



A.U.C.'s Unofficial Monthly Magazine.

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March 21st, 1932

Editorial

In introducing *Craccum* in this new form to an old and hard-boiled public we can only apologise for the rise in price and hope that the added size and quality will compensate for this. Personally, we have our doubts. These are hard times and it's a hard world. Threepence will buy a bag of chippies, or two sections on the Council trams, or three boxes of matches. But on the other hand, just think of it, ladies and gentlemen, for threepence we give you all the news of the College—inside reports of Council meetings, outside reports of the Professorial Board, stable jottings from the Women's Common Room, and all the social news right from the debutante's mouth, as you might say. And all this, mark you, for threepence.

This is an unofficial monthly magazine—in other words, the Students' Association finances it, and the Editor gets the blame. We guarantee neither the news value nor the face value of what we print. Life is at best a dirty business, and we share with *Truth* the responsibility of looking for the dirt. We can only repeat the astounding offer which we made in the *Handbook*—viz., that contributors alone would be exempt from attack, and we recommend everyone from the Chairman of the Professorial Board down to the janitor to fill their fountain pens and do it now. Remember, to-day is the to-morrow you were thinking of yesterday.

We expect that some day Philip Guedalla will describe this as the peak year of the depression. But so exuberant is the student mind that in many ways it looks like being the biggest and brightest session that this College has seen in its stormy annals. On another page you will find a censored version of a proposed Capping Week celebrations that have every appearance of putting not only this College on the map but all the ring-leaders on the mat as well. We can only give a vague idea of what you may expect when we say that a complete scheme for a cock-tail party in the Staff-room on the opening night was suppressed with some difficulty.

A financial depression has a good as well as a bad side. We have indulged expensive tastes in the past, and it now remains for us to show the wide world that we can amuse ourselves cheaply. And let every student see that he gets his guinea back in full value either in food or entertainment. Let there be cheaper dances, and cheaper taste in clothes, and cheaper—though not necessarily nastier—food. And it was so.

An editorial should have a good style and a central idea. This has neither—the only idea in the Editor's head was to fill the front page. So may God bless you, my children, and may you all travel first class.

CRACCUM, 1932

Editor: J. A. E. Mulgan.

Lady Editor: Miss Rilda Gorrie.

Business Manager: E. P. Haslam.

Committee: Messrs. E. H. Blow, A. Curnow, D. H. Munro, D. B. Paul.

Craccum will be published five times during 1932 unless suppressed. The next number will appear in the last week of this term and will go to press on May 1st. Contributions which should be signed (but will be published anonymously if desired) should be left in the *Kiwi* box beneath the letter rack. Students are urged to make use of *Craccum* as a true mirror of student life. Advertisements will be received and published free of charge at the Editor's discretion. Notices of meetings, etc., from club secretaries are particularly desired.

LECTURES

AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO THE STUDENT

The question of dictation lectures that was agitated in these columns last year and subsequently taken up by the Students' Executive had the effect of raising interest in the matter of lectures in general as considered from the student point of view. The professor or assistant delivers the lecture and there for him the matter ends. The student hears the lecture—and that is very often the end of his interest in the matter. Yet a certain measure of co-operation would put life into the soul-less machine that goes by the name of University education in this country. The student has, of course, no right to demand that lectures shall take any particular form nor to complain if he is not given precisely what he wants. Too often the average undergraduate is obsessed with the thought of the examinations which he will have to face and these determine his attitude and approach to the subject. Criticism comes easily to the young and toleration to the old, yet may I be pardoned from asking this pertinent question—if lectures were not made compulsory, how many students would attend them and how often? In Oxford and Cambridge a roll-call at lectures is an unheard-of thing—here it is a prominent feature of a course and it has been estimated that a student wastes, on an average, an hour and a quarter a week, or a day and a half in the year listening to roll-calls. Would it not be an interesting experiment if advanced classes in all subjects were given a certain freedom in the matter of lectures? The

lecturer would at least know to what degree his lectures were popular.

Generally speaking, the main criticism from the student side seems to be that too much of the material that goes to make up a lecture can be found in text-books. This is an age of writing on every subject and the thought that what is being said is all down somewhere in neat type is apt to save the student the trouble of either listening or taking notes. On the language side for instance, it is possible to obtain first-class translations and splendid annotated editions of set books. What the student would like would be lectures on difficult points in the texts and on the literary and historical setting of the books which he is studying. Again in English literature the student would prefer to obtain details of authors' lives and publications from his text-books and to hear at the lectures ideas and criticisms. The brutal fact is that the average student can pass his exams largely from text-books and that his lectures, to be of more service to him, should be broadly cultural. A professor at an English university is seldom required to lecture more than three or four hours a week. He is thus able to give more time to his students and to original work.

It seems to me that both students and staff are being victimised by a system of education which has all the worst faults of democracy.
—J.C.

