



VOL. 27—No. 4. MAY 6th, 1952.

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A.R.C. for transmis-
sion by Tie-Tac.

FLASH!

WEATHER—
Fair in parts — fine
elsewhere.

On Thursday this College will make its annual impact on the public of Auckland. You who read this will be part of the force behind that impact. Down the years the nature of the impact has varied; sometimes it has found the public yielding and ready to appreciate fun and high spirits. Sometimes, alas, the impact has been on an unyielding, apathetic audience when there was no applause for a good float, no rain of pennies and . . . no goodwill! These latter occasions have done nothing to augment better student (indeed, University) relations with our city at large. They may even have cancelled them.

My aim as Carnival Chairman is first and always: To show the University to the world (or our part of it anyway) in the best light possible. This institution and its contents have a great deal to offer to Auckland, not only in entertainment and cultural ways, but in the broader field of general education, commerce, science, sports and in the many other specialized areas of university study. All that is required is an awakening of interest (both at this place and along Queen Street) in civic-university affairs.

You, student, are the best publicity A.U.C. has for its work. Make sure your publicity value is positive and that everything you do during Procession and over Carnival time may be added to the public-relations slate and not subtracted or divided therefrom. The crowds in the city will expect you to enjoy yourselves; don't disappoint them. And, try to get them in the spirit too. Smiling, open faces will get your message across.

The city is ready for you, every official and business man has been enthusiastic and co-operative. So that side is all right. Make your side so. DON'T winge about what "they" do at Otago and Canty. Do it here — only — do it better.

By now everyone of you should be contributing something to Carnival. To those who are — Good Luck, and a good time. To those who aren't — God help you — you must be dead!

ALAN GORDON,
Chairman Carnival Committee.

Final Word On Beaux' Stratagem

"The Beaux Stratagem" opens its Auckland Season on Monday night next. More than the usual amount of hard work has gone into the production and the results show it. New scenery and costumes set the show. The work Bill Austin did before his resignation through ill-health largely determines the excellence of the show. The cast are confident and keen to set you laughing. If you are one of those who always leave things late — all I say is, I hope you haven't missed out on seats altogether! See you at the Concert Chamber!

ALAN GORDON,
Producer.

**Don't Let
This
Happen
To You**



DRUG SCANDAL

Narcotics Sold To Students

Craccum's ace reporters have discovered a shocking and sensational scandal which has staggered them ever since.

Sent out on a routine assignment they discovered that harmful drugs are freely available to Auckland students once they learn the passwords.

Following up this discovery Craccum reporters found that there were no strict precautions taken in the selling of the drugs. The peddlers, however, keep rigidly fixed hours and only a special customer could ever hope to obtain supplies afterwards.

The main issues in this valuable expose stressed by our reporters are:—

Harmful drugs are sold openly to Auckland students.

The drugs, which are concealed in amber fluid, are easy to obtain. The dict leans over the counter and says, "Lavanandle." Hardened peddlers have no sooner finished one draught of the drug when they shout, "avanutherone."

Bottles of the liquid containing the drug can be obtained almost anywhere for sixpence.

Most students interviewed by Craccum admitted to using the drug.

One student to whom we spoke could hardly speak. In fact the only thing we could distinguish in his speech was "lavabeer." He had his drug in an oddly shaped brown bottle which, once he had emptied it, was redeemable at the counter for a small sum.

In another drug den we found other students in an advanced state of addiction. Their conversation centred mainly round the phrase "Fillemupagen." Immediately, the attendant handed out more of the drug.

All around the room, grads. and undergrads. were drinking the drugs much as they would a malted milk.

"LITTLE FUZZY"

In another den we found several young students also partaking. One of them was scribbling his version of James Joyce's Ulysses on paper as he partook. He had written "Four handles." He explained that that was the title of a poem he was working on in the meantime. The others were to be entitled, "Sozzled as a Savage," "Yeast Drinkers" and "Little Fuzzy."

Intrigued by these titles, our reporters decided to sample the drug so as to be able to give a first hand account of its effects.

Here are their notes for the rest of the day.

"Drug tastes bitter. Two glasses have no effect on writer. Third glass tastes better. Thirst seems to increase after eighth glass.

"Whatsyhllly shtoryy. Whi carea anuwat. I AM Tyongthis shtoty. Clidntcare lesh. fhgty ebart, jkiopling hapentheardst. fknbn; i/./? fgfx. Fillemupagen!

IT'S GRAND TO HAVE A HAND IN THE BAND

Once again we have a capping band consisting so far this year of fifteen players.

Ours is perhaps the leading roll in process. and there seems no doubt that we will be the highlight of the occasion.

However, process., although it is our most important management of the year, is by no means the only function in which we take a major part. We play at University Tournaments and competitions as well as dances, coffee-evenings, concerts and many other such gatherings where University spirit is high.

We are so far this year however, a little reduced in numbers and could still do with more players.

If you are unable to come to rehearsal, we would still welcome you if only for process. itself — but let us know.

GOOD LUCK TO ALL

Craccum extends its good wishes to the members of Capping Play and hopes that their venture will prove successful.

In fact we are so fuddled that we extend our sincere good wishes to everyone, from the stuffiest little fresher to the fullest Grad.

To the "B.S." players, Good Luck and "knock 'em over."

PRESS ATTACKS VARSITIES

Journalists Jealous of Consumption

WE'RE IN THE SPREE

This is a special issue. As Capping Week is on us and all the fun lies ahead we decided that it would be fitting for us to get into Carnival mood too. Make the most of it, it probably won't happen again. —Ed.

A leading London daily recently carried a three-column headline which shocked the sox off Varsity wallowers from Moscow to Mt. Erebus and from New York to Brooklyn.

"VULGARITY SWEEPING UNIVERSITIES," screamed the great defender of the Truth (Invincible Press denies any responsibility) and Craccum decided it was time to investigate. One can't let that sort of thing go unanswered, can one?

Temperance Movement leaders apparently find student patronage of the liquor trade too pronounced and sustained for their tastes. This annoyance found an outlet in a long tirade delivered at the Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance in Manchester.

