



A.U.C's UNOFFICIAL FORTNIGHTLY

Vol. IV No. 3

AUCKLAND, APRIL 16, 1930.

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Vol. IV No. 3

APRIL 16, 1930

Price : 6d.

Editor.
P. L. SOLJAK.

Tournament—1930

Managerial :
J. H. MURDOCH.

"Oyez! Oyez! Whereas we, Acaranus, Studens Rex, Dei grat., kyng of all y^e reaulme bound by y^e Olde Pirate Shippe northward, and y^e Jolly Farmer Inne southward, do wille and command that lystis in Tournament be held at this ure Court from Easter Eve onward, hwych beth y^e 18th daie following y^e Feste of Alle Fooles, and whereas man prepareth unto this ure levee straightway, then bid we health and greetinge to all y^e noble meyny, Knyghtes and jair ladys, hwo ben ycome on pilgrimage afar to give combat with these ure own noblys in y^e lystis; and whereas we with mickle sorrwe be it said do nombre amonge ure Croune Jewelles y^e Woden Spooone, ensigne d'ignominie amonge all hwo ben fleet of foote—"

Here, we are pleased to note, the Ms. of our worthy monarch's proclamation fades out badly. But "Craccum" nevertheless desires to join with good King Acaranus in extending a cordial welcome to our visitors from Victoria, Canterbury and Otago, on the occasion of the twenty-sixth Easter Tournament. With the exclusion of the inter-University Debate, and the incorporation of Rowing and Swimming in the original sports programme, the gathering assumes something of a purely athletic nature, and the task of our tournament officials should be lightened to some extent by the change. The running of the Debate by the N.U.S. as a separate fixture will meet with the approval of all concerned. Now that a precedent has been set in this respect, could not the N.U.S. also arrange for an inter-University dramatics contest, conducted along the lines of the repertory theatre Community Festivals in England? The growing popularity of dramatic clubs throughout New Zealand surely provides a sufficient guarantee for the success of such a fixture, from a financial as well as a cultural point of view.

Tournament, of course, is much more than a series of contests fought by the chosen few of the four colleges. For one and all it must have the appeal of a very wonderful experience, and the humblest fresher will find infinite delight in following out the trials and adventures of Otago's beribboned Kewpie, Canterbury's Easter Egg, and Auckland's almost indestructible Kiwi in the annual battle for inter-collegiate supremacy. In regard to the Wooden Spoon, it is some time

since a southern rival last ventured to disturb Auckland's ancient solitary reign. For the origin of this curious relic we must go far back in the history of University tradition:

*"And I grown one of many 'wooden spoons'
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees)."*

—BYRON, "Don Juan," III. CX.

As the poet remarks, the wooden spoon has been awarded at Cambridge from time immemorial to those lowest among the Junior Optimes, i.e., in the Honours Exams. for the Mathematic Tripes, the inference being, no doubt, that the winners would be better employed at home, stirring the family porridge-pot.

Caledonian southerners need not take this reference to heart, however, for, to tell the truth, A.U.C. seems to hold more than an extended mortgage over the local trophy. It was away back in 1909 that Dame Fortune first dubbed Auckland's athletes with the Wooden Spoon, the possession of which A.U.C. proceeded to enjoy without interruption till 1914. Victoria annexed the prize during the early years of the Great Conflict, but with the signing of the Armistice A.U.C. resumed her almost undisputed sway. Canterbury, it is true, rudely disturbed her peaceful reign in 1920-21, 1925, and again in 1927, but of recent years Auckland's efforts to hold the trophy against all challengers have met with the success they deserve. Canny Otago, we note, has fought clear of responsibility on every occasion. But we feel sure that Canterbury and Victoria will not fail to appreciate the high example set by Auckland in British resolution and consistency.

A final point is raised in the fragmentary Ms. quoted above:—

... and whereas ure richts and possession of y^e Woden Spooone beth ychallengede by none in lists of Tournament, and whereas ure roiale mascotte, Kiwi of olden time, hath ben ynamede Hongi, sygnifyinge Greetinge, we then so charge ure heraldys that thei dessine ure escutcheon anew, as you schal see yt page y^e 5th.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR EASTER.

Rendezvous, Lounges, Etc.

A rendezvous for dancing has been arranged in the College Hall, the hours for Saturday being 7 p.m. to 12 p.m., and 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. on Monday. A panatrophe with full apparatus has been kindly lent by Messrs. Johns Bros. Ltd.,

and the ping-pong room has been furnished as a lounge for both men and women. The cafeteria will be used as a supper-room on Saturday and Monday evenings, when coffee and biscuits will be supplied free to students. Magazines will be available in the Common-room and Reading-room.

ALL QUIET IN GRAFTON GULLY.

(With apologies to ERICH REMARQUE and our Carnival playwrights.)

There are three of us on Grafton Bridge, western end: Schplunk, of Otago, Schmidt, of Victoria, and myself, from the City of the Plains. We have come up for Tournament, and wish we had not. The traffic of this great city terrifies us, and now, as we return from our athletic trials on the Domain Oval, fear looms suddenly before us. Our first objective is to be the Caledonia Hotel, and it is five to six—close on zero hour. In a few minutes we are going over the top. Why? God knows. Unless it is that there is no way under the bottom.

It is the close of a perfect day in autumn, a day when tinted oak-leaves flutter caressingly on to the bridge behind us, a day of birds and cool green shades in the gully below, where gleam white crosses serenely, in grim contrast to the inferno of traffic a few feet away . . . Strange to reflect on this day of all days that a few minutes from now we shall be on the Symonds Street crossing; or—? But the mind refuses to accept the alternative, such is the invincible optimism of human nature.

