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THE CARNIVAL PLAY

THE KING OF KAWAU

OR

"SEVENTY MILLIONS"

Rehearsals are now in full swing for the Carnival Committee's forthcoming production which is to be staged in St. James' Theatre for a season of seven nights, commencing on Friday, May 17th, and finishing on Friday, May 24th.

This, the most ambitious project undertaken by the Students' Association each year, requires the support of every student, and, in view of the greater expense incurred engaging the largest theatre in the city, that support is even more necessary. Students can assist in many ways, and everyone should attend the play at least three times. The price of admission to reserved seats this year is to be 6/-, but a special privilege is given to students who may obtain a Student's Concession Ticket at the price of 4/-, this ticket entitling the holder to reserve a seat in any part of the house. This concession is open to students and their friends, and the 4/- tickets are now obtainable at College. Students are asked to approach as many of their friends as possible and to obtain tickets for them from College.

The play itself promises to be even more successful than last year's production. The cast is a very strong one, and the principals mostly well experienced, while the new members are progressing rapidly under the capable handling of the Producer, Mr. J. A. S. Coppard. We have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Freda Gaudin as heroine, and with our old favourite, Mr. A. H. H. Fryer-Raisher, playing opposite, we could not have two better leads. Other lady principals are Miss Jean MacCormick and Miss Ruth Walker, who are well-known performers in Literary Club plays. Two more players who need no introduction are Messrs. R. Fenwick and D. Plummer, filling the two important roles of Willie Sykes, Marquis of Mt. Eden, and Dickie Downwift, Duke of Drunken Bay. Then there is the inimitable Mr. Frank Martin who takes the part of Sir Joseph Hoard, Lord Chancellor of the Kingdom of Kawau. Other new principals are Messrs. J. E. Gregory, R. E. L. Aubin, J. E. Ford, and E. Brodie.

The chorus is a most enthusiastic part of the show, and when Mr. Sparling has finished with them, the singing should leave nothing to be desired. The songs this year, both solos and choruses, are particularly tuneful, and the musical side of the play should be greatly appreciated by the audience. As for the ballet—well, wait until you see the show.

ON PUNCTUALITY

I have the greatest sympathy for those unhappy people who, in spite of efforts to be punctual, are always in a hurry, and generally arrive late all the same.

The fact is, I am one of them.

And yet I try so hard to overcome it. This time, I say, I really shall be in time. To be on the safe side, I am ready five minutes early, and spend four minutes idling and wishing it were time.

And the fifth and succeeding minutes I spend on the inevitable last minute job, the exasperating detail that had hidden itself until then. Yes, the fifth and succeeding minutes. I am late again.

Are you also one of us? Then you will know how friends lecture us. It is too bad, they say; or—perhaps they make sarcastic remarks, fixing their appointments five minutes earlier than necessary, to allow for our invariable unpunctuality.

We feel there is something unjust about this, after all our efforts to be in time. "It really is not our fault," we say, "we should have been here, only a button came off at the last minute," or "only we just missed a tram."

These do appear reasonable excuses, yet the friend who has waited for you fifteen minutes will receive them with increasing bad temper. "X is always late," I remember hearing a girl say, "and the worst of it is she always has a good excuse, just when you're ready to scold her."

I pitied the speaker far more than I pitied X. When these two went anywhere together, X would always turn up late, but happy in the possession of a good excuse, and was unperturbed by any scoldings she might receive, since these were obviously unjust and unreasonable. Y, on the other hand, was always in time, and had to stand "cooling her heels" for five or ten minutes. The temper she then worked up she was unable adequately to express in the face of X's excuse; and she and X would have to hurry to their destination, and would be late in spite of haste.

After seeing her wait, I have always had a terror (usually quite unjustified) of being too soon. This is to be avoided at all costs. The best time to arrive is almost (but not quite) as late as the other person, in which case you will have no need of the weak excuse you have been preparing; but can listen with a frown to the ample reasons which which they hasten to soothe your wounded feelings, never guessing but that you have been waiting there ever since the appointed time.

Professor Worley struck a true note when he delivered his Presidential Address on "Superstitions of Science." One almost said, "Suppositions of Science."

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN

[A suggested election address for a candidate for the Mayoralty, who has attended University lectures on Municipal Government, etc.]

