

WELLINGTON, N.Z.

**Tournament Ball
Tuesday Night**

For Blacker's
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Miss It!

SMAD

AN ORGAN OF STUDENT OPINION
AT VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

AFTER TOURNAMENT
WHAT?

H-E-L-L'S
B-E-L-L-S

BRAVE
NEW ZEALAND

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PRESIDENT SPEAKS

BRADSHAW AND WILD ON TOURNAMENT

While the evening shadows made whoopee on the cloud-capped heights of the Orongorongos, "Smad" recently cornered Men's Vice-President Wild in the venerable shades of our stately student pile (the Gym.). Later, our worthy President, Mr. R. C. Bradshaw, was bearded in his den and pestered for a presidential message to Tournament representatives, delegates, barrackers, and others.

MR. BRADSHAW.

"We know you're busy, Mr. Bradshaw," said "Smad" looking sympathetically at the pile of correspondence, money and lieutenants littered about the Executive Room, "but we feel that we cannot go to press without a bit of dope on the Great Event."

"Well," said the President in traditional style, we wish all our visitors a hearty welcome to our fair city—

—"and a crushing defeat," interjected "Smad."

"We seem to have won a reputation for being good losers," continued Mr. Bradshaw, but this year we hope to offer our rivals such competition as they've never had in their naturals. There's definitely no longer any room in our arsenal for the Wooden Spoon."

Mr. Bradshaw wishes all visitors the freedom of the city (we hope Auckland won't miss the wind!) and assures them that on Easter Sundays' motor-drive they will be shown sights they never knew existed outside Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin.

"What about our buildings?" murmured "Smad" apologetically.

"Yes, we wish to excuse our buildings, or rather, lack of them," echoed the President, "But what we lack in buildings we make up in goodwill. We want all our visitors to feel thoroughly at home, and we're going to show them how we can entertain." Mr. Bradshaw assures representatives that we will have a new Students' Association Building in about ten tournament cycles hence. After this am-

bitious pronouncement, "Smad" backed out of the presence.

MR. WILD.

Mr. Wild was in a hurry, but nevertheless spoke fluently for 25 minutes on something other than Japan.

"Right from the moment I crossed the gangway of the Makura," he said, "I have been involved in the hectic rush of 1936 Tournament." (Which is going to be a wow!) Mr. Wild ostentatiously rustled a sheaf of papers.

"However, everything is now well in hand."

"What sort of a response have you had to advertisements for co-operation?" asked "Smad."

We have here to pass into oratio obliqua for we cannot express verbatim Dicks' verbal condemnation of those procrastinators whose modesty compels them to postpone their offers of help till the last minute.

When asked about entertainment, at first, Mr. Wild could say nothing but "Blacker, Ball, and Bumper" which to the initiated means that thanks to Ted Blacker the Ball's going to be a howling financial failure. Then "Smad" perceived that the gleam had faded out of Mr. Wild's eye. No, he was not thinking of those geishas back in the Orient. "We had arranged to visit a brewery," he said, "but that's off."

Our worthy Vice then rambled on about the business of the delegates, about gold medals for record breakers, about pocket badges for . . . But none of you chaps want to hear about that.

CAPITALISM OR PEACE?

Trend of World Affairs

The doctrine that there must be no sitting on the fence on the part of those who wish to combat war was propounded by Mr. W. N. Pharazyn to a small family gathering of the Anti-War Club on Monday, 30th March. The situation to-day, described by the speaker as "an absolute horror," is in no respect different from that which produced the cataclysm of 1914-18.

Mr. Pharazyn attributed the emergence of the Entente Cordiale in 1904 from a condition of potential enmity between France and Britain, not to the efforts of Edward the Peacemaker, but to the thrusting on the markets of goods labelled "Made in Germany." The two colonial powers banded together in conjunction with Russia to protect themselves against the growing ambitions of a landless Germany, a ramshackle Austria and an awakening Italy. In 1911 the strength of the Entente was great enough to humiliate Germany at Agadir, and that insult bent Germany's destinies to war.

LONG LIVE THE LEAGUE!

During the war there grew up a peculiar sort of idealism which found expression in the League of Nations—"a villainous conspiracy of robbers," whose real policy was hostility to the Soviet and further suppression of Germany (otherwise the League was an excellent institution). The League forgot that capitalism was the dominant motive of the world, as to-day constituted and that capitalism seeks expanding markets, if not by peaceful warfare, then by actual warfare.

