

## REMEMBER!

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Vol. VII., No. 15.

WELLINGTON, JULY 29, 1936.

Price: Twopence.

## Joynt Scroll Workout

On Friday last the best debate of the year was held in the Gym before a large and enthusiastic audience the subject being "that collective security offers the best hope for world peace."

A practice debate for the Joynt Scroll (which it will be remembered is being held in Christchurch on August the 6th) was opened in the affirmative by Mr. "Bonk" Scotney of Extravaganza fame, and he was ably supported by Miss Margaret Shortall.

After a somewhat sticky beginning, Mr. Scotney soon recovered himself and spoke convincingly and well. His first quarter of an hour was spent in making—in true Scotney style—a sweeping condemnation of all and everything to do with the present economic system. The growth of monopolies, exaggerated nationalism, the instability of money, the constant recurrences of economic depressions, he said, were characteristics of the present economic system. Before security and peace may be attained these would have to be done away with—by a socialistic revolution, if possible—as causes of war were inextricably bound up with them. Collective security was at the present time delaying war and paving the way for a socialistic revolution. It was a good speech, but in our opinion he spoke in rather a long-winded strain, which failed to convince. As Mr. McGhie pointed out, he omitted entirely to define "collective security."

Mr. McGhie in reply stated that collective security in the final analysis depends entirely on the effective enforcement of sanctions. He produced much newspaper cutting evidence to prove that Britain put herself first and collective security a bad second, which policy the other powers followed. So his main point was that all powers placed their own safety before collective security.

Margaret Shortall spoke pointedly and well. Her main point was that the League of Nations is maintaining peace in a negative rather than a positive manner. She attributed the failure of the Abyssinian contretemps not to the failure of the principles of collective security, but to the failure of the powers to enforce those principles.

Miss Shortall was followed by Mr. Wild, who stressed the fact that to eliminate war one must first eliminate the causes. He successfully expounded this glimpse of the obvious for some twenty minutes.

Thanks to a masterly piece of summing up, Mr. Scotney was placed first with Mr. McGhie second. Professor E. L. W. Wood so judged, and made many helpful comments.

## EUROPE, SOVIET OR FASCIST?

Throw your minds back to 1916—suppose then that you had said, "Within five years there will be millions of people organised under Communism and millions under Fascism"—you would have been called an irresponsible scare-monger, a moon-struck babler—a fool. But these things have happened. The seemingly fantastic of 1916 is now a cold fact! The theorising of then is the world of to-day!

Thus started Ian Campbell in his lecture to the Free Discussions Club on "Europe, Soviet or Fascist."

Since the War there has been a definite drive for State Control of the life of the Community, economically and otherwise. The causes of this have been varied and a great deal came from the ruling classes themselves, arising from the compulsory cessation of trade expansion, which necessitated external trade control. It was only one more step to internal control, and now the question is, not whether there should be control, but who was to exercise that control?

There were four main groups in Europe. The perfect dictatorships of Germany, Italy and Austria; the semi-dictatorships of the countries to the East of Germany; Communist Russia; and the Democracies of France, Belgium and Spain. In the Democracies, however, within the last six months, there has been a very noticeable tendency, which was illustrated clearly by the results of the recent elections. In all cases, the moderate parties of the centre have given away considerably to the Right and Left. In Spain the issue is as yet undecided. In Belgium, the move is towards Fascism, in France toward Communism. There is an inevitable choice before the peoples of Europe from which may arise a new country, a new Europe, a new world.

## THE A B C OF VITAMINS

(With thanks to FARRAGO.)

O fine and fat was Ralph the Rat,  
And his eye was clear cold grey,  
How mournful that he ate less fat,  
As day succeeded day,  
Till he found each cornea daily  
hornier,  
Lacking its Vitamin A.  
"I missed my Vitamin A, my dears,"  
That rat was heard to say,  
"And you'll find your eyes will  
keratinize  
If you miss your Vitamin A."