ORATOR :

I bid thee hearken, fellow citizens, friends and bros. ! Entirely am I out for Auckland, ye see how she grows. I meet ye empty handed. Verily, I have no axe to grind, And have no nest to feather ; putteth *that* from your mind.

I am here to discuss with ye in this our Civic waste. Many things I wilt reveal of squander and bad taste ; Of pitchers, cubes and bitumen ; of men and doings and underlings ;

Of things said which shouldst not be said and things left quite undone.

Some of ye thinketh this hilarious and putteth it down as fun.

Have ye not heard of certain Civic deals ? Of sections Leased to him who pleased ? Yea, regardless in our Daily press of plaintive, scathing squeals.

Verily the time has come to stoppeth many things ; To obviate the ease with which fishers filleth their creels.

I will stand no friends on either hand to help with things buckshee.

Verily, there shalt be *no* pickings—leaveth that to me.

VOICE FROM RABBLE :

He sayeth he hath *no* axe to grind —

2nd VOICE FROM RABBLE :

And hath no nest — hence no pickings —

3rd VOICE FROM RABBLE :

Verily, and of course. Who hath ? Give us thy platform, Oh orator, oh Mayor who wouldst be.

ORATOR :

Judge not of my platform by this sorry soap-box.

Hold for awhile thy dead cats, tomatoes and rocks.

Have any of ye seen tomorrow ? Can any of ye say which way

The cat will jump ? To be forewarned is to be fore-armed ;

Yea, perchance to be foredoomed.

Yet, ye ask of me my platform ; 'tis little more than a raft :

Food and beer and clothing. Three stout planks worth standing for —

Verily, what ? Not 'arf.

VOICE :

A moment, I prithee ; I would a question ask of yonder soap-box orator.

ORATOR :

Speak on, friend, 'tis my purpose to hear all questions asked in

Good faith, and thereby I feeleth the pulse of my audience.

VOICE :

Art thou in favour, or not, of the coupon system in public

Houses, bars, private and public ? Dost thou think by this

System the consumer wouldst drink more, thereby increasing the

Trade and profit of the publican, the trade and profit of the

Brewer, and increase employment in breweries, and altogether

Tend to build up the stamina of this our Colonial race ?

Or dost consider it wouldst injure the trade in square riggers,

And increase that vulgar state of drunkenness ?

ORATOR :

Friend, thy mouth is surely filled with words. Explaineth thy Coupon system.

VOICE :

Simple, oh thou who canst feel the pulse of thy audience.

'Tis this, for every pot a man consumeth, he receiveth a coupon.

When he has saved five coupons, they entitle him to a pot Free and of good measure.

ORATOR :

I getteth thee, friend ; but suppose the price of a pot riseth in price —

VOICE :

Will the coupons be transferable ?

ANOTHER VOICE :

Will the coupons have pictures, like unto cigarette cards ?

VOICES :

How long lasteth a coupon ? Will said coupon entitle the Bearer to any tippie ? Be there half coupons for half Handles—

(The meeting then closed amid violent uproar)

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

It is hoped that this club will be opening again within one or two weeks, or early in the next term. The range is in the old Grammar School building, opposite St. Paul's, and membership is covered by the Students' Association fee. Both lady and men students are eligible for membership—last year some very creditable scores were registered by lady shots.

This year, challenge buttons for each week's shoot will be donated for competition. Any who are interested can enrol and obtain further information from Misses Brooke and J. Shaw, or Messrs. Alexander, Watt, Platts, and Duncan.

Among those present at Professor Belshaw's lecture on Municipal Government were :

Messrs. G. Baildon,
H. E. Vaile,
T. Bloodworth,
W. H. Murray.

We wonder if Professor Belshaw will credit them with first, second or third class passes, or if the decision will be left to the ratepayers of Auckland.

BENJAMIN AT 'VARSITY

Now recently there had come to the City of Auckland, members of a tribe of Israelites and the elder of the tribe had a son, matriculated and, as it were, most keen and skilled in the use of his intellect so that his father said unto him, "Benjamin, my son, thou must pursue these thine studies and obtain a degree. Go thou to the building which is opposite the park of Albert that they may direct thee concerning the mystery of these things." Then said Benjamin unto his father, "My father how shall I perceive this temple of learning?" Then said his father unto Benjamin, "This building is like unto no other building in this city, for upon the roof of it is a tower, which cannot be likened unto anything which I have before beheld; the like of it defieeth description, for no man once he hath beheld it can utter the truth of this thing. Moreover, its walls are embossed with shields bare of device, which shields no man has yet explained unto me, and this House of Learning is otherwise marked with other devices and projections the like of which are weird and attractive of attention, so that by no means shalt thou miss this house. Go then, my son, and make report to me of all things that thou dost see and hear."

