match between the 1905 All Blacks, and New South Wales.

Victoria Meets Canterbury

BRIGHT OPEN GAME

Win For Victoria

The annual match against Canterbury College resulted in a win for Victoria by 27 points to 6. In spite of rain and the heavy ground, play was very bright and open, both sets of backs throwing the ball around and handling well. Except for a period at the beginning of the second spell, the Victoria forwards were in the ascendancy and secured by far the greater share of the ball in set scrums and line-outs. Altogether, the Victoria team played one of its best games of the season.

McNicol, Thomas and Hansen were again a very efficient front row, and also played with plenty of dash in the loose and the rucks. Meads was one of the hardest toilers on the ground and played a very fine game, especially in the tight work and the line-out. Russell also shone in the line-outs, and was very lively in the loose.

The backs turned on bright passing movements and all handled well. Larkin, at half, had a feast of the ball from the forwards, and gave good service to the backs. From a scrum near the line, he slipped over for a nice try. Wild and Bryers used their speed to give the attack thrust and made the openings for many of the movements. Bryers was again very solid on defence. The three-quarters, Eastwood, Tricklebank and O'Regan, were fast and ran strongly. Eastwood's two tries were fine

efforts. The first resulted from a blind side dash by Wild, and the second came at the end of a chain passing movement. Tricklebank slipping through at centre and handing on to Eastwood, who ran over at the corner just as he was tackled. O'Regan did not see as much ball as Eastwood, but gave everything a go, and scored one try by picking up neatly after the forwards had dribbled the ball to the line. Buddle, in a new role as full-back, was very sound in his handling and kicking.

The Auckland Rowing Association is endeavouring to have alterations made to convert Hobson Bay into an area for rowing. If the Harbour Board agrees to the proposals, the 'Varsity club will move its shed with other clubs, to Hobson Bay.

TABLE TENNIS UNDER WAY POSSIBILITIES FOR CHAMPS.

Just as the faces of those gentlemen (now sadly missed from our midst), in the Men's Common Room, showed cheer, beer, or a tear, according to their possession or otherwise of 5 aces or a Royal routine, so our budding table-tennis stars give away their faculty in their style of play.

Push past Ryalls, Lee, Hursthouse and Lowe and see for yourself, the twisty, shrewd, double-crossing methods of Commerce with its 100 per cent "cuts" as exemplified by Smith and Lynds; the dynamic energy, "turning" and "fitting" in of Engineers Lee and Devereaux; the scientific smashing of Prendergast, and the ultra-conservative, pen-holding methods of the Arts, shown by Horrocks and Pollitt.

To pick winners from such a mixture of stylists and smash-and-grab artists would take more Aspros than is needed to produce the Aspro Year-book. But, hiding behind a cloak of strict anonymity, here goes.

MEN'S SINGLES.

In the Men's Singles, the first shock came with the defeat of Jack Martin by the mathematically precise Dr. Bullen.

The most marked improvement has been shown by Budge and Bray, and in the doubles, especially, they will be a dangerous combination. It is very doubtful as to whether the six sided players in the men's singles will all reach the quarter finals, as they will meet strong opposition from Dr. Bullen, Adams, Devereux, and several others. With his slashing back-hand drive Desborough may go a long way. He is, however, out of practice at present.

THE LADIES.

As very few of the ladies have been seen in action this year it is very difficult to say how these matches will go. Judging by the good form shown by Mac. and Joan Howie in Inter-Faculty matches they should prove a difficult pair to beat in the doubles. Their strongest opposition will most likely come from Betty Skipper and Clara Lynch.

We are all sorry to hear that our energetic secretary, Jean McGeachie, may not be competing as she has got a dose of the measles. Hard luck Dick. Thus with Dick and Jean not competing it looks as though the combines may go to Horrocks and Lois Stanton. Minor opposition however, may be offered by Prendy and Betty Skipper.

In conclusion the Committee would like to urge all players to hurry along with their matches, otherwise it will be impossible to complete the Championships this Term.

SOCCER'S SOLITARY TEAM NOTES ON THE PLAYERS

Highlight of last week's soccer game against Ponsonby was the accident to our thrusting centre-half, who emerged from a clash with a Ponies player minus his false teeth, but gallantly carried on. 'Varsity, however, lost by 1 goal to 4, Don Munro scoring the solitary point from a penalty kick. The previous game was against Y.M.C.A., 'Varsity winning by default. Y.M. collected a few odd players for a scratch game.

The Soccer Club, carrying on without practices, with its single team sometimes a man short, has several wins to its credit in the 3rd open grade. So far the team has worn the ordinary Rugby jersey of plain royal blue, but when the club expands a striped variation may be introduced.

Don Munro is skipper of the team, and heads the scoring list at centre forward. Lionel Litt, Housemaster at Mt. Albert, is secretary and an enterprising right wing; Hec. Orchiston, speedy newcomer to the game, plays in that well-named position, inside right; Lionel Milner has been invaluable, as the team's string of losses showed when he was down with measles. Schischka, lanky brown-jerseyed goalie, fills the goalmouth with success, and Duthie has done good work on defence with nicely cleared kicks.