Mr. Cecil Heath (apologies), Mr. Cecil H. Heath, the general secretary of the Alliance had reported a number of ominous incidents in the previous months supporting his contention that a wave of vulgarity seemed to be sweeping British universities.

At Bristol, according to Cecil H., a beer-drinking contest between men and women students had been arranged, but afterwards partially abandoned because of unwelcome publicity.

TUT! TUT!

In Glasgow the university authorities stopped a drinking contest (spoil sports) where free beer had been provided by a local brewery at the rate of 20 bottles an entrant (N.Z.B. please note). The prizes for the contest were free whisky and more beer.

Further a famous Oxford College for women had introduced beer to the dining-hall. (Could Exec. see what could be done with our Caf.?)

Freshers at Leeds were given a guide to Pub-crawling, containing said Cecil H., "thoroughly decadent" descriptions of the licensed premises of the city.

Craccum's social reporter suggests that Cecil H., be invited out this way and made to swallow (wait for it) his words.

OUR DECADENCE

From a conveniently situated observation post under broly on the spire, he could observe at first hand the goings on and the disgusting decadence prevalent around this campus. He would probably conclude that the stampede from 4 o'clock lectures is merely a desire for athletic exercise after having had the elbow bent in one position all during the academic pursuit of one precious hour or so.

Perspectives



From left to right: Top: Lecturer's eye-view of Fresher, Freshette, Under-Grad.

Bottom: Fresher, Fresher's eye-view of Professor, Grad.

Freshers! You Have Been Accepted

OUR TRADITION IS YOURS

CRACCUM
May 6th, 1952.

College To Be Closed

It was with deep regret that we learned of the Government's decision to close Auckland University College to University studies.

Following a report in "Craccum" last week the Cabinet has decided to transfer the "incorrigibles" in the Academy to a kindergarten which will be situated on Whale Island.

The rest of the student body will be detained at the College which is to be turned into a borstal. It is proposed that they be made examples to the rest of the world for daring to express themselves.

The Professors and Lecturers are to be gagged and bound and cast into a room with 10,000 parrots, specially trained in the art of deliver non-stop lectures of a 61-minute duration.

The N.Z.B.S. has arranged to buy the broadcast rights and hopes the session will rival Parliament on its popularity poll.

The Minister for Prisons told Cabinet he was delighted with the move as for many moons he had been seeking an architectural rival for Mt. Eden.

Pointing out that the College could not possibly fulfill any useful educational function the Minister for Education drew attention to his own lengthy sojourn in our halls.

"Corrupting the youth," grunted a well known horse trainer and the die was cast.

Any student who wishes to appeal from the decision may obtain forms on personal application to the Chief Lighthouse Keeper, Centre Island, Foveaux Strait. He is reported to be an isolationist.

Those who are not under the age of 10 years and not over the age of 84 will be subject to the Cabinet decision.

All who fall under the effected categories are to report immediately for screening and leg chaining.

Well, Freshers. Now you've been here a full term and don't you think yourselves good. Isn't it nice to be REAL University students and not just school kids? Just imagine it. Full-blown 'VARSITY' students. The fuller you get the further you can blow, too. University students, eh? Not just giggling little high school horrors. Isn't it nice? Well, blast you, isn't it?

This is The Score

1. We have 23 trucks—how many floats depends on YOU.
2. Trucks will line up outside the University at 9.30 a.m. beside their numbers. Clubs will be allotted corresponding numbers and delegates will collect their OWN truck when it arrives and take it to the area where the club is building. The delegate will then take the driver to morning tea while the work is being done.
3. Marshalls will be around to help the initial truck disposal so please help them. The only way to success is co-operation.
4. When your float is complete shepherd it back to its number. IT MUST BE BACK BY 12.00 FOR CENSORING. At 12.15 p.m. the procession moves off, so work out your programme and don't be late.
5. Once under way all, but the VERY few on the actual float are to extort a donation from anyone not wearing an Immunity Badge.
6. At the conclusion of Process. delegates are to take the drivers to late lunch while the truck is being stripped — Remember that you have not finished your job UNTIL THE TRUCK ALLOTTED TO YOU IS READY TO GO BACK TO BUSINESS. Delegates will be held responsible for stripping. All salvageable material should be stacked (this includes timber, calico and large pieces of undamaged cardboard — if any), and other debris is to be stacked on one truck ready for disposal at the city dump.
7. Route . . . REMEMBER DELEGATES . . . Your OWN truck — don't take the first one that comes. Feed the drivers during building and stripping. Co-operate with the marshalls—they will give you a lot of help. STRIP AGAIN AFTERWARDS. Go to it and enjoy yourselves. K. FRASER.

Of course we wouldn't want to disillusion you, but there is nothing more excruciating than being a University student in the Limbo betwixt Life and Learning. The more some people learn the further away they get from the facts of life.

As we have said the nature of an undergraduate's life is gruesome. The word is not one to be used too often (English department) and must whenever used, be so used very carefully (legal phraseology, thanks Law Dept.). We do not like the word, but on this occasion its use, it having been borne in mind that it must so be used carefully (thanks L. Dept.), is appropriate. According to that great bulwark of University learning it means (Pear's) "ghastly, grim." See what we mean?

"GHASTLY"

What could be more ghastly than the leg display on the tennis courts in the summer and the elbows over the way a wee bit in the wee hours of the winter?

Craccum is the best example of academic grue you will come across in your meanderings and it is the duty of all undergraduates to see that this standard of decadent grue is never allowed to raise itself and waft away.

To those who have too much time on their hands we suggest another subject. You haven't got a hope of getting the three you've tackled now so go on, make a job of it, flop four instead.

DON'T, DON'T, DON'T.

Don't on any account get interested in such worthless matters as politics.

CAP. PLAY'S NEW PRODUCER

William Austin, who has been producer of "The Beaux' Stratagem," has resigned because of ill-health. Alan Gordon has taken over the final stages of the production.

"Bill did a great deal of work on the play," said Alan. "We are all sorry that his resignation came at a time when his work was almost completed. My task of carrying on after Bill is a hard one. His standards were very high."