AN INTRODUCTION TO COLLEGE LIFE

SOME IMPRESSIONS

The College is best approached by the main entrance, which is distinguished by the fact that it has the registrar's car parked outside it. From here a few noble trees, Albert Park, and the Civic Tower make an imposing picture which no nature lover should miss. On entering the vestibule the student is struck by the number of doors that opened into it, and by the absence of direction. This is called a gem of architecture. A few of the more distinguished of the staff are on view in the library for the week preceding the opening of term, but are then painlessly removed to their own rooms in the basement. The College office is tucked neatly away on the left as you enter, and Mr. O'Shea and Sir George share a suite down a passage behind it. There is little else of interest on this floor except the library and the hall, which were installed for social rather than

academic purposes, and are little used. The staff telephone will be found here. It is available to students at half-a-crown a time or five calls for ten shillings. The Commerce Department on the first floor is remarkable for the way in which it controls the destinies of the country. One year's instruction is guaranteed to render any student capable of telling Coates what to do. An honours course ensures a position on the economy commission for life. The architectural studios on the same floor attract attention by the easy intimacy of the life that goes on within them. Students are invited to walk in and are even invited to walk out.

Downstairs are the cellars where the heaters are heated and nothing else. This is not a very good joke in summer, but is sure of a good laugh in winter. Some old hands discredit the idea that the building is central-heated as an idle rumour, and claim that the College was designed for erection in Hawaii by a Mexican architect, and that the pipes and boilers are merely dummies.

The cafeteria is a good thing and is steadily getting better. In the Men's Common Room just below, gambling, bad language, drinking and spitting are not allowed. Smoking in the Women's Common Room was stopped by the *N.Z. Herald* half way through last year. The furniture is of a plain and rugged type, and the majority of students fit in well with it.

The university life is just a grand sweet song nine times out of ten, but it runs a bit thin in places, and the average student has to watch his step when he approaches the high note or the examination room. Taken by and large—as our friend would say—it's a good life if you don't weaken, and we'll stop before this gets any weaker.

Our Contemporaries

As a matter of fact — calmly waited to be fetched and I fear his suffering was not so great as people thought. He dislocated a hip hip hurrah and was soon all right again.

From *Birmingham Times*.

* * *

Wanted—Girl for cabaret: no bad habits: willing to learn.

From *New York Sun*.

* * *

I must say that when the house was completed it was an awful shack to us.

Short Story, *London Magazine*.

PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH

1. MR. E. H. BLOW.

It is with pleasure that we take this opportunity of featuring Mr. Blow in our columns. As editor of publications in 1931 he was naturally prevented from publishing a pen-portrait of himself and the student public was thus deprived of an intimate study of one of its most prominent men. Mr. Blow, whose first name is Eric and whose second is—I regret to say—Harold, graduated from the Auckland Grammar School with his matriculation some five years ago. He completed his B.A. degree in 1930, and, after a well-earned rest of a year, is studying Honours English with the praiseworthy idea of becoming an M.A. During all this time he attended the Training College, and later worked as a teacher, and is now, in this year of grace and depression, a permanent member of the Education Board's relieving staff.

He combines a virile sense of humour with a taste for caricature and modern art, while his ruthless efficiency in all departments has earned him the soubriquet of Blow the Blameless. We regret that circumstances prevent our publishing his portrait as tradition demands, but the original is on view almost every night in the student block and makes a worthy substitute. A prominent athlete and a senior footballer, he gives the impression that nothing is a trouble, and the fearless way in which he has terrorised the staff during his College career bears witness to the respect with which he is regarded on all sides.

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AN OPEN LETTER

The Women's Common Room,
March 14th, 1932.

You remember W. H. Davies' little poem—

A poor life this if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

—so I have snatched a moment's reflection. Being a woman I am denied the pleasure of my feet upon the table, a pipe between my teeth and my chin buried deep in my shirt-front. But I have done the female equivalent. I have appropriated the best chair and the best cushion. I have also found a footstool. And I am sitting facing the doorway, through which the women come in from the cloisters. I am watching their faces as they come in—they tell me so much and so little.

One face well-known in the College has just come in. It looked at me pleasantly and a little shyly, but with a tremendous reserve of self-confidence behind it. The owner of that face sweeps a glance around the room, and while the eyes behind the glasses smile at me in greeting, I am fully aware of the superiority she feels over me. Her mouth is the traitor—it curls too much downwards. If she were not shy and knew me better she would say the things she thinks. She is a Bachelor of Arts with a sound scholastic career behind and before her, and she believes I am a fool, wasting my time just sitting and staring. But she is wrong. I am not wasting my time.

Behind her I see another face. A clean face, but so smug that it annoys me—why should you be satisfied with yourself, owner of that face? Judged purely by academic standards you are brilliant. I respect your intelligence and the stern discipline of application which enables you to work your natural resources to their utmost capacity. But in the wider considerations you have less justification for your content and the smugness of your countenance. You can translate Horace. You can write an excellent essay or criticism on a purely scholastic foundation—but, can you write a novel, a poem, can you compose a sonata? Can you, in other words, create, of your own imagination and initiative?

