



## STUDENTS STAGE STIMULATING STUNTS

### PROCESSION PERFECTLY POPULAR

'VARSITY TURNS ON THE BRIGHTEST CONTRIBUTION TO "CHEER-UP" WEEK

Preceded by a bevy of beautiful flower "girls" tripping and skipping with the precision and daintiness of a Broadway ballet, the 'Varsity "cheer up" procession left the tennis courts at 7.15 last Friday evening. It travelled down Anzac Avenue and along Customs Street, followed on the footpath by practically every other student who wasn't in it.

Behind the coy maidens came the royal chariot, in which King Alfonso and his Queen, attended by two aides-de-camp, rattled along to his abdication. The royal coach was followed by the Mare of Auckland, the Cheerman of the College Council, several Spanish Ministers of State, a Highland refugee, and a disreputable looking graduate from the University of Barcelona. Behind these gentlemen came a motley host of toreadors, matadors and picadors, with their teeth gleaming in the half light as they chanted a passable imitation of the well-known hymn from *Carmen*. They were followed by a lorry bearing the Royal Madrid State Symphony Orchestra, wafting sweet Spanish airs over the twinkling Waitemata.

Next came a serried rank of wild animals and mythological monsters, closely followed by Boadicea in her chariot. At the back of the British Queen's car walked three stout advocates of Girth Control with a perambulator containing what looked suspiciously like a hogshead. The line was completed by Mr. Lang and his Cabinet, who scattered a new bank-note issue, with generous abandon, to all and sundry. At intervals along the flanks knights in armour trotted gaily along on their magnificent chargers. Lady Godiva, fresh from her bath, rode sedately about on her palfrey. General Depression walked along hurling epithets at everybody, and the Chief Traffic Inspector rushed excitedly around directing operations.

This goodly company, chanting a "cheer up" hymn composed by Senorita d'Alvarez, proceeded across Queen Street, down Little Queen Street, past the Ferry Buildings, and up to the Post Office. Here the royal party alighted and formed up on the steps while the matadors and toreadors gathered round to shout and hiss. As far as the writer could gather the next fifteen minutes were occupied by speeches of welcome and a vehement harangue by Alfonso, at the conclusion of which General Depression was stabbed by Betta Tymes, a hussar of the Spanish Grenadiers, and Alfonso was unanimously called upon to abdicate. Thereupon his chief officer, holding aloft a feminine garment which he had snatched from his master, cried out in broken English, "The King with draws! The King with draws!" Alfonso, amid a deafening roar of cheers, hoots, and hisses, then embraced his wife and the party re-entered their coach. The procession then proceeded up Queen Street, the dethroned Queen charming all by her graceful figure, her smiling

acknowledgment of their applause, and her simple ignorance of the cruel joke perpetrated by her husband, who had thrown the aforementioned garment over her parasol. Frequent halts were made on the journey to extract the wheel of the royal coach from the tram points.

At the Town Hall the company halted, and the matadors managed to push back sufficient of the crowd to form a small ring. A fearsome stamping bull from Alfonso's stud was then let loose, and Don Jose Rudolfo Vaselino, the Mark Nicholls of Spain, engaged it in mortal combat. The issue was in doubt until the bull's eye was attracted by the minute hand of the Town Hall clock, whereupon Vaselino, slowly seizing his opportunity, deftly exchanged his handkerchief for a rapier, plunged it into the beast's liver, and triumphantly watched it sink dying to the ground. A thunderous cry of "morta da bulla" rent the air, but the Meat Auction's representative was unable to get through the crowd and the remains were quickly dragged off before he could seize them. The company formed up again, the infantry leading a crocodile back down Queen Street.

At the Wellesley Street intersection, however, disaster in the shape of the real Mr. Hogan overtook the procession. The infantry went gaily on to Victoria Street, where a huge crowd had gathered round the "vault" to see General Depression buried, but the lorry with the coffin was diverted by the Traffic Inspector up Wellesley Street. Thus, though the grave gaped and yawned for its notable victim, it had to be satisfied with the remains of the bull and one of the "ladies" of the court, who voluntarily descended and was seen no more.