The team has a strong tutorial flavour, four teachers and two Training College men playing (Training College, of course, has put in teams for some years now).

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AUSTRALIAN'S IMPRESSIONS

Alan Benjamin, who returned recently from his debating tour of Universities of the Philippines, Japan, United States, Canada, England and Wales, said that he had been wonderfully well treated at all the Universities he had visited.

"One of the most interesting things I saw while away," said Mr. Benjamin, "was a football riot at Berkeley, California. During the annual big game between Stanford and Berkeley the students become victims of a fever and Berkeley supporters attack anything red—the Stanford colour. For this reason all fire carts in Berkeley are painted blue and gold. On the eve of the game I attended, students lit huge bonfires at the inter-sections of each main street, and in the extinguishing process 25 students were arrested, 11 police and firemen were injured, and the newspaper estimate of the damage was 25,000 dollars."

"Football receipts—about 100,000 spectators pay four dollars or more for seats at the big games—are one of the main factors in the financing of student activities," Mr. Benjamin continued. "A body similar to the Melbourne S.R.C. collects the gate money at most Universities in America and uses it for student administration. This fact is one cause of the exaggerated importance of American University football, with the rooting sections, cheer leaders, bands, and 14-page student newspapers on the day before the game."

STUDENT NEWSPAPERS

"Most American University newspapers appear five times a week. The offices frequently look like city newspaper offices with teletype machines bringing in cables from all over the world. Sometimes the staff of these newspapers reaches 40 or 50. The editor and departmental chiefs are frequently paid about 20 dollars a week each and working for these papers is regarded as part of the course for a journalism degree."

"Debating in America is a serious business and is highly developed. Teams have coaches and put in weeks of research on the subjects they are to debate. In some places there is a debate squad, which does an incredible amount of study to find material for members of the team, which 'puts it over' with great seriousness. All speeches are rehearsed before the actual contest."

ENGLISH DEBATING

"In England the method of debating is more like our own, and although the parliamentary procedure is often adopted, humour is in the best tradition of the House. The best two debates we heard in England were those at Oxford and Cambridge, where we ourselves did not have to speak. At Oxford, Randolph Churchill was invited down to oppose the motion that there was no hope for the future save in socialism. The debate took place just after the Eden crisis and each of the four speakers used the debate to criticise the Government's action in the crisis. At Cambridge the debate was directly on the foreign policy of the Government, and Walter Elliott, the Cabinet Minister, and Boothby, a Conservative M.P., defending the Government's policy, were overwhelmingly defeated by the President of the Union and a labour M.P." (Reprinted from "Farrago," University of Melbourne).

G. T. S. BAYLIS

In view of New Zealand's habit of exporting brains along with apples and sausage skins and other commodities, it is seldom that A.U.C. has the privilege of welcoming back to Auckland, one of her academically distinguished off-spring.

In this case it is different—G. T. S. Baylis, who left Auckland in 1936 with a post-graduate scholarship in Science, is leaving for home in September. Since 1936 he has spent two years at the Imperial College, London, working on various plant disease problems. This month he graduated Ph.D.—the successful completion of a brilliant scholastic record.

Sir Robert Peel
Said it was not genteel
But, on the contrary, very rude
To tax the people's food.
—E. C. BENTLEY.

THIS ENGLAND !! THE NEWSPAPERS' STORY

(The following extracts are taken from a book published by "The New Statesman and Nation" and illustrated by Low. Each piece is selected from contemporary English newspapers and has not been altered in any way. It is claimed that they represent typical Anglo-Saxon attitudes, and the mentality of both the newspapers and those who read them. If this is true, the need for the re-education of the Empire becomes more hilariously evident than ever.—Caliban.)

Different

When our Sovereign was born, he was given among many qualities, the rare boon of youth.—"Sunday Times."

Just His Way

At this time I knew I was going to have a baby. My loving husband was always up to some prank or other.—"Sunday Express."

Easy, my Dear Watson

She was partly dressed. There were wounds on her face, head and throat. A thin strand of wire was drawn tightly around her throat. Police are working on the theory that she was murdered.—"Sunday Referee."

The New Note

The piano is a bourgeois instrument.—"Left Review."

Incredible

Cheering, singing, shouting and crying.
And then the King!
A pale radiance, a slender-whited shadow, with the Queen behind him . . .
The Queen then did a strange, an unusual, thing.

She outstretched her arms, so that all might see that she was real and human.—"Daily Express."

Sub-Human

We say quite frankly that any man who doesn't come to Church and say his prayers at the Coronation has the intellect of a rabbit and the emotions of a caterpillar.—Church Magazine.

The Old School Tie

In England they had learned long ago that they must work as a team and sink their personal interests for the good of the community. The first public school man had been born in Nazareth, and his name was Jesus Christ; the second was his disciple, St. Paul.—The Bishop of Portsmouth reported in "Isle of Wight Chronicle."