Now polished rice is very nice  
At a high suburban tea,  
But Doctor Lane remarks with  
pain  
That it lacks all Vitamin B.  
And Beri-Beri is very, very  
Hard on the nerves said he.  
"Oh, take your Vitamin B, my dears,"  
I heard that surgeon say,  
"If I hadn't been fed on standard  
bread  
I wouldn't be here to-day."

The scurvy flew through the  
schooner's crew  
As they sailed on an Arctic sea.  
They were far from land and their  
food was canned,  
So they got no Vitamin C.  
For "Devil's the use of orange  
juice,"  
The skipper had said, said he.  
They were victualled on pickled  
pork, my dears,  
Those mariners bold and free.  
Yet life's but brief on the best  
corned beef,  
If you don't get Vitamin C.

The epiphyses of Eugenia's knees  
Were truly an appalling sight;  
For the rickets strikes whom it  
jolly well likes  
If the Vitamin D's not right.  
Though its plots we foil with cod  
liver oil  
Or our ultra violet light  
So swallow your cod liver oil, my dears  
And bonnie big babies you'll be;  
Though it makes you sick it's a  
cure for the rickets,  
And teeming with Vitamin D.

Now Vitamins D and A B C,  
Will ensure that you're happy and  
strong,  
But that's no use; you must repro-  
duce,  
Or the race won't last for long.  
And it's praises end my song,  
We'll double the birth rate yet, my dears,  
If we all eat Vitamin E  
We can blast the Hopes of Marie  
Stopes  
By taking it with our tea.

## Climbers from Kime

THE WANDERERS RETURN

If the weariness of the trampers is any indication of the success of a trip, the Tramping Club's visit to Kime skiing ground last week-end was quite up to expectations, in spite of the unexpected turn of events.

The party that tumbled out of the bus in Grey Street just before ten o'clock on Sunday night was bleary-eyed and yawny, but everyone was happy.

To begin with, the chartered bus (a popular innovation instead of the usual lorry) was suffering from an acute attack of water in the petrol system, and arrived at Museum Street a couple of hours late. However, we got under way at last but saw darkness fall before we reached Paekak. (memorable for pies, tea and buns). The bus proved too cumbersome to take right up the Otaki Gorge, so we had to disembark five miles below the Forks, and plod along the hard road. That took an hour and a quarter, so we finally reached the Forks about eight-thirty—only half an hour or so before the advance party, which had gone ahead by "express" van, reached Kime Hut.

Chas. Stewart, the leader, had long before decided that pushing on immediately for Field's Hut was out of the question, and the great generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Corrigan solved our housing problem. These hospitable people accommodated the twenty-three of us in their house (the Post Office), the women using the School Room, and the men the living room. Hot water was provided in abundance and we were made more than welcome. After allaying the pangs, we turned in at ten p.m. in preparation for an early start.

The early start was heralded by a melodious alarm at two a.m. After a buffet breakfast consisting of cereal (potage de riz au miel et fromage) and saveloys, we struck the trail with light packs at three o'clock. The long file of torches looked very spectacular zig-zagging up the spur above the Forks. When the bush was reached, we formed a tight crocodile, and no one was allowed to push ahead or lag behind. We reached Field's just before dawn and after a bit of a snack, hit the trail again about a quarter of an hour later in broad daylight. We were not long in reaching the snow-line, and soon we were treated to a glorious spectacle. Away to the south was Wellington, with its blue harbour and Somes Island clearly seen. Westward, Kapiti appeared very close, and just below us we saw the Otaki river winding easily out towards the sea. The coastline was clearly visible for a great distance, curving round in a vast bay. To the north, Ruapehu stood out clearly, red and golden, partly

shaded, and partly bathed in the early morning sunshine. We could follow the low hills curving round westward beyond the water, and there at the very end, the smooth peak of Egmont stood high above them. It was a gorgeous sight in the soft colourings of dawn—a picture few of us may have the good fortune to see again. The Tararuas and the Ruahines were enveloped in billows of dense fog. Kime was reached about eight-thirty, and we had three and a half hours' sport in ideal snow conditions. Tobogganing and skiing are good fun even for beginners, and sometimes funnier to watch. We came down in fair time for a large party, but those last five miles along the highway were the ones that took the skin off!