The seconds tick on. Schmidt, save for an occasional glance at his wrist-watch, is to all outward appearances unmoved. He turns to me and says in his hearty way, “*!?!%! it, Schloss, every b—*!?!? minute seems like two d—%!b!?! hours.” What heart! What spirit!

The rumble is incessant within an arm's length of us. The lighter stuff whizzes shrieking past—New Fords, Baby Austins, Singers, interspersed with “heavies” of all descriptions—Lorries, Trams, Motor Buses, and those devilish Lion Brewery Steam Wagons that we old sweats call “Coal-boxes.” One minute to go . . .

Suddenly I see Schplunk kneeling—on his knees. Old Schplunk, of all the b—!***?%’s. He pretends to be doing up his bootlaces. Perhaps he is. And then I see one of the bravest things I shall ever hope to see. Schmidt is lighting a cigarette! De Reszke, of course. A cool smoke, if ever there was one! I watch his hand holding the lighted match, fascinated. The naked flame scarcely flickers until, like an icy warning, the blast from a passing Ten Ton Truck suddenly extinguishes it. A chill falls on us.

* * * *

Zero hour. We are off. Schmidt is first as usual, and within a second of our leaving the pavement I see an International Motor-lorry pass over him. I notice the label—“Lovett and Leavitt.” Poor old Schmidt! He was a good fellow. We press forward. All around us are scurrying figures, and the noise is unbelievable. There is a wrenching blast in my ear, and I hear what seems to be a cultured voice shouting:

“Why the b—!***! can't you look where you're going!”

A huge Stutz is almost upon me. It pulls up dead. So does Schplunk—a direct hit. Poor old Schplunk! He was a good fellow.

Fortunately it does not explode, and I go on. I reach the first tram-zone and find four others there a ready. At a glance I see they are all dead. Their combine ages cannot be more than three hundred and fifty. How uncomplainingly these boys suffer! I go on. Ahead of me is a white-faced lad; he cannot be more than ten. A taxi with “Chess” on the windscreen gets him and as he goes down I hear him crying for his mother. I go on. There is a clanging in my ears.

Louder. Clang! A tramcar is coming straight for me. Clang, cland, clang.

* * * *

Clang, Clang. I am back at school again. The school-bell is ringing in my ears. Why am I so miserable? I am a sensitive little boy. I am different. And, just because I am different, the other boys think I'm a — well, I really don't know what they think I am. I love the moderns; that's why I am so different. Before I am thirteen I have discovered Michael Arlen and Edith Sitwell for myself. And Siegfried Sassoon. Ah! the music of it . . . Not only the boys; the masters, too. Nobody loves me. Even Dr. Farr hates me. I have been forced to play football. It is terrible for a boy like me who loves poetry and Robert Bridges. The ball has come into my hands. I am too frightened to drop it. An enormous forward on the other side is rushing at me. His huge knees are working like flails. He is heading for me. Clang! clang! He is looming over me. Cland! clang! He is on top of me.

* * * *

Clang! clang! clang! Yes, it is a tramcar. Clang! clang! The Poster Girl is in front, there. Something towers over me, and I feel an enormous blow in the chest. A flash of light, a loud ringing . . .

Blackness envelopes me.

(For the next instalment, see “Good-bye to Everything.”)

—P.L.S.

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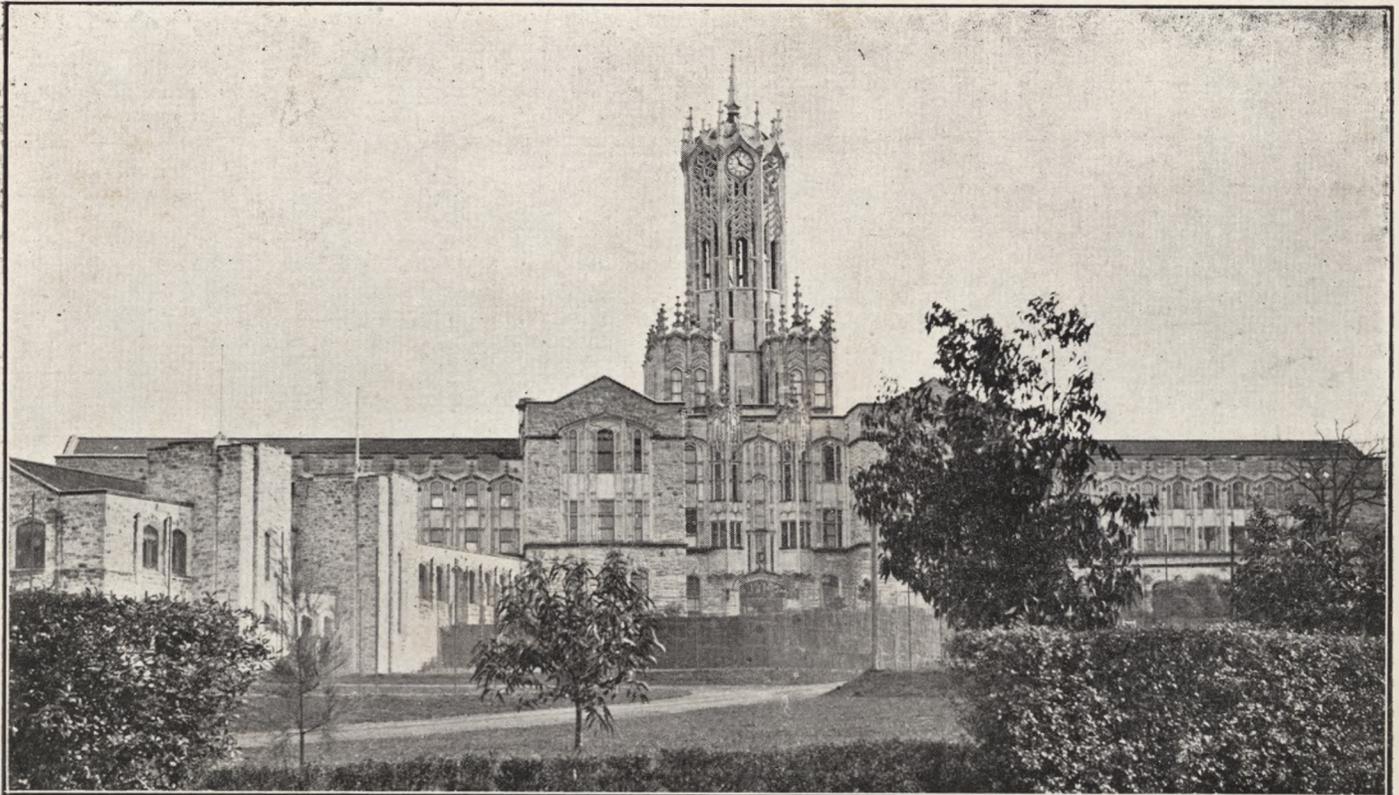