ITALY AND GERMANY.

The repression of Germany has squeezed Hitler to the top, and has resulted in the apparent abrogation in that country of all natural rights, but this apparent insanity is all in furtherance of an ideal—growth. Recently Germany occupied a piece of land which was her own. Similarly Mussolini is bent on the conquest of Abyssinia which, unfortunately, lies in the way of British communications to the East. To protect themselves against these outbursts of strength Britain, France and Russia, the old combination, cling to the policy of collective security—they cleave to the League.

Secretly, this apparently clear-cut position is complicated by the crooked ways of capitalism which has financed German and Italian re-armament.

THE REAL VILLAINS.

The purport of these remarks of Mr. Pharazyn was to show that war is inherent in our system and that our real enemies are not the big bad Germans or Italians, but the governments which are pledged

NO POSSIBILITIES

Bounties For Big Births

The homely form of Tony Chorlton bulked presidentially on Thursday night last when he watched over the Debating Society's second debate of the year.

Tony, punless and grave, first pointed out to the audience of sixty-five that the present one was a serious year for the Debating Society.

An attempt to remedy the falling-off in attendance had been made by this year's committee in choosing subjects of topical interest and moment and it was hoped that the College's forensic activities would once again attain the standard which had come to be expected of it.

POOR STANDARD OF DEBATE.

We heartily agree with Judge Mr. C. H. Weston, K.C., that the standard of speaking was poor in the extreme. Indeed, we would readily agree with Mr. Weston that the speakers compared unfavourably with the Rongotai College boys even though we didn't hear the latter.

The few bright spots, namely Mr. Brown's emu, Mr. Jack's cow, and Mr. McGhie's eggless bantam, had very little in common with the subject allegedly under discussion, "That Big Births Deserve Bounties," and we had to wait until Miss Shortall came from the supper room to speak.

She immediately aroused a very jaded audience and was rightly awarded first place.

Mr. Scotney, a little steam rollerish, perhaps, was in fine form and was placed second. No preparation of any kind marked the utterances of the two leaders, Messrs. Brown and Jack, who quite appropriately occupied the two bottom positions among the placed speakers.

Altogether a poor subject and an unexciting debate.

to protect capitalism. Mr. Baldwin is a perfectly honest man ("So are they all honest men"), but he represents a policy that may plunge England in war

Those who wish to end war must organise study economics, psychology and sociology—they must be erady. They must choose one side or the other.

There must inevitably be a smash but out of that smash will come something better.

In the discussion which followed, it was suggested that Hitler might be working largely on British capital, and that he probably made a fair commission out of floating British loans for Russia. Mr. Brook then put a stop to things with his famous lights out signal.

DR. LYNCH v. BUGS

Infection and Immunity.

It was Jenner's eye for a comely wench that led him to observe that 18th century milkmaids retained that schoolgirl complexion because of freedom from smallpox. Anyhow, so Dr. Lynch told us at the Nat Hist. Soc. on Wednesday night.

Adopting his usual excellent principle of giving just the groundwork of his subject without recourse to specialised language or work, the lecturer described infection as the entry and establishment of foreign organisms in the body, juggled with the terms cocci and bacilli, and explained their action as due to secretion of toxic substances such as tuberculin. This had been isolated and its chemistry partly investigated. From there, Dr. Lynch proceeded to discuss immunity and the methods of obtaining it by injecting substances to neutralise the toxin. After Jenner's work the technique of this process had been established by Pasteur in studies on rabies, and the methods have remained substantially the same in the last 50 years.

Waxing patriotic, Dr. Lynch pointed out that Pasteur's work had been sponsored chiefly by England, much to the delight of Anglo-Indian Tommies, who, wangling a dog-fight in the bazaar obtained a "blightly" at the risk of contracting hydrophobia.

WHY NO QUESTIONS?

It was a lucid and interesting address by a master of the subject; the Nat. Hist. Soc. is certainly a lively part of the Science Faculty. But "Smad" is sceptical of the worth of the most informative lectures when delivered to students who have absolutely no previous knowledge of the subject, fail either to comprehend it or to be interested in it sufficiently to take part in a discussion. In this case of an audience of 50, four asked questions after an address that bristled with openings. And we hazard the guess that only those four will know much about Infection and Immunity by now!

Science students are notoriously unread; but we did hope that before attending a lecture on a subject only just beyond their exam. syllabus, they might have delved into the Enc. Brit.