## EAST MEETS WEST

### The Truth About Dick Wild

An excited audience watched the films of the Japanese Football tour. We learnt some of the truth about our stalwarts, but we understand certain members of the team had the films censored first! Mr. Chesterman is to be congratulated on his splendid photography.

Following the movies, Mr. Martin-Smith gave a very interesting address on his observations in Japan. Japan, he told us, is a conflict between old and new and cannot be judged on Western standards. A few powerful families apparently rule the country and with the laws made to suit themselves and under the shade of the Emperor's power they flourish indeed. In opposition however, is the reactionary military party which is anti-capitalist and anti-communist, and is, in fact, broadly fascist. The latter is gaining power. Japan feels she is being denied legitimate expansion of her markets and, as she relies on industrialisation and not colonisation, the tariff policy of the nations can only increase the feeling of resentment, strengthen the reactionary party and lead to war. There is a big body of liberal thought in Japan. For example, the "left-thought" in the Universities, where the applicant for admission must have an unblemished record of loyalty, is most surprising. One cannot categorize the statements of the military and naval leaders as Japan, for they are a peace-loving people, wonderfully hospitable and delightful in their own surroundings.



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WELLINGTON, JULY 29, 1936.

## Court of Convocation

The committee of this District Court is again proving that they are worthy of the trust reposed in them. Having won their contention that student representation on the College Council should be granted (this of course requires to be confirmed by statute) they are seeking to obtain on the Council greater representation for their own Court.

No present member of the Council will thereby lose his place of honour, and as we feel that it is for the good of the University, we hope that the representation will be granted.

The Court is a virile body and its leaders are either fresh from undergraduate studies or gentlemen with sound business or professional training, and a representative with either qualification would not find himself out of place—ita putamus. (Translation on request to the Editor.)

### NUTSHELL KNOWLEDGE

#### IX.—Drink.

Some people blame capitalism for most of the unhappiness that maddens our century. But surely despair is older than capitalism; surely man has always been subject to pain, sorrow, sadness and death. Unhappiness is caused not by economic factors, but by our divine unrest. Long before the advent of modern capitalism, Shakespeare wrote of the "heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Western materialism has bred a habit of looking for causes. Since unhappiness is ordained in the nature of things, its cause is life itself. Its cause can be removed only by suicide, and certain objections to that course immediately suggest themselves. Western materialism leads us into this cul-de-sac. Eastern spirituality teaches us that instead of fighting our troubles we should try to escape from them. It was true wisdom that made Omar "often wonder what the vintners buy one half so precious as the goods they sell." Drink furnishes the easiest and rosiest escape from our cares.

If you can afford it, drink is a good thing. It furnishes a harmless expression for the bravado of youth. In the upper and middle classes it soothes a few twisted individuals whom prohibition would drive to far more dangerous neuroses and perversions.

Most drunkards, however, are poor people who manifest their innate stupidity by drinking when they cannot afford to. They go drinking even though they have to do without things that we consider necessities. The swine get drunk with money that is needed for feeding and clothing their children. They have lost their moral sense and don't deserve to share the benefits of civilisation.

Some people say that if the government introduced prohibition of poverty the problem of drunkenness would almost solve itself. That's obviously wrong, because then the stupid set class would have more money and would buy more drink. The only way to solve the problem is by price-raising with or without "prohibition."

—SPECTATOR.

