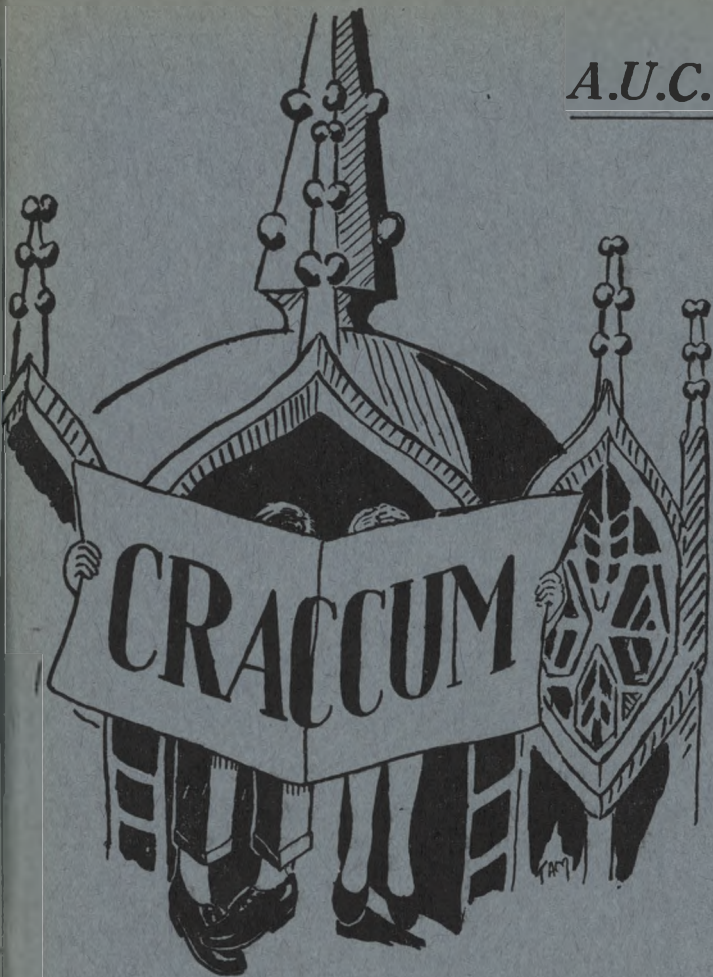


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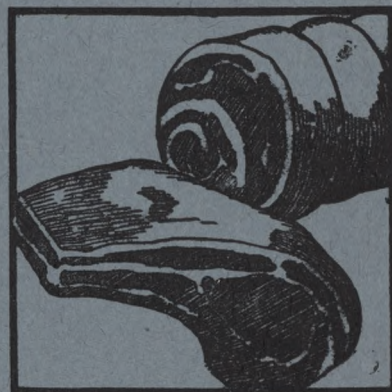
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## "TILLY IN THE CITY"

### A RECORD SHOW.

Tilly has come and gone, and the Carnival Committee is pleased to report a highly successful season. It is estimated that the total profit from the production will be in the vicinity of £450—a record. The public has evidently begun to realise that the city has a University College, and public support was so good that we had five capacity houses. Even on the first night it was necessary to stop selling for the "Gods" before the show started.

This year we had only a few of our old principals, and many of the cast had never before faced the foot-lights. After weeks of strenuous rehearsal they received their reward in the uproarious reception accorded them every night. Splendid work was done by the principals under the able direction of Mr. Brampton, and special praise is due to Mr. Sparling, both for his untiring efforts in training the tuneful chorus, and for the high standard of the orchestral work. One of the brightest parts of the show was the attractive-looking student ballet, which, after an intensive training by Miss Turner and Miss Nettleton, was acclaimed by all as really snappy.

The Souvenir Programme, edited by Mr. J. Nigel Wilson, is undoubtedly the best effort to date, and another record profit was made in this department. Some 200 programmes still being in hand, the editor will be seen on Capping Day as an itinerant vendor, peddling his wares at 6d. each.

Mention must be made of the efficient work of the Property Manager, Mr. C. Stratford, and his untiring band of assistants. Only those behind the scenes can have any idea of the work done by this department, and we shall always remember Mr. Stratford's catalogue of some 1999 properties, ranging from Willys-Knight cars and typewriters to safety-pins and cakes of soap. No doubt a great deal of the smoothness with which the play ran is attributable to the expeditious scene-shifting of the property men.

### COMPARISON WITH "CROOKS LTD."

It is interesting to compare the bookings for this year with those for "Crooks Limited" last year. This year the Committee wisely decided to give no priority booking to Students' Concession Tickets, and the result was very pleasing. Last year bookings for the season of six nights were 2093 Students' Tickets and 963 Ordinary Tickets, making a total of 3056 reserves for the season. This year booking for the five-night season were 1818 Students' Tickets and 1579 5/- Tickets, making a total of 3397 reserves. These figures also indicate that the public is beginning to take a greater interest in our

shows, and the City of Auckland is at last waking up to the fact that it has a real University College.