The show was eventually re-assembled at St. Paul's corner and, followed by an excited *canaille*, returned down Anzac Avenue to the College. Here the *canaille* was slowly convinced that its part of the show was finished, and gradually drifted away, tripping over the lawn wires and swearing loudly to itself.

(Continued next column)

## AROUND THE CLUBS

S.C.M.—Wednesday, 6th, and Thursday, 7th May. Addresses by Dr. Koo, noted Chinese leader. College Hall, 8 p.m.

Harrier Club.—Saturday, May 2nd. Opening run. Assemble Mt. Albert Grammar School, 2.30 p.m. Shorts and tennis shoes.

S.C.M.—Sunday, May 3rd. World Day of Prayer. Special Student Service. St. David's Presbyterian Church, 8 p.m.

Sci. Soc.—Monday, May 4th. Lecture, "Experiences in a Year Abroad." Mr. T. Lancaster. Biology Room.

The Men's Common Room has probably never witnessed such a magnificent spectacle as that which ensued for the next twenty minutes. Dowdy looking flower girls jostled with greasy looking toreadors, while Lady Godiva and Boadicea, in all their glory, paraded before the admiring eyes of two small boys who had crept in unobserved. The writer has never seen such a choice assortment of nude sweaty bodies as there were struggling for a position at the wash basins, since the bath parade at Hopu Hopu camp three years ago.

Eventually order was restored. The motley crew of two hundred toreadors, mythological monsters, cabinet ministers, knights errant and disreputable females was transformed into a prosaic band of students, and coffee was served in the Women's Common Room. The show concluded with a crowded but orderly dance, at which the new orchestra rendered yeoman service. Till a late hour a couple of stray flower girls and a toreador or two could be seen mixing with the other dancers.

We cannot close without handing out a few bay leaves. The largest of course goes to Mr. Colley, who planned the show and saw, until Mr. Hogan's interruption, that it went without a hitch. Mr. Bernard Wight made a wonderful Queen of Spain and looked delightful with his ample bosom heaving with pleasure at the applause. Messrs. Hill and Grey delivered their orations in good style, and looked really handsome in their smart guards uniform. Lastly, we must congratulate the students as a whole on their admirable restraint and the entire absence of Dutch courage.

## POLICE COURT NEWS

### CRUELTY TO A CAMEL

#### HINDU HAWKER FINED

An extraordinary charge was heard before Mr. F. K. Grunt, S.M., this morning, when Badba Nana (38), a Hindu hawker, was charged with excessive cruelty to a camel by overloading it with straw. According to Mr. W. E. Watchem, S.P.C.A. inspector, Nana was seen on April 21st in Little Queen Street loading a camel with straw. In the inspector's opinion the animal was sufficiently laden with the material when the accused placed an extra straw upon it, with the result that the camel's back was broken.

Nana, who pleaded ignorance of British customs, was fined two pounds and costs.

## DR. T. Z. KOO

### VISIT OF NOTED CHINESE LEADER

Under the auspices of the N.Z. Student Christian Movement, and as an official representative of the World's Student Christian Federation, Dr. T. Z. Koo will be in New Zealand during May this year.

As statesman and Christian leader, Dr. Koo has gained a prominent place in Europe and America during the last generation. As Vice-President of the W.S.C.F., lecturer and writer, he has made a valuable contribution to student life and thought throughout the world.

His contributions as a representative of China in international affairs have made him a world figure.

Students should take note of the public meetings which will be held in the city during his stay, and take advantage of the meetings which he will address at the College on May 6th and 7th.

## OUR BIHEBDOMADAL HOWLERS

King Alfred was a brave man he tride to beat the Dames.

—Std. 2.

\* \* \*  
Intelligence Test Question: How many children would a woman have if she had two pairs of twins twice?  
Answer: Quadrupeds.

—Mt.A.G.S.

## GRADUATION

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OF THIS IMPORTANT EVENT—

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APRIL 30, 1931.