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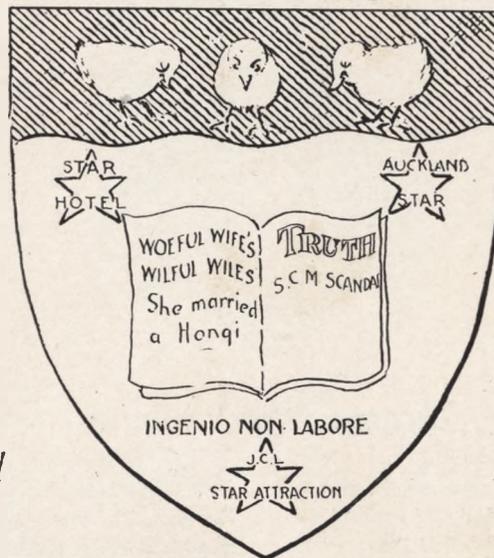
NEWMARKET.

The Four Colleges



Auckland University College

Courtesy. "Auckland Sun."



Auckland

Representatives

Athletics—Morgan, Wooller, Minns, McLeod, Watt, Burke, Porter, Vallance, Henderson, Bracewell, Mars, Brainsby, Allen, Butler, Bush, Simmonds, Holmes, Cooper, Stone, Mitchell, Wooller.

Tennis—A. Stedman, J. Stedman, A. McDonald, E. Turner, Misses L. Roberson, R. Taylor, N. Whitelaw, J. McIntosh.

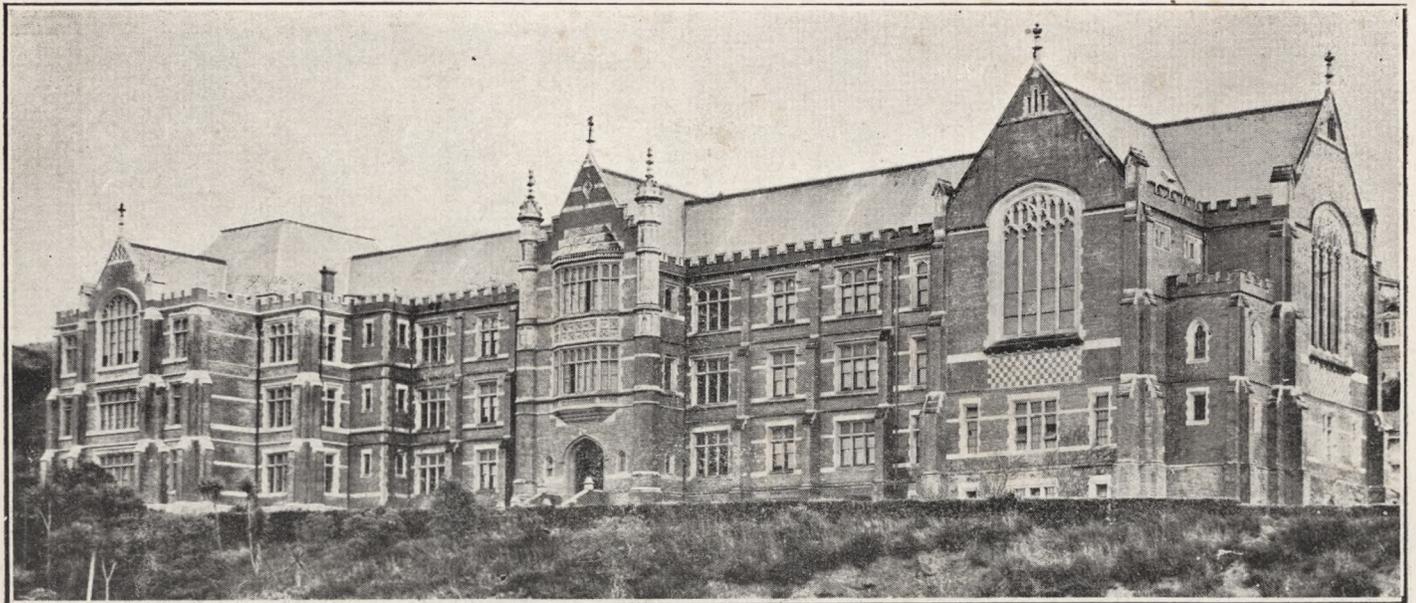
Swimming—J. Farrell, C. McLean, Misses E. Lietz, H. Gage.