As usual, the chief item of expenditure in staging the play was the renting of His Majesty's Theatre, and the present extortionate rent will probably be increased should we desire to use that theatre next year. Students will be interested to learn that a proposal is afoot among the various amateur theatrical societies of the city to purchase a suitable site and erect a new theatre. Negotiations have already been made to obtain the site of the Old Grammar School, which formerly housed our College, and the Carnival Committee has given its moral support to the proposals of the amateur societies.

In conclusion, I should like, on behalf of the Carnival Committee, to thank all those who assisted in any way in the staging of "Tilly in the City." Everyone who volunteered assistance did his or her particular job well and thoroughly, and the reward of all was five capacity houses and a handsome profit to replenish the usually denuded coffers of the Students' Association.

EDWIN C. EAST,

*Hon. Secretary, Carnival Committee.*

## AMERICAN DEBATERS HERE SHORTLY

### TEAM FROM BATES COLLEGE

A team of debaters from the Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, consisting of Messrs. Charles H. Guptill, John F. Davis and Mervin L. Amers, will arrive in Auckland on Monday, June 18th, and will be the guests of the Students' Association until the Thursday evening, when they will depart for Wellington. On the Monday evening a public debate is to be held in the big Town Hall when they will move that "The American policy of prohibition is desirable." The negative is being taken by A.U.C. On the Tuesday evening a College debate will be held in the College Hall on the subject "That efficiency is a deplorable fetish in modern life," Bates College taking the negative. After touring New Zealand the team will travel to Australia and debate in the Universities there. It is interesting to note that Bates College has met the Oxford Union in debate both in America and at Oxford.

Although we have previously debated against two teams from England, this is the first occasion on which we have the pleasure of a visit of a team of debaters from the United States, and the Executive of the Students' Association feels sure that all students will do their bit to make the visit of the Bates College team an enjoyable one. It is tentatively proposed to hold a dance on the Wednesday evening after the capping ceremony.



# A.U.C. Sports Notes

## FOOTBALL

### SENIOR TEAM'S SUCCESS

The senior team continues on its successful career. Marist, City, Manukau and Shore have in turn succumbed to the blue fifteen. The hardest match since the last issue of *Craccum* was that against Grammar Old Boys which ended in a draw—6 all. Cec. Badley's shrewd generalship saved what is generally admitted to be the weaker side from defeat.

Manukau, who ran Ponsonby so close at the beginning of the season, were freely given points against University, but the expected win did not materialise and University finished fairly comfortably in the lead. In the last match, against Shore, things looked very black for the greater portion of the game. The North Shore team were definitely superior and had the College team busily defending from the start. To make matters worse, just before half-time McIntosh twisted his knee badly and was forced to retire. In the last quarter, however, things suddenly changed. The blue backs woke up and played with a sparkle that had hitherto been absent. Brilliant movements overwhelmed Shore's defence and the score quickly ran up to 17 to 6 in our favour. Special mention should be made of the game played by Malcolmson who replaced McIntosh. Even allowing for his extra freshness, his play was outstanding.

The provisional Auckland representative team which played Waikato last Monday included two University men, Minns and Anderson. McIntosh was selected but was unable to play owing to his twisted knee. Minns replaced him. Another player who must be seriously considered for representative honours is Keene, who at present is also in the disabled list.

Next Saturday the Senior team meets Ponsonby at Eden Park. This is the match that has been eagerly anticipated since the defeat of Manukau. With Keene and McIntosh playing the match would have been very interesting indeed. Even with the strong possibility of their both being unable to play there are not wanting those, outside College supporters, who are inclined to favour our chances. This is not so much on the strength of University's traditional habit of defeating the champions as upon the more solid ground of the drastic alterations in the Ponsonby back division inaugurated last Saturday in order to find a place for McLeod. It is probable that no small responsibility for Ponsonby's draw with Training College lies in this shuffle. However, we can but "wait and see."

The Senior B team continued on its unbeaten career until last Saturday when it was badly beaten by Technical Old Boys by 17 to nil. In all fairness to the team it must be pointed out that several of the regular members were absent on vacation, and it is very unfortunate that McLeod's transfer to Ponsonby should synchronise with the hardest match of the round. Technical Old Boys are an unbeaten team and we congratulate them on winning the grade in such fine style.

## HOCKEY

### THE SEDDON STICK LOST

The chief event in University hockey is the Seddon Stick Tournament between teams representing the four Colleges for the trophy known as the Seddon Stick. Last year this was won by this College but this year Otago proved the best team.