Be In The Swim . . . And Ush

There is a list in the W.C.R. for those who want to be ushers for Cappiny Play.

You can sign if you want to see the Play gratis.

Ushers and programme sellers are needed. Those who sign up for two nights will be eligible for the trip to Rotorua with the play, but everyone has an opportunity for advancement—this might be the beginning of a brilliant career as an usher; and the social possibilities of admission to the Party cannot be overestimated. Excellent working conditions, free perms biannually, and staff amenities which have to be seen to be believed.

What do you have to do? Either you ush or you sell programmes at the

Concert Chamber, wearing your best dress (not evening frocks this year) under a gown — provided if you get there early enough. Also you will probably have to help to get tea for the cast at half-time and supper at the end — further opportunity for social advancement.

Anyway if you are ushing, come to a meeting of ushers (also programme sellers) in the W.C.R. Reading Room at 6 p.m. to-morrow.

—Jocelyn B. Green.

religion, literature or any of the other traps you will observe around the building (s).

It is a well-known fact that we are a hot-bed of Reds, atheists, anarchists, fascists, imperialists, capitalists, bourgeoisie (for further descriptions refer Superintendent, the Brown House, cnr. Princess and O'Rorke) so there's no use trying to deny it is there?

If any of you attempt to get outside these tags the public expectations of the University will be sadly let down and we wouldn't want to disappoint the public, would we? Anyway if you try to alter the status quo you WON'T get your degree, see. NOTA BENE—(thanks Latin Dept.) A degree is defined by regulation (see Calendar) as a financially desirable object, available on easy terms to any member of the student body (refer our Special Reporter) not a member of Craccum staff.

Well now that we've accepted you, burn that old school tie before it is savagely soaked in strong and amber by democratic drinkers (excuse, Thinkers).

SALT COMING UP

If you went to King's well you can wear your tie. If it wears out there are hundreds of others around that you can borrow. Collegian, comes the Revolution and boy, oh, boy, watch the production of salt go up.

It is the earnest, free-thinking High School student who holds the University together (provided he has sufficient of the necessary nutriment in his tummy and nothing in his head). It is also true that the earnest, free-thinking female student holds the aforesaid earnest free-thinking high school student together.

OUR STAFF

Beware the Craccum bloodhound. Once he gets on your tail you haven't a snowball's chance in the nether regions of escaping. The more he's not wanted the harder he tries. Once the desired object (of the story) has been sighted, the line follows something like this: "Doing a yarn on student types for the next issue, name, age, address, phone number, grog capacity and free nights next week?"

WE REALLY ARE

Yes, freshers, we're glad you're here. After all, if you weren't, there would be enough room in the halls of lecture. If there was enough room we could work properly and much of our traditional grievance would be inapplicable, so whip out and drag in another thousand or so. Go on. Last one back's a ninny!

GET THAT FLOAT DRIFTING

Is your float finished? If not get cracking because the Process. organisers want everything ready as soon as possible so that there will be no hitches on Thursday.



BLUEPRINT FOR HARMONY

IT'S A GIGANTIC SELL

Hopes For Success Of Capping Book

Capping Book salesmen and salesettes are still needed. There are plenty of vacancies for enthusiastic sellers to present the journal to our great public.

In the following article is explained the way you can play a part in realising the high targets set for the success of this week's festivities.

This year there are 9000 copies of capping book to be sold. Such a task should not be beyond our capabilities, but the issue requires a large number of willing sellers who will give up their time to ensure the success of the sales drive.

In brief, our working plan is—

● Early on Thursday morning O'Rorke sellers will be out in force to catch the workers at such places as the Ferry Buildings, the Railway Station, etc.

Later in the morning their places will be taken by other sellers in the City itself to catch the shopping rush.

These latter sellers will be able to procure Capping Book from one of two sources; a booth at the University, or from one of half a dozen proposed distribution points in Queen Street, whose precise locations will be posted later.

All books taken will be signed for (legibly) with both name and address. In return a receipt will be given which will be used as a deposit slip at one of the city banks (see other story) where taking may be deposited immediately. Further and fuller details will be given at a meeting of all Capping Book sellers to be held at a time to be fixed.

DON'T BE SHY

Sellers need not be bashful. There is nothing to be ashamed of in being seen by acquaintances selling Capping Book in the street. Forget your inhibitions. Don't be "put off" — don't take "no" for an answer if you can avoid it. On the other hand, remember that courtesy does not go amiss.

Above all, watch the notice boards.

W. A. WILSON,
Chief of Sales Organisation,
Capping Book.



"SELL"

Where To Pay Money You Gather

The following details regarding the disposal of collector's monies have been announced.

Students who are still doubtful, or who wish to act as collectors are advised to contact any member of the Organizing Committee.

A chit consisting of three parts will be printed. The seller will sign the top and bottom portions. The agency will retain one portion, the seller one, as his receipt, and the third one will be used as a deposit slip at the National Bank High Street Agency.

From 12.45 onwards Teller number two will be devoted to Carnival monies, before that any teller will do it.

The chits will be issued to every seller with his books.

PLEASE COME BACK OILED

As this is the last chance we have of getting at you this term we wish to express our hope that you will have an enjoyable vac. and will come back fresh for the fray next term.

Also, the entire "Craccum" staff hopes that your journalistic inclinations are more severely oiled up for next term and that the next issues of Craccum will be more representative of the whole of the University community and not merely the work of those few who can be bothered to do something about it.

We Are Not Yet Staffed

Craccum needs staff urgently if it is to continue operations. What we need most urgently are (a) barmen, (b) glass washers and (c) throwers out.

We also have vacancies for fully (d) qualified baby sitters to look after our social editress. Applicants must have evidence of previous experience.

Apply before 9 o'clock yesterday morning. If no applications have been received by then the positions (a) and (d) will be allotted to present staff members.

NO DRUNKS IN PROCESH Committee Order

The following details were announced by Proceesh Committee last night. All intending to take part are requested to peruse them.

If there is any doubt, consult Proceesh Committee organisers.