Supper served in a biology lab. as yet free from dogfish did encourage some discussion, but again chiefly among the few more versed in the subject.

"We seldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much; a common trivial maxim which everybody knows and nobody practises."—La Cruyire.

HARRIERS' ANNUAL MEETING

The Harrier Club held its annual general meeting last Thursday night when the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. G. F. Dixon; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. J. O. Shorland, H. H. Cornish, G. C. Sherwood, C. C. McCormack, Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland; Club Captain, M. O'Connor; Vice-Captain, A. G. Horsley; Secretary-Treasurer, R. J. McElroy; Delegate to Wellington Centre, D. Viggers; Delegate to Sub-committee, D. R. Scrymgeour; Publicity Officer, N. T. Clare.

The inter-University cross-country Championship will this year be run at Auckland.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

A brisk discussion at the annual meeting on Tuesday gave the incoming committee of the Science Society plenty to think about for the year's operations. Views were aired about a better co-ordination of the three scientific societies now existing, the meeting resolving rather nebulously that something be done about it. The retiring president then advocated more knowledge of the methods and history of science, and the desirability of having student speakers. The officers elected were:—President, C. W. Stewart; Vice-Presidents, D. Currie, Miss A. S. Donne; Secretary, A. Rafter; Committee, Miss N. Welch, Miss H. Maysmore, R. V. Berry, N. T. Clare.

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TOURNAMENT

Most students at present attending V.U.C., after having heard many wonderful stories of what has happened at previous tournaments, will welcome the opportunity of being present at one themselves, when they will no doubt discover that some of these stories are not as impossible as was at first imagined. They should be pleased to meet students of other Colleges at the most favourable time of the year, before the thought of approaching examinations has exerted its paralysing effect on their good spirits. This year, it is the privilege of Wikitorians to act as hosts to these representatives and their supporters and we feel convinced that they will rise to the occasion to make this Tournament a memorable one.

We extend to all visitors a cordial welcome to our fair city. If it has been your good fortune to visit Wellington previously, you will know what to expect in regard to weather; if not, you probably have a varied treat in store for you. We trust that you will make the most of your short holiday, but we do advise contestants to refrain from any undue celebrations before Saturday morning, because V.U.C. this year must not be taken too cheaply. After the generous spoon-feeding our representatives have received for the last few years, they feel confident of meeting their opponents on equal terms and they have decided that the celebrated Wooden Spoon should find a home where its presence is better appreciated.

When all the contests are concluded and you have collected your tattered mascots and in some cases, perhaps, your scattered wits, we hope that you will carry away with you, pleasant memories of the 1936 N.Z.U. Tournament in Wellington.

NUTSHELL KNOW- LEDGE

II.—War.

It will save you a lot of trouble if you put your trust in the League of Nations, for that will ease your conscience and you won't want to do anything else to prevent a war. Wars are caused by armament manufacturers. Haven't you read in the papers about their profits, and the various government inquiries into their dishonest methods? It won't be long before the private manufacture of arms is abolished, and then we'll have peace for ever. It's a pity, though, that these armament people are so many thousands of miles away. Now if only wars were caused by something right at home, say the capitalist system we'd all be able to help prevent the Second World War.

This talk about the economic causes of war makes me sick, and I hope it will make you sick, too. What economic grudges have we against the students of other countries? And how ridiculous that soldiers should fight for markets, because then almost all the spoils would go, not to them, but to a few rich people; the soldiers ought to know what they're fighting for, and it must be for something that's valuable to them personally—liberty and honour, perhaps, but obviously not anything economic like markets.

The nations of the world ought to disarm, and they would if only Zaharoff and Co. would let them. Take, for instance, the rulers of the British Empire. They don't need armaments for internal purposes, but just so that they can police the world and keep it safe for democracy. The workers at Home and the colonial and subject peoples abroad are not kept down by force; they're too loyal to think of altering the status quo. That's the glory of the British Empire.—

THIS YEAR'S CAPPING

The Professorial Board has finally decided that Capping will again be held in the Town Hall, on Friday, May 8th at 8 p.m.

nocturne

through storm-tossed trees
daylight
wistfully wanes . . .
upon the courts,
pale wraiths
—with purple knees,
affect their spartan
shorts.
—and sneeze . . .
so diabolically they
prance, their
frozen faces grim.
and brandishing
relentless bats,
display a frigid
limb.
night settles on
the storm-tossed
trees . . .
the city lights her lamps.
—Victoria isn't haunted,
kids;
it's just the tennis
champs.