### NUTSHELL KNOWLEDGE

#### X.—Royalty.

If civilisation is breeding madmen of the McMahon brand, Mr. Baldwin must take immediate steps to augment the thousands of special constables who assist the regular police in maintaining law and order. The people should be told more often how much they are indebted to the specials for public safety. The occasion has prompted Scotland Yard to issue another far-sighted appeal for the patriotic surrender of privately-owned firearms (except, of course, sporting rifles, which are safe in the hands of a loyal class).

Most of us have such a keen personal liking for His Majesty's fine qualities that the opponents of monarchy arouse strong resentment in us. Their psychological understanding is as weak as their politics, for they can't see that we transfer this resentment to all their other political theories.

His Majesty has the interests of all his people at heart. For the sake of the Lancashire cotton spinners he curtailed the mourning season. He tries to break down class barriers, and is not ashamed of being photographed talking to unemployed miners. This is the safest path to the classless society. He is always ready to lend sympathy to the bereaved after the mine disasters that are so common all over the civilised world (that, of course, excludes Russia). He takes a keen interest in Toc H, the Boy Scouts, and the Air Force.

Things have come to a sorry pass when we can learn from the yellow Japs. We must foster loyalty so that our workers will become like the Japanese strikers who went back to work because they were told that the Emperor was displeased with them.

Assassination would be a terrible personal blow to the whole Empire, but fortunately it would not prejudice the institution of kingship. Monarchy is a trump card in our hand, for the promise of a republic can sometimes buy off a revolution, as for instance in Germany in 1918.

—SPECTATOR.

## GREEN CHEESE

Flutterbug.

The Commerce student  
Is a parasite  
Upon the tail  
Of Business.  
He lives in hope  
Some casual flick  
Will set him on  
The beastie's back  
Where  
He can feel  
Highly important.  
The beastie lives  
On green things.  
The Commerce student  
(Too knowing to be red)  
Soon is flicked  
Into the beastie's  
Important places.  
Does it matter?  
For him no Heaven  
Or Hell—  
A Double Entry System  
For full-sized souls.  
He has no soul  
Above the halfpennies  
That weight him so  
He slides  
Along his slanted lines  
Only in one direction,  
Downwards—  
To where?  
Does it matter?  
He has no soul.

—P.B.A.

## MADNESS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Or Would Be So

Here follows a dream fragment from a victim of the moon, Wellington, swot and a bachelor existence. Quite a case.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

The sun shines brightly on the waters to-night. Why is it that all pretty girls are not virtuous? And all I ask is a moonlight night and a girl who'll comfort me.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your insulting letter of the 13th ult. I have to say that it is the opinion of this most worthy tribunal that you, dear sir, are possessed of what can best be described as a B— nerve and it is our opinion further that there are, therefore several alternatives left open to you—to be brief, sir, you know what you can do. You can get to blazes.

Yours indecently,

"KISMET."

Dear Sirs,?

If my memory serves me aright I think that in my last communication I described you as an offspring whose origin was somewhat heavily shrouded in mists, mendacity and Mae West stories. Further to that memorable, and might I add . . .

## CONTRIBUTIONS SOLICITED

Contributions to "Smad" will be gratefully received.

Contributors of letters or articles must add their names, not necessarily for publication.

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## The Cockpit

### So They Can't Talk, Huh?

Dear "Smad,"

Having just become aware of the total lack of common-common-room facilities at Victoria College, I feel I must protest against the conditions which obtain.

Last evening, while dining, I became involved in a most interesting discussion with two friends, a man and a lady. At 7.15 p.m. we had to leave the Cafeteria, where, by the way, smoking is forbidden. The night was wet and stormy and precluded our continuing the discussion in the open air, while we knew just how long we should be permitted to talk in the passages.

A brilliant inspiration was, the Gymn. Thither we trailed, braving the stormy blast, only to find the Dramatic Club and others in complete possession. Thereupon, in all innocence, we hit upon the idea of occupying a vacant class room, and accordingly we found one with a delightfully warm heater and with door closed we settled ourselves. Five minutes later, enter Mr. Brook in high indignation, who protested that we knew quite well we had absolutely no right to meet in disused class rooms, unless we obtained official permission from the higher powers, beforehand. The only suggestion which Mr. Brook could make, was that we should go somewhere where we might talk as much as we liked, i.e., the Library.