Now when evening was come the chief called unto his son that he might make report of those things which he had seen and done, and Benjamin spake as follows: "My father, first went I into the Park of Albert and there beheld me many youths and damsels wending their way to this House of Learning which I had perceived afar off. So I accosted a youth, of near mine own years, and said unto him, 'Art thou going unto this House of Learning,' and he said, 'Yea, but that it was called an 'Varsity,' and he further enquired of me whether I was a fresher, and I said, 'That, I know not, but have come to learn.' Then said he unto me, 'I, too, am a fresher. Let us go together and learn the fashion of this place,' and it was so. Now when we entered into the chief hall of this building there was a table at which sat many fair damsels, and they smiled upon us and did ask our names, giving us books and divers papers of which we knew not the use, also they gave unto us cards inviting us unto a free banquet and dance, whereat I rejoiced and thought that this place should meet favour in mine eyes. Then came unto us other youths and said, 'What art thou taking,' and I answered and said unto them, 'Nay, I know not, but have come to learn.' So one said unto me, 'Hast thou matriculated and seen the calendar,' and I said unto him, 'As for matriculation, this I have done, but as for the calendar, I know it not.' Then said he unto me, 'What is that in thine hand,' and I said, 'A book.' Then said he unto me, 'It is it.' So I drew apart from these youths and damsels unto a quiet place which is called an library, and there did I learn of many degrees and courses such as Mus. Bac., and Dip Soc. Now, when I would decide what things I should learn, I found not that which I most desired, all things of which I before knew were as it were set and at length, but no thing that would direct me upon the path with full knowledge. So I arose from out this library and saw

a youth standing sadly apart and gazing, as it were, upon his fellows, so I approached him and said, 'What art thou taking this year?' even as it had been asked of me, for I bethought me that this surely was a right address. Then said he unto me, 'B. Com.,' and I said unto him, 'Become what.' Then walked he away, first looking at me as a man constrained.

"Then I went into the main hall of which I spake and saw before me the table of the sellers of books.

"Then I went into the main hall of which I spake And I went and said unto him that was in charge, 'What have we here?' and he said, 'Many relics of them which have gone before. Behold now and see what I may sell thee.' Then looked I at these books and saw that they were, as it were, reach-me-downs and things of no worth, albeit many bought as they said at second hand and paid many shekels for things of little worth. Then bethought I, of thy teaching, my father, and said unto them that sold, 'It is no go.'

"Now many of the damsels and youths were thronging into various rooms, so I followed some into the largest room and there took me a seat. Then from a stage nearest the door a man spoke and said he was glad to see us. So I asked of my neighbour who he might be, and he said, 'Prof.' Then enquired I of him what this Prof. might do, and he said, 'Search me,' and turned away so that I perceived little wisdom was with him. Then this Prof. spake further unto us concerning the filling in of many papers and hours of work—though often of the times of our labour he was not sure. Now next to me was a youth of earnest and bright expression, and he said unto me, 'How fill I these forms,' and I said unto him, 'Even as it is asked of thee'; but he said, 'That I do not yet understand,' and I said, 'No more do I; but these things are asked of thee and the way explained thou as it is hidden of thee. Yet was he not sure and said he would wait and see. Then did this Prof. exhort us to work saying that thereby would wisdom come and such things as terms be obtained, and certain fellows behind me where I sat laughed, as it were, beneath their breath, though I know not what they meant. So in a short while we were allowed to depart, and a youth—he whom I met in the Park of Albert—came to me and said, 'Hast thou fed?' and I answered him, 'Nay.' So said he unto me, 'Let us feed!' Then led me unto a place called an cafeteria where for one shekel we were supplied with a meal of three courses. This he declared unto me, 'Was not a bad hole,' and I answered and said, 'Nay, I think not, for not often is one so fed for the price of a shekel.' Then went we unto the common-room of the youths, where we did talk concerning all things pertaining to 'swat' and the playing of games, and there were upon the walls notices of many things; of dances and games and much sport, enjoining us that we joined this and that. Then said I that I had learned much albeit I knew not what I had to do upon the morrow, nor what my forms and papers meant, so another youth shewed me how I had to pay many shekels for fees, so I bethought me that it was time to depart, and so left."