### ENLARGEMENT

With pardonable pride we announce our acquisition of *Wreccum*. We can now issue without increase in price a *Craccum Supplement*, the first number of which appears to-day. Next term we hope to include topical sketches in our Supplement and thus make *Craccum* the best twopennyworth in the Southern Hemisphere.

### ANZAC DAY

It is with the greatest reverence for the memory of those whose sacrifice in the Great War allows us to be British university students to-day that we ask whether the time has not come for the transfer of Anzac Day to the Sunday nearest the 25th April. We ask such a question because we think that to a large number of our fellow citizens and fellow students Anzac Day is a holiday and not a holy day. Those who need to be reminded of the Great War are not the men who fought in it or the women whose sons and brothers were killed in it but the younger men and women who are now benefiting by their sacrifices and, cruel as the truth may be, Anzac Day is definitely failing to do so.

Now we do not make such a statement without some slight knowledge of how Anzac Day, 1931, was spent by a large number of people. Falling this year on a Saturday it gave many a glorious opportunity for a longer "week end" and if there is an Anzac Day next year it will fall on a Monday and provide a still longer extension to the "week end." Several senior Rugby teams, including one whose headquarters are not a thousand miles from Prince's Street, seized upon Anzac Day as an excellent opportunity for training, a party of students tramped to the West Coast, the *Star* advertised several launch and ferry excursions and play was in full swing at more than one tennis club. A large crowd certainly did attend the official ceremony but how many were there just because there was nothing else for them to do and because a little military splendour judiciously mixed with a little pagentry some oratory some music and a little advertising propaganda by our business firms can be quite entertaining for half an hour or so once a year?

## CAPPING DAY

The recent student procession reflects credit on the Hongi Club and quite atones for some of its former efforts. It showed that 'Varsity can still put on a "show" that appeals to the public, offends neither good taste nor decency, endangers no property, and brings no discredit to the College.

The procession was unique in being the only feature of "Cheer Up" week not run by business interests, and was a respectful gesture to the College Council. Most students know that we lost our Capping Day procession because of the excesses of our predecessors, but few, we think, know the full facts.

In 1926 certain influential rich men were disgusted by the behaviour of a section of the processionists, and consequently the College could not hope for any assistance from them. The Council, hoping to conciliate them and wishing to guard against other influential men being alienated, then abolished Capping Day. We must admit that the unfortunate Tournament Debate at the beginning of 1927 certainly seemed to justify the Council's action, for desperate ills need desperate remedies. The Students' Association, however, felt (and still feels it has) it had some justification for resenting a penalty imposed on the whole College because of the idiocy of a few in 1926. We say the whole College, because although the women students and a good many of the men students take no part in processions, they nevertheless keenly enjoy watching them.

In 1927 there was not even an official Capping ceremony, and the Students' Association, to give the graduates some public acknowledgment of their years of study and final success, organised an *unofficial* Capping ceremony. Now this event was possibly the most popular, the most uproariously funny, and at the same time the best conducted "show" ever put on in Auckland. The action of a prominent citizen in paying the rent of the Town Hall for the occasion proved that not all the influential rich men had lost faith in the students, and the immense crowd, packed almost to suffocation point, proved that the public all desired to see the students in carnival mood, and were, moreover, willing to stand an hour in a queue and pay a shilling for the privilege. Over a hundred pounds was raised and handed to the Rev. Jasper Calder, who publicly announced his willingness to guarantee the decent conduct of future processions.

Following on this success, the Association applied for a reconsideration of the ban, and in 1928 the official ceremony, though but a shadow of its former self, was restored. Since then the Association has applied for the procession without success, and "Capping Day," one of the best days in the civic calendars of Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, has in Auckland degenerated until last year it passed unconsidered by the public and all except the graduates themselves, a handful of undergraduates and several enthusiastic but witless Hongis.