GENERAL

- (1) No nails are to be driven in truck trays. There is plenty of wire and rope available. Use that to attach the floats.
- (2) PAINTWORK MUST NOT BE DAMAGED. FIRMS LEND US THEIR BEST TRUCKS AND WE MUST LOOK AFTER THEM. Unless permission is obtained from the driver, nobody is to climb on the cabs or mudguards.
- (3) There are to be as few as possible on the floats (five limit). See procession controller if more are necessary.

FROM 9 A.M.

- While floats are being constructed, drivers are to be taken to morning tea.
- All delegates are to stay with the truck unless any difficulty is encountered. Any trouble must be reported to your marshal.
- You are responsible for the conduct of everyone on your truck, and are reminded that the Professorial Board has received a guarantee that the procession will proceed with absolute order and decency.
- There will be no drinking on floats. No liquor or empties will be permitted, unless they form an integral part of the float.
- Drunks will be barred from taking part in procession.
- Nothing must be thrown off floats in the form of liquid or solid, sprays or projectiles. The police have made this request.
- No fumes or smoke liable to contaminate public property. If you need smoke, you are advised to contact the committee for approval.

NOT "DAMPERS."

These conditions may seem strict. They are not designed to hamper your fun, but to impress you with the importance of this procession upon future years. Good conduct this year means less supervision by the authorities in future.

IN PRACTICE YOU MAY DO ANYTHING WHICH IS WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF COMMON SENSE AND WHICH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH THE SPECTATORS' ENJOYMENT.

If your float is designed for collecting money or does, in effect, have money thrown on it, e.g., the Red Cross float, it is necessary that the delegate have this money down to the Auckland Savings Bank, just below the Regent Theatre, by 3 p.m.

Procession will terminate at the rear of the Botany Block, on Anzac Avenue. There will be two places marked off, one for timber and calico, the other for disposal of waste. Disposal will be directed by Dixon Reilly.

If these rules are observed we should all have a . . . y (jolly, of course) good time. And if you're in doubt about anything, just ask

PROCESSION COMMITTEE.

SITS. VAC.

Remember, there are still plenty of jobs going for students to make this week really bright. Working conditions are excellent, pay is unheard of, and all amenities are provided. Consult the notice boards for fuller details.

WELL NOW!

Some of Auckland's evangelic Christians recently placed outside the Town Hall a notice which, in part, read as follows:—

"The Heart, Mind and Soul of Communism, by Dr. Schwarz, M.B., B.A. B.Sc.

Attend this great demonstration of the Faith."

BOOKS for All Students

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY

FOURTH REVISED EDITION

Now off the rationed list and available for immediate delivery. Numerous corrections and additions have been made to this new edition to bring the book right up-to-date and it is the acknowledged authority for English. 1540 pages.

18/-

THE Oxford Atlas

A new Oxford University reference book worthy to rank with any of the other famous Oxford publications. It is really new, and for fullness, clearness and authority is unexcelled. There are 112 pages of maps printed in six colours; eight pages of introductory notes, 90 pages of Index Gazetteer, containing over 50,000 names. The book measures 15½ in. x 10½ in.

37/6

Obtain your copy from THE UNIVERSITY BOOKSELLERS

Whitcombe & Tombs LIMITED

LITTLE RED ATTEMPTS TO CLOAK ACTIVITIES

Dangerous Book is Banned By Censorship

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The Government Illiterate Censor to-night urged the Cabinet to impose a ban on imports of "Little Red Riding Hood."

The Minister in charge of censorship Quids Netherland, said the ban should be imposed until he had read the book, studied its ramifications and received recommendations from the Education Department.

Craccum's Wellington office understands that the ban is based on recently discovered evidence that the book—

● Implies that the Red heroine ultimately triumphs. This allegation strikes a blow for Communism. This propaganda attempt is somewhat mitigated by the fact that the author uses a private enterprise weapon, a wood-cutter, but even he is humble and wields a hefty axe for the down-trodden workers.

● It is riddled with suggestive situations. The story has as its theme a presumably unmarried woman alone in the woods with a "wolf." To prolong the sordid incident she packs a lunch to take along, and thus makes matters worse. There is too a scene in which a male exchanges places in a bed with a female.



RED RIDING HOOD

● Lays too much stress on a sallow, sadistic, typically comic book scheme, in which a grisly murder follows cannibalism.

School masters, parents and book-sellers are expected to support the Minister's ban. It is pointed out that this sort of thing has a harmful influence on the youth of the nation.

(Copies of the book in the College Library are to be withdrawn from circulation until the position is clarified. Socialist club has denied any affiliation with its authors.—Ed.)

BUNG HO DISRAELI!

Out Devonport way they say there's lass who doesn't know Queen Vic. from Quid Netherland. It is alleged that neither are amused.

INVESTIGATOR GOES BUST

Craccum will not use any more pictures of its special reporter on the front page. The Editor thinks only 99.5 per cent. of the readers approve of her appearance (on the front page).



Gobbledywocky . . .

*T'was six o'clock and sozzled soaks
Did veer and mumble on the way
All fiddley was the bourgeoisie
And Alliance was outrave.*

*Beware the Vice Squad now my son
The eyes that pry, the cells that latch
And 'ware the glugglug type and spurn
The Thistle drinking match.*

*He took a bottle hard in hand
Long time pink elephant foe he sought
And rested Tumtum near a tree
And shuffled sagged in thought.*

*And shuffling round in search of food
Pink elephants with eyes that hiss
Came whizzing round through Albert wood
And guzzled beer in bliss.*

*The mallet wielded one then two
And on the bar did nearly crack
The scene went red and home to bed
He slowly ambled back.*

*And hast thou got a head, my son?
Then take some aspirin, silly sage!
Oh, wizzard, "Do," and smashing fun.
My mouth feels like a parrot's cage.*

*T'was six o'clock and sozzled soaks
Did veer and mumble on the way
All fiddley was the bourgeoisie
And Alliance was outrave.*

OUR POEMS

RABBITS

It must be a habbit,
To breed, in a rabbit;
A bachelor bunny,
would surely be funny.