The discussion terminated in a somewhat unfinished state on the steps near the telephone, a situation which did not conduce to the best functioning of intellectual powers. Mr. Editor, if we call ourselves a University, cannot we do something to remedy this state of affairs? How is the intellectual and argumentative life of students to be developed if they are prevented from meeting together informally to discuss the burning questions of the day? No one knows what pearls have been lost to posterity through the untimely conclusion of even that one discussion.

A group of ladies or a group of men may hold most beneficial discussions among themselves, but even better is a group of ladies and men, in combination. Therefore, let us try and think of some way in which the students of this night-school-Varsity may meet and exchange ideas in an environment more comfortable than the back stairs.

I am, etc.,  
NELEH.

### This Art Business

Dear "Smad,"

There is no pleasanter room at V.U.C. than Mr. Miller's Art Room, and there are books to peruse there that are a perpetual delight, but what is one to make of the latest works of art? Henry Moore, Pablo Picasso (in some moods), "Art Now" and the like. Having passed through all the stages of Mirth Uncontrollable, Simple Amazement, Indignation Intense and Frustrated Inquiry, the only thing now seems to be to make my perplexity public. I have done my best with the appreciative memoirs and this is the kind of thing I learn—"To reproduce a (human) figure directly in stone seems to

him a monstrous perversion of stone, and in any case a misrepresentation of the qualities of flesh and blood. Representational figure sculpture can never be anything but a travesty of one material in another." Very good, but why in that case insist on calling your monstrosity a "Woman Reclining" or "Mother and Child"? Call it if you like "Relief Map of the Andes," "Strange Potato Formation dug up by Johnsonville Resident," or "Design for Pawnbroker's Shop Sign," and there will be little to quarrel about. Again we are told that the modern artist does not aim at reproducing what he sees. "Art is a mental thing" ("Mental" sounds right in the context!). In other words what he tries to set down is the emotional effect produced in him by the particular object. Again we say "Very good." No one objects to subjectivity in art. But how is it that the mental states thus induced and so expressed are so constantly ugly, malformed, unnatural?

In search of enlightenment,  
I am,  
Yours etc.,  
A.B.C.

### Wrong Again!

Dear "Smad,"

In reference to the news item in your last issue under the heading "Exec. Appointment," I desire to point out that the position of Assistant Hon. Secretary was not applied for by Mr. Christensen. The Executive, after considering the claims of several suggested candidates decided to offer the position to him.

Yours etc.,  
H. R. C. WILD,  
President V.U.C.S.A.

### CLASSICAL VINDICATION

#### Why Should They?

During the Golden Age of Culture in Athens, the city's fortunes were ably and wisely guided by the wisest of her rulers, one Pericles.

This great man's name comes ringing down the ages as one of the Athenian rulers who did most for the social, the cultural and the political life of his people. Under his patronage the Arts flourished apace. Classical culture developed while political consciousness was a byword.

Loved and honoured by a happy and intelligent people, he may be claimed to be one of the world's social benefactors and yet on examining his life closely, we make the truly astounding discovery that (for some reason hitherto undisclosed) "he was seen at only one social function in his whole life. This was the marriage of a near relative and he left halfway through."

In the face of such overwhelming justification, how can any person be so bold as to suggest that the consistent absence of the vast majority of the Prof. Board from student functions is evidence of their neglect of their social and their cultural activities? Why should they?

—COTHRAIGE.

### THAT BUILDING FUND

#### Snap Into It!

From news received during the last few days, we learn that the Adelaide University has received from anonymous donors a gift of a bridge to link the University with its playing fields across the Torrens River, and that the Melbourne University with £45,848 in hand is making last strenuous efforts to raise £17,000 still required for a Union Building modelled on the same style as the ideal of our own ambition.