Shooting—G. Watt, E. Boulton, C. Peat, H. Willoughby, R. Winn, J. Mars, N. Squires, W. Platts, N. McCullough.

Basketball—Misses M. Graham, F. Kenny, J. McIntosh (captain), E. Wann, L. White, B. Buckley, N. Gallagher, M. Cowan, M. Stehr, R. Clear and L. Court.

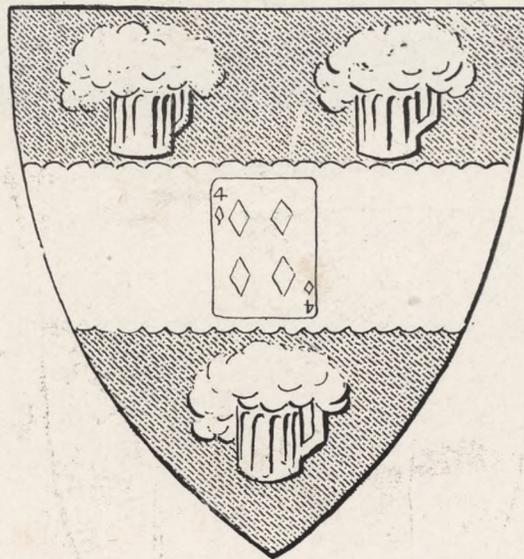
Boxing—J. Ramsay, A. Healy, M. Smith, G. Tattersfield, B. Moorhouse, Sharley, V. Clarke.

Wellington—



Victoria University College

Courtesy, "Evening Post."



Victoria Representatives

Athletics—J. Goodson, C. Jenkins, E. Eastwood, F. Ramson, R. Leech, J. Watt, L. Rothwell, J. Fabian, N. Hislop, J. Mackay, D. Barker, F. Cormack.

Tennis (subject to alteration)—J. Dive, R. Long, W. Harris, C. Plank, G. Simpson, P. Webb, Misses M. Carty, V. Dyer, M. Line, and K. Ziesler.

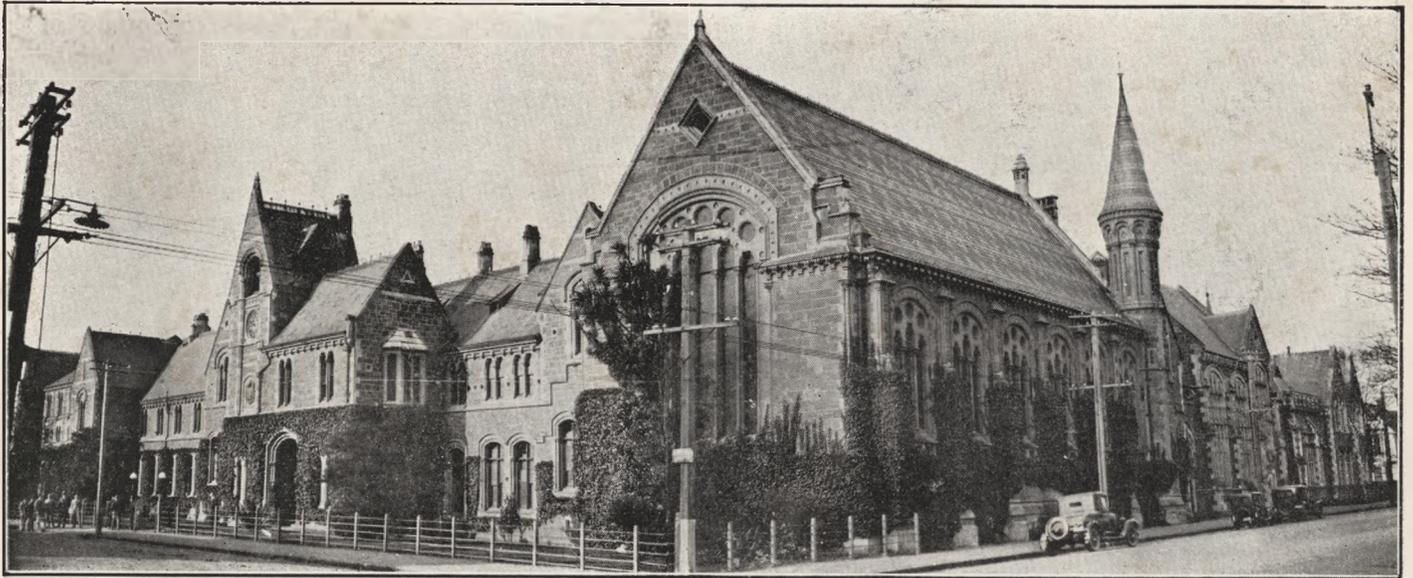
Swimming—R. Rawle, J. Cowan, Misses M. Veitch, and S. Breen.

Basketball—Misses M. Line, I. Morice, W. Curtis, D. Roberts, M. Patterson, P. Quinlan, V. Wilson, J. Dunn, E. Hardy, and M. Gibbs.