I have just noticed a row of new faces along the wall. As I glance down the line I am struck by the apparent tiredness of you all. Is the new week in a new life so exhausting or do your faces lie? I cannot tell, by looking at you, what you are going to do or be. Some of you, no

doubt, nurse terrific ambition, accompanied or unaccompanied, as the case may be, by the necessary tenacity of purpose. Some of you may attain the heights you crane your necks to see and some of you may find better things. I suppose you have all just left school, have all been in the sixth form, have all been prefects—gods of your small domain. But this is something new. You must revise and augment your code of values, learn to depend upon yourself and make your own decisions. Keep both eyes open and I would personally advise you to put your hair up, both literally as well as metaphorically.

But another face has come in through the door. A very pretty face, given slightly more expression. But I suspect the owner. She has duly paid her two guineas for Journalism and she has bought a notebook. She seeks the social life—terrible expression. She knows, no doubt, that there are College dances and she knows that Tom, Dick or the equivalents in her vocabulary are taking Law—adding the two facts, she can make a pleasant Saturday evening out of them. She has heard perhaps that we smoke in the Common Room? And play Bridge? She might even have heard that we gamble, for rumour is ever truth run amok. Anyway, she has become a member of the University of New Zealand. I cannot help but observe her costume. It is like her face—pretty. But if I thought she knew the poem, I would run after her and ask

"Why she walks thro' the fields in gloves
Missing so much, and so much . . ."

But the face that arrived behind her is tonic to my disagreeableness. It is a good-looking, cheerful, well-balanced face—a face that is an asset and that carries the owner's personality with it. She is a level-headed woman, neither frittering away her time, nor grinding dully at her books. She takes the middle course, the best course, and the hardest to maintain.

And then the very plodding face. There are many of them about. One has just come in. It is pale and has no obvious personality behind it. I feel sorry for that face, but I admire the owner's grit. I wish, however, that she were not so persistently conscientious and would play tennis now and again.

And so they come through, these new faces—they smile at me and pass on. I stifle a regret for the faces that have been here in other years and are now gone. It cannot be helped and the old order changes. So I, as are we all, am ready

March 21st, 1932.

CRACCUM

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and glad to welcome and accept the new faces
that have come to us.

I have criticised and I am sorry, I, who am so
open to criticism myself. Forgive me. I have
flung judgments. For these I do not apologise,
but instead may I quote,

You tell me I am wrong,

Who are you, who is anybody, to tell me I
am wrong?

I am not wrong.

I beg pardon for thus dragging D. H. Lawrence
across your ken again. I am not, however, of
your youthful literary intelligentsia. Thanks be.

R. GORRIE.

DEVOLUTION

One happy day long years ago

Upon a summer morn—

The date I don't precisely know—

A little child was born;

And everyone could plainly see

No ordinary child was he;

He would be a celebrity,

A bishop or a great M.P.

Throughout his childhood's early days

He never screamed or cried;

Perpetually procuring praise,

He was his Parents' Pride.

He'd never shout or make a noise,

He never broke his pretty toys.

He wasn't rough like other boys.

Reading and work were *his* great joys.

The neighbours would remark upon

His striking ingenuity,

And how he prattled on and on

With perfect perspicuity;

And everybody prophesied

That he'd become the people's pride,

A man whose name could be descried

In every country, far and wide.

But sad to say, the Parliament

Had made a law or rule.

Accordingly the lad was sent,

When seven, to a school.

Other children went, and so

This brilliant infant had to go

To learn to read and write and sew

And other things he ought to know.

And o'er the life he had to lead

We quickly draw a veil.

He got through school with all due speed,

Was never known to fail;

But still, alas, it left its mark

Upon the the infant prodigy

And killed in him the lively spark

Of bright originality.

He could have been a great M.P.,

A bishop with a wealthy see,

Director of the A.M.P.,

A pioneer of industry,

A lawyer with a thumping fee,

A very famous K.C.B.,

Owner of a brewery,

Some other great celebrity;

In spite of this he sank to be

Professor down at 'Varsity.

—O.H.M.

A medical man tells us that laughter can
destroy more germs than medicine. Hence one
can hardly expect a microbe to be amused at a
perfectly killing joke.

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ATHLETIC SPORTS

Perfect weather conditions and a ground in good running order prevailed at the Domain when the Auckland University inter-faculty athletic tournament was held. Competition was keen for the coveted shield, but the science and engineering team easily secured a considerable lead, and won by the comfortable margin of 36 points. Commerce was second, and Training College and Arts third and fourth respectively, with one point between them. The best individual performance was put up by J. Healy, who won the Staff Cup with 13 points, H. C. Garlick and C. Francis being second, equal, with 10 points each.

