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The Editor, "SMAD," V.U.C.

Subscriptions:

Price, per copy — 2d.
Yearly subscription
(18 copies) — 1/6

Advertising:

Rates on application to
Mercantile Newspapers Ltd.,
Hamilton Chambers, Lambton
Quay, Wellington. Tel. 41-140

SMAD

AN ORGAN OF STUDENT OPINION

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Vol. VI—No. 7.

Wellington, May 1, 1935.

Price: Twopence.

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OTAGO REVIEWS BOXING SUCCESS.

As all New Zealand knows, V.U.C. won the Boxing Shield and certainly deserved its success. Their team was better balanced, more experienced, and, generally speaking, more thoroughly trained than those of the other colleges. Throughout they showed a definite appreciation of the art of in-fighting and punching to the body at long range—a fact as refreshing in 'Varsity boxing as it is unusual.

Ahe! and Steele.

From an artistic point of view this was one of the most delightful bouts. Steele's footwork was superb, his generalship something at which to marvel. But Ahe!s fight was a fine example of how a clear head and clever feet can keep a man out of trouble. Ahe! fought continually on the back-move and improved with a well-judged left, but as the fight went on it was clear that Steele had the matter well under control and was only waiting the chance to make a clean job of it with the minimum amount of mess. The opportunity came in the third round, when a right to the chin gave him a T.K.O.

Meek v. Moore.

This was the most exciting and strenuously contested bout of the day. Both were out to win, were full of determination, and slugged hard from the gong. Moore showed better judgment than Meek—his was the triumph of a man fighting strictly to his trainer's orders. Meek fought back strongly in the third round and drew blood with a snappy left to the mouth, but Moore again took command and glorious toe-to-toe slugging won a close decision amid hectic excitement.

Edgley v. Statham.

These proved great comedians. We agree that both men hit hard and often, but the impression left with us was that we were watching a conglomeration of almost every sport known to mankind. Hurling, wrestling, flying Rugby tackles, and an occasional hop, step and jump seemed their most effective modes of attack. Statham's extra reach and weight seemed to tell on the Victoria man, who was gradually worn down under the terrific onslaught of the third round. O.U. eventually won a decision that might easily have gone the other way.

Kean v. Boswell.

This was another classic affair, with the result in doubt till the last gong. We take off our hats to Boswell—he's tough! Kean obviously didn't understand what Boswell's southpaw attitude was all about. The V.U.C. man forced the pace and in his keenness continually committed breaches of boxing etiquette. His hands would not stay quiet as he stepped back from clinches, with the result that the referee warned him, and rightly so, on four occasions. After a while Kean settled down and had Boswell missing badly, but it was only momentarily, and Boswell came back to the attack to take a close, well-earned decision.

Boswell v. Barnes.

Barnes (C.U.C.) made Boswell think hard in the final, especially in the first two rounds. At first the punching was rather wild, but the blows which did go home were obviously effective on both sides. Boswell's experience, however, began to tell, and although flustered on two more occasions, he fought his way out to take a fairly close decision.

Hott v. Gaudin.

The light-heavyweight final opened with Gaudin immediately taking the offensive, but that soon had him missing rather badly and, fighting a well-judged fight, took definite control of the proceedings. There was something very quiet about Hott's methods. He made no fun and did nothing spectacular, but the results were there. Gaudin tried to make the pace in the second round till Hott pulled him up with three successive rights that should have ended the fight, as Gaudin was now bleeding badly from his left eye; but the referee, in conference with Dr. Monheimer, allowed him to begin the third round. Hott sailed in and was awarded a t.k.o. Gaudin, whose face was just blood and more blood, demonstrated in the corner against the decision, but was hustled away by his seconds. He was not out on his feet, but it would have been cold-blooded slaughter if the fight had continued.

Armour v. Hudson.

It was the heavy-weight decisions that finally brought success to Victoria. In the final the fate of the shield depended on Armour's ability to beat the C.U.C. man. Hudson made bad mistakes in the second round, when in attempting to get in under Armour's guard he walked into clinch after clinch. Gradually Armour surged well ahead on points, and at the end of the round a terrific right hook lifted Hudson almost completely off his feet and the gong went as the referee counted nine. In the next round Armour was soon hitting Hudson just when and where he liked. Another magnificent right brought the fight to a finish and the shield to V.U.C.

For all of which Otago offers Victoria her congratulations, and most Victorians know what that means.

—SCHNOZZLETIPPET,
Dunedin.

Referring to girls at sewing-machines, Prof. Murphy recently said: "When their seats were screwed down their output was greater."

In The Teeth Of The Gale.

"Smad" sat in the University Oval stand during the Athletics and listened to its teeth rattling like any thing. Occasionally, before we were quite petrified by the cold and were unable to, we laughed in company with everyone else at the absurdities of a tall, dark, ex-announcer who was making wonderful uncensored play with a loud-speaker. We looked enviously at the O.U. haka party, for although they were scantily clad, we knew that, unlike ourselves, they were provided with ample liquid fortification against the freezing elements.