ARABELLA

She is an Orphan of the Storm.

I often wonder why cats do not die and have done with it. Arabella combines a meagre frame with a facial expression that is dull and brainless, and witnesses that all her life she has been starved of food and compassion.

As one of the household it is my duty to hoosh Arabella. She comes indoors. I suppose that this pitiless existence has not left her wits enough for fear, for when one hooshes her she has such good retorts:—

- (1) "Surely you can't mean *me*?"
- (2) "I presume you will agree that you are heartless and unpleasant?"
- (3) "I'm not going, anyway."

She has a way of expressing all this in one rebellious and accusing look, which she repeats throughout the course of her lagging retreat.

There is no place in the world for her. "There's that beastly cat again. Chase it. That boarder is a nuisance, he gives it scraps. It's only encouragement the beastly thing. If it would only go away——"

But where? To such another house?

Where do cats go when they disappear?

What sort of heaven do the good cats go to?

For I think it would be good for Arabella to go there? At present I fear the dream of her soul is to have a sufficiency of refuse-tins to rob.

NEW ZEALAND

A SONNET

All crowned with beauties that can never cease,
 Surrounded by the boundless ocean free,
 Lapt in sweet loneliness and quiet peace,
 An island lies in the Pacific Sea.
 A sweet and youthful nature dwelleth there,
 Mid deep blue lakes that mirror back the sky,
 Which wonders at the beauty, pure as fair
 Of snow-clad peaks, uprising far on high.
 The Long, White Cloud they called her long ago,
 When first from far Hawaiki they came,
 To this fair isle that by this name we know,
 New Zealand, yet her beauty is the same,
 And where she lieth in the seas alone,
 She holds young hearts that ever are her own.

EILEEN M. JOHNSTON.

Scene in Latin class:

Prof.: "*Uxor iniecit carminibus et venificus insaniam marito*: the wife made her husband mad by spells and poisons. '*Carminibus*' is 'by spells.'"

Fair Student: "Doesn't '*carminibus*' mean 'by singing'?"

Jack and Reg evidently think that fair exchange is no robbery. We wonder what Bubs and Doris think about it.

THE SONG OF THE SWOT

By NARCISSUS.

With eyes that were fixed on a book,
 And hands that supported his head,
 A youth sat cramped on a library chair;
 His mien was one of dread.

Cram! Cram! Cram!

While scores of distractions said not,
 And still with a faint and frequent "D——,"
 He sang "The Song of the Swot."

Strive! Strive! Strive!

While the plates in the 'Teria crash.
 And strive! Strive! Strive!

To assimilate balderdash.

'Tis to fail at the end of the year,
 If you take off your eye for a trice.
 So chase from your thoughts such foibles as beer,
 And Mary's bright languishing eyes.

Work! Work! Work!

Till the brain is bemused in French.

Work! Work! Work!

At Cicero's misty clench.

Noun and Adverb and Verb,

Verb and Adverb and Noun,

Till in slumbers, which manifold studies disturb,
 He sees bearded Cicero's glasses and gown.

Work! Work! Work!

I wish that I could, I'm sure.

And what is its mede—a diploma, yes,

With a beautiful signature;

A wonderful gown and a hood,

(Which couldn't keep out the rain)

A couple of letters put after your name,

And a life to start once again.

With brain securely jammed,

And the type in a kind of maze,

A youth sat cramped in a library chair,

Attempting to master a phrase.

Cram! Cram! Cram!

And it's all so soon forgot.

His earlier study was truly a sham,

'Tis soon the exam; he must pay for his flam,

And sing "The Song of the Swot."

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THE RING OF DESTINY

Radalay was in love. You know the sensation, of course. I suppose there are few of us who have never fallen in love; for my part I am always doing it. But this, you must understand, was the real thing. (Radalay was convinced of that.)

He was staying in an hotel at the time. About the second day he perceived in the lounge one who caused his heart to perform acrobatic feats, and a madness possessed him there and then. On the impulse of the moment he went up to her, and politely indicated the butterfly she was embroidering.

"Excuse me, but my sister is—er—awfully keen on embroidery, and—er—could you tell me where you got that shade of—er—purple, because it's very like what she's been hunting the town for."

"I know," said the girl, "I was speaking to her about it this morning."