The six silver cups, made available through the generosity of Mr. A. Kohn and Professor Bartrum, were awarded as follows:—Most points in 100yds. and 220 yds., H. C. Garlick; 440yds. E. Kedgley; 880yds., T. Finlayson; one and three miles, C. Francis; jumps and hurdles, J. Healy; field events, E. C. Wooller.

Good individual efforts were recorded by a number of the younger competitors. Roberts' time of 10 3-5s. for the secondary schools' 100 yds. equalled the best university performance. Hackett's win in the high jump was particularly meritorious for a fresher, as he cleared 5ft. 7 5-8in., or 1-8in. above the College record.

The tournament was watched by a large attendance of students and the general public. Afternoon tea was served in the grandstand by the women's house committee, and members of the College Staff officiated on the ground. The starter was Mr. C. R. Jones.

The points gained for the inter-faculty shield were:—Science and Engineering, 64; Commerce, 28; Training College, 21; Arts, 20; Law, 11.

Detailed results are as follows:—

880Yds. Championship.—Finlayson, 1; Newton-King, 2; Ball, 3. Time 2m 3 1-5s.

100Yds. Handicap.—First heat: Charlton, 1; Bowie, 2; Smytheman, 3. Time 10 4-5s. Second heat: Smith, 1; Lewis, 2; Miller, 3. Time, 10 3-5s. Final: Smith, 1; Charlton, 2; Lewis, 3. Time, 10 3-5s.

100Yds. Championship.—First heat: Garlick, 1; Fraser, 2; Kedgley, 3. Time, 10 4-5s. Second heat: Murray, 1; Lewis, 2; Mars, 3. Time, 10 3-5s. Final: Garlick, 1; Murray, 2; Fraser, 3. Time, 10 3-5s.

Javelin Throw.—Wooller, 1; McKinnon, 2; Townsend, 3. Distance, 145ft 5½in.

220Yds. Freshers' Championship.—Charlton, 1; McLennan, 2; Anderson 3. Time, 24 2-5s.

High Jump.—Hackett, 1; Allen and Healy equal, 2. Height, 5ft 7 5-8in.

220Yds. Championship.—Garlick, 1; Fraser, 2; Coney 3. Time 23s.

100Yds. Secondary Schools' Championship.—Roberts (Auckland Grammar), 1; Clarke (Auckland Grammar), 2; Spittal (Auckland Grammar), 3. Time, 10 3-5s.

One Mile Freshers' Championship.—Stuart, 1; Anderson, 2; McKee, 3. Time, 5m 16s.

120Yds. Hurdles Championship.—Bowie, 1; Healy, 2. Time, 17s.

Discus Throw.—Wooller, 1; Townsend, 2; Mitchell, 3. Distance, 83ft 9in.

880Yds. Secondary Schools' Championship.—Sayers, 1; Bradley, 2; Grant 3. Time, 2m 16s.

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440Yds. Championship.—Kedgley, 1; Mitchell, 2; Mars, 3. Time, 52 4-5s.

Shot Putt.—Fraser, 1; Gordon, 2; Wooller, 3. Distance, 29ft 4in.

Long Jump Championship.—Healy, 1; Inglis and Smith, equal, 2. Distance, 18ft 9in.

One Mile Championship.—Francis, 1; Newton-King, 2; Hill, 3. Time 4m 45 1-5s.

Inter-Faculty Relay (880yds, 440yds, two 220yds).—Commerce Faculty (Ball, Mitchell, Smytheman, Coney), 1; Arts, 2; Training College, 3.

880Yds. Handicap.—Pickmere, 1; Jenkin, 2; Anderson, 3. Time, 2m 12s.

50Yds., in Mufti.—Professor Burbidge, 1; Mr. Hogben, 2; Mr. Friedlander, 3.

880Yds. Open.—Crawford, 40yds, 1; McNeil, 45yds, 2; Darbyshire, 55yds, 3. Time, 2m 5 4-5s.

150Yds. Open.—A. J. Elliot, scr, 1; Munro, 3yds, 2; Ryall, 6yds, 3. Time, 15s.

Middle-weight.—W. L. Barker, 11st 4lb, beat N. E. Crowe, 11st 4lb; J. A. Mulgan, 11st 4lb, beat C. A. Lima, 11st 4lb.

Light-heavy-weight.—F. G. Bowling, 12st, beat S. S. P. Hamilton, 11st 6lb.

The finals were decided on Wednesday at the University, the results being as follows:—

Feather-weight.—J. Rassie, 9st 2lb, beat Sharley, 8st 10lb.

Light-weight.—T. M. Emanuel, 10st won by default from G. Allen, 9st 13lb.

Welter-weight.—G. L. Zinzan, 10st 9lb, beat R. A. Carson, 10st 9lb.