We looked out from time to time at the track and saw brave souls battling against the wind, and once we laid a wager on a dog which was holding Cabot to a very close walking contest. But the dog gave up out of pure russedness and we lost our money.

Then an old Indian custom (see announcer) hopped, stepped and jumped, and one Boot went round the course by itself and ran second. We saw the three miles race commence and then went down under the stand (for afternoon tea, of course). When we came back some hours later the three miles was still on, so we asked a policeman where we were. But he said it was all right, and just then the three miles stopped and we felt better again. It must have been the tea.

Much earlier someone had thrown the hammer right at the loud-speaker man's head, but they soon got another hammer and carried on.

The Usual Finish.

The high jump was a most exciting contest. Hackett, the champion, couldn't go on because he got water on the knee or something. But McIntosh, who hadn't had any beer at all, was all right, so he won it. He had to beat some others, of course, but that was the easiest part. After seeing Howden dead-beat with Boot in the relay, we went home the longest way and had a breakdown just near a hotel. We found two million people there who'd had a breakdown, too, so we didn't feel lonely. Not that that would have mattered.

It was, we subsequently decided, a very fine athletic meeting. This was, of course, after the breakdown had been fixed up.

1936.

In 1936 Tournament will be held in Wellington. Those who went to Dunedin will know what this means—a mass of concentrated effort to repay our late hosts for their super hospitality. We would remind freshers that they will be eligible for the sports, and it will be up to them to help in getting rid of those wooden spoons and in proving that what Otago can do for its guests, so no less can Victoria. It will mean hard work, but it will be worth it.

The Social Side Of The Tournament.

LASHING THE ACID AT DUNEDIN.

Otago, we thank you. In vain we have endeavoured to find words which could express our feelings. We can only say that never before has there been such a Tournament. It was excellently organised; there was not a hitch anywhere; the weather was always fine; indeed, except for Monday, it was perfect; and there was not one regrettable incident throughout the whole week. Our teams only brought back, it is true, two wooden spoons, a shield and a drinking trophy; but we have, and always will have, memories of a great Tourney and a most marvellously friendly and hospitable people.

There are some 40 hotels in Dunedin, but the intensive nature of the Tournament precluded our visiting two of these, and as a consequence there had to be substituted various social activities called parties.

These took place only on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

Thursday, of course, was the day we arrived, and Tuesday was the night of the Tournament Ball.

Kegs and bottles of refreshment were often in evidence, and once some bread-and-butter was consumed and some eggs and bacon fried. It would not, of course, be politic to give a detailed account of these activities, nor for that matter would it be possible for any of those who had been present to give any account.

Good Friday.

Although we arrived on Thursday, we were able to attend the welcome to visitors at Allen Hall and, indeed, to partake quite hungrily of afternoon tea.

We listened to Doug Burns talking in abandoned fashion about opening bottles with beer in them, and went out to watch the representatives and delegates leer at the camera.

Not long after this, the crowds who had been teasing were observed dashing out of Marama Hall, wiping their lips in maudlin fashion. It appears that Terry Maunsell had perpetrated the first big joke of the Tourney by bursting a tear-bomb in the midst of the unsuspecting and feeling multitude.

Better Saturday.

We'd got over Friday night quite well by 10 a.m., and went to see the rowing and the boxing at the same time. The boxing was so exciting that we had to come away and have several beers.

In the afternoon there was a place called the "City," and in the evening we and every other person in the Town Hall went mad. But of course we won the Boxing Shield, or had you heard! There was no official programme at night, and so one of those party things was thrown, had, or drunk, and we remained in bed till lunch on Sunday.

Best Sunday.

A drive, six bottles distant from Dunedin to the Aerodrome, and an agreeable flight, were distinctly enjoyable on Sunday afternoon and put us in splendid fettle for Sunday night, Sunday night, of course, after a visit to the extremely hos-

pitable Lady Sidey's, involved a leg and things.

Excellent Monday.

Monday we just managed to go and get frozen at the Athletics. Monday night we went to a place called the Quarters, where house surgeons operated on us with some gorgeously potent anaesthetics. Well, between Monday and Tuesday those eggs and bacon we spoke of were fried.

Super Tuesday.

On Tuesday proper we had resolved to recuperate, but the Tournament spirit got there first, and some hilarious acquaintances called in and helped. We then went and saw eight people in the mixed doubles finals.

We can't tell about a dinner at the Grand and the ball, but there's bound to be a lot of people who'll know, and we can only refer you to them.

Woeful Wednesday.

This day was the day we didn't want to leave, and the railway Department started without us. However, we unwillingly got through a window.

Paw Things! Paw Things!

When the "Wahine" was drawing alongside the wharf last Thursday morning, our reporter staggered up to the deck and hoarsely prayed a few wrecks for their opinions of Tournament. From amongst this little crowd, all as noisy as silent changes and as bright as ghosts, were gathered these succinct remarks:—

Dick Nankervis—"I think Tournament is an institution that should never have been invented."

Hilda Hurley, asked if she would ever forget it—"It will take a long time to remember it!"