You could see the embroidered butterfly smiling openly; but Radalay merely looked like a distressed goldfish; the reason being that he had no sister; but whether the girl had guessed it, I really cannot say. Obviously he must make either of two remarks:—"Oh, do you know my sister?" or "How do you know she was my sister?" and as a matter of fact he made both. There ensued this delightful conversation:—

She: Oh, yes, I went to school with her.

He: Really! Were you great friends?

She: She was my third-best friend.

He (inspired): I must have often heard her speak of you. May I ask your name?

She: The girls always called me Bunny.

He (disappointed): Oh, yes, I remember her saying how much she liked Bunny, barring the time she put ink down her neck.

She: Oh, I ne—— I mean, she shouldn't have made these embarrassing disclosures.

He: And once after a swimming party she came home and told us you had pretty shoulders.

She (obliged to blush): Now she's only my seventh-best friend, from this day forth.

He: and she said——

She: Stop! Stop!

He: Well, it's true, anyway.

She: What's true?

He: What you won't let me say. Of course it's true about your shoulders too.

She: How can you possibly know?

He: Well, you can always do your best to disprove it. In evening dress for instance; won't you let me take you out somewhere one evening?

She: But we haven't been introduced.

He: Oh, surely my sister will serve for an introduction.

She (hastily): Oh, that reminds me, she was going to buy a frock, and I promised to go and see what she got. Please excuse me.

After her departure Radalay sat in meditation for a few minutes and then set out in the direction of the

Hotel clerk's office. You can get all sorts of useful information from a clerk.

He could not know that the lady was bound on the same errand. They encountered each other just at the office itself. Each became anxious to wait till the other was gone. The lady, under pressure of his chivalry, advanced and asked for letters, which surprised the clerk, who had given them to her only a short time before. As soon as she had slipped away Radalay asked the clerk several questions about the lady who had just gone; and she, watching covertly, returned behind his departing back to ask the clerk one or two things about the gentleman who had just gone; and each gained in confidence as a result of a supposed advantage over the other.

I need not give you a detailed account of how the affair progressed, for, as we agreed, we have all been in love. Suffice it to say that Radalay was completely enthralled, and the lady gave him no small encouragement. So you can quite imagine how much he was interested to see a jeweller's shop marked "Sale." Yes, the engagement rings were greatly reduced "For One Week Only," with a postscript notice that these were the last two days.

Many a person's whole life has been altered for want of time to think. Given a week, Radalay might have practised a proposal and learned it off, bungled it and been accepted, and still have had time to come back to the shop; but two days! Opportunity and inspiration are so elusive to the lover who is in a hurry. Yet many people have a preference for sale prices, Radalay for one. Behold him buy the ring!

Of course now you foresee the tragedy that is going to engulf him. They will not be engaged after all. Very well, just as you wish. Let us say, then, that he saw her no more. She had left the hotel that afternoon. What shock, what agony, what emotion! She had only been flirting, then! Chagrin, despair, and thoughts of suicide. Bitterness and all the successive stages of the rejected lover.

But like other people Radalay emerged whole and strong from these phases. He was, if anything, the better proof against similar experiences. The drawback to this was that he had a useless ring in his possession.

Now Radalay decided that the ring must be bestowed. He must find a fiancée, partly from economy, partly to show the false one that he did not care, and partly because he thought he'd like it.

And do you think he could fall in love? No!

Not only because after his ill success he was better proof against charm, but also because things will always go the opposite way from what you want. Always.

So now he is in such a situation, that I venture to ask any girl who is matrimonially inclined to send to the Editor of *Craccum* for his address, in case she may be lucky enough to quicken Radalay's heartbeats. This very desirable young man, with engagement ring and all modern accomplishments, attractive appearance, superior escort, dances divinely, drives with one hand—come, girls, it costs you nothing to try!

THE CAVE MAN

I was one day a love-sick swain,
 Who were once one, were now in twain.
 In grief, I sought for good advice;
 From John I got it in a trice.
 "My boy," said he, "yourself control,
 As a magnetic, self-conscious, will-driven whole.
 Let nothing extraneous your balance disturb,
 And always restrain each desire under curb.
 Why, lad, you're a weakling to fall 'neath her sway.
 Take me—I'm impervious, do what they may."
 He was in my eyes at that moment a hero,
 Combining in him Quasimodo and Nero.
 From then till the end, him always I sought
 To learn that control, the philosopher taught.