Now, however, that most, if not all, of those responsible for the excesses of 1926 have left the College, and a new generation has shown that it can be trusted with an unofficial procession, we respectfully ask the Council whether it will trust us with an official Capping Day procession. If permission is given we think that trust will not be abused.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE LIBRARY

(To the Editor)

Sir,—As an earnest student and one who spends much time in the library, may I protest against the closing of that excellent institution between the hours of 12.45—1.30 p.m. daily? I quite realise that the librarians must have their respective lunches—I would be the last to ask them to refrain from that pastime, even in the interests of learning. Nor do I suggest that they should bring the mid-day repast wrapped up in the previous evening's newspaper, from which they could nibble at a sandwich or at the latest news. To me it is unseemly that so dignified a personage as the College Librarian should have to bolt her lunch covertly from a shelf beneath her desk. But I have what I believe to be a solution to the problem. Put into force, it will allow the library to be opened and the librarians to have their lunches—both at the same time—quite an astounding feat. My plan is this. Firstly, it will be necessary for Miss Minchin and Miss Alison to bring an equal quantity of food for this 12.45 "bite." I would suggest a minimum number of sandwiches neatly topped with a layer of cake. Both parcels of food could be left in the little lobby at the back of the library. Then at 12.45 one of the librarians (which one might be arranged between themselves) could vacate her desk and proceed to the lobby. The other could immediately take her place in order that an unbroken silence might be maintained in the library. Then she would be permitted to spend just that time, in the lobby, which would allow her to consume two sandwiches. Immediately upon consumption (i.e., complete consumption—for I do not like to see any person, however humble, commence his duties while as yet his jaws are still in the process of masticating his food) the first librarian could then resume her position at the desk while the second proceeded to the lobby for her allotted sandwiches. Thus the two lunches could be eaten even unto the cakes in the space of a short while—and during that while the library could be opened and complete control maintained. I think, sir, I have a solution to the problem. If the librarians desire beverage with their meals I see no reason why tea could not be provided by the College authorities. After all, this College exists for the promotion of learning, and to see the library shut during the middle of the day betokens a lack of enthusiasm somewhere. Many a student has been veritably "straining at the leash" at 12.45, while at 1.30, the hour of re-opening, his ardour has been dampened and that little zeal he once possessed for study gone for ever—because the doors of learning were shut against him.

I sincerely hope that these few words will induce Mr. Lundon or some other prominent Mayor to look into my suggestion and help to carry it out.—I am, etc., "SWAT."

### CLUB SECRETARIES

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# LITERARY SECTION

(CONDUCTED BY G. K. CHESTANDTUM.)



## LITERARY CLUB

Two one-act plays were presented by the Literary Club in the College Hall on Tuesday, April 21st. These were Philip Johnson's "Legend," and "Something to Talk About," by Eden Philpotts.

The first play should never have been attempted by the Club. It has little or no literary merit, and commends itself solely by its dramatic effectiveness. With skilful stage management, the lonely atmosphere of the desolate seaside village, the drunken snatches from the sailors revelling in the inn, the guttering flame of the candle which alone lights up the scantily furnished kitchen, and, finally, the sodden apparition of the long-drowned son of the house, might be combined with considerable effect. But this is obviously beyond the scope of a band of amateurs performing in a lecture-hall, and aided by very few stage properties or devices. It is as absurd for a College Literary Club to attempt a dramatic *tour de force* of this nature as it would be for it to produce an elaborate stage spectacle like "Rose Marie." It is to the credit of the Club that, despite the difficulties inseparable from its existence, it has given us so many admirable performances in the past; but let it clearly realise its limitations. Let it leave to professional companies with proper equipment all plays that do not depend upon the intrinsic value of the "lines" and the histrionic skill of the cast.

The cast in question made the best of what was necessarily a bad job. Miss Marjorie Grey gave an outstanding performance as the talkative and unimaginative neighbour, her vivacity contrasting admirably with the more restrained personality of Mrs. Reed. Miss Jean Chambers gave a creditable, if slightly colourless, portrayal of this role, which is extraordinarily difficult for an amateur. Mr. Fenwick made an excellent comic parson, while Mr. Alan Hill was as effective an apparition as could be expected.