Boxing—H. Williams, L. Saurey, M. Mahoney, D. Leitch, A. McDonald, N. Woods, and J. Logan.

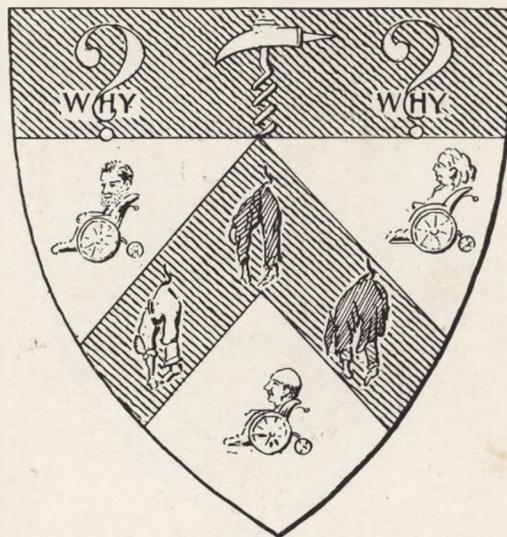
Shooting—H. Bollard, C. Banks, R. Grant, E. Mills, P. Meahan, D. McLeod, F. McWhinnie, and L. Williams.

Canterbury—



Canterbury College

Courtesy, "Christchurch Sun."



Canterbury Representatives

Athletics—J. Murphy, R. King, O. Harley, R. Williams, D. Bain, E. Taylor, R. Barrer, E. Mackenzie, G. McGregor, E. Lunn, A. Watkins, F. Askin, H. Morris, E. England.

Tennis—E. England, R. Barrer, Adkins, Dart, Beatson, Armstrong, Sharp, Thompson, Kane, Misses Sherris, Sharp, and Armstrong.

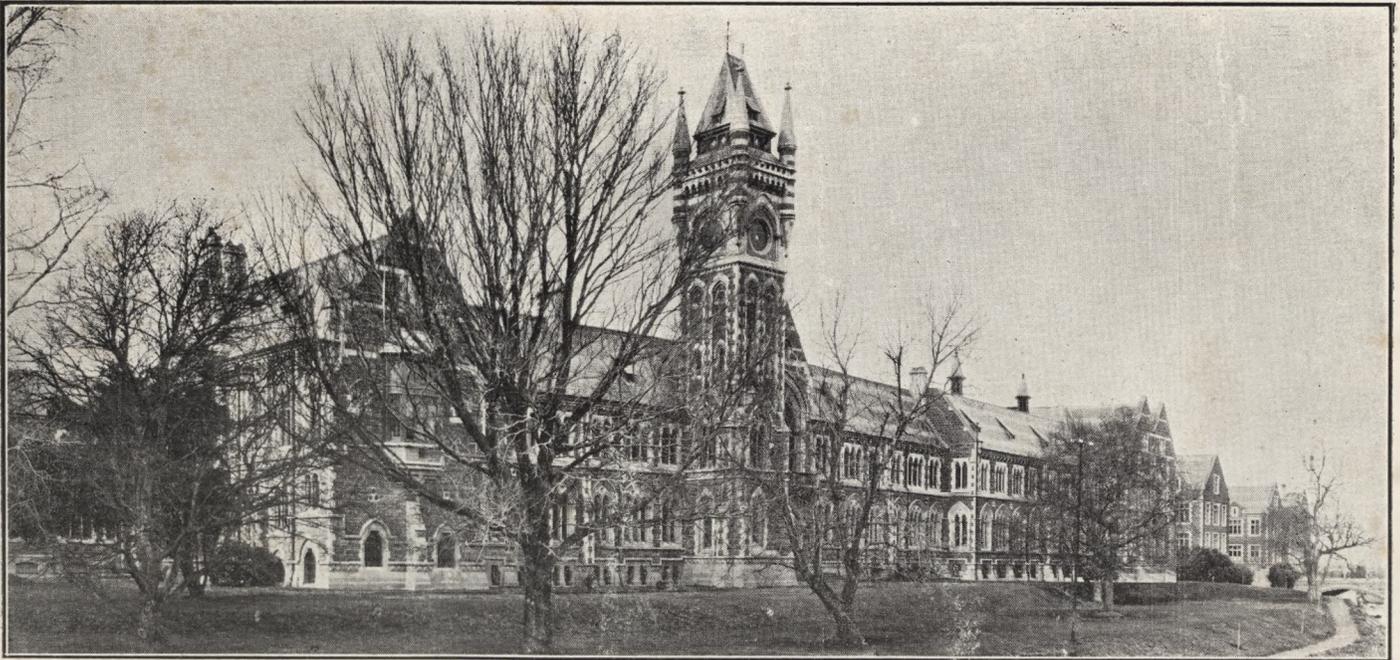
Basketball—Misses Thompson, Andrews, Jewitt, Metson, Giorgi, Armstrong, Kane, Camm, and Bull.

Boxing—Thorpe, Shand, Allen, Irwin, Stirling, Perry, Hudson.

Swimming—Morris, Fitch, Misses Hine, and Spence-Clark.

Shooting—Duff, Maclaine, Lyons, Faville, Mulvey, Grant, Mills, Gray.

Dunedin—



Otago University

Courtesy, "Otago Witness."



Otago Representatives

Athletics—R. Barr, N. Woods, T. Buxton, H. Small, J. Webber, J. Lovelock, N. North, W. McKechnie, J. Don, L. Douglas, E. Smith, H. Fookes, J. Somerville, W. Harbutt, A. Lockett, G. Orbell, R. Grey, B. Dunne, G. Wilson, R. Fraser, R. Cabot.