—i sappho.

EXTRAV—1936.

In spite of Tournament, the Executive is on the job—the shows for this year's Capping Revue are already chosen. Mussolini did not think of it when he started his campaign in Aspirinnia—the Nozi Council did not think of it; of what?—of "Hell's Bells"! Why pay J. C. Williamson's for Gilbert and Sullivan, why read Huxley—there's better than both in "Brave New Zealand."

TO A WOODEN SPOON

Emblem of our great disgraces,
Beaten teams and long-lost races,
Calling tragedies to mind
When Victoria slipped behind
All the other Colleges in sport.
Sure we hope to lose you now;
In some other town endow
Honours of a doubtful kind,
With your hoodoo eyes, designed
Seemingly to bring all toll to
naught.

Yet, familiar comrade, after
Two full years beneath our rafters
Some intangible attraction
Binds us, paralyzing action
In our warriors when their duels
are fought.

So Spoon we feel that you'll remain
When Easter battles pass again.

FATHERLY ADVICE

To Son Entering V.U.C.

Dear Henry,—

Now that you are safely ensconced within the hollow walls of Weir, I think it right that I should offer you words of wisdom that you might avail yourself of and thereby avoid the many pitfalls which abound in the ancestral College Halls and into which I was oftentimes doomed to fall.

First of all the House itself. At all times wear the House cap and tie and respect its motto—the translation being "Fear of Doc. is the beginning of Wisdom." Confide in the Warden as you would in your own father and hearken not to the words of Roy Jack who lacks wisdom which comes only from experience. Should you at any time find yourself without the walls of Weir after Curfew, disturb not the Warden from his well-earned rest, but be grateful that your City Fathers saw fit to insist upon a liberal supply of fire-escapes and that the plumbers were generous in their distribution of drain pipes.

The god-like figure you describe to me standing within the portico of the College is none other than the renowned Brook himself, of whom your grandfather (he whose scholarly career was so suddenly cut short through coughing in the vestibule at eleven minutes past the hour) was wont to speak most respectfully. The callouses you will notice on his right finger and thumb come from snapping his fingers as the hours fly by—an ancient college custom dating back further than the hour glass itself, and Henry that is not a bottle in the hip pocket of that don whom you so disrespectfully describe as a "wily little bird"—that is a flat iron.

Be wary about entering the library before first studying the regulations adorning the adjacent walls (concerning which I suggest you might profitably spend your first year studying). You will no doubt recollect my telling you of the painful experience which befell a colleague of mine who absent-mindedly lit a cigarette from a page of Horace, and who was subsequently disembowelled by an infuriated librarian. Be on your guard, son, as your dear Mother would be greatly annoyed were you to suffer a like fate.

In my next letter I shall instruct you in the method of approach to that Holy of Holies, that Sanctum of Septuagenarians, the Exec. Room, wherein abound all manner of strange bodies and where the Great Mogul (Anglee . . . , McGhie) is wont to experience periods of extreme displeasure to which he gives artistic expression in sesquipedalian jargon.

Yours affectionately,
PAPA.

THE TENNIS TEAM

In reference to the article appearing in "Smad" on the 1st April 1936, on the facts as then known to me, I felt justified in publishing it. In view of the full explanation given by the Tennis Club Committee, I am satisfied that no injustice has been done to J. J. McCarthy.

M. WILLIS,
Sports Editor

DRIVE YOURSELF — ALL NEW CARS — LATEST MODELS —

Dallying With Delegates

My Co-re. and I at last cornered THEM. "Something fit to print," we murmured. "News, Prospects, Stars—Wellington are clamouring—yes, we know you're busy—but for old 'Smad's' sake?"

They took counsel of Each Other—"Shall I?" "No, you." We pretended not to notice. The One of Them refused to give Evidence.

"Any use our adopting a blackmailing attitude?" we asked sinister-like.

"No—I'll talk," shouted the Other of Them rapidly. "Er-well, dash it, you ought to know we've got the best team ever—you ought to know—" His voice trailed off as he caught our accusing glare. We made a threatening gesture.

"But seriously," said he, brightening, "I do think we have, perhaps not the best team ever, but a goodish team—yes, rather a goodish team."

ATHLETICS.

"My turn," I muttered to my co-re. "Athletics?"