Dick Wild—"A series of jobs."

Bob Edgley—"A blank."

McIwain—"Oh!"

Reg Larkin — (W)hoops boys, (w)hoops!

Our delegates, Doug Burns and Dick Wild carried out their duties in a most conscientious manner. Some of their friends thought it was too conscientious—it seemed to be one damn meeting after another.

Snapshots.

OUR GENEROUS PRESIDENT.

One day three "paw" men went to a hotel in Dunedin for dinner. At this hotel Dick Nankervis was staying. He was out. They had dinner. They put it down to him. They put drinks down to him, too. He paid. Good old Dick!

AN INTERVIEW.

"Smad", "What do you think of the influx into Dunedin?"

Bill Thomson (O.U.): "Since you all came down I have had the deepest inclination to go heering!"

THAT SONG.

At a party Max Willis and Kingi Tahiwai gave six hundred exclusive renderings of that pretty little ditty, "He hit him on the head with a hammer,

Paw man
tsh tsh
Paw man"

OUT-TOURNAMENTED.

We regret to announce that Dick Nankervis, Dick Wild and Hilda Hurley resigned on the return journey. They couldn't "take" it. This is a sad letter in the exclusive possession of Kingi Tahiwai.

WE WILL NEVER FORGET

Blawksworth—Singing "Do You Ken John Peel?" at "the Quarters." And lots more which only we know—we hope!! Paw Bill, tsh, tsh, Paw Bill.

Dick Nankervis—Being a "box of bears" at Belleliot's.

Bill Thomson—Calling for "team work, you cads," crawling round the house of a Dunedin family.

Isabel Newlands—Wearing a split-skirt at the swimming.

Kingi Tahiwai—Signing his name on the hall wall at "the Quarters" as Mr. Tiddlepuddle Esquiddle of Tiddle Puddle-on-Mud!

John Hott—Wearing the Boxing Shield at the ball.

Nan Welch—Walking into the dining saloon when it had been converted into an undressing room.

COMING EVENTS.

Thursday, 2nd—

Labour Club Max Riske—
"Soviet Russia To-day."

Tuesday, 7th—

Free Discussions Club—
"Fascism."

Recollections and Reflections. Drink! Puppy, Drink!

Tournament, as well as providing an outlet for hilarity and physical strife, affords an excellent opportunity for comparing ourselves with the other Colleges and for learning from their advantages. Every college has a different atmosphere, a different centre of activity. In some respects we feel a lack in our own College, and it is this realisation of some missing element which must precede an improvement in any sphere. In some respects we feel that they can learn from us—a realisation which will make us treasure more keenly the advantages we already possess. Self-criticism has not been lacking at Victoria, and a brief survey of the other Colleges reveals that our main difficulty lies in the fact that we are in a bigger and busier city. It is remarkable how most of the greater universities abroad are situated in otherwise relatively unimportant towns.

Here the greater proportion of students resident in Wellington and the greater activity in the city mean that home and city social life form a powerful counter-attraction to university social activities. Our problem, then, is not so much one of multiplying and diversifying activity as of mass participation in any College affairs—of putting the College first in a mass of conflicting loyalties.

Another sphere in which comparison reveals us backward is that of securing greater student control in matters that concern us. Last year C.U.C. pushed with some success the question of student representation on the Council (an issue that was prominent at V.U.C. a few years ago), and they also have an excellently managed residential college entirely controlled by the students in residence. At Otago the president of the Students' Association is a member of the board concerned with disciplinary measures against students. These are indications of a movement which must be advanced much further yet.

V.U.C. has become the first holder of a new trophy. It is to be hoped that this new event will receive official recognition before next Tournament. Shortly before Easter, Ian Campbell presented a priceless drinking horn, mounted on priceless wood, to be the trophy for an inter-Varsity drinking contest. It gives us, therefore, immense pleasure to be able to announce that the donor's college has won the first contest.

Scene of the Action.

On Tuesday morning, in the Grand Hotel, Dunedin, eighteen competitors, two judges and a barman assembled to try conclusions. (We may add that an attempt to hold the contest on Saturday afternoon was unsuccessful owing to the fact that most of the competitors were at that time engaged in very heavy training—too heavy, in fact). Auckland did not arrive, and so were disqualified. The six men from each college then lined up with a handle of beer in front of them. The contest took the form of a relay race, and was conducted strictly in accordance with the rules (just made!).

The Winning Team.

The following comprised the V.U.C. team:—W. M. Willis (capt.), R. J. Nankervis, R. J. Larkin, K. Tahiwai, J. N. Sellers, and R. Hall. No. 1 man was R. J. Nankervis, who made a false start, which he still maintains was the quickest swallow of all. The order of finishing was: V.U.C. 1, O.U. 2, C.U.C. 3.

Won by a quarter of a handle. V.U.C. has been authorised by Belleliot (O.U.) to officially use his well-known saying:

"What goes round barrels?
(W)hoops, boys, (W)hoops!"

THE BELLES OF V.U.C.