In the former case, permission to erect the bridge has been refused by the local authorities and a special edition of "On Dit" has been published in consequence.

In the latter case, the Students' Representative Council is now appealing to the students "to beg, borrow, or bluff" just one guinea each from three friends or relatives and if this is done, then with the amount which can be raised by a debenture issue, the necessary sum will be in hand in a very short while.

It has been decided that the Finance Committee should be empowered to make a contract reducing the total expenditure to £50,000 instead of £67,000, the estimated cost of the building as planned. Tenders have already been taken and it is expected that the building will be commenced before the August vacation and completed by the start of the next academic year—yet unless the S.R.C. can increase its assets by its final appeal it may not be able to carry out the full plan.

It is to be hoped that these two very determined efforts (like the revival of the capping procession by the Sydney University early this year) will meet with their just reward.

If Victoria shows the same dash in her own Building Fund it will not be long before the object is attained. Those who were present at the Capping Ceremony will remember the Attorney-General's address and exhortation to "come up and see me some time," and he, of course, is an ex-student of Victoria appreciating in full her requirements.

As soon as plans and specifications of the new Building have been prepared, and I understand that they are now in hand—and the sooner, the better—I feel that the new Government should be approached to do what they can for us in the coin of the realm.

Even if they offer to subsidise pound for pound any money raised this would be a welcome offer, but the point is that efforts must be made as soon as possible.

—MADEMOISELLE.

### SPIKE

"It is time you put the finishing touches to that effort, and sent it in, since contributions of all kinds close at the end of this month. Two guinea prizes—photograph and literary effort—going begging. The Committee consists of Brian Snowball, Karl Alexander, Norm. Clair and Derek Freeman, with Max Willis attending to club notes, and they require enough contributions to make a funeral pyre."

(Advertisement.)

## THE BUILDING FUND

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## Footballers Pile on Points, Hockey and Basketball go down.

### FOOTBALL.

The first fifteen had an excellent win considering the heavy state of the ground. United offered very little opposition and it was apparent early in the game that the score would be big. However, it is no idle boast to say that the score would have been greater had the individualism been cut out. Only one or two players offended, but it is a team game and these one or two spoil the chances of increasing the score. Burke again shone out among the forwards. He has wonderful control of the ball and he scored a great try, dribbling past the full back and beating that man to the goal-line. His hooking was as good as ever and we consider him one of the best front-row forwards in Wellington to-day. The only thing keeping him out of the reys seems to be the selector. Jackson gave an unimpressive display of a fly-half, while the rest of the forwards work well. Blacker, Cunliffe and Russell were not conspicuous all day, and this is a sure sign of an honest, toiling forward. Eade played a good roving game. Rae was in good form behind the scrum, sending out perfect passes, and varying his play well. Larkin again showed that he has the makings of a solid player. He cut through nicely on occasions to pass in to the forwards, but this "most impossible scheme come true" quite surprised the latter and dropped passes spoiled good movements. For a short while in the second spell he showed a tendency to cut through or kick, but overcame this later. Tricklebank did not have much defending work to do, but he joined in the passing rushes to advantage and finished the day with two tries to his credit. Ek Dahl has a fair turn of speed, but he showed a tendency to hesitate when an opponent came to tackle him. Run hard, Miles, and you'll find no one will get near you. Fitzgerald ran determinedly but could not touch down when over the line: still he is made of the right stuff for a wing. Wild's speed made him a thorn in the flesh of the opposition and he is making a good combination with Reid. Unfortunately there is only one more game for the championship, so we cannot win the division. Still, who knows, we might have the pleasure of the Wellington Club's company next season.