The great man struck an attitude. "Steele's definitely good," he stated. "And then there's Stephenson over longer distances—great promise shown—Borrie in the hurdles and Gus Pike walking. Lastly Maskell, Cropp and Watt will give them something to think about."

TENNIS.

"And Tennis?" my co-re. looked hopefully in the air.

"Well-um-well-er, dash it all—the weather has rather—I mean to say—militated—you know. You know." Suddenly shouting again, "But the Basketball are showing good form—figures not yet available, but we expect them to arrive in Wellington"

My co-re. and I let loose a sycophantic chuckle. We patted One of Them on the head, disdained to recognise the Other, and took our departure.

Our further ramblings produced this.

BOXING

"There is only one Old Blue in the team this year," said the secretary of the Boxing Club. He chuckled hoarsely. "That will fool 'em," he explained, "because it's a good team and up to standard. And Vosailagi," he went on earnestly, "he's fighting heavy—I was going to get you to tell them about him. It's all right so long as they don't annoy him, see? But if anyone starts trying to knock him about or anything."—This apparently is a warning.

ROWING.

We went to see the Eight in action, but after we heard that they persisted in doing their stuff at 6.30 am. with a stiff sea-breeze blowing, somehow, we lost our dash. After all, we know our place, and the holier moments of these supermen passed unprofaned by our shrinking presence. We see them once a year on the average, and in times past we hardly dared to take our stance near the finishing line.

My co-re. pointed out that it was tactless to bring Swimming in just after rowing. "Ichabod, anyway," I said, and he thought that summed it up. So we went along to ask Mr. Symes for a few words of encouragement about the youngsters.

"Neville might do well," he said, "and in the breaststroke events, both women's and men's—" he smiled happily, but on our coupling the name of Auckland with the matter of women's freestyle, subsided. The relay brought a ray of qualified hope.

SHOOTING.

The Shooting team has been observing weather conditions, studying the prevailing rains and all that sort of thing. Fears are expressed that the day may be fine and under unfamiliar conditions they may not do themselves justice. Portable showers may be arranged.

ENVOI.

"That's all," said the co-re. "What about the Delegates?" I rejoined.

"Oh well-er—quietly confident or—something"

"Green, quiet," I said, "Chapman confident."

"Smad" has it that the usual ghillies, haymakers, standard-bearers, and cads will accompany the team. Without question the Teamwork is Terrific!

OUR SWIMMERS

"Are you the Secretary of the Swimming Club?" I asked MR. OLIVER. "I'm 'Smad' and I want the dope on this 'ere Tourney."

"I am the Comptroller," said the Pooh-bah, "and I can give your filthy rag the lowdown."

"You've heard of Mason?" I had—we all have. "Well, he's in the team. King has a good chance in the 440."

"Butterick—" I hazarded. "Yes, he's good—second to Symes last year."

"And Meek—how blessed?" Mr. Oliver's face lit up with fanatic joy. "He'll give Horsfall a swim for his money—he ought to come second anyway."

"The ladies—what of them?"

"The women may come home at short prices. Miss Pilcher is swimming well and Susie will be there when the whips are cracking in the breaststroke. We haven't heard much from other places (the little rascals!) but you can rest assured that members of the V.U.C. team will put their best foot forward to bring home the bacon."

I didn't like that much—I mean, do you? So I mentioned Neville, but that didn't frighten him.

I left, recalling joyfully that there was no wooden spoon for swimming.

BOB HOP

For some unknown reason the Science Societies held a Bob Hop on Friday. Despite the fact that it disturbed the "Smad" staff, who were working at high pressure, the show appeared successful. Don Currie, looking like Ivan Kreuger, collected the money. "All in this pocket belongs to the Science Society," he said carefully putting my bob in the other. We hope it paid.

ATHLETICS OR HEED EADE

"You'll find him on the cricket ground any night between five and seven," said the Editor "Just bowl up and talk to him quite naturally. Don't let him know you're from 'Smad' if you can help it."

This sounded easy money. Accordingly, the next evening I bowl-up and accosted a young man watching the activities with his hands in his pockets.

"Could you tell me where I could find Mr Eade?" I whispered.

"Don't you know him?" he said, with characteristic University politeness. "Over there in the green jersey."