Our team was as follows: *Goal*, Winn; *Fullbacks*, North and Brown; *Halves*, Chambers, Radcliffe and Burnett; *Forwards*, Hay, Adams, Leonard, Taylor and Spencer. It is most unfortunate that our best team was unable to make the trip. The travelling team deserves our very hearty congratulations on its performance. When it is realised that both the wing-halves, Chambers and Burnett, are full-backs and have never played the half game previously, that Leonard, who played centre-forward, is also a full-back, that only four of the eleven were members of the Senior Team and that, of the others, one plays Second Grade and the other Third Grade, most of our readers will readily agree that the team acquitted itself very well.

Arriving on Friday morning after a most uncomfortable journey down the Main Trunk we were unfortunate enough to strike Victoria, the home team, in the first match. Nevertheless, we put up a most stubborn defence. Eight minutes before time the score was still one all. Then the team appeared to collapse. A sleepless night followed by a strenuous game told their tale and Victoria scored five more goals in repeated succession thus winning by five goals to nil. In the meanwhile, Otago had disposed of Canterbury with a comfortable score of four goals to one. The final, between Otago and Victoria, resulted in a win for the former by four goals to three. The "donkey race" to determine the ownership of the "wooden spoon" was more heartening from our point of view, for Auckland defeated Canterbury by two goals to one.

On Monday, June 4, a combined University team beat Wellington Representative team by two goals to one. Taylor, Radcliffe and Brown gained New Zealand blues and we offer them our congratulations. It is an anomalous fact that Taylor, although a New Zealand University blue is not qualified to receive a College blue. The same occurred last year in the case of Joll.

Of the individual players, the most striking performance was that of Winn, the goal keeper. Winn played his first game of hockey last year and elected to play in goal. From the Third Grade B team he quickly rose to Second Grade, and in fact played a couple of games for the Senior colts. An injury to his toe decided him this year to play out in the field but he was, luckily for us, at the last moment persuaded to fill the vacant goal position in the Seddon Stick team where his spectacular saves extricated us from many awkward situations. Brown played a splendid game at full-back but North was not quite recovered from his recent attack of influenza and failed to produce his usual form. Otherwise he could scarcely have been omitted from the New Zealand University team. Radcliffe, as usual,



was the best half in the Tournament and thoroughly deserved his blue. Taylor produced that little extra finish the lack of which alone prevented him from playing senior hockey two seasons ago, and gained a well-merited blue. Hay was a little below par, though working with all his accustomed vigour.

#### KING'S BIRTHDAY TOURNAMENT

The University Club failed to distinguish itself in the seven-a-side tournament. For some reason, the players declined to take it seriously. Perhaps better organisation on the Committee's part would assist. The results this year were as follows :

Seniors : Beaten, one nil, by Mt. Eden.

Seconds : Beaten, one nil, in semi-final by St. Luke's (the grade winners).

Third "A" : Beaten, two one by Somerville.

Third "B" : Beaten, two one, by Grammar (the grade winners).

Fourths : Through an unfortunate mistake had to default to Otahuhu.

#### EXTERNAL POLLING BOOTHS

##### TOWN AND TRAINING COLLEGE.

At the Executive meeting held on 23rd May, it was unanimously decided to give effect to the resolution of the last Annual General Meeting by establishing this year polling booths for the Association Elections at Training College and in town. The suggested location for the town booth is in the Chamber of Commerce in Swanson Street.

Judging by the tenor of the letters appearing in the last issue of *Craccum*, this should be a popular decision on the part of the Executive. To those who are of the opposite opinion, it is only fair to the Executive to explain that the abovementioned resolution really left the Executive no option in the matter and that the matter is decided for this year only. Whether it is to become a regular practice depends on the feeling of the next Annual General Meeting.

#### VACANCY ON EXECUTIVE

##### DR. J. C. ANDREWS APPOINTED.

The vacancy on the Executive caused by the resignation of Mr. Wilson, who has since succeeded Mr. Black as *Kiwi* Editor, was filled at the last meeting of the Executive by the appointment of Dr. J. C. Andrews.

This is Dr. Andrews' third year of office. His first year was in 1924-5. The next year he succeeded Mr. W. E. La Roche as Vice-President. This year it is suggested that, as the Portfolio of Carnival Affairs is exhausted, Dr. Andrews be placed in charge of a new Department of Records. If the suggestion is carried out, it will be no more than poetic justice, for Dr. Andrews has been agitating on the matter of the inadequacy (or, rather, non-existence, of Association records for many years.

#### IF I WERE A PROFESSOR

There is something wrong with the lecture system in our colleges. At present the word "lecture" calls up a gloomy prospect of bored individuals sleeping uneasily on hard chairs while a less fortunate professor intones some dreary facts of no interest to anyone. What college authorities have not realised is that the student mind has moved with the times, and that simple stories of the achievements of the past have ceased to interest the highly-developed brain of the present-day student. In addition, though luxury has become so universal that almost every home has its easy chairs on the hire system, in our colleges the students are still forced to sit on chairs that would have been considered comfortable in the Middle Ages.