Did you see our team? No; but did you see our supporters? They were the cream of Dunedin's coffee. The youth and grace of Victoria does not represent. It goes as support—less hot and bothering and much more effective—and Dunedin was taken by storm. Whispers "Who are those girls over there?" "Where Oh, those? They're Victoria's supporters." "I say, can you fix up a meeting before Tournament ball? No wonder Victoria gets the wooden spoon—it's enough to disorganise any representative's system.

You were the most disturbing and attractive part of the environment. Represent V.U.C. next year and lift Victoria to heights unprecedented.

SWIMMING.

Otago won the swimming hands down. We didn't expect to do very well, and we didn't do well. However, Meek was a good second to the record-breaker in the 220 breast-stroke, and Archibald was third. Hall was third in the 440 and Mason in the hundred, and our starters all showed plenty of fight. We had some outstanding swimming from Derek Symes, who outclassed all opponents in the men's events, and we liked to watch Jane Armstrong (A.U.C.) gliding through the water.

SHOOTING.

The Haslam results were announced at Tournament, and we found V.U.C. in third place. Though A.U.C. were disqualified, we understand that we topped their score. Croxton's performance was outstanding. Shooting is an event that counts 5 points and can be won by steady practice. What about it, riflemen?

Message of Anzac.

Only a few days ago we bowed our heads in solemn mourning for the multitude of heroes who died for a cause they thought to be both just and righteous. Their death is a monument to the high courage and gallantry that still lives in the hearts of men, and, alas, a terrible monument, too, to the most ghastly blunder of civilisation—that the peoples of the Western world have dared build for themselves a civilisation so largely based upon applied science as this one is and yet let their minds be still so much filled with prescientific ideas.

War and its horrors in the world to-day are the monsters born of science and conceived by ignorance. We are in a world that is vaster, wider and more complex than ever was the case in the past. Already, to every man the machine has given the service of a legion of slaves. And so every man has a responsibility to society far greater than ever before. Then, if this be so, he must seek to understand the forces that he can loose upon earth and the might of the slaves he can command.

Let therefore the sacrifice of Anzac bring for us this message: that since we of the Western world must so largely live by the fruits of science, our minds may become such that not only are we prepared to accept scientific inventions, but if our civilisation is to be saved we must learn to think scientific ideas and develop a scientific outlook.

We have built a mighty machine to provide for the growing needs of mankind, but we must take care that we control its might, lest it become our master and devour us in its soulless fury.

Blank.

Blank mind that cares not how life moves,
Blank inwardly and out!
All things blank . . .
Till a sudden fume from nowhere curls
And writhes its way to light.

It is not blank to sit and watch
This writhing, soulless form,
Unheralded it starts,
And coils and spouts in livid shapes
And ends within the mind.

What is not blank within this world
That thoughts can comprehend
Life is a blank:

We only feel it comes from God
and goes to God . . . yet cannot prove

Where the writhing spirit goes
At the end of life's short day.

M.L.

"There are no illegitimate children—only illegitimate parents."—
O. O. McIntyre.

Those Pro-War Egotists.

It's a pity:
They'll have to be imprisoned
The preservation of all the groups
in time of stress depends upon their
ability to understand, and co-operate
with, each other—there's the cure
for race prejudice.

Pro-war enthusiasts are often such
as a compensation for intellectual inability—an emotional drive that finds its expression in capitalism and general egotism.

Yes—those whose minds are not capable of debating or discussing logically, of understanding the purpose of labour clubs and anti-war movements—mostly the same people, all expecting physical dominance—
They're mostly just pro-war fools.
When war is prevented
They'll have to be imprisoned.
It's a pity.

SAPIENS.

A bathing-suit is a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.

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As Others See Us.

REPORT FROM O.U.

Tournament is the only time of the year when there is the opportunity to get some impressions of other colleges at first hand. One hears things, of course, and sees stray productions which give some indication of what they think and how they think it elsewhere; but actual contact is required to give vitality to any ideas one may formulate. Certainly, distortion is almost inevitable when things seen, so to speak, through a telescope are added to things seen through a glass—dizzily, even if face to face—and the miscellaneous collection is disentangled and rearranged to form some sort or pattern; but this is the only means there is of widening one's conception of a New Zealand University to include other colleges as well as one's own. But it seems only fair to submit the finished picture of Victoria for criticism by the objects of our scrutiny. After all, it may be unduly flattering.

Victoria College does not seem to take the same place in Wellington as Otago University does in Dunedin. Partly this is due to keener competition, partly to internal causes. Competition in Dunedin is, one must admit, very slight nowadays, but the centring in Wellington of so many business interests and so many Government and legal activities changes the balance completely. These are external causes. But there are also, it seems, internal reasons in addition to the smaller numbers. There is not the same proportion of full-time students as in Otago. Here there are hundreds of people concerned only with University life, with no serious interests outside it and considering themselves only as University students. The part-time student must inevitably have divided and multiple loyalties, and the University therefore tends to become one incident in his daily routine and to sink to the level of importance of the other organisations which have claims on his time.