I looked in the direction he was pointing. In the far corner of the ground a lonely figure was hurling a pointed stick in the air and running after it with shrieks of glee. I gazed in horror for a few minutes, but plucking up my courage (Bertie!) I strolled over towards him, trying cunningly to look like a man out for an evening stroll. As I approached, one of the sticks whizzed past my head, accompanied by a fiendish yell of joy from the worthy Mr. Eade.

"By Jove! I nearly got you that time," he cried.

"Yes. Very nearly." I said. "A trifle short, I fear."

He was a charming figure, simply but expensively dressed in a pair of scanties—masculine edition—and a well-ventilated chemise. (You know boys: "The winds and the breezes . . .") Underneath his well-cut cotton shorts . . . but I am forgetting, girls . . . you must apply to Mr. Eade for the rest.

"What are the prospects?" I said, obviously.

"Didn't you know?" he said, "the prospects are rotten." This sounded just a little gloomy, but I persevered, and he went on.

"In the sprints we have Freeman, Bowie and Oram. Good, but not good enough. Bowie, however, should take the sprint hurdles easily enough. Clark might get a place in the 440. If he runs."

This was the style I liked. Crisp and to the point. But apparently his well had dried up. I cursed the unfortunate Mr. Clark. But he was off again.

"In the half-mile Black might do some good . . ."

"Boot," I murmured—a bad error of tactics, as I saw afterwards.

"Boot. Yes. Well, One Never Knows," he said cryptically. "No," I said obediently, "One Doesn't, Does One?"

"Then in the mile and three mile, O'Connor might do Something. But Boot . . ." He hurried on to the next.

"Birks should go very close to winning the walk . . . yes, very close indeed . . . very, very close . . ."

He chewed over the phrase lovingly. I copied it down and showed it to him. Things brightened up a little.

"Our jumpers are a poor lot. Taken all in all they're a poor lot." His bosom heaved My bosom heaved. We both heaved together. "But count on it," he cried, "Victoria will do her best!"

"She will," I said grinding my teeth and thrusting out my stomach.

We shook hands, and he ran off, throwing his stick in front of him and uttering shrill yelps to encourage it.

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BOXING.

It was with considerable trepidation that I went to visit MR. ARMOUR, our fifteen-stone boxing machine. However, "Orders is orders," and I slunk into his room with the usual proud though unhappy demeanour of a "Smad" reporter—which is considerable. But enough of me, tell me of yourself.

"Of myself?" boomed Mr. Armour. "I shall win. Indubitably. Unless, of course, I meet someone better. In which case I shall lose."

Here I endeavoured to look amused, at the same time striving to attain the pained look of a fresher seeing Laurel and Hardy for the first time.

"The prospects are fair," he said, getting down to business at last. "I'll go through the weights, giving you a running commentary."

"In the heavyweight, of course, there is myself." . . . here he broke off and smiled. A little coyly, I thought.

"It is difficult . . ." he said.

"Leave it at that," I murmured. He beamed vaguely and went on, and on and on. "And the other weights?" I said at last.

"Of course," he said in an aggrieved tone, "I was coming to them."

"In the light-heavy, we have Barnes. He has a fair chance. He hits hard, and is quick. But he may meet someone better. I remember once when I . . ."

I coaxed him back. (Have you ever coaxed a fifteen-stone heavyweight?)

"Then we have Edgley" he resumed. "He has fought in Varsity tournaments before. None of the other competitors have. Need I say more?" I assured him he needn't, not much.

But he was not to be put off. He became entangled in a mass of technical details. I dozed, when suddenly there shot through the air—no guess again—the name of one whom I knew to be our star turn—one Meek.

"Meek," thundered the oracle, "has about the best chance of all of us—well, yes, of all of us. He hits hard is a quick dodger, and above all keeps cool. He . . ."

According to Mr. Armour, there can be no doubt about Bro. Meek. He will undoubtedly land the eggs and bacon.

"Edwards is good, but inexperienced. O'Connor is a cert. Punch . . ." He waxed lyrical. I practised shorthand. Then after a two minutes' silence dedicated to the skill of Comrade O'Connor, we proceeded.

"Then we have Campbell. He is solid. He beat that well-known fighter, Goring-Johnston. What more can I say?"

"Nothing," I said quickly, but I was wrong.

ROWING.

Darkly disguised, we caught MR. HANSEN, the V.U.C. stroke, in an unguarded moment and learned the up-and-up on the eight.

"The crew is going well and we'll reduce those six lengths to five this year," he said confidently.