Middle-weight.—W. L. Barker, 11st 4lb, beat J. A. Mulgan, 11st 4lb.

Light-heavy-weight.—J. D. Collister, 12st, beat F. G. Bowling, 12st.

An exhibition was given by R. Purdy, New Zealand feather-weight Champion and Olympic representative.

BOXING

UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT

The preliminary bouts in connection with the Auckland University boxing championships were decided on Monday last, the results being as follows:—

Light-weight.—T. M. Emanuel, 10st, beat F. C. Jones, 10st; B. G. Allen, 9st 13lb, beat B. H. Kingston, 9st 11lb.

Welter-weight.—G. L. Zinzan, 10st 9lb, beat D. H. Nesbet, 10st 9lb; C. M. Sealy, 10st 6lb, beat E. C. Laurie, 10st 7lb; G. L. Zinzan, 10st 6lb, beat C. M. Sealy, 10st 6lb.

More Contemporaries

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

Everyone is invited. Tea and Social Hour at 6.15. Mrs. Smith will sin.

From *St. Louis Church Gazette*.

* * *

His physicians issued this bulletin: "At eleven o'clock indications were that the patient was slowly thinking."

From *Charleston Evening Post*.

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IVAN, THE ICONOCLAST

(Melisande died a nasty death with the arrival of the British rugby team two years ago. We are lucky enough to have intercepted the letter of a bright young man to his Dunedin friend, and publish it in the hope that he will supply the fair Melisande's place as a social reporter. Whether or not we will be able to intercept his correspondence in the future depends, as the newspapers say, on a variety of circumstances.)

Dear Bill,

After a fairly sticky opening we have begun our 1932 session, and though things are fairly parlous there are indications of brighter times in the future, varied with heavy squalls. Hordes of newcomers were efficiently dealt with by your old Collegian. One pictures the student of future being met on arrival by the registrar, divested of his coat, sent on a lift to be medically examined, ticketed fit for arts, commerce, or science, as the case may be, shot up to meet the Professorial Board, given his books and an identification disc, and pushed into his first lecture all in about five minutes. With a little organisation they could probably disgorge him at the end of an hour with his degree. Anyhow, I leave the idea for the big departmental brains to play with.

On the student side there is little to tell you. Life, like a dome of many coloured glass, bears all her sons away, so to speak, and all that is left are the ghosts of yesterday. Martin Gloster is an older and wiser man since he became

president. He has a sad, far-away look and his mouth hangs open in a dejected sort of way. I think the "dictation-lecture question" did for him. His two aide-de-camps continue to look on the bright side of things, but irresponsibility is a panacea for a great deal. James Munro publishes his magazine shortly I am told—dedicated to the *Zeitgeist* and *Auf Weiderschein*, to say nothing of D. H. Lawrence and a lot of other people. His moustache didn't survive the first cold blast of criticism—a marked contrast to young Caxton Lowry's growth which is the nastiest bit of work that I've seen for some time. Arthur Percy sits for an exam shortly—good luck, Arthur. I believe that he and Mrs. Odd took the doctors' conference down for a pretty cool sum, although the figures are not yet available. On the other side I see the same old faces looking, if anything, rather younger. There's a curious atmosphere of work about the place that I can't understand. Books in all directions, people in the library—the whole thing rather demoralising. Perhaps when the social side opens up it may be a bit more normal, but I have my doubts. There's something unpleasant brooding over the place, just like the third act of a Maeterlinck play. Whether it's the drainage or the depression I couldn't say.

Well, solong and be careful or be good—will attempt to give you the inside story of Freshers in my next.—Yrs.,
IVAN.

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CAPPING WEEK

The contrast between our Capping celebrations and those of the Southern Colleges has, in the past few years, been a matter for painful reflection—and little else. Matters reached bed-rock last year with a capping ceremony that was neither pleasing from a scenic point of view nor interesting to the public. Few undergraduates attended, and these merely because admission was free. Graduation Ball was a success, as it always is, but a good dance is not enough, and the fact that the Carnival Play was produced at the end of first term made any real capping celebrations at that time impossible.

The Students' Executive, feeling the need for action, appointed a sub-committee with power to act, and a fairly comprehensive scheme has now been agreed upon. A large measure of co-operation on the part of all students will be necessary to make these celebrations a success, and the absence of adequate tradition will make things difficult; but the idea is a good one, and the very fact that something is being attempted will do the student life of this College a great deal of good.

The proposed scheme is roughly as follows—any part of it being subject to drastic revision:

Thursday, May 12th.—Student Lunch in the Cafeteria, 12.30 to 1.30.

3 p.m., Garden Party—details not yet arranged—given by the students to the prominent people of the city.

Graduation Ceremony at 8 p.m., followed by the Graduation Ball.

Friday, May 13th.—Student night at the College—informal dance, etc.

Saturday, May 14th.—University football at Eden Park, followed by dinner and the opening of the Carnival Play.