(Original by Albie Wondering, aged 5, Elam. — Hexagonal Certificate.)

LIFE

It could be rife,
This wild life,
If you got to hearty,
At a party.

(M. Stalin, Arts, aged 9, Blue I)

TREES

Can a dog
Blind with grog,
Find a tree,
Or can't he see.

(A. Look, Law, 11, Red Certificate.)

FROGGIES

If frogs could fly
As well as float,
Wouldn't a tadpole,
Look a goat?

(J. Jones, 10, Craccum — sacked!)



Uncle Syd
Lots of love,
I'll have to run so terribly fast.
I must pop along now, dears. It's
getting very near to six o'clock and
quaff a few
found our way just drop in and we'll
forget old Uncle. Any time you are
That's all for this time, but don't
before. Have you?
seen an umbrella, on a wedding cake
looks lovely like it is and I've never
lower. Now will you. After all, it
naughty and put things on top of the
Now kiddies don't any of you be
tickle sip? Good'oh. Thanks.
prize, will you? Just an ente, teeny.
of you to answer, you won't mind if
Since the poser is too hard for any
a copy of "People's Voice."
is a half bottle of gin and second prize
of. There, that's a hard one. First Prize
can guess what the Cat. coffee is made
I'm giving you one more chance. You
Serve you right.
has used the money to get pickled on.
None of you has won a prize. Uncle
little horrors.
So there you are — you disgusting
naughty little things. Really you are
would be too hot for me there. You
place for your holidays. Personally it
I never knew you all liked the same
Competition.
as many entries for his Short Story
I was surprised by all the entries we
got. The Editor tells me he had nearly
May Vac."
name, "Where should Uncle spend his
were going to run? You know it
Now remember the competition we
could be. Eh? You little stinkers.
you as green with envy as you possibly
a lizard. Aren't you all envious? Aren't
you know, old Uncle was as sozzled as
See? I drank myself ever so full and
18-year-old — you know — an 18 g.
and sat by and 18 all night. No not an
I went to an Easter Saturday party
me thinks.
Vac? Much nicer than playing naughts
and crosses in stuffy old lecture rooms,
Did you all have a wonderful Easter
Eh? It really is.
especially all the lovely little freshets.
down. Eh? Everyone looks so fresh,
I can't be lovely to be letting your hair
Hello, Little Ones!

UNCLE'S COLUMN

For The Wee Tots

GROGGERY IN M.C.R.?

Following on much heated discussion regarding liquor at the N.Z.U.S.A. meeting at Tournament, Craccum has sent a special reporter out to investigate the desirability of installing a bar in the Men's Common Room.

Despite the fact that female members of the Academy got things mixed up and tried to substitute "Women's Common Room" for "Men's Common Room," we feel our investigator has done a good job on the matter.

In our traditionally unbiassed way we have given both the yea and the nay equal space in the controversy and we confidently expect some startling information to be brought to light soon after this issue is circulated. In fact, it's been good studying here—good-bye.

STUDENTS DEMAND BAR FOR PURSUIT OF HIGHER LEARNING

The copy sent in by our correspondent, who wishes to remain alcoholically anonymous, has a funny brown stain on the back of it which, under analysis, showed up to be beer (of all things). He assures us however that he was attacking the matter in the right quarters and he was only drinking shandies anyway.

YEAS CASE

1. Money-making: It would have to be ascertained whether or not all publicans actually do sustain a loss on their student patronage before it could be alleged that the Association would have to subsidise the scheme too heavily. If there is any actual profit in beer then this could be devoted toward raising the journalistic standard of "Craccum." Instead of eight pages we could produce 16, and instead of 16 pages we could produce 32, then we could produce a weekly, a daily, or what have we? It is alleged that the shares on the local ventures have already dropped right through the bottom of the stock exchange on account of this speculation.

2. Drinking on the University premises could be carefully scrutinised by the professors and lecturers and it is alleged that students would not even object to their "hopping in for a short snort" provided this did not become a regular, and necessarily undesirable habit.

No spitting would be allowed except into unstrategically placed bronze alloy receptacles at inconvenient intervals around the Common Room.

3. Staff: It is reported that there would be no need to pay a full-time bar maid or Mine Host. Our correspondent assures us that he could find time to attend to the matter, unpaid, between lectures which he has at eight in the morning and at seven in the evening. He would be fully prepared to cooperate, gratis, free and for nix.

4. THE BAR would provide no end of copy for the Philosophy, English and Fine Arts Departments. As is well known it is the bar-side philosopher who contributes most to the annals of higher thinking.

To test this theory we sent a junior reporter out to the halls of our forthcoming competitors and we haven't been able to stop his philosophising

ever since. Freud and Marx (Groucho) have been simply oozing from his ears ever since. After he had decided to stop aforesaid philosophising and switched to English, his flow of emotive prose and poetic language has been remarkable. We are following a thesis on the source of Shakespeare's brilliance.

To Elam a study of our correspondent would be of inestimable value. Never since Dobell's "Irish Boy" have we seen such a study in gaunt humanity. Fair dinkum, his cheek bones stick out a whopping great distance.

5. The great amount of time saved. Our investigator has estimated that the time saved, measured in terms of alcoholic content would be sufficient to keep either two lecturers or one full blown professor in a state of perfect satisfaction for one history and one latin lecture; two philosophy and one English tutorial or one history lecture and three geography tutorials.

See how much time we could save?

6. It would really provide something for the Chemistry class to do. Right now they just fiddle (according to our correspondent). As is well known, water creeps into the sweet and amber. If the chemics took regular analyses (one every two minutes) students generally would be assured that they were getting full measure. They could also do the student blood tests. It is proposed, you see, that if any one student, on any three successive days, is such a hog that his blood (if any) registers more than 95 per cent. grog content then he won't be allowed back in the bar for at least five minutes from the time he's caught. It is regretted that this latter clause should have to be inserted, but it is of no use installing these proper facilities unless they are properly policed (cnr. Princess and O'Rorke streets please do not accept this as an invitation).

THE CASE FOR NO

Who wants to drink anyway?