Now, if I were a Professor, I would change all this. To begin with, my class-room would be pleasingly furnished with comfortable chairs resting on rich carpets. But, one might object, that would only be inducing students to sleep more soundly. Ah! but I should modernise my lectures too. Take English, for example. My literature course would be entirely modern. Every student who passed through my classes would have a thorough knowledge of the works of Edgar Wallace, Oppenheim, and P. G. Wodehouse. I flatter myself that there would be an immediate increase of interest, as most students have already made at least superficial studies of these authors for themselves.

There are also some best sellers of the past which everyone is expected to know but which no student can reasonably be expected to read. These would be represented in my course by screenings of the film versions, which have, as a whole, very slight improvements on the originals. To create the right atmosphere I might have small boys to shout "Chocs!" and "Ices!" It would be quite likely that at these lectures the crowds would be so great that reserved seats would be necessary.

Criticism might be represented by Heeney's opinion of Shakespeare, or the Methodist Congress's opinion of dancing, as well as by the brilliant specimens to be found in sporting notes of the daily papers.

And so on, with almost any subject one cares to mention. It needs but a moment's reflection to show the value of a Classics course of such lectures as "Night Life in the Time of Augustus"; or "The Musical Comedy as written by Aristophanes," accompanied by a song and dance act by a Greek chorus; or the historical significance of "The All Blacks' Place in Modern Rugby."

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## MURMURINGS OF MELISANDE

Darling Toots,

I really wasn't quite *myself* in my last letter & oh my dear I kept on wondering what would happen what with all those men wanting dances at Grad Ball & then I was terribly excited but its all over now such a *shattering* time my dear youve no idea what its like *Saint Bens* has absolutely nothing on it and there Im not going to give you many details because youve probably heard all about me from some of those *scandalous* women they remind me of some horrid green mess from the lab an acid for preference but at least I met one or two new men at the Ball one of them such a *quaint* boy I think hes unique I never saw a man dress so well hes tall & dark but sometimes I think hes a bit silly hes not my type at all give me an athlete well Bernard thats his name how *aristocratic* was there hes an *authority* on mens fashions and he says double breasters arent going to be worn this season hes just heard from London you can tell your man well you should have seen Bernard I think he was simply too divine what with his *monocle* and everything & I dont think I ever saw a man so *beautifully* got up you know even with his dress suit & a dinky white tie hes positively killing but when he wears a *gorgeous* view-rose hood edged with fur even if it is only rabbit but Im sure *his* wasnt my dear oh my dear I nearly wept when my man tried to get him to dance with me & he couldnt he could have filled *tons* of programmes the handsomest man in the room even if Guy *was* there and there were lots of others who *werent too bad* and of course N was there he says Im amusing *sometimes* but he doesnt approve of me well N fell down in the middle of the floor and they all laughed and I did too but sometimes I like the man, and oh the other day we wanted to see Buster *married* I never met him but I heard lots he must have been so interesting well we tried but we couldnt find out where it was but they say shes pretty they said Buster was nervous but he certainly looked happy when I saw them in town afterwards, and do you know Tilly was such a success I think one of the others described it to you well the last night they had a *fast* dance in the theatre though I didnt have any luck but I heard lots about the supper & the dancing afterwards & some of the men were rather *liquid* you know what the theatrical crowd are & they stopped dancing at about two on *Sunday morning* not that Im a Methodist & there was a bus after it & they went for miles & some *fool man* wanted to go back to Herne Bay when they were in Onehunga & there were some fond farewells the usual thing of course but I wish I knew *who & who* & they all said charge it up to the Stud Ass & they should have paid themselves I heard Cuth East has given up trying to collect because nobody can remember *who he sat beside* or anything and Ive met such an *interesting* boy & they call him Lucy hes not my ideal but he has *beautiful* brown eyes when you look into them and hes so clever that other night he held a meeting of the French Circle *all by himself* he took the chair & read the minutes & things & proposed a motion to dissolve the club & passed it & then passed a vote of thanks to the chairman isn't it *funny* hes going to be

an MA next year, & oh I forgot one night I went to the *Litery* club as they call it I was dissappointed after all Id heard about it it wasnt a bit like a club we just sat in the hall while Guy read a paper so dull just like an English lecture I just sat and watched Guy so handsome & *athletic* looking then another boy they call him Tim I dont know his other name read a play all on his own hes quite *nice looking* & was much better dressed than Guy he wore a funny plum coloured suit & the trousers *flopped* about his legs it was a stupid sort of play no love making at all *not a bit* like real life I think they might have given Tim a play to suit him Tim took all the parts he was truly wonderful & the little debater you know who I mean drew the *loveliest* caricatures one of Tim as a pair of *Celanese* twins having a dialogue with himself was simply *perfect* I only got one glance at it for some silly *cuckoo* didnt like one of himself so he tore the lot up I could have *hit* him well some other boys did a play about a man whose girl sat on his silk hat or something & there was a silly sort of poet who talked about Alsations & Africa & *beautiful bones* bleaching in the *dessert* & in the end the *mutt* went back to propose to the girl again perfectly *idiotic* the people who write plays dont know anything about love & I think Ill try & write a really *modern* play for the carnival next year.