THE JOKER

Most of us know only one man who is fair and unbiassed, and modesty prevents us from naming him.

* * *

If you let a woman think she will, she won't; if you let a woman think you think she won't, she will.

* * *

Why is it that women are so fond of sweets and men of bitters?

* * *

"Boys will be boys," runs the saying. We could put up with this, but when it comes to girls being girls it starts to get beyond a joke.

* * *

"How would the present-day frock have been regarded forty years ago?" asks a writer. As a rather daring bathing costume, probably.

* * *

When we were young soft songs were sung—

We called them lullabies—

And their slumbrous spell worked extremely well

On baby's happy eyes.

But they're out of place in this year of grace,

And when Baby's day is o'er

We exclaim "Good bus," or "She's been a cuss,"

And lock the garage door.

Hellaby's Prime Meats

"Better Meats that cost you no more"

THIS EXCHANGE QUESTION

The year 1931 closed strongly with the exchange at 10 per cent. and no callers. Hardly had the New Year begun when Professor Copland saw this bid and raised it to twelve. A motion to start a jack-pot by Coates didn't get through the initial stages, and amidst tremendous excitement Dr. Hight pushed the necessary chips over—and three. With the pool at fifteen some of the banks wanted to quit, but Mr. Davidson was keen to see it through and called for a show-down. Professors Tocker and Belshaw, entering the game at this stage, were given chips up to thirty and asked to get busy. Holding three aces, as well as Mr. Lang and a lot of other securities, Mr. Davidson went to thirty but found only Professor Copland left in. An accusation against the latter by Harry Holland, to the effect that he was sneaking

chips, was well received but found little active support. At this stage two gentlemen, claiming to represent the local Chamber of Commerce, asked for a seat in the ring, but were told that only farmers and economists need apply. The game assumed a serious aspect when Forbes called Mr. Davidson's bluff and demanded a show-down. Asked for a look at his own cards, however, he could only show a few statements to the newspapers, and a three million deficit. Nobody seemed inclined to go beyond thirty and it looked like a throw in unless a little more capital was forthcoming. At this point the proprietor, who gave his name as John Citizen, said that he would unfortunately have to shut the rooms up as he had just gone bankrupt. The game will be concluded in the street.

CARNIVAL PLAY

The Carnival Committee, of which Mr. A. B. Thompson is Chairman, announces that it has been definitely decided to produce a play this year. As an economy measure, the play will be produced in the Concert Chamber instead of in His Majesty's. Old students will remember that *Bill Stoney*, one of the College's most successful ventures, was produced there. The saving in rent alone will be considerable. A play has been chosen, and the name of the author will be announced early next week. A casting committee, consisting of Mr. Coppard

and Mr. Bertram, has been set up and is at work on a preliminary survey of the talent available. All wishing to take part are urged to get into touch with one of these gentlemen immediately. Rehearsals will start after Easter.

Annie Rutz, daughter of the local candy store keeper, as the virgin in this year's production of the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau has already started her rehearsal. She is the first blonde virgin for a century.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

The Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—Could you tell me if anything is being done about the recent prohibition of smoking in the Women's Common Room? The matter was put across in the midst of exams last year and, with the help of a large and unwarranted measure of publicity from the *N.Z. Herald*, which, by the way, seemed to be singularly well informed—the decree was accepted with a resignation that was more weak-spirited than praiseworthy. The question seems to me to be of considerable importance, and the point at issue goes a long way beyond the simple query "Should women smoke?"

The staff—or the majority of the staff—seem to hold fairly decided views on the matter. It is a prejudice that has my personal sympathy. But I am a mass of prejudices, and my short existence of life has taught me that no one man can hope to have his views and tastes shared by the whole world. I have a rooted objection for instance to red ties. Yet when I see one I do not tear it from the neck of the individual who offends my eye—rather do I turn quietly away and allow the owner to go in peace with his revolutionary cravat. Doubtless, the way in which I part my hair has a similar disturbing effect on him, and the compromise at which we arrive of ignoring each other, does at least preserve Christian relation. Now the extent to which authority is justified in interfering with the individual is the theme which inspired John Stuart Mill to write his epoch-making work on *Liberty*, and I venture to asseverate that in this case his sympathies would be with the students. Of course, Mr. Mill is

not everybody, and the fact that he burnt Carlyle's manuscript of the *French Revolution* shows that he may have been a bit of a fool (although readers of this last work might not regard its destruction as overwhelming evidence of insanity). Yet it is gratifying to know that we stand under the great flag of liberty, freedom of speech, and the license of the individual, and even if that is as far as it goes, there is, I suppose, a certain satisfaction to be gained from being silent under injustice.

I write to you, sir, in the hope that some Garibaldi of the student masses may take the matter up and that we may yet march to the glorious dawn of liberty beneath a banner on which shall be engraved the slogan "Players Please."—Yours, etc.,

LIBERTINO.