IT'S THE LOVELIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR

Tickets are still available for Grad. Ball. Craccum earnestly advises all students to get in early and avoid the usual last minute rush.

As in previous years Grad. Ball will be held on the evening (and the following morning) of Graduation Ceremony. It is to be held in the College Hall, and Epi Shalfoon, who has played for the last fourteen Grad. Balls, will once again be on deck to provide the music.

Among those we hope to have with us this year will be Sir David Smith, Chancellor of the University of N.Z.

It should be a "bang-on" show, filled with the usual fun and frolic (not too much). Everyone from eight to eighty is sure to enjoy himself, so bring all the family from grandma to the kid sister. This will be the final function of Capping Week and the First Term, and as the second term (for most of us) means hard work, "enjoy yourself it's later than you think."

Tickets are obtainable at Caf.

STOP PRESS

AUCKLAND DOWNS THE DRINKING DEMONS

While 300 Wellington Alky boys packed the Royal Oak, and roared excited approval, Collegiate guzzlers downed it feverishly to decide the supremacy of the swallow.

It was the occasion of the noisiest sports event of the year, the 6 x 10oz. relay for the tournament drinking horn.

Auckland retained the title.

"TIME," GENTS, PLEASE

The event did not begin until 2.30, but well before that time preparations were under way.

Teams had not been selected, and as there was a surfeit of candidates for each one, it became necessary for Colleges to hold a series of elimination speed tests.

Pocketed around every glorious foot of the longest bar in the Southern hemisphere (see note), hopeful, resplendent in multicoloured bibs, vied with each other for representative honours.

The standard was high.

NO DRIBBLING

(Dribbling consists of pouring half the glass down your shirt to save a swallow and is strictly forbidden.)

The Final was close and thrilling, enough to stir the sediment in a guzzlewart's stomach. Auckland secured a split-second lead in the first two glasses and maintained it to win in a short swallow and a long down.

The Horn was ours.

The individual time tests held after this, brought to light a wealth of talent and some very scientific swallowing.

FASTEST TIME WENT TO E. BROWNE, A CANTERBURY GENTLEMAN WHO DRAINED HIS IN 2.2.

THE TEAM—B. Byrd (Capt.), T. Eagle, R. Shiel, M. Martinac, T. Costello, J. Partridge. Selector: R. Dragicevich.

RESULTS: Otago beat Canterbury. Time, 17 sec.

A.U.C. beat V.U.C. Time, 18.3 sec.

Final: A.U.C. beat Otago. Time, 17.6 sec.

"BLUES"—were won by E. Brown (C), 2.2 sec.; P. Nelson (O), 2.3 sec.; D. Dalgety (V), 2.5 sec.; R. Street (V), J. McLaren (O), R. Shiel (A) all 2.6 sec.

The Mildura Working Men's Club, Victoria, Australia, actually has the longest bar in the world.—Ed.



UNIVERSITY PROVIDES UPLIFT

An architectural student has invented a revolutionary new type of brassiere for cows.

This is destined to meet the national economic crisis by lifting milk production to increase the exportable butter surplus.

It is hoped that this revolutionary new device will add to the Treasury coffers much Hidden Treasure which will now be uncovered.

The sensational new development was disclosed to-day by Mr. J. General, Minister for What Not, at a protest meeting of homeless bullocks whom the Government will have to toss into the Waikato because the authorities want their paddocks for the "defence effort."

"The need for this sort of uplift is utterly top priority," he said.

The Prime Minister, Quid Netherland, is alleged to have a secret plan for its utilization.

HIGHER UP

Craccum learns that the brassiere is the work of authorities higher than the Architecture School cares to admit.

In answer to a query we were told "This has been coming up for years. It will render pasteurization obsolete and it should stop the drift from the country."

MORAL SUPPORT

A spokesman for the Federated Farmers stated that he felt the brassiere fully deserved the support (at least moral) of the Government.

The D.S.I.R. has so far declined comment. It is believed however that the Division was interested in testing the invention, on cows.

Labour leader, Salter Gnash, said "We resent this attack."

COMPETITION

The Secretary of the Pub. Proprietors' Assn. said the trade viewed with alarm the increasing competition from the dairying industry. "We are against it. The six o'clock swill has enough people in the cups as it is."

Moscow radio has belittled the invention and points out that the idea was first propounded by a Russian researcher, "William the Conqueror," 1066.

The Chicago Tribune alleges that the new device is a Red attempt to concoct something.

Craccum presents the genuine brassiere on the matter. Ferdinand, our Bovine Investigator, snorted, "Udder no sense," and walked away humming. When you know Daisy, like I know Daisy..."

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THE TEN CARDINAL RULES

All That's Needed For Success

It is appropriate now that we have so many happy young faces in our midst that we should repeat for their benefit, and for that of our more respected elders, the ten cardinal rules for successful study.

Right? Here they come:

1. There is only one student paper, Craccum and that comes out every so often.
2. Thou shalt not create any bogus Craccums, nor any facsimiles of such a Star as events shall Herald for the Copyright Act shall not hold him guiltless who indulges in such wilful plagiarism.
3. Thou shalt not bow down to any lecturer, demonstrator or tutor; nor shalt thou serve them, for all men are equal in the eyes of the Professorial Board.
4. Thou shalt not sling off at Craccum's ex-editor for he can visit his iniquities amongst hundreds of innocent students.
5. Four only lectures, and no more shalt thou attend daily. Any more than that is sweating or an indication that the student is an engineer and therefore damned.
6. Thou shalt not operate a still in the sight of anyone. Thou shalt conceal it well and pass the results to Craccum for examination.
7. Thou shalt be discreet in all matters; thou shalt arrange not to be found out.
9. Thou shalt not peep over thy neighbour's shoulder during exams for the odds have it that he knows even less than thou.
10. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbour's sports car, his woman, his smooth line of talk, nor his acquaintance with important examiners, for he shall get a degree and a wife and therein shalt he be severely punished.

And the writer, having spake these things, conceived a whopping great thirst and prepared to have inspired words with the creature of the white apron and the glass.