"Come, come," we purred, "can't you cut it down to four." Mr. Hansen rudely snorted, but recovered

sufficiently to say that the race would take place on the Koro Koro course.

"We are training on the course and hope to get the landmarks set. Anyway, the public can follow the whole race," he concluded inconsequently.

"How about these other Colleges, they're in the race, you know?"

"We've heard very little, but A.U.C. seem weaker than last year. They smashed their boat," he chuckled a la Wallace Beery. "Canterbury will be stronger, but don't seem to have struck form yet by reports."

"Can you lick O.U.?" we asked, the last ray of hope still glimmering through these gloomy forebodings.

"To tell you the truth—"

"Don't do that," we said hurriedly, "We never like the truth—it lowers our prestige."

Mr. Hansen blew the froth off the top of his beer and swallowed deeply.

BASKETBALL.

After going without tea and waiting around in a draughty corridor, "Smad" was kept at bay for twenty minutes with social small talk before MISS BELL condescended to tell us something about the basketball team's chances at Tournament. Even then we suspect her maidenly modesty forbade her to spill much despite our most searching questions.

Glancing furtively at our wrist-watch we decided not to mince matters.

"By the way, what do you think of your chances?"

"Well, I really don't know. You see—" We were not to be beaten like that, however, so we put it another way.

"How's the team going?"

"Oh, quite well," Miss Bell beamed, and we brightened considerably.

"I suppose you're getting in some good practice."

"Oh, yes—of course!" This last admonishingly, but we were not deterred.

"And working up a good combination?"

"Yes, the team's all right." We were glad of this, but felt we were losing our grip somewhat, when we were interrupted.

"There's one thing that isn't quite so good."

"What's that?"

"Marie Walker has developed appendicitis and will have to be replaced."

"Appendicitis?" We at once endeavoured to assume an air of surprise and sympathy.

"That will mean playing an emergency."

"Tough luck," we murmured. "How will that leave you?"

"Naturally weaker, but—"

"You think you'll pull it off? Of course you will," "Smad" reassured her, not wishing to dwell on morbid topics. "Now what about other Colleges?"

Miss Bell hedged once more with her "I don't know," but we gathered eventually that C.U.C. are stronger than last year, but A.U.C. considerably weaker, with O.U.

still an unknown but probably strong quantity.

"Now," we began, working up to the all-important question, "how do you think you'll go against them?"

"I really don't—"

But, no! "Smad" was not to be balked again. This was the time for drastic measures.

"Do you know there's a bloke in the College laying odds that V.U.C. won't win a match?"

"Well, he'll jolly well lose his bets. I reckon we'll get into the Finals."

"Smad" relaxed—our work was done.

TENNIS.

MR. PLANK had quite definite ideas about "Smad," but they availed him not. We quickly ran him to earth beneath a halo of cigarette ash and a chair in the Common Room. He was obviously uneasy and had that piteous "let me go, I've got an appointment" look about him.

"What's wrong now?" he quavered.

"Surely tennis isn't that bad?" said we, beaming seraphically on our victim. "Haven't we got a tennis team?" (Vague apprehensions.) "Are the McCarthys down with housemaid's knee or anything?"

"No, they're O.K." he whispered mournfully thinking of his appointment.

What can be done with an oyster's blood-brother? Yes, guile was the keynote.

"What about the other teams? A.U.C. have a strong team, one of the best for years. And what about Corich and Duffield of C.U.C.? Duffield won the singles last year, didn't he? These teams aren't going to accept the spoon out of sheer benevolence of spirit are they?" All this in the most dulcet tones. Our victim became heated beneath this infliction.

"Bah! I don't suppose you've even seen any of our team practising. I think the McCarthys should account for Duffield in the singles. J. McCarthy and Miss Gerard (mixed doubles) have a good chance, also B. McCarthy and Marchant (men's doubles). Yes, the whole team'll give a good account of itself."

Here Mr. Plank began to sidle off, but we caught him gently round the neck and murmured sweetly in his ear.

"Just a moment. Isn't it true that the team is a trifle upset over the way the events are composed?" "Grrh." (explosively). "They don't know what's good for them. Anyway, the committee is unanimous."

Mr. Plank now relapsed into vague cursings concerning "Smad" and recalcitrant tennis players in general. Clearly the oyster had closed again, so we flitted daintily away, just as Mr. Plank's appointment came hurrying into view around the corner. Obviously it would have been much better if we had sent our lady reporter to interview Mr. Plank.



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