THE SELFISH STUDENT

The Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—I wonder if it has ever occurred to anyone at this College that the outlook of the average student is distinctly selfish? We spend a great deal of money on our sports and tournaments, our dances and social pleasures. At the same time we receive a great deal of free education and grumble a great deal at what we have to pay for. It is little wonder that the tax-payers of this country and, in particular, of this city are quite out of sympathy with the student side of the Universities, nor can they be expected to tolerate our fooling when we give them nothing in return but a

Graduation

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CORRESPONDENCE—(Continued)

learned contempt for those unfortunates—rapidly dwindling in number—who cannot write a few letters after their names. We expect the public to patronise our play, and to give us money for various semi-worthy aims such as paying for our furniture. We even have the temerity to expect bequests. Were I a millionaire—which heaven forbid—I would go quietly to my grave with the knowledge that my money would endow a cats' home rather than inflict upon the country the evils of an institution devoted to higher education. On the other hand, should the attitude of the student suffer a radical change they would have my hypothetical money with the greatest of pleasure; but the man, who makes education in this country any freer at the present time, will stand dishonoured in the eyes of posterity.

A few practical suggestions. Why not a certain devotion to social service of some of our spare time and energy? Student concert parties, help at the hospital auxiliary, small donations—all these things would be easy to us. Why not a charity night in the season of our annual play instead of our present two-handed scramble for the public's money? Perhaps, also, though I hesitate to suggest this to my learned friends, a little more respect for the "man about town"—not necessarily the *Auckland Star's* correspondent—who is paying for our education, would not be misplaced.—Yours, etc.,

GRADUATE.

A PROFESSORIAL SCANDAL

The Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—I write to you in the hope that a little publicity may clear up an unfortunate delusion under which several members of the medical profession, and perhaps some of the outside public, may be labouring. At the recent Ball, which the B.M.A. Conference held in the College Hall, there was no lack of those things that make life worth living, neither of food nor of drink; and in order to let the joy be as

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CORRESPONDENCE—(Continued)

unconfined as possible there was a fairly good imitation of a hotel bar installed in the main vestibule. A genial gentleman presided over this. Attired in a white waistcoat and tail coat, he looked the personification of respectability, and his diamond solitaire rivalled the celebrated stone that Al Jolson proposed to bring home to his sugar baby. Unfortunately he had chosen to set up his outfit outside a study door and, as a result, there blazed over his head the strange device "Prof. Anderson." As far as I could see it was generally assumed that this gentleman with the diamond solitaire was Professor Anderson, and it was no uncommon thing to hear a gay reveller ask for "some more of the same, Prof." Now, may I take this opportunity of giving my personal assurance that he was not Professor Anderson whom I know well by sight. Furthermore, he never was Professor Anderson.

Could this be published throughout the Dominion to clear up an unfortunate impression that may last for years in the conservative South?—Yours, etc.,

STUDENT CAMPS

The Editor, *Craccum*.

Sir,—Many students must have been interested by the description of the student camps that are being set up in Christchurch, and I would venture to enquire of you (a) whether the present Student Executive would be capable of organising a similar camp, or (b) in the event of its inability could another Executive be elected constitutionally and immediately which would be capable of doing this. I realise that our position is not quite that of Canterbury College. The majority of the students are part-

time and Training College students, and it is possible to take most courses here and to earn money at the same time. Yet the recent recommendations of the Economy Committee show that the Training College student of the very near future, will have about ten shillings a week to live on, if that; and the impossibility of finding work in most professions and trades will soon force many students to be full-timers of necessity. May I quote you a sentence from an article by an eminent English economist, viz., "that if the present level of prices is to be permanent every debtor country in the world is certainly and unavoidably bankrupt." Without taking this cheery little saying as Gospel, we can at least expect a future that will be far from rosy.

Now, it seems to me that Canterbury have, for perhaps the second time in the century, got hold of a really good idea and, reverting to my questions above, do you think that the present Executive could be brought to consider the matter and even—though I shudder at the possibility—to act in the matter? We have helped Jasper Calder in the past—can we not help him now by keeping the students out of his doss-house?—Yours, etc.,

HOPEFUL.

Mr. William Duncan of Lisbon, North Dakota, stopped here en route to Fostoria to say hell to his many friends.

From *Ohio Sentinel*.

* * *

"Is this a good place for a change and a rest?" we asked a boarder at a seaside resort during the holidays. "Yes!" came the rueful reply, "The waitresses get the change and the management get the rest!"



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CRACCUM TOURNAMENT

March 21st, 1932

Considerable excitement was caused in student circles by the eleventh hour proposal emanating from Canterbury to dispense with Tournament. There is a great deal to be said for the idea, and had it been broached earlier it would have met with more sympathy. It is an obvious economy for students to make, and the sacrifice of these few days' fairly expensive pleasures would have met with the approval of many. Yet at this hour, with arrangements well advanced, seats booked and other expenses already incurred, postponement would have been a great mistake; and our delegates are to be congratulated on the stand which they took.