THANKS

For many of the ideas in this issue we are indebted to overseas magazines. The fault is not ours, but rests with the students, none of whom contributed. To them—raspberries and to our overseas contemporaries, no copyright actions—please.

NEW POLITICAL TREND: 60 NEW SOCIALISTS

Socialist Club's A.G.M. was apparently a rousing success. With 60 new members and their fees, the Club's finances have soared to unexpected levels.

There have been some sharp political reversals and the list of the names of the new members makes surprising reading. Craccum has not yet been advised of the resignations of the new Socialists from their other activities, but this news is expected any moment.

We Don't Want It

Responsibility for comment and articles in this issue does NOT (very definitely) rest with the executive of the Auckland University College Students' Association. We have found it difficult to find anyone who wanted to be responsible for it. We have decided no one is responsible for it. —Mr. X.

Classical Orgy: Minor Scale

Craccum appeared at Classical Soc. do t'other night prepared for the indiscriminate distribution of stale doughnuts and staler facts.

In point of fact, Mr. and Mrs. Crawley are to be both thanked and congratulated for an excellent supper.

Of the twelve women present, six knitted.

Of the eight other beings (male), none gave audible manifestation of an obvious recourse to the arms of Morphheus.

The speaker, Mr. Harris, proved an unimaginative and therefore excellent reader not adverse to injecting a very little personality into his theme, which, entitled "Freedom Under the Roman Empire," mainly concerned a vague and indubitably ineffable something called "maiestas."

Craccum later found it to mean "treason."

A harrowing (?) description of political intrigue, apparently of interest to the intellectuals present, was provided. Its poetic quality savoured faintly of some of our more conservative historians.

Amusing feature of the evening consisted of speeches by Rob. Dyer.

From one:

"It's so nice to sort of get up on the laws of the Augustan Age. We've got an essay on it for the end of the year."

Someone served supper to fill in an awkward gap . . .

Mr. Harris answered questions with enthusiasm and irrelevance.

Craccum awoke.

Apparently the others had enjoyed the thing immensely.

Craccum, bemused by this, is swotting Freud.

—Paris.

Seriously Though -

A lot of work has gone into the various activities which have been arranged for you this week. Proceh organisers have had to work very hard for the last two months or so and we feel sure you will all rally around and make sure that their efforts culminate in the most successful proceh ever.

Don't forget the Grad. Ball. It's the greatest social event of the University year and your chance to "let your hair down" after a hard term's work.

The "Beaux Stratagem" promises to be Auckland's best dramatic work for many moons. The producer and cast have given up hours of their time and now it's all over to you if the play is to be a success.

Read the messages in this paper and then see where you can help most. Watch the notice-boards, especially to-morrow and Thursday, and make sure you know the score.

—Editor.

'BYE PROF.

To our lecturers and professors thanks for a hard term. There will be consolation for you in the fact that we thought as much of it as you did.



NO SALE ! ALL DEPOSITS

There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that there will be a protest meeting of pigeons over the removal of the umbrella from the tower.

Interviewed last night in Albert Park the pigeon leader admitted that the pigeons had not paid for the site. They had only put a deposit on it.

Warning All Mothers!

Don't send your daughter to the ball, Mrs. Worthington,

Don't send your daughter to the ball:

She's been wisely taught at Boarding School,

That ignorance is bliss,

That chasing boys and other such joys

Are things she'll never miss:

She's been protected.

She wouldn't indulge in risqué talk—

She still believes about the stork—

And she won't drink at all—

So be sure if you want to keep her pure, Mrs. Worthington,

Don't send your daughter to the ball.

Don't send your daughter to the ball, Mrs. Worthington,

Please don't send your daughter to the ball:

If she doesn't fall completely for the rantings of the Reds,

She's bound to slip and lose her grip if she mixes with the Meds:

She'll read Ulysses

And have to devour those horrible things in Freud,

And if she feels in carnival mood she'll let her defences fall

She'll be mastered, Mrs. Worthington,

By some boulder, Mrs. Worthington,

So don't send your daughter to the ball.

—Acknowledgements Noel Coward.

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Prize Winning Short Story —

Herewith the first prize winning entry in Craccum's Short Story Competition.

The £1 prize-winner will be announced in the next issue. Right now, owing to Editorial chaos, we are not able to give his name. We don't know who he is.

"The Hollow Man"

Now Johnston had some funny ideas. He kept thinking he was someone else. Up and down with Harry W. (for Winston) Stalin and all the intellectuals.

And he rolled in drunk as a capitalist with two women slung over his shoulder and a large club in one hand with hammer and sickle painted thereon. "Proersli, you know," said Mrs. Beadle to her cup of tea.

"I could do with some caviare," he murmured to the now empty bottle with the large head and two bulbous eyes.

"No thanks, no cigar for me. Looks too well, it isn't quite done, old chap." That was Johnston sounding off.

And a steel-throated dove gurgled sweet nothings in the lilac tree.

"We really must go to that meeting, Wigram," said Johnston to partner in booze.

"I really can't go," said Wigram. "All that talk of euthanasia makes me feel quite sick. Anyway my wife is nearly dead."

Johnston glugged with his tongue on his two dog teeth, gazed at the amber liquid seething down his glass. Glugged again.

"Well, old chap, will you go to tomorrow night's lecture. Glaxton is speaking about the Second Coming. Should be quite interesting since Glaxton has a few clues on the up above."

Wigram ordered another whisky. And the steel throated dove (or was it?) was chuckling in the lilac tree.

"What the blazes are you laughing at," Johnston screamed out the window. "Get to hell you mangy bird. Pity you don't do something to justify your existence. G'on beat it—the war drum."

"Did you read in the paper yesterday that the yellow peril was sweeping the world in criss-cross fashion?" queried Mr. Wigram. "I can take that as Gospel because Craccum has very reliable news sources."

"Let the Chinese do what they like. They are doing the world a service. My policy is this: Let the Chinese take Moscow and they would change colour like a chameleon."

"Not at all. I follow the maxims laid down by the Un-American Nonsense Office (U.N.O. for short)."

"Curtains," murmured the dictionary.