Throbblingly thine

Mel.

## GRADUATION BALL

### A GREAT SUCCESS.

Held in the Scots' Hall on May 10th, Graduation Ball was an outstanding success in every way. The Hall was very simply but very effectively decorated with flowers, greenery and coloured lights and many of the "old hands" welcomed the absence of those bizarre streamers which seem to be considered indispensable to a modern ballroom. The Ball Committee is indeed fortunate in the lady members in whose care the all-important matter of decoration was left.

The guests, including the guests of honour whose hoods made the first two dances pleasingly bright, numbered about three hundred. A very gratifying feature of the occasion was the large proportion of present students who were there. It is difficult to recall a Graduation Ball which has been so thoroughly "university" as this one.

The Dixieland Internationals proved very popular. Personally, the writer has only one complaint to make, and that is that they did not play long enough. When twenty minutes are allowed for a dance it is reasonable to expect that the music will continue for at least twelve of them.

Most of those who were present will bear very pleasant memories of the Ball, which was certainly outstanding among its kind. One feels that the Students' Association Executive in passing a hearty vote of congratulation to the Committee on the success of the function (rumour hath it that a small *profit* was made) did no more than justice, or, as the Americans have it, "sure slobbered a bibfull."

THE ODD MAN OUT.



## "TILLY IN THE CITY"

### AN UNPALATABLE REGURGITATION CLEVERLY SPICED.

I suppose I am guilty of uttering a platitude when I say that sequels are very infrequently up to the standard of the work they follow. It seems, however, only just to remind the reader of this fact, for, without doubt, the author of *Tilly of Tamaki* set himself a hard task when he undertook to write another "Tilly" play. This stated, and the fact added that the author was unfortunate in a change of cast, I think that all that can be said in extenuation has been said.

I do not for a moment intend to depreciate the work of the present cast. On the contrary, I admire not only the ability, but also the courage which enabled them to make good on a very bad book. Nevertheless, to those who saw the original "Tilly" play, the change of cast, however unavoidable, came as a distinct shock, and lent an air of unreality, as of people masquerading, which broke the spell before it was woven. As I said before, the author was unfortunate.

It is said that most of the dialogue was written after the play went to rehearsal. This is not necessarily a disadvantage in the type of play in question, provided there be sufficient matter to give the players a flying start and a feeling of confidence. There could not possibly have been sufficient in *Tilly in the City* when it went to rehearsal, for it was not there when the play was presented. The trouble with *Tilly in the City* is not that there is not enough meat on the bone, but that there is not enough bone in the meat. Although the opening dialogue is long and tedious—a dramatic crime unpardonable even in an amateur—the rest goes with dash and sparkle; but it is foolish to imagine that musical comedy requires no plot. Without a good strong plot, lines, however brilliant, songs, however beautiful—those of the present play are execrable—and dances, however graceful, lack the continuity which distinguishes a play from a variety show. As who should say: "We must fill in time here. Shall we stick in a song or a dance?"

The first "save" is the supremely funny entrance of Annie Slinger with her cry of "A norse. a norse, my kingdom for a h-horse!!" Adolphus K. Parker should have had a much better hearing than he got. He certainly did his best with what material he had, but throughout the play he and his "technique" are very inadequately provided for.

Following the real fun provided by Annie, however, our eyes and ears are outraged by a pseudo-comic "drill" unutterably weak alike in conception and in execution. The glib replies, in themselves extremely cheap, give the thing a thoroughly rehearsed air that ruins any amusement that might have been derived from an impression of spontaneity. The less said of the "drill" the better. It is on a par with such conceptions as a flock of muttonish mechanics trooping after a pert stenographer who bullies and insults them to their faces while obviously delighted at the attention she is receiving—an outrage upon sex and an insult to the sexes.

The first part of the office scene is saved by the ballet. Both the typistes' ballet and the Spanish ballet at the opening of II. 2 are excellent pieces of work, the latter being actually beautiful. The "Collegiate" ballet, though cleverly executed and well received, seemed out of place. As who should say . . .