Turning to consider Victoria apart from its environment, the most striking thing appears to be the state of comparative intellectual activity. We realise, of course, that two men speaking at three meetings a week could give this impression at long range, but there does actually appear to be fairly intense and widespread interest in intellectual and political questions and exercises. The place of debating in Victoria is, of course, the outstanding instance, and leads us to fancy that while here there may be a few outstanding speakers, in enthusiasm, average standard, interest of debates and conduct of meetings we finish well down. And then there is this anti-war stuff. Pacifists we have, but they keep themselves to themselves (usually by request) and burst out only at intervals. Interest in politics, noticeably and perhaps happily lacking here, is only natural in a college compassed about with so great a crowd of politicians and able to see at their worst men who are only names in the far south. Of the more aesthetic forms of intellectuality there is less evidence.

We pass by a natural transition to speak of the power of the Press. "Smad," viewed in perspective, gives an impression of great potentialities limited by poor support, both moral and financial, from an un instructed executive. Enthusiasm and talent appear to be all present and correct, and if the Victorian executive does not yet realise what an asset a well-run newspaper can be to itself and to Victoria as a whole, it is to

THE COCKPIT

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM?

Dear "Smad,"—
I notice that your report of my lecture on "The Human Mind Under Communism and Capitalism" bears the heading "Margaret Macpherson Answers Mr. Falla." This tends to give a false impression. My lecture enlarged on Mr. Falla's article, but was not in any way an answer. Your report says: "Referring to Mr. Falla's statement about the exclusive secondary schools for the children of the elite, the speaker said this was a mis-statement of the actual conditions." Sir, I did not say Mr. Falla had made a mis-statement. In answer to a question about his statement, I said that it was correct so far as it went but was liable to misconception. The fact is that Russian children who desire secondary education and have an aptitude for it may obtain it. When the places in a school are limited, however, preference is given to children of proletarian origin, and it is the ex-bourgeois whose children have to wait. When it is understood that the proletariat are the elite, then Mr. Falla's statement is perfectly correct. As I pointed out, one of our worst faults, one of the worst sins of the genus homo, is this of seeing things through the spectacles of our social, political, and national prejudices. Mr. Falla looked at Russia through the glasses of a cultured young gentleman of the wealthier class. Your reporter heard me through the ears of one who is prejudiced against Mr. Falla's sort of prejudice. Both gentlemen give an interesting illustration of the colour that is lent to phenomena by the background of prejudice. When we are capable of divesting ourselves of such prejudice we shall see and hear things clearly and fairly in the white light of truth.

MARGARET MACPHERSON.

PLEASE EXPLAIN.

Dear "Smad,"—
Would "Sophus" kindly explain through your press the real reason for his interesting proposal for the wholesale slaughter of the members of the Free Discussions and Labour Clubs, Anti-War movement, and Debating Society? Has he a financial interest in some blood-and-bone manure company which desires raw material cheap, or is he backing a scheme for the reclamation of Wellington harbour?

PROFUNDUS.

be hoped its awakening will not be delayed till the enthusiasm has evaporated and the talent languished or been diverted to baser uses.

To turn to the other side for a moment, however, it is possible that "Smad" at times refers to the Executive in a manner calculated to be unduly wounding, even if the allegations were true.

Sport we fail to refer to, except to proclaim our undying admiration for a good loser; and so we come to social life and entertainment value generally. Here we got a faint impression that at Victoria they tend to take their pleasures either seriously or alcoholically, but there may be nothing in that. We lay no weight on it, and it is probably all wrong. The Haeremai Club we judge to be an acquisition.

One omission rather surprises us—we hear very little of women in the University. And from what we saw of them they were very nice and intelligent.

—CELESTE.

Dear "Smad,"—
The claims of the S.C.M. to the interest of the student body have recently been receiving a considerable amount of publicity. In place of criticism it seems that some congratulation is due to the movement on its definite attempt to interest students in the search for spiritual truth.

The task, though difficult, is well worth while, for no one but a fool will dismiss with a shrug a faith which has lived on for two thousand years while empires have risen and fallen to the dust. There is no doubt that some of the so-called intelligentsia in this University have become so obsessed with the comparatively new doctrine of Marxism that they do dismiss Christianity as of no account. The Communist will say religion cannot be contemplated, as it is completely inconsistent with Marxism. This must be admitted. The truth is that, while Christianity lives on, the Communist Utopia can never come to pass. A religious belief is hard to kill, as a glance at a history book will show; and in this respect a statement by a former Commissar of Soviet Russia is interesting: "The soul of Russia remains deeply religious. Even those who had been trained from early childhood to accept atheism and had been strictly kept away from any religious influence are now becoming deeply religious. Russia is incurably gripped by religion." If this is so, the Communist ideal has not succeeded in Russia. Are we not entitled, as we look back over the pages of history, to doubt whether the nations of to-day will throw overboard their religious beliefs any more readily than they did in the past?