In reading his books, he would ne'er overwork;
 Nor in cutting the lawn would he toil like a Turk.
 In Glee Club rehearsals his lungs he'd not burst;
 He never was mod'rate in quenching his thirst.
 He never smoked more than one "fag" ev'ry day;
 He never spent more than one-half of his pay.
 He always was blind to the blandishing air,
 That is seen in the sex that is often called "fair";
 Impregnable also to Hate's baneful glare.

His dictum to me had started me fumin';
 But I was convinced he was just superhuman,
 And Anger departed, and soon did succeed
 Admiration for one as he was—born to lead.

One day we were late and determined to get
 A dinner, for we were both hungry and wet.
 The menu he saw (cheapest meal in the town)
 His brows pursed in an intellectual frown.
 He resolved it at once into logical terms,
 As with ev'rything else—first principles—germs.
 The waitress arrived for his order—"Right through,"
 And mine, as a loyal disciple—"Me, too."
 Again and again, those words I knew,
 "Right through! Right through! Right through!
 Right through!"
 "In a qualified way," he started, "You're right ——"
 But I had run from out his sight.
 And Anna was at home that night.

A MORAL I'm told I should now formulate,
 I'll merely a much-quoted proverb re-state,
 Those people whose dwellings are made out of glass,
 Should always let stone-throwing tendencies pass.
 —N.R.C.

IN MEMORIAM

Beneath a large, protruding beak
 There grew a tiny little streak;
 But because it made him look a sheik
 Ken lopped it off with a sigh.

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 is worth a photograph.

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FOOTBALL

BY "SIDE-LINE"

On the 13th and 20th April, two Club practices were held. We were unfortunate that the weather was so unfavourable for our first practice, but nevertheless four teams took the field, and no doubt benefited by the run.

On Saturday the 20th, about one hundred players turned out and all displayed plenty of dash and enthusiasm. The Senior Selector, Mr. Lucas, was able to try out all the available talent in the senior game. Various combinations of backs and forwards were tried, and, judging by the displays given, the Club should be represented by two of the strongest teams yet fielded.

The Juniors are in the capable hands of Mr. Jack Murray, ex-Otago and South Island centre, and no doubt, with an extra week available for practice, he will be able to select four teams—two second grade, one third open, and one third intermediate—which will be quite capable of upholding the Club's reputation in their respective sections.

There was a young fellow called G——,
 Who got a bad smack on the bean,
 He went for a ride,
 And his bold charger shied;
 But once more he's been seen with I——.

OUR HYMN SHEET

In view of the fact that Tournament is to be held in Auckland next year, and that the Carnival Play will soon be here, it is thought desirable that we be able to raise our voices in concerted harmony. The following list contains some of the songs beloved of all true-blue A.U.C. students. We are printing these, as it is hoped to practise them at the Coffee Evenings held in the Men's Common Room.

Leader: "On this my daughter's wedding day,
£10,000 I'll give away."

Chorus: "Hooray!" (and other expressions of glee)

Leader: "On second thoughts I think it best
To put it away in the old oak chest."

Chorus: "You dirty dog" (and similar noises of hatred).

Leader: "On hearing this, your lusty cheer,
We'll spend it all on Speights's beer."

Chorus: (exult vociferously).

"If I had £10,000 I'd buy a lot of beer, I'd
buy a lot of beer.

I'd live on Speights' and porter-gaffs from
year to year, from year to year.

Star of the evening—beautiful evening star,
Star of the evening, shining on the cookhouse
door.

Sing Hi-Ho, Virginia. Sing Hi-Ho, Virginia.
Sing Hi-Ho, Virginia; Virginia where the
green grass grows."

Drunk last night—shicker the night before;
Going to get drunk to-night if I never get drunk any
more.

When I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be.

For I am a member of the A.U.C.

Glorious, glorious,

One keg of beer between the four of us.

Glory be to Thee there ain't no more of us

For any one of us could drink it all alone.

All alone, all alone,

For one of us could drink it all alone.

(Repeat.)

If you want to be right happy

Now and evermore.

If you want to join your comrades

Who have gone before.

If you want to live in peace

And glory by and by,

Join the S-A-L-V-A-T-I-O-N-A-R-M-Y.

Jump for joy, etc.

My Bonny went over the ocean.

My Bonny went over the sea.

My Bonny went over the ocean.

Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

Chorus: Bring back, oh, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

(Repeat)

Last night as I lay on my pillow.
Last night as I lay on my bed.
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonny was dead.

Chorus:

My Bonny leaned over the gas-tank,
The height of the petrol to see.
She lighted a match to assist her,
Oh, bring back my Bonny to me.

Chorus:

My Bonny and I took a boarder,
To make a few shillings, you see.
My Bonny and I took a boarder,
Oh, bring back my Bonny to me.

Chorus:

The College students sing this song,
Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.

The length of a term is much too long,
Oh, Doo-Dah Day.

Swatting and grinding I detest,
Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.

Midnight oil makes me protest,
Oh, Doo-Dah Day.

G'wine to dance all night,

G'wine to swat all day,

If we don't get through at the end of the year
There'll be one Devil to pay.

Think I'll go and buy some land,
Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.

And at farming try my hand,
Oh, Doo-Dah Day.

Plough the field and sow the corn,
Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah.

Milk the cow with the crumpled horn,
Oh, Doo-Dah Day.

G'wine to milk all night,

G'wine to loaf all day,

But apart from the joys of a country life
I ask you—would it pay?

Undergraduates are we of the Auckland 'Varsity,

We have spent ourselves in building up the brain,

As we burn the midnight oil, worn with intellectual toil,

We are haunted by this dolorous refrain:—

Chorus: Cram, cram, cram, for that diploma,

Cram, cram, cram for that degree;

When each hoary-headed prof.

Has been duly poisoned off.

We shall still be cramming at the 'Varsity.

With Prof. Johnson in the lab. we are learning how to
stab

Horrid things, which slowly dying, squirm and kick;
Jabbing scapels in and out we have wormed our way
about

In the palpitating vitals of a chick.

Correspondence

PING-PONG

Sir,—I wish to make a complaint against the Men's House Committee for not arranging for the sale of Ping-Pong balls in the Cafeteria. This omission, I regret to state, has caused a number of dishonest people to abstract from lockers balls which do not belong to them. The trouble about this is that owners are now so suspicious that it is now impossible to find a ball, no matter how many lockers are opened. Why the other night I—I mean the House Committee should discourage this practice by immediately making arrangements for the sale of this commodity so indispensable to the modern student.—I am, etc.,

BAFFLED.

A PLEA

The Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Sir,—This is a plea for information.

When I came to A.U.C. as a fresher, I was not surprised to find that there were many College jokes that I did not understand, and many references that mystified me. I naturally thought that as I had come up to be educated I had only to wait and watch, and these things would clear themselves up in time.

The facts do not bear out this assumption. What is more, it is very annoying to pay 3d. for a copy of *Craccum* and then find there are parts of it that one cannot understand. For instance, I wish to know:—

The truth (if any) about the tomato, or was it persimmon? How, when, where, and why did it happen?

How, and why, did the piano walk? And what piano?

Why do we not have a proper Carnival?

What is this Wooden Spoon?

Why is it that in the cafeteria it is the patrons, and not the waitresses, who wait?

What is the matter with Training College?

I most especially desire an answer to the last question, since I have made extensive efforts to solve it, quite in vain. I have made personal friends of several Training College students, and fully expected to discover these faults of theirs that seem so obvious to everyone else; but all I have been able to discover is how extremely decent one's fellow students can be. I am told that in order to save myself from a number of unwise friendships, I should consult a certain Barrister-at-Law; but other authorities advise that I have no hope of discovering him, as were he able to be found he would long ago have ceased to exist. All this seems very mysterious to my innocent mind, and I anxiously wait for someone to clear up these doubtful points for me.—I am, etc.,

CORRESPONDENT.

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

LADIES' NIGHT

IN THE MEN'S COMMON ROOM

On Wednesday, May 8th, the men students will entertain the women students in the Men's Common Room.

The evening will take the form of a combined Coffee Evening at which an auction will be held, the lots comprising articles left in lockers and confiscated by the Men's House Committee. As to the nature of the articles—you'd be surprised.

The proceeds will be sent to the National Union of Students.

Music will be provided by the Society of Honorary Jaz Artists to the Men's House Committee, and proceedings will probably conclude with dancing.

A bright evening should ensue.

It is hoped that Mr. A. K. Turner will consent to act as chaperone.

The balloon will ascend at 7.30 p.m. There will be no late entrance fee but first come, first served—with coffee.



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