Well, "we are become a name," as Ulysses would have said if he had been Lord Macaulay or the Siamese Twins. The fact that we played to a packed house each night is sufficient testimony to the reputation our plays have gained for us; but if we wish to preserve this reputation we must offer something better than a mere sequence of sparkling dialogue, bad songs, and good dances.

A.D.W.W.

## ANOTHER VIEW OF "TILLY"

### A TYPICAL UNIVERSITY PLAY.

Judged by any of the orthodox standards of musical comedy, farce, pantomime or revue, *Tilly in the City* fails to satisfy in some essential particular. Yet crowded houses at His Majesty's Theatre (the last night established a new record for the theatre) applauded vociferously at every turn and in the whole of the packed house there was to be seen not a single solemn face, not one bored expression. Every eye gleamed reminiscently over the last "hit," and every ear cocked expectantly for the next.

Unless one is prepared to insist that the canons of criticism are entirely wrong, one is driven to the only other possible explanation, that is, that in *Tilly in the City* and its immediate predecessors we have produced a musical dramatic entertainment that belongs to none of the recognised classes but is peculiarly our own.

That admitted, we come back to the primary critical rule for any entertainment—Does it entertain?

*Tilly in the City* did. There can be no two minds about that point. Admitted, the plot was weak. Admitted, the action faltered now and then. Admitted, the lack of cohesion. But—the audience enjoyed every minute!

The anonymous author is chiefly to be complimented on his handling of bi-arre situations. This is the characteristic, probably, which has made his plays more popular than intervening ones. The antics of an ex-barmaid in Remuera are handled in such a way as to be always funny yet somehow never impossible, while to my mind the relations of "Annie" and her husband reveal more than anything else a maturity of thought and lightness of touch not apparent in the other plays.

One thing that stood out in the production of this play was the splendid singing of the chorus. No praise is too high for Mr. Sparling who, despite the claims upon his time of orchestration, of gathering together and practising his orchestra and of the innumerable other tasks incidental to the work of Musical Director, contrived to bring this part of the production to such a high standard.

Among the principals the palm must undoubtedly be given to Mr. Trevarthen as "Annie Slinger." Mr. Trevarthen has in late years given us many enjoyable in-



terpretations, but none so outstanding as this. He contrived to make us forget the incongruity but never the humour of a barmaid in society. "Annie" had our sympathy all through the piece. If Mr. Trevarthen carries out his threat of retiring he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that his last appearance was a triumph such as few amateurs attain. The other dame part, that of "Mrs. Toggles," was very efficiently filled by Mr. Bryce Hart, who made a very popular return to the stage. His part was fairly straight "pantomime" dame and was made the excuse for some rather heavy-weight topical remarks as well as some of the wittiest lines in the play. In getting his lines "across" Mr. Hart probably has few equals on the amateur stage, and he fitted the part admirably.

Miss Beryl Nettleton, who was "imported" to play the name part, displayed a vivacity and brightness of interpretation which nearly concealed the inadequacy of the written part. In her songs she made a plucky best of a bad job. We are her debtor. In "Mrs. Buff-Orpington," Miss Lloyd presented us with an admirable character study and formed what backbone there was to a rather spineless production. Miss Lloyd is undoubtedly the Carnival Committee's greatest dramatic "find" in many years. Miss Buckingham as "Miss Fitzweezer" (by the way, this character has been "un-married" since we last met it) was adequate yet disappointing. She shows promise of much better. Miss O'Connor as "Lady Chataway" was picturesque, but rather inaudible—particularly in her songs. We thoroughly enjoyed the proposal scene between her and "A. K. Parker," when Miss O'Connor gave evidence of dramatic ability not apparent elsewhere. An inconsistent part inconsistently played.

Mr. Martin again proved a tower of strength as "A. K. Parker"—a difficult part which he carried off with great *éclat*. An added virtue, in our eyes, is the fact that one hears every word of his songs. Most professionals could take a cue from Mr. Martin in this. "Algernon Slinter's" main dramatic purpose is to provide a foil for "Annie," and this fact Mr. Lowe never overlooked. Credit must be given him for some at least of "Annie's" success, as well as for his own by no means small intrinsic merit. Mr. Hutton as "Freddie" gave his courageous best, but we fear that it was not convincing. Mr. Anderson doubled the parts of "Squeak" the lawyer and the "Film Producer," and showed decided ability in both. If he continues to improve at the present rate, he will indeed be an acquisition.

Of the minor parts, pride of place must be given to Mr. Brodie, whose presentation of "Herbert," the office boy, was a perpetual joy. We look forward to seeing more of him. Another very enjoyable "turn" was the dance performed by Messrs. Fenwick and Plummer, whose eccentric duos are eagerly anticipated by our audiences.

FIRST NIGHTER.

It is stated that there is no truth in the rumour that the holder of the Portfolio of Sports has applied to the Students' Association for a refund of portion of his subscription on the grounds that he is unable to take advantage of the College football facilities.

## COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING or, The Story of the Wicked Divinity Student.

By "MAEVIUS"

O listen to my tale of woe !  
I sing of William Prothero  
A youth who, everyone must know,  
Held very strong convictions.  
And somehow these convictions brought  
Him over-often to the Court,  
Because (while others went and fought)  
He'd say without restriction :

*"I won't go to parade !  
It's not that I'm afraid,  
But somehow I have never played  
With murder or manslaughter.  
And anyway I think I've heard  
[I know that it will seem absurd,  
But it's my last and final word]  
That people didn't oughter !"*

Soon all the neighbourhood came round  
And looked at William hard, and frowned,  
And said: "Your arguments aren't sound,  
No, any more than bosh is !  
It isn't murder, man, to kill  
A dirty little foreign pill  
Who couldn't play games with any skill,  
And hardly ever washes !

Killing's not murder when the laws  
Look favourably upon the cause,  
And Gordon Coates gives his applause,  
My goodness gracious, no !"  
Regardless of these words of sense,  
This youth replied—make no pretence  
Of saying aught in his defence !—  
This stubborn Prothero :

*"I won't go to parade !  
It's not that I'm afraid,  
But somehow I have never played  
With murder or manslaughter.  
And anyway I think I've heard  
[I know that it will seem absurd,  
But it's my last and final word]  
That people didn't oughter !"*

So once or twice in every week,  
They bailed him up before the beak,  
Who cried, when he had heard him speak,  
"Now watch me make him dance !  
It's really very sad, in sooth,  
To see a man so blind to truth,  
But still, considering his youth,  
I'll give him every chance !

I know this drilling is a bore,  
And, if you really don't like war,  
Then take a nice soft job indoors !  
You won't have much to do !"



But William answered : "Sir, it's not  
That I'm a shirker or a swot;  
My conscience bids—" "What utter rot!"  
His Worship murmured. "Pooh!

A shirker I can understand,  
But conscience by the law is bauned  
And you deserve a reprimand  
For talking of such stuff!  
Since better counsel can't prevail,  
And gentler measures seem to fail,  
You just take eighteen days in gaol!  
That ought to be enough!"

Our William now is doing time.  
So draw a moral from this rhyme:  
Remember conscience is a crime,  
Fixed principles don't pay.  
Prepare, when Coates and country call,  
To do just anything at all,  
Let carping moral scruples fall  
And never, never say:

"I won't go to parade!  
It's not that I'm afraid,  
But somehow I have never played  
With murder or manslaughter.  
And anyway I think I've heard  
[I know that it will seem absurd,  
But it's my last and final word]  
That people didn't oughter!"

## DEBATES

### PUBLIC DEBATE

Bates College — Affirmative

v.

A.U.C. — Negative

"That the American Policy of Prohibition is  
Desirable."

TOWN HALL, MONDAY, JUNE 19.

### COLLEGE DEBATE

A.U.C. — Affirmative

v.

Bates College — Negative

"That Efficiency is a Deplorable Fetish in  
Modern Life."

COLLEGE HALL, TUESDAY, JUNE 20.

Unless specially signed, statements made in  
"Craccum" do not represent the official opinion  
of the Students' Association Executive.

## Letters to the Editor

### THE COLLEGE BALLET

Sir,—I was an enthusiastic "front-staller" at *Tilly in the City* on as many nights as I could get away from work, and what brought me there was not the witty topicalities, or the daring pieces of scandal, or the singing, or the acting—but the ballet. As I sat there every night waiting for that Typistes' Ballet to appear, I could readily understand how Isaac waited seven years for Rachael. And when it came, oh boy! What grace! What elegance! What beauty. What——[That will do.—Ed.]

What (it's all right, Mr. Editor, I'm not going to start that again)—what I want to know is, what happens to the members of the ballet when there is a College dance on? Do they simply disappear like the flies in wintertime, or do they retire chastely to a convent? Anyhow, I never see them at these dances, and I want to know why.

Now, sir, I think it is about time that the Social Committee acted like a live body for a change, and made sure that the College talent is not wasting its fragrance on some desert air. I feel sure that I am voicing the opinion of every male student at this College when I say that I should like to meet the members of the Ballet. Some member of the Social Committee should be specially told off to effect the necessary introductions. I think that it had better be a lady member.

While I am on the job (I don't often write to the papers) I had better mention another complaint I have to make against the Social Committee. At the last College dance, I was very comfortably esconced (with my partner) underneath the stairs when some officious member came along with a torch. If I want to blush unseen in the course of a dance, whose business is it?—I am, etc.,

ANNOYED.

### LAX USHERING.

Sir,—While I deeply appreciate the unselfishness of those patriotic students who gave up five evenings in order to act as ushers at His Majesty's during the recent season of "Tilly in the City," there is one small matter that, as an earnest social worker and regular playgoer, I should like to mention.