Tennis—J. Stalworthy, L. Clark, L. Christie, S. Field, Misses D. Scott, L. Ballantyne, W. Howell, and E. Seaville.

Swimming—S. Fogg, F. Shanahan, Misses C. Weston, V. Edser.

Boxing—A. Hartnell, T. Sutherland, J. Dove, F. Kibblewhite, R. Keenan, C. Lowndes.

Basketball—Misses E. Seavill, M. Farquharson, M. Borrie, C. Webb, F. Merrington, M. Fleming, J. Stevens, J. Brownlee, N. Clare.

OLYMPIAN ODE.

(To our Tournament athletes, with apologies to the
Pindaric Muse.)

Strophe a.

Ambition's power, from youth's hot desire
Arising, driveth men with hearts aflame
To seek position, wealth and fame.
But my desire it is to tune the lyre
In honour of the hero who excelleth in the contest,
Where strength of arm and limb is spent
To win the crown of victory, and rest
Triumphant.

Antistrophe a.

So first I sing of Easter Tournament
On Waitemata's shores with honour celebrated,
Where College rivals College in friendly enmity,
So strife brings joy to the manly heart.
For youths of grace and beauty, crowned, and lent
Splendour from tradition's heritage—that venerated
Sport which reigneth supreme in fame and dignity—
Speed swift to goal from eager start.

Epode a.

And maidens leap in play,
While the ball flies rapidly
And shouts rise merrily.
O come, ye boxers, be strong and stay,
For he prevails who can
Endure blows like a man.

Strophe b.

Men love to look on wine, red, flowing
With cheer and merriment, laughter and song.
Some have delight in love; among
The manly ruleth strength of hand. Glowing
And fervent words rejoice the mind. But far more dear
to Auckland's
Athletic heroes, a gracious boon
From Southern Colleges, in glory stands
"The Wooden Spoon"

Antistrophe b.

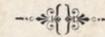
Next will I sing in praise of tennis, played
On splendid court, ablaze with gleaming white of raiment,
Where shout re-echoes shout in eager rivalry,
And Strife brings joy to the youthful heart.
Last in the ranks of Bravery arrayed
The swimmer comes in strength, with passion's fiery mood,
bent
In struggle long and toil of beating limbs to be
A victor, speeding from the start.

Epode b.

O may the sun shine forth
With bright resplendent rays,
And give us glorious days;
When men of steadfastness and worth
In Honour's name are sent
To Easter Tournament.

A. H. M.

EXHIBITION

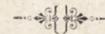


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Darling Toots,

Well it beats me why you stick on in silly old Dunedin a *mouldy* place for men I believe though theirs the meds. but theyre *diffrent* and dont belong their anyhow oh I wonder whether you knew a stowt boy named Ngata at Otago because when I met him at the *Cofee* Evening the other night he obb-jected to what I told you then said *come and join in the Collige songs* well we sang a funny one about poisoning off all the proffs. to the tune of God save *ireland*, & got on nisely for the rest of the evening so I let him take me *home* & when we got their he said did I mind? and I didnt and he *did* & my dear hes just too *Arabic*,

The Swimming Carnival was a *shreek* Rix & Bill *swept the pool* of course then the hong hees went to it about 50 of them jump't into the bath to play polo together Freddy waring a shirt and a straw *bunn* and Don a girl's dress that bilowed all round him too crazey for *worlds* my dear then there was the Athletic Meeting I didnt go it was *wet* but Guy & Percy won some races I think the *Rodes Schollar* you know,

Oh Toots that reminds me I want an *athleet* I simply doat on big *strong* men red-blooded & all that but Ill probibbly do alright at *Turnament*, Ted the runner from Canty. in the *goggles* will be up that reminds me too maroan and gold is my favrite *combination* I saw the cutest little jumper suit down at Millluns *mannikin* parade just too chic my dear & as for Turnament Bal Im making oh youd never guess a most *provoccutive* ankle-length *Georgette* with (Censored. Too technical.—Ep.) you see Im determined to make an impression what with athleets like young greek *gods* & so on all around oh I feel to thrilled for *anything*,

Dear old Ronas back again doing single english *on her own* says she loves it I wonder *why* & seems to be *au fait* with the Edditter that reminds me I quarrelled with him over a story in this weeks Crackem *Sinthetic Love* its called positively *suljuric* my dear but he would *have his way* Junious & Maevious (the little curly haired one) say hes to *dictitoriall* but personally Ive rather a *push* for forsful men, I wonder if Bert the tall Canterbury boy who won the shot putt last year will be up this Ester I remember his dancing positively *divine* Toots darling & then theirs the little red-headed chap who leads the Victoria crowd an absolute *screem* & hosts of men all shapes and sizes but I do adore *handsome* ones dont you with beautifull fair hair,

That reminds me Toots did you know about Clive & June she must be *divinely* happy funny how these things happen like an epidemmic of *meesles* in fact Iv'e got a date on now myself, you dont *know* him but it sits at a corner table in the Caffeteeria & sometimes waits *outside*.

Emotionally thine,

Mel.

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A large quantity of sackcloth and canvas, formerly (but mistakenly) known as

HIS MAJESTY'S UNIFORM.

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Also several Officers' Commissions, in perfectly good order.

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TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY.

There was a young blood at the 'Varsity
Who said, "Of nice girls there's a paucity.
For they're all much too small,
Or too fat or too tall,
Or too long or too short or too corsetty."