The other play was an amusing light comedy, very ably acted. Mr. Eric Blow, who had already demonstrated his aptitude for criminal parts at Freshers' Welcome, could hardly have been surpassed as "The Wolf." Miss Margot Trafford, as Lady Redchester, and Mr. Martin Sullivan, as the Bishop of Redchester, both gave the highly polished portrayals which the Club has learned to expect from them; though Mr. Sullivan might possibly have benefited by a little make-up. In thirty years' time Mr. Sullivan may possibly pass for a bishop without the need of adventitious aids, but that happy period has not yet arrived for him. Miss Marie Conlan, as the Hon. Lettice Redchester, and Mr. A. Colley, as the Hon. Guy Redchester, were extraordinarily suited to their parts. Mr. I. Stewart made a suitable Lord Redchester, though he was a little inclined to over-act. Mr. R. Lowry was a convincing butler, which is no small feat when one considers that he had to appear in pyjamas. Mention should also be made of the "Three Castles" tin whose performance as a gold cigarette case (complete with the family crest) gave the best laugh of the evening.

The supper was excellent.

## HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP OUR SOCIETY MEETINGS

No. 3.—FIELD CLUB.

We have a club on climbing bent  
(And ski-ing) in our College.  
That is, I know, to some extent  
A fact of common knowledge.  
But I'm afraid a matter best  
For whispering, not shouting  
(If true or not)  
Is simply what  
Occurred at their last outing.

The Secretary, honest man,  
Had called a special meeting  
At which he instantly began  
To say that time was fleeting.  
"At ski-ing and at climbing now,"  
He said, "I think the fact is  
To make a fit  
Success of it  
We ought to have some practice."

The members on the whole agreed,  
Were quite enthusiastic,  
Though one or two denied the need  
For anything so drastic.  
The secretary then explained  
The *modus operandi*  
Of learning skill  
Without a hill,  
Or even hillock, handy.

"At dawn to-morrow I desire  
To lead an expedition  
To reach this building's topmost spire  
Or perish in perdition.  
We'll gauge our strength, endurance,  
skill,  
Our ski-ing, climbing, fielding,  
And test our prowess  
On the towers of the College building."

Dawn saw the little company  
With grim determination  
On every face; in ev'ry eye  
A mutual admiration.  
They were, with alpine implements  
And garments, well accoutred,  
And little boys  
Kicked up a noise,  
Stood round, and howled and  
hooted.

But off they set in full array,  
Ignoring people's sneering,  
To cultivate without delay  
The art of mountaineering.  
All linked together with stout rope.  
(In pairs, it must be stated,  
At which, one may  
Devoutly pray,  
They weren't too much elated.)

How to describe that bitter morn?  
The marvellous heroics?  
The trials and tribulations borne  
By that small band of stoics?  
The feats of daring courage shown  
Above the College attics?  
The sudden halts,  
The somersaults,  
Th' impromptu acrobatics?

They reached the College roof at one.  
To rest there they decided,  
And make their lunch off cake or bun  
Or what had been provided.  
And while they rested Dr. Brown  
Thought nothing would content him,  
But doing feats  
(To give them treats)  
On skis that had been lent him.

The gallant party reached their aim  
Exactly at four twenty,  
And they have earned undying fame,  
Profound respect in plenty.  
I do not wish to minimise  
My praise—'tis quite unstinted—  
But now draws nigh  
The tragedy  
At which I think I've hinted.

Returning home, that happy few,  
All joyous with achievement,  
They little recked, they little knew,  
How close was their bereavement.  
For there was one who wore, alas!  
A muffler warm and woollen,  
A gift one marks  
From I— P—,  
For it was Mr. B—!

How gaily, how light-heartedly,  
Along the roof he wended,  
Alas! that it should have to be,  
His life was nearly ended!  
Unwarily he strode along,  
Upon a slate he stumbled.  
Before our eyes  
To our shrill cries,  
Over the edge he tumbled!