Christianity should be seriously considered by those who think, not as an enemy but as an ally of progress. Let the intelligentsia explore some modification of Communism wherein materialism is subordinated to the Christian ethic. Only thus, I suggest, can they found a doctrine which will have any possibility of success in a civilised community.

—F.C.

TIME.

I heard
The sound of a bell,
Tolling . . .
Sadly.

Hasten the morning,
Born of the midnight
For the journeying of the years—
That to-day Youths' triumph be made
Drawn in a chariot of wond'ring thought,
Mid the clash of the warfare
Of the twentieth century.

I heard
The boom of a gun,
Echo . . .

Fearful.
Mars may stride the earthen field
To-day?
Minerva shall await
Forever . . .
Progress fruitful,
Mankind peaceful?

I heard,
The groan of a man,
Wounded . . .
Dying.

Youth is marching . . . the years are passing.

E.F.H.

Where to go! How to go!

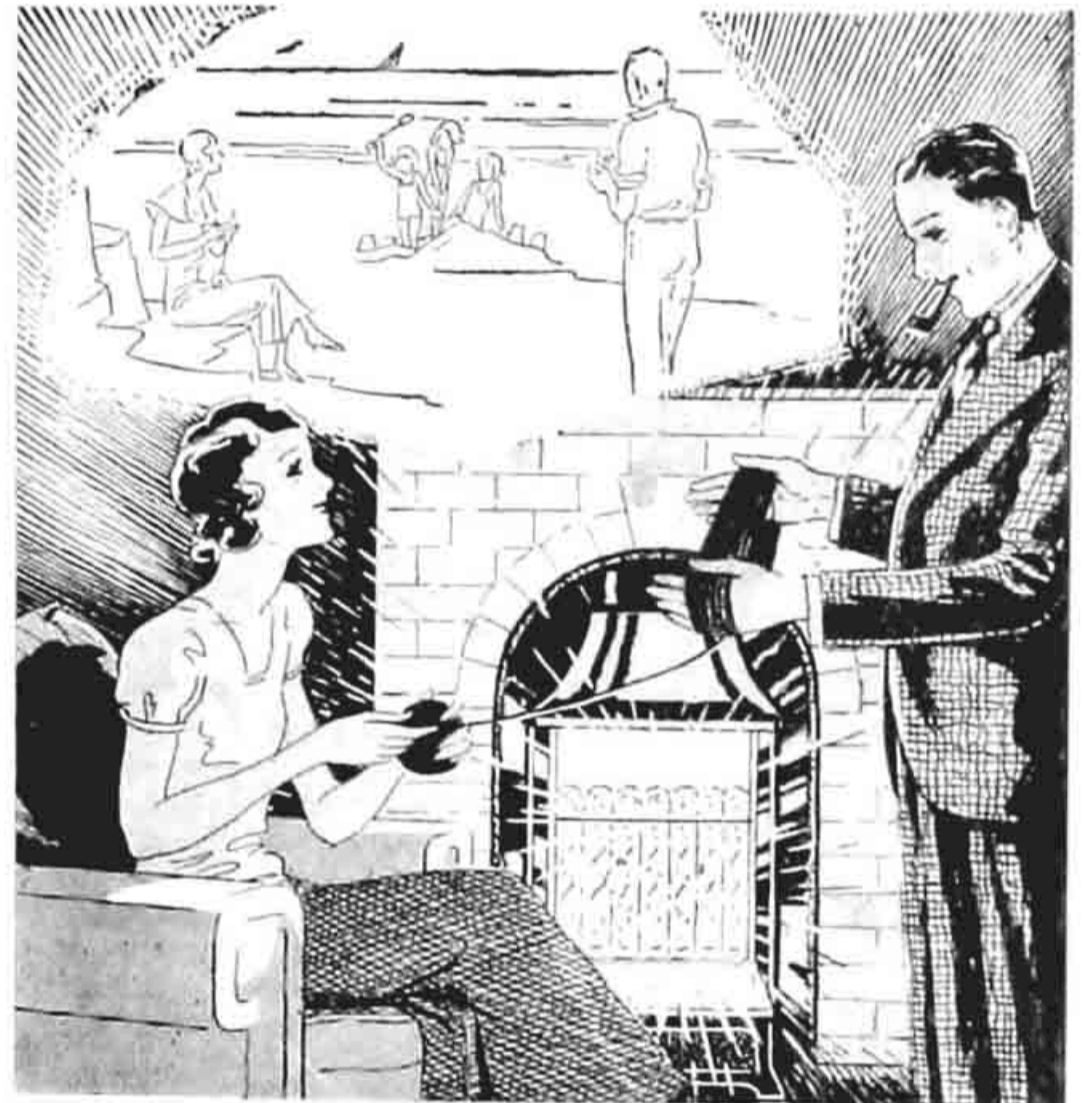
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THE TENNIS.

When we saw the programme we had every hope of winning the cup, but we never quite recovered after that fellow Duffield beat Jock McCarthy in the singles. Gosnell put up a great fight when his first string had been beaten, and both the combined pairs went very well. Most of our players should be eligible again next year, and on Wellington courts the cup should be ours. We append as full notes as space will allow us—

Men's Singles.