TOURNAMENT BALL, 1930

SCOTS' HALL, TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY,
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(without interruption)

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Tickets obtainable (per invitation) at Lewis Eady's Ltd.

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Tournament Ball Committee.

SYNTHETIC LOVE

(A Short Story for Scientists.)

By PLATONICUS.

Diana Hallyburton stood for a moment panting breathlessly as she reached the upper slopes of One Tree Hill; then threw off her hat (which fell to the ground under the influence of gravity) and flung herself full length on the grass. The sun beat down on her, and she revelled in its warmth, luxuriating in the change of its radiant energy to ordinary kinetic heat on passing through her light summer frock. She closed her eyes to intercept the short wave-length light rays from the sun and ran her fingers through the crisp grass (*Dichelachme Stipoides*).

It was all so wonderful and so exciting. Her mind was still racing as fast as her pulse, for it was only one short hour ago (59 minutes to be exact) that HE had proposed to her—he, Julian Lancashire, her adored praeceptor, demonstrator and tutor, the purest man of science she had ever known. It had happened in the Biology Lab., where she had been making a gastrocnemius preparation from a frog. For many months it had been his habit to come and discuss her work in the Lab., and she had lived for those precious hours. But never till to-day had he descended from the general to the particular. His voice, the vibrations of which would always send thrills of pleasure down her vertebral column, even yet kept her auditory nerves a-quiver in restrospective ecstasy. He had come up quietly to her as she worked at her bench and said:

"Good morning, Miss Hallyburton, may I call you Diana for the rest of the term?"

She had blushed like a schoolgirl—why could she never control her *vaso-motor* nerves on occasions like this?—and had said nothing.

He had gone on:

"Diana, I have loved you ever since I first saw you doing the Brown Ring test nearly a year ago. My love for you is normal but passionate; in you I find my physical expression and my mental fulfilment. Union with you will be *ex hypothese* eugenic, and our offspring (here Diana blushed again) will indubitably be of perfect balance in mind and body; our son especially, trained (as he will be) in the specified traditions of the *homo sphericus*, must inevitably become the ideal Rhodes Scholar. Diana, will you be my wife?"

But Diana refused to transmit the appropriate efferent stimuli to her tongue, and in her confused silence Julian had continued:

"But, of course, Diana my child, you know nothing of what I am. Let me tell you. My father was an astronomer, dealing with things on a large scale, and my mother an histologist, dealing with things in miniature, on the microscopic scale, as to speak. I am their perfectly balanced product, *in medüs rebus*, flawless as far as I am aware, save for one tragic defect. I suffer from congenial *Erythma Pernio*, popularly known as chilblains, and it has been my gnawing anxiety whether this condition is transmissible. Otherwise I would have spoken long ago; but months of research have at last brought me to a definite conclusion, and I now feel justified, by induction and deduction, in asking you to become my wife."

To Diana this was the supreme moment of her life. A year ago when she first saw Julian Lancashire she had been as instinctively attracted to him as is a positively-charged pith-ball to a negatively-charged conductor; she had thought of the parallel while experimenting with the Wimshurst machine. Only his emotional aloofness had prevented her from flying to him, and this distance seemed to her as great

as that of Betelgeux from the earth—some hundreds of light-years at least. But now he had approached her, and as he drew nearer his attraction for her varied inversely as the square of the distance. But still, true to her sex, she temporized and said: "You must give me time to think. This is *so sudden*. You must give me time to think."

And she had fled incontinently to her sunlit hill, five little miles (15½ minutes) from town.

There she lay now, absorbing the ultra-violet rays as they streamed down through the ether, thinking it all out, trying to grasp this tremendous thing that had happened to her. Of course there had been other men in her life, chief among them Major Higgins-Brown, who attended the Pakuranga Hunt with her father, had known her since her infancy, and had already proposed to her thirteen times. She had resolved tentatively to accept him at the fifteenth time of asking. She valued his love, certainly, and felt happy and superior in his presence; whereas Julian Lancashire made her feel like a hydrogen atom in a fatty acid molecule.

At last she figured it out like this:

Let X = my attraction for Reginald Higgins-Brown.

Let Y = my love for my parents.

Then Y is undoubtedly greater than X.

Next, let Z = my attraction for Julian Lancashire.

Now Z must be at least twice as great as Y.

∴ Z is greater than X + Y.

In other words, "Z" had it. Her mind was made up at last.

She reached the Lab. at 4.27 *pip emma*, to find Julian doing Marsh's test for arsenic. Fear clutched at her heart. All she could exclaim was "Oh, Julian!" And with a joyous cry he turned to her . . . but in his excitement he allowed the hydrogen flame to burn back and the whole apparatus exploded, sprinkling them both with hot sulphuric acid. Yet neither of them seemed to care.

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"COME ROUND THE HARBOUR WITH ME."

(Reprinted in full, by special request.)

Jimmie O'Grady was sweet on a lady
Who lived down Dominion Road way.
Her ancestral arbour was far from the harbour.
She preferred Khyber Pass any day.
But Jimmie loved water and said that she oughter
Get Symonds Street out of her head.
For the benches they harden in Cemetery Garden.
So Jimmie stood firm and he said:
"Come round the harbour with me,
We'll leave Rangitoto behind,
Out past Tiri to sea
(I don't think your mother will mind)
For I swear that I'll marry yer
When we get to the Barrier,
And then we'll be steering straight back to Point Erin,
Ship gallons of beer in the old Mon Desir then—
Oh come round the harbour with me!"