The Press Thinks

Leaving that aside, we know it to be untrue either that population begets prosperity or that prosperity begets population. Actually the opposite is true, though there is no reason why it should be.—"Evening News" Leader.

Deportment

Other nations may sneer at the hypocritical English, but we only can carry it off in the grand manner.—"Daily Sketch."

Fate

My father died within a month of lighting three cigarettes with one match.—Letter in "Daily Mail."

Regrettable

Much as we all admired—almost worshipped—King Edward VIII. as Prince and King, it was well-known that he was not personally a philatelist.—"Stamp Collector's Fortnightly."

Thought

The more countries fight, the better for the British Empire. We shall then be able to develop our trade with whatever countries are not fighting.—Mr. C. G. Grey in "Aeroplane."

Ideas

Society goes on and on and on. It is the same with ideas.—Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald reported in "Daily Mail."

De Gustibus

Mrs. Baldwin was the smartest dressed woman present.—"Sunday Times."

Breaking the News

The work of "rescue circles"—helping unlightened spirits to realise that they are "dead"—is regarded by many Spiritualists as one of the most important activities undertaken in connection with our movement.—"Psychic News."

The Bookshelf REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

(By Malvolio)

The American Literary Guild, unlike the numerous "Book Society" rackets in England, is an august body of outstanding literary men and women whose recommendations, again unlike those of the English publicity stooges, carry with them a guarantee of high excellence and distinction. When, therefore, the Guild selects "Conqueror of the Seas," by Stefan Zweig as its choice for the month, it is evidence that this work is something above the ordinary biography. And few will disagree with the Guild's choice. The story of the great Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe is told in masterly fashion, every incident lives before the reader, and the central figure is completely real. The first chapter, "Navigare necesse est" gives a clear exposition of the conditions and needs of the day, so that a full appreciation of the value of Magellan's work is possible. The chapters telling of the youth of the young Portuguese, his break with his own land, and his success in winning the support of Charles V. are of extraordinary power and Herr Zweig infuses his own enthusiasm for the great explorer into the hearts of the reader.

The story of the wonderful voyage itself is more exciting than anything in Peter Fleming. Even when the Straits of Magellan were safely past and the vast South Sea lay before them, the mariners had still to face famine that almost exterminated them. A brief rest in the Philippines and then, after so many dangers and agonies of mind and body, Magellan met his death at the hands of a few naked savages. Yet, despite the pity of his ending, the book is not depressing, but rather stimulating to energy and courage by its masterly narration, its vivid portraiture and the same outspoken sympathy as Herr Zweig has shown in "Sergeant Grischa" for all that is best in the conflict of a human will against every form of disaster and difficulty. Few books have ever been written on the great navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which present so stirring a picture of courage and audacity.

"Conqueror of the Seas," by Stefan Zweig—The Viking Press.

Few modern statesmen enjoy such world-wide respect as George Lansbury. He stands, and has stood for many years, as an indefatigable idealist believing in the essential goodness of humanity, and attempting earnestly to infuse into politics a little of the faith and genuineness which characterises him. Undaunted by the calamities and international disasters of the last few years, Mr. Lansbury has been going about the world from capital to capital, for the purpose of demonstrating to Governments and peoples, by reason and common sense, the futility and stupidity of war of every kind and the cruel farce of the present armaments policy now being pursued by all Governments with a madness which can only lead to Universal destruction. He has been working as part of an organisation known as the "Embassies of reconciliation" which also operates in India, in U.S.A. and elsewhere.

"My Quest for Peace," his newly-issued memoirs, is above all a personal book. It permanently records a unique series of visits which Mr. Lansbury paid to Signor Mussolini, Herr Hitler and others. Much speculation and discussion was aroused at the time of his journeys and now Mr. Lansbury reveals the details of his negotiations. Whatever one's political views may be, it is impossible not to applaud the courage, sincerity and deeply religious motives which are revealed in every page of this remarkable record of faith and idealism.

"My Quest for Peace," by George Lansbury.—Michael Joseph.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED

"Science for the Citizen," by Launcelot Hogben:—A worthy successor to "Mathematics for the Million," bringing the more knotty points of modern science simply and plainly to the man in the street.

"Ends and Means," by Aldous Huxley:—Huxley, in his new book, shows his approach through cynicism towards a faith and mature belief. "It is a combination of intense intellectual effort, intense preoccupation with ultimate truth, and intense emotional and artistic sincerity" (The Spectator).

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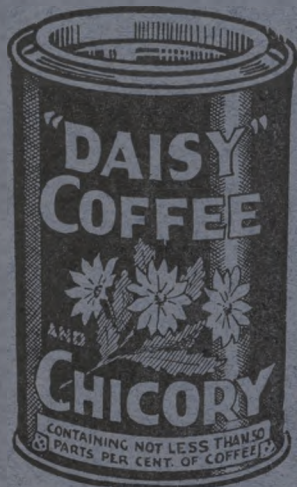
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