McCarthy v. Duffield (C.U.C.) (Lost, 6-1, 6-3.) We hate to think of this match. Jock was all at sea against Duffield's unorthodox tactics, but the Canterbury man played well and deserved his win.

Gosnell v. Hecman (O.U.) (Won 6-4, 6-2.) Gosnell played steady tennis to win in convincing fashion. Gosnell v. Hildstead (A.U.C.) (Won 6-3, 6-1.) Rising to the occasion Gosnell played in his best form and won in two straight sets, giving away only two games.

Gosnell v. Duffield (C.U.C.) (Lost, 7-5, 6-2.) In the final Gosnell did his best to reverse Jock's defeat, winning the first set to 7-5. His playing here was, however, of little use against the ambidextrous Duffield, and as wished he had had a better match. Jock Gosnell tried hard but the championship went to C.U.C.

Men's Doubles.

McCarthy and Gosnell v. Walls and Duffield (C.U.C.) (Lost, 7-5, 2-6, 7-5.) This was an even match and exciting, but the steady Walls and disconcerting Duffield were the good. Sixteen games each.

McCarthy and Morrison v. Hecman and Widdup (O.U.) (Lost 5-7, 6-2, 6-1.) Here again our pair put up a good fight and took 13 games in the three sets.

Women's Singles.

Miss Phillips v. Miss Gardner (A.U.C.) (Lost, 6-0, 6-0.) Stella did not strike her usual form at all and went down in two sets.

Miss Briggs v. Miss Bent (A.U.C.) (Won, 6-2, 6-0.) This was a very exciting and heartening win for V.U.C.

Miss Briggs v. Miss Benson (O.U.) (Lost, 6-1, 6-1.) In the semi-final Dot put up a good fight, but the Otago girl was too good.

Women's Doubles.

Miss Briggs and Miss Edwards v. Misses Walls and Harvey (O.U.) (Won, 6-4, 7-5.) A convincing win in two sets for us.

Misses Phillips and Grainger v. Misses Fraser and Riley (O.U.) (Lost, 6-1, 6-1.) Our second string pair were beaten in two sets.

Misses Briggs and Edwards and Misses Gerard and Wright (C.U.C.) (Lost.) In the semi-final our girls put up a stout fight, but the luck was not with them.

Combined Doubles.

Miss Edwards and Morrison v. Miss Gray and Miller (O.U.) (Won, 6-1, 8-6.) In the first set V.U.C. outlasted O.U., but at one stage in the second were down 1-1. A fine recovery gave us a win in two sets. Morrison was in his best form and Pat Edwards very steady.

Miss Grainger and McCarthy v. Miss Riley and Green (O.U.) (Won, 6-4, 6-8, 8-6.) A most exciting match, particularly in the final set. Janet Grainger made some mistakes in the second, but played excellent tennis in the third set, and McCarthy played a guileful game right through.

Miss Grainger and McCarthy v. Miss Gerard and Walls (C.U.C.) (Lost, 6-4, 5-7, 1-6.) In the semi-final V.U.C. played steadily in the first set but could not retain their grip and eventually went down. McCarthy's kicking service was particularly dangerous in the first set, but our pair seemed to lose sting after the second.

Miss Edwards and Morrison v. Miss Wright and Widdup (C.U.C.) (Won, 8-6, 6-1.) The first set was a keen tussle, V.U.C. winning from 6 all, but V.U.C. won the second easily. Morrison was fine at the net and Miss Edwards was driving well.

Miss Edwards and Morrison v. Miss Gerard and Walls (C.U.C.) (Lost 6-2, 6-0.) The V.U.C. pair had reached the final but found C.U.C. too tough. The first set was an easy win for C.U.C., Walls playing brilliantly, and the second went to C.U.C. before V.U.C. temporarily recovered and won three games. However, C.U.C. took the two games to win the match and the championship.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball section, as usual, provided some of the most exciting contests in all Tournament. It is true that the V.U.C. girls failed to win one match, but this was not due to lack of enthusiasm or energy. They did their very best, and after all, what more can one ask? The material was there, but lack of training and of co-operation lost every game for us. We feel sure that the players will profit by the experience they will have gained and that, far from being discouraged, they will go to it with renewed energy, determined to achieve better results next year.

The Games.

Lost to C.U.C., 4-6
Lost to A.U.C., 3-19
Lost to O.U., 9-12

In the game against C.U.C. V.U.C. girls adopted the generous policy of scoring at half the rate of their opponents. Once C.U.C. burst in two goals in about three seconds, but V.U.C. declined to be hustled out and politely scored only one. So it went on throughout the game. Half-time the score was 2-1. On resuming, Janet Grainger was scored a goal out of turn. 3-4. But this did not upset Canterbury, who soon brought their score to 6. At this stage Joan Watson cleverly attempted to divert the opposition's attention by falling over, but the referee saw through the ruse and refused to stop the game, whereupon Joan bent up, pulled her immediate opponent's hair, snatched the ball from her, and scored a goal for V.U.C. This really scared Canterbury, and their diminutive centre, Miss Bell, squeaked up on the referee, stole the whistle, and blew it. Canterbury filed off, and V.U.C. had much the better of the game from then on, but the referee decided it was madness to continue and called the game off. V.U.C. 4, C.U.C. 6, or did we mention that?