Jimmie O'Grady persuaded his lady
To pack up provision and beer,
And next Sunday morning they sat 'neath an awning
Of a launch at the man-o'-war pier.
Jim turned on the benzine and primed up the engine,
And gave the old fly-wheel a turn,
And as he was starting his Waitematating,
He said to his love in the stern:
"Come round the harbour with me,
We'll leave Eastern Suburbs behind,
Out past Howick to sea,
(I don't think your mother would mind).
For we'll wed at Tryphena where the atmosphere's cleaner,
And odours are fewer than here by the sewer,
Then set up a brewery, sweet Nell, at Old Drury,
Oh, come round the harbour with me.

Come round the harbour with me,
We'll leave Takapuna behind.
Out past Kawau to sea
(I don't think your mother will mind).
For we'll splice in a hustle on arriving at Russell,
Celebrate with a handle when we reach Coromandel,
And then we'll go blotto on old Rangitoto,
Oh, come round the harbour with me."

FREER VERSE.

(For the more modern child.)

Into the well the plumber
Had built her,
Aunt Eliza
Fell.

We must get
A filter.

Little Billy,
Arrayed in one of his nice new sashes,
Into the fire
Fell.
And was burnt
To ashes. . . .
And now, although the room
Grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke
Poor Billy.

EZRA L.

NOTICE

The extra expense entailed in the enlarging, designing and illustrating of this issue of *Craccum* has compelled us to make the present rise in price to sixpence. Future issues will be sold at 3d. per copy as formerly.

A critic has suggested that the Kiwi portrayed on our new cover design bears a striking personal resemblance to an esteemed member of the Professorial Board. We wish to join with our artist, Mr. E. W. Harkness, in assuring readers that no caricature of any kind whatsoever was intended. The design is, indeed, an obviously innocent one.—EDITOR, *Craccum*.

E X I T

In Case of FIRE, Tear Round the Dotted Line

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE.—The Students' Association has adopted a resolution that unsigned correspondence addressed to college publications should receive no consideration whatever. A nom-de-plume may be used, but, in accordance with press tradition, the actual signature must also be appended. It will not, of course, be published without the author's personal intimation.

WHY OUR COLLEGE IS A FAILURE.

(The Editor, "Craccum.")

Sir,—I must thank you for the support you indirectly gave me in your editorial comment to the letter from Junius Junior and his partners in crime.

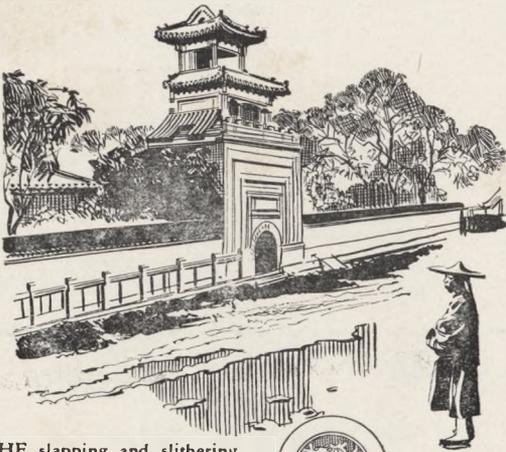
By accusing me, in one line, of plagiarising Junius Junior, and urging me, in the next, to choose better authorities, the trio display a faculty of self-criticism wholly foreign to the rest of their letter. But this charge of plagiarism by Junius Junior reveals him as far more concerned with my stealing his thunder, than with the effect which his and my "effusion" may have on College life. For myself, I would be glad to find others expressing similar views; because although my article was critical, yet it was saturated with evidence of my belief that the students are capable of better than they are doing,

and that habit, not lack of ability or energy, prevents an enlargement of their ideals and an improvement of their performance. I am not so foolish as to suppose that any article of mine will produce a noticeable effect on student opinion and activities. But it is only by the continual advocacy of improvements that the policy of any body of people can be permanently and satisfactorily changed. If, therefore, Junius Junior were really desirous of the change which he advocated, he would welcome support from however inferior a source rather than rush to declare his alleged, but doubtful, priority. The fact that such apparently different people as Junius Junior and myself have formed the same views regarding the University play goes far to show that there is a substantial foundation to our opinion.

However, if my article was worth a reply at all, it was worth a more critical reply than a mere charge of plagiarism against one part, and wholesale abuse for the remainder. But it is easy to see that the trio's letter was not so much intended as a criticism, but rather as a means once more to display themselves in the glare of publicity.

Irrelevantly, may I ask if there is not something sinister and suggestive in the description of Barrister-at-Law as anything but married?—I am, etc.,

"KRYPTOS."



THE slapping and slithering of slippers, the quick, even gabble of the language, the clicking of fans, that peculiar pungent odour, certainly not Occidental, yet somehow quite fitting with the strange costume—an overpowering, sickly sweetness of over-many flowers. And yet each flower its own delicate scent, each in its own way fragrant against the over-sweetness. The animation of swinging lanterns, the moving to and fro of silken-clad humanity, the picturesque groups seated at tables sipping refreshing, fragrant Tea—the ornate architecture with overhanging boughs of trees.

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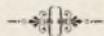
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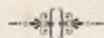
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IN A VALEDICTORY SPEECH TO MEMBERS OF THE BAR, A NEW ZEALAND JUDGE UPON HIS RETIREMENT RECENTLY SAID:

"If a case were well presented and argued, it helped immensely the judge to arrive at a right and just conclusion."

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