I occupied a seat in the Family Circle on the Thursday evening, and in common with, I hope, the vast majority of the audience, I was very shocked and disturbed by the cross-talk ("loose," one of my friends aptly said, "better describes it") of a very exhilarated young man and his rather less "merry" companions.

The cross-talk, loose as it was, was not so bad; but there was worse to come. Primed by his friends, he stood up and recited a poem concerned with two gentlemen named "Stiffy" and "Mo," who seemed to be very low characters, and not at all desirable acquaintances. His friendship with them did even this wretched youth no credit.

This story might have been told, very delicately, in unmixed society when the young ones had been sent to



bed; but even under such circumstances its reception would have been doubtful. As it was, my ears burned for the abandoned youth, who now sat down, smiling in a deprecating manner at the applause and laughter of what an eminent classical scholar calls "lewd fellows of the baser sort."

Having got up "Eskimo courage" by the liberal application to his internals of ice-cream, he rose once more and shocked his hearers with an even murkier story. I heard a gentleman observe that it was not quite up to the standard of the Orphans' Club, but it was pretty "warm material" all the same.

That was the last recitation, for the usher in charge then spoke quietly to the young man's boon companions, and they quietened him down slightly. The attention of the circle was, however, repeatedly distracted by his ribald interjections which were, to say the least of it, not always in the best of taste. A very touching and sentimental scene was desecrated by his indelicate interpolation.

Might I suggest that in future the House Manager, a policeman and a qualified medical practitioner should be stationed at the door of the Family Circle to bar admittance to anyone who shows signs of having imbibed the subtle poisoner.—I am, etc.,

LIZZY LE BOEUF.

### THE ALBERT TROPHY

The latest trophy to come to hand is the Albert Trophy, which, it will be remembered, was won by a shooting team representing this College, in competition with the other Colleges and Universities of Australia and New Zealand. The trophy takes the form of a cup and a miniature, the latter being retained permanently.

We have not yet seen the cup itself, but the miniature which is almost 8 inches high, is the most beautiful of its kind that we have seen. It is of solid silver and about its base are stamped the badges of the competing colleges, that of the winner being picked out in colour, while a slightly larger badge of the winning College is set upon the outside of the bowl.

It is hoped that this cup and miniature will be placed on view somewhere.

We note that at the Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, from which our visiting debaters come, "all women must room in College dormitories, except a few who are allowed to earn board and room in approved homes."

Hence the word "rumour."

*A budding B.A., known as Billy,  
Went up in the gods to see "Tilly."  
In the fight on the stair  
He contracted a tear  
In a place where it made him look silly.*

## LITERARY CLUB

### "THE LOST SILK HAT"

The Literary Club's first production in the current year was staged in the University Hall on Wednesday, May 9th, when Lord Dunsany's amusing trifle "The Lost Silk Hat" was presented to an appreciative audience. The two leading parts of Caller and Poet being taken by Mr. D. Hudson and Mr. Sullivan respectively.

Mr. Hudson in the part of the somewhat futile young dandy succeeded in creating considerable amusement among his audience, in his vain attempts to persuade someone else, rather than himself, to enter the house of his lady love, with whom he had quarrelled, and get him his hat, which unfortunately he had left behind.

As the Poet who burst into ecstasies at the thought that "Romance had been born again," only to have his hopes dashed to the ground, Mr. Sullivan gave a meritorious rendering. His soliloquies on "dying for a hopeless love" which were continually interrupted by the Caller, and the reference to the "large sprawling family as far as the eye can see" highly amused those present.

Mr. Wills, Mr. Munro and Mr. Schnackenberg, all acquitted themselves well in minor roles.

Prior to the presentation of "The Lost Silk Hat," Mr. G. McLeod and Mr. K. Hudson each contributed to the evening's entertainment, the former reading a paper on "The One-Act Play," and the latter reading a one-act play of A. A. Milne's.

Mr. McLeod is to be congratulated on his instructive paper, which showed considerable preparation. He dealt with the history of his subject and then referred to the modern one-act play and its place in the drama of to-day. He said that there was a tendency for one-act plays to be read rather than acted, as was evidenced by the publication in book form of one-act plays, and he suggested that possibly in the future the one-act play would take its place in literature rather than in drama.

Mr. K. Hudson's reading of "The Boy Comes Home" was well received, and altogether the evening was a most successful one.

## OUR LATEST GRADUATE

### SIR GEORGE FOWLES

To none did the Birthday Honours' List give greater pleasure than to the Students of this College. The honour done to our President is all the greater in that there can be no possible suggestion of that political bias which too often detracts from similar honours. We tender our most respectful congratulations to Sir George.

A poster ad.

### TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE.

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