One end of that accursed wrap  
Around his neck went curling,  
The other caught, by some mishap,  
In an ornamental twirling.  
He gave a grunt, he gave a groan,  
High in the air he dangled,  
And kicked his heels  
And turned cartwheels  
Until, alas! he strangled!

They buried him under a Euclid tree  
With a tangent to his head,  
And the cosines sang most mournfully  
For the dead.

They gave him a stone not the common shape,  
But paraboloid instead,  
And the mourners wore a figured crêpe  
For the dead.

The coffin was one of the usual kind,  
A parallelopiped,  
And with conic sections it was lined  
For the dead.

They raised a memorial just nearby,  
The inscription on it read:—  
Let 4l. atr + aψ  
4. θe. de/aΔ.

## A COUNTER-CAUTIONARY TALE

She was as fresh as the flowers of  
Spring—  
And he was a Fresher, too!  
They met by chance at a 'Varsity  
dance

In the dawning of dreams come true.

They used to wait in the cloisters  
To see each other pass by;  
Her heart would beat, if they chanced  
to meet;  
He blushed if he caught her eye.

Then he read in the *Craccum* pages  
What a horrible fate lies hid  
For the men who find their lives too  
kind,  
As Ronald M. Jonson did!

He renounced all thought of enjoyment,  
He decided that fun was "off";  
So he gave his mind to his course  
defined,  
And his purple tie to a Prof.!

Her young heart puzzled in silence,  
As she watched passing with pain—  
His glance grown bleak with a glaze  
of Greek,  
And blank as a T.C. brain.

She sat by his side at English,  
She dropped her book on the floor,  
And searched his face with a dog-  
like gaze,  
But—he never so much as saw.

He hoped for his First-class Honours—  
She longed for a Convent's shade.  
But they've died of (a) All work,  
no play;  
(b) Love that was not repaid.

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I am in love —at least, I think I am.  
 I have never been in love before, so I have no fixed standard to go by  
 as an inebriated pedestrian goes from one light standard to the next  
 —I think I am in love,

I am almost sure of it—  
 Perhaps after all there is no essential disparity between the two states  
 of thought  
 and verity.

Both (or at least one in my case  
 are very troublesome to the sufferer especially  
 IF  
 the originating animator of one's erotic  
 reflex has the same paravantic impervanence as mine  
 —She has red hair and green eyes.  
 lovely long legs and small feet.  
 a beautiful pure soul. (she told me so herself.)  
 And is very nice to look at (that is, I think so  
 but I do not feel confident to say so definitely.)  
 In the evening she wears long dresses.  
 corsets. (I felt them.)  
 And she lets me kiss her when I say goodnight on her doorstep.  
 It

is  
 all  
 very  
 bewildering  
 indeed.  
 I  
 am  
 in  
 love (or think so)  
 (I wish I weren't). —M.

## A NEW LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE

(To the Editor)

Sir,—Judging by the interest recently displayed in your pages in the works of the late Mr. Shakespeare, I thought the occasion not unfitting to bring before the public notice one of his less known sonnets, which, while displaying certain youthful crudities, gives us a foretaste of the emotional power shown in his tragedies, and may also be of value as shedding light on the affair of his dark lady:—

*I join not with the Shepherds in their Song,*

*But on my Oaten Pye make pit-  
 teous playnt.*

*Oh Cruelle Sweet, that hides't thy-  
 self so long,*

*Return, and cheere me, ere my  
 Harte's life faynt.*

*Whenas I wont within the Meadows  
 fayre*

*To sport with thee and tend thy  
 Antic Straine,*

*Repeating oft thy honey words and  
 rare*

*That printed in my Harte they  
 might remaine,*

*Yel now these Groves seem blacke  
 with horrid Night,*

*Tho' Phoebus shed on them his  
 gilded ray,*

*The summere flower is robbed of  
 it delyte,  
 And Cupid mourns — my onlie  
 Sweet away.  
 Now Daye's bright car doth sink, I  
 turn my feet  
 To English I., but SOMEONE'S got  
 my Sweet!*

—I am, etc.,

"ERUDITUS."

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