Our prospects for the tour seem fairly bright again. The Athletic Club shows a marked revival and numbers some prominent local athletes in its Tournament team. Although the standard of boxing in the trials was disappointing, we have a fair chance of winning at least three weights which would probably mean the boxing shield. The tennis team will lack the brilliance of former years, but will certainly do well. The rowing eight, which takes its place in the Tournament proper for the first time is reported to be doing well. There has been considerable trouble in providing a boat for the race in Wellington, but this has been finally overcome. Swimming and basketball show the same strength as in former years.

Altogether, the College will send away a stronger team than last year, and should retain the shield. All students who can afford to travel to Wellington should take this opportunity of getting the best out of University life. The reduced fares mean cheap travelling even to those who are not in the teams, and Tournament is always a memorable event.

The teams, as announced by the two Tournament delegates, Messrs. J. N. Wilson and R. Grey, are:—

Tennis Team.—Captain, J. E. Stedman. Men's singles, J. E. Stedman, C. G. Bowden; men's doubles, J. E. Stedman and J. P. Glenie, Bowden and T. H. Wilson; women's singles, Miss L. Robertson, Miss R. Taylor; women's doubles, Misses B. Robertson and Taylor, J. Chambers and G. Gardner; mixed doubles, Miss Chambers and Glenie, Miss G. Gardner and Wilson.

Boxing.—Captain, G. Fraer. Feather, J. Rassie; light, T. Emanuel; welter, G. L. Zinzan; middle, W. L. Barker; cruiser, J. D. Collister; heavy, G. Fraer.

Rowing.—Captain, J. K. Hunn. H. T. Lee, W. J. Lowe, O. J. C. Mason, F. G. Bowling, L. M. Ross, D. L. Robinson, N. C. Mason, A. I. Mitchell, J. K. Hunn.

Basketball.—Captain, Miss J. Alison. Misses G. Gardner, K. Mays, J. Rennie, J. Alison, C. Fotheringham, I. Cliffe, P. Morris, R. Perez, Pressley. Emergency: Miss M. Cambridge.

Athletics.—Captain, H. C. Garlick. 100yds, H. C. Garlick, J. Gavin; 220yds, Garlick, Gavin; 440yds, E. Kedgeley, G. Mitchell; 880yds, T. S. Finlayson; One mile, C. Francis, A. B. Browne; three miles, C. Francis; 120yds hurdles, P. Bowie, A. J. Henderson; 440yds hurdles, J. Healy; high jump, J. W. Allen, J. Healy; long jump, H. K. Brainsby; javelin, E. C. Wooller; one mile walk, G. O. Adams; hammer throw, W. L. Barker; relay, 880yds, C. R. Newton-King; 440yds, Mitchell; 220 yards, Gavin, Garlick.

Now that many of the erstwhile narrow streets of Auckland are being widened, those who make a practice of coming home late from the club will find the distance much greater.

* * *

"Several teeth over two feet long and over ten thousand years old" have been discovered in the Arctic regions, according to a geographical magazine. Yet we feel sure that the prehistoric dentist said, "It isn't going to hurt very much."

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FOOTBALL CLUB

The Annual Meeting of the Football Club was held on Tuesday last. Mr. M. R. O'Shea presided over an attendance of about 60 members. Club officials for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—

President: Professor Algie.

Vice-Presidents: Professor Bartrum and Mr. M. R. O'Shea.

Club Captain: Mr. L. E. Brooker.

Senior Selector: Mr. A. Keene.

Junior Selectors: Messrs. Cashmore, Jenks, O'Halloran.

Committee: Messrs. Colgan, McVeagh, Cashmore, Anderson, Drake, Mulgan, Bush.

Secretary: Mr. W. G. Boswell.

Treasurer: Mr. K. Robinson.

An animated discussion on the bonafide student question followed, among the most prominent speakers being Mr. W. L. Barker, Mr. E. H. Blow, and Mr. Millikin. Mr. Keegan also had a few words to say on the wing-forward question.

"Sleep near the edge of the bed," is the advice a psychologist-doctor gives to sufferers from insomnia. He evidently forgot to add, "Then you may drop off."

Answer to correspondent.—No. The Monarch of Hedjaz has no authority whatsoever over foot jazz.

We are glad to see authoritative denials of the theory, and protestations against the statement, that men who love dogs are always cruel to women, for we were about to protest against the natural corollary that lady dog-fanciers always beat their husbands.

* * *

"Bach," said a prominent Auckland musician the other day, "was one of the most human of all composers. His name is pronounced Bark." But to us that sounds more canine than human.

* * *

One of our most prominent New Zealand political leaders has complained to the police that a thief stole his velour hat from the restaurant where he was dining. We can understand his perturbation. What is he going to talk through now?

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