"Hummmmmmmmm, buzzzzzzzzzz," said the lecturer on political science, "But of course hummmmm, buzzzzzzzz hummmmmmmmm."

Johnston took no notice. He was sleeping on his elbow.

"The present economic situation hummmmmmm, buzzzzzzzz," continued the lecturer.

Johnston jumped up. "Excuse me, sir, but I consider that is all bosh. Now look at it in this light." And he took out an electric torch.

Everyone at the lecture approved of his wit and wept bitterly. That's good, said Johnston to himself more in hope than in despair.

The lecturer said: "Johnston, I think you have something there. But it is, of course, a limitation of education and I can't help that. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Johnston and went to sleep again.

"I don't know whether you have read it or not," said Johnston to Wigram. "But it is probably the most intellectual book of our time. In short this is it."

"Alice trips over a dollar bill and falls down an abysmal abyss. She grows big in the pay of the Jews — then gets in with the Socialists and grows very small. She is so small she crawls through a tiny tunnel into an arsenal and blows up all Harry S's H-bombs."

"After that she is arrested by a horde of union cards and marched off to the guillotine or something. She meets the Duchess and is reprieved and given a life sentence, but Alice

says she would rather be spificated as it were.

"Anyway she gets out of that mess and meets up with a vanishing cat called Sterling and a mad hatter called Nye somebody or other and they have a conference—sipping tea.

"But it all ends very happily. Very intellectual, very."

"God, did you see our notice board to-day," queried Mr. Johnston, B.A. (failed). "That'll really slay 'em, eh, Wigram?"

Wigram nodded his assent and cursed that imbecile fresher walking across the grass. His mind wandered off.

Johnston cocked up one ear and listened to a bird in the adjoining grounds. "It's the blasted dove again. And look where it is? Right on top of that white building in the Government grounds. Typical of the . . . to perch there." Grunt.

"You know," murmured Wigram in a weak voice, "I think you're all clued up wrong, Johnston. Your ideas are crook."

"How the hell do you know," growled Johnston. "I'm the only intellectual in this place. Maybe I haven't got my degree, but that's only book learnin'. I use my head."

Wigram wept and walked away.

"Why, hallo there Glaxton," beamed Mr. Johnston. "How is the Faith these days? Thinking of giving it up like I did years ago?"

"I really don't believe what I say, you know Johnston, but it's something to talk about."

Johnston's hair flopped over his windows. Glaxton looked through them, saw nothing.

"What do you think of my new corduroys?" queried Johnston. Round his knees.

"What do you think of my nice new shiny red badge?" he asked. "Must get one myself," was the reply.

Johnston laughed at the blue wall-paper in his room. Always very ironic he confided to his friends. Loads of books, too. On all sorts of things from Freud to Sarto and beyond so to speak. Even a few arts textbooks (God only knows why I keep them).

Out of the window, desolation. Garbage cans. Dirt. Dust. Muck. Slum.

Filthy children in filthy clothes playing in the street, weeping and smiling under a sea of grime. Johnston had pity for them. He didn't call it that.

He looked in his appointment book. Monday: nothing. Tuesday: nothing.

Wednesday: Remember to do something about these children of sin living in a sweet world—wearing dark sunglasses. Can't have the human race degraded by such poverty. Screams.

He looked out of the window. Saw a faint ray of sunlight and that old goat of a parson. Trying to help the poor. Dammit I could do better than that . . .

He turned round and spat in the corner and started picking lice out of his hair.

He took down a book from the shelf, looked at it, threw it in the corner. "The Workings of UNO," by Hiram P. Snotheimer.

Through the wall came a drunken: "Darling, I do-love you."

What is love? mused Johnston.

A bird popped its head out of a dust can and gurgled.

"To blazes with people. People don't matter. It's the human race that must be made super-human. Kill off the aged and infirm; kill deficient children at birth; make the world a better place to live in."

"But, Mr. Johnston . . ."

"As I was saying, kill all those not worthy of life."

"What about that mad-cap brother of yours?" said someone.

Johnston knew all about it. He said so. Wigram cluttered up the doorway spilling beer on the table cloth. He made a few passes at the hat stand with ears pointing out.

Down in the basement sat Libido, the dog, growling at the moon. Sweet sick-

ness on the grass, spewed by a disgusted Nature. Trees.

Johnston broke into song. "How wonderful it would be, Down at the bottom of the deep blue sea,

Fraternizing with a sweet mermaid, Preferably one that won't get paid. Rounds of applause . . . cheers . . . bravos . . . gluggings . . . Silent Night

Rolleston hopped up and shot his brains out . . . "You shouldn't have done that, Rolleston. Makes such mess on the floor."

"Just proving a point," said Rolleston between clenched teeth.

Rounds of conversation:

"Biblio gluglio, there's Latin for you," said Johnston.

"Of course I think Molotov means that . . ." said someone.

"Impracticable, impossible," said Wigram, between sucks.

Tweet, tweet, said the dove.

"Shut up," was the chorus. Libido growled viciously.

"That's the style," was the chorus. "Steinbeck is strictly on the nose."

Biblio gluglio," because Johnston had nothing better to say.

Bods were rolling on the floor smashing chairs and tables, crashing glasses, ruining the carpet and all that no avail.

"Let's be barbaric," said someone.

"Yes, let's be barbaric," was the chorus.

And they sat down and sipped tea.

He was on form to-night. Say, the women were really going for that beard of his. But he would make himself obnoxious by talking about etcetera etcetera.

But one girl came to him with love in her sparkling brown eyes. And her form was the love of life.

The dove sang on the common room balcony, but this was a different dove.

Date. Another date. Engagement. Marriage. This was love — or was it?

Johnston sipped at his lemonade and Wigram sucked buck his whisker.

"What is that bird singing outside?" queried Johnston.

The steel-throated dove gurgled sweet nothings in the lilac tree.

Johnston looked at his corduroys dirty with slag. No badge.

"Reads Alice in Wonderland to the kids," confided Wigram to Rolleston.

The steel-throated dove gurgled sweet nothings in the lilac tree.

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