Against A.U.C. our team scored first and then relaxed, except for Stella Phillips, who did everything but climb the goalpost to stop A.U.C., whose score gradually mounted to 7. Then V.U.C. scored a goal unexpectedly, and Norah McLaren fell over in form at the side of the court. Several more goals were scored by A.U.C., and several more V.U.C. girls hurled themselves to the ground. A.U.C. were fast, accurate and well trained, and therefore devastating; but V.U.C. played a hard, clean, plucky game against

easily the most brilliant team in the contest. Out of a hard-working, sporting lot of girls, Stella Phillips and Janet Grainger deserve special mention.

From our point of view the best game was against O.U. Our team performed splendidly this time, and an exciting game kept everyone cheering like phonetics. We were pleased beyond measure to think that the basketball team could make such a good impression on us. By impression we mean as players, for the V.U.C. girls were a very personable lot and compared more than favourably with other contingents.

ATHLETIC SURPRISES.

Wellington's wind was put to shame when Dunedin turned on a gale for the athletic sports on Monday. It was a day of unexpected results. V.U.C. retained the spoon, though hard pressed by A.U.C., and if everything had gone as the critics expected, we would have beaten the northerners. The day opened badly when the national champion, Bowie, was upset by the wind in the 120 hurdles and failed to secure a place. Then Cabot walked away from the Wellington champion, Stan Eade, to win the walk by 200 yards, and we had lost the two events we felt sure of winning. However, B. McIntosh, by clearing 5ft. 6ins and beating the record-holder Hackett, broke our egg and made up for the earlier disappointments. Holderness was a plucky second string in the hurdles and finished second in the 220. With a flying start in the hundred, McElwain looked a likely place-getter, but the O.U. men were too powerful and overhauled him. The time for this event was 11 2-5—an indication of the force of the wind.

Apart from the high jump, we were definitely outclassed in the field events. This is where O.U. and C.U.C. collected their points. We must concentrate for next year on the field events.

The three miles produced a good race. Morpeth, running against his doctor's advice, set the pace from the start, but had no sprint at the end and finished third to the Robinson brothers.

The relay race was a thrilling conclusion to the programme. Our team was replaced, but Tom Birks ran a splendid 880. We lost our title as time-of-war champions when our rowing men went down to Otago. V.U.C. was well in the picture all day. Nesbitt Sellers' broadcast announcement keeping the crowd in line humour.

SIX LENGTHS BEHIND.

The rowing commenced an hour late, and "Small" was able artificially to produce a vociferous approbation of rowing in general, and A.U.C. rowing in particular, and at the same time to cultivate a genial tolerance towards the V.U.C. splashing display. We stood, with 37 other people, on an empty barrel (one of the few in Dunedin before Easter Monday), and obtained no better view of the race than anybody else. We hear that V.U.C. finished only six lengths behind the leaders, with only two boats in between. Although defeated, the V.U.C. eight rowed creditably for a crew comprised largely of novices who had only eight rows together. The race was rowed in faster time than the inter-provincial eights and the fact that our boat was only six lengths behind a crew which the Dunedin "Star" considered worthy to represent their



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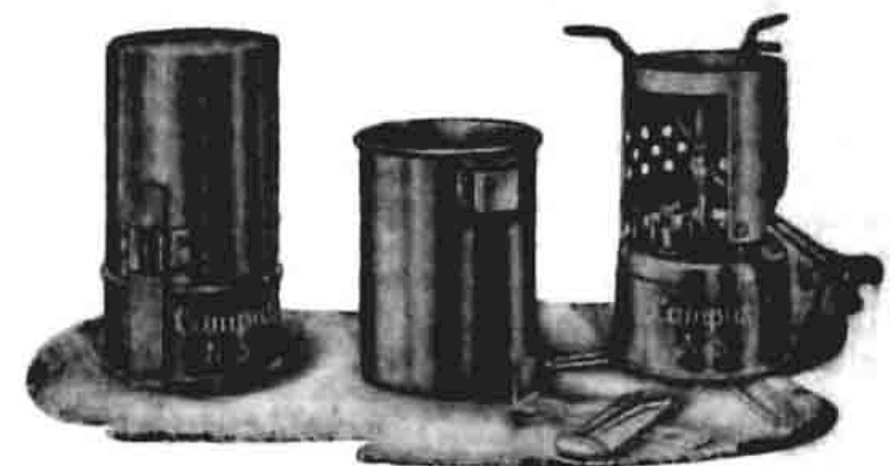
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Printed by Geo. W. Slade Ltd., 11 Walter Street, Wellington, for the publishers, Mercantile Newspapers Ltd., Hamilton Chambers, Lambton Quay, Wellington.