### HOCKEY.

It was unfortunate that the formation of the Senior XI should be disorganised on Saturday when they were drawn to play Karori I, who are at present running a close second to Huia in the competition. As Foster, the most experienced of the three full-backs, was not available, Newcombe was shifted back to take his place. Kean who was promoted from the Senior B's, gave a good account of himself, although the position of fourth half is a very difficult one to fill. The ground at Nae Nae which was heavy and rather bumpy was not favourable for the short passing game, and it was probably Karori's hard hitting which was responsible for Varsity's undoing: Karori fully deserved their win, the

final score 4-2 in their favour being a very fair indication of the play.

The forwards made a better showing than the score would indicate, but when matched against what is probably the strongest defensive combination in Wellington hockey, they found that opportunities were not very often forthcoming. Shaw connected well to put Varsity one in the lead shortly after the commencement of the game. The other goal came from a penalty corner when Robinson put in a hard drive.

In the half-back line, Johnson and Stewart both showed up well. The Senior B's defeated Wesley by a good margin. Training College had another outstanding win (7-1) over Wellington in the Junior competition. Varsity Juniors, who of late seem to have been resting on their laurels, drew with Hutt and have now slipped back to third place. It is little consolation that they have an unbeaten record. After leading in the competition at one stage, they are now almost out of the running, owing to several drawn games which should have been victories.

### NUTSHELL RESULTS

#### FOOTBALL.

Senior v. United, won 53-5.  
Senior B v. Poneke, lost 6-5.  
Junior (1st Div.) v. Wgtn., lost 15-0.  
Junior (2nd Div.) v. Athletic, won 38-3.  
Third (1st Div.) v. Wgtn., lost 23-12.  
Third (2nd Div.) v. Oriental, lost 21-3.  
Fourth v. Poneke, won 7-0.

#### BASKETBALL.

Senior v. Kia Ora, lost 22-12.  
Senior B v. Woolworths, drew 11 all.

#### MEN'S HOCKEY.

Senior v. Karori, lost 4-2.  
Senior B v. Wesley B, won 5-2.  
Junior v. Hutt, drew 3 all.  
Training Coll. v. Wgtn., won 7-1.  
Third A v. Wesley A, lost 4 nil.  
Third B v. Indians, lost 2 nil.  
Third C v. Huia, lost 6-1.

#### BASKETBALL.

After last week's performance, in which the Senior A team showed its true mettle, Varsity's lapse in going down to Kia Ora by 22-12 was most disappointing. (It is interesting to observe that the score for this match in the first round was 16-15). This is, however, but one more manifestation of the fact that a team whose personnel is continually changing cannot hope to assert itself.

The two girls who obliged by filling the blanks so efficiently deserve full credit for their adaptability, and the remaining centre, D. Grainger, played a vigorous game.

The goal third which had not recently been doing itself justice, through faulty combination, showed a marked improvement; but owing to the determined offensive of the opposing team, our forwards did not see their share of the ball. Of the defenders, E. Overton and S. Hefford played their usual

sound game, intercepting well and passing sensibly. The height of their opponents gave them some trouble in the back-line throw-in—a movement which still requires some finish.

The Senior B team, although robbed of two of its players, acquitted itself very creditably in drawing with the leading team of the grade.

The team-work displayed was proof of the value of its members' regularity in attending practices.

The Centre players, although not at first warming to their work, gradually proved themselves equal to their opponents. M. McWilliams was outstanding.

Of the goalies, E. Erwin, who has been showing true form this season, acted as the cohesive force, and was ably supported by J. Osborn, who used her to advantage.

The defenders wrought ruthless havoc on the work of the opposing forwards. M. Lancaster made clever interceptions. Her chief fault lies in her failure, at times, to follow up her interceptions with determined possession of the ball. M. Morton was steady, and effective in her passing.

### HARRIERS.

After a succession of long hilly runs, the Varsity Club followed a comparatively short and less arduous course on Saturday from the Onslow Football Club Gymnasium over the new road to Johnsonville and home again along the old route.

The fast pack merged with the slower men about 200 yards from the Gymn. for a run-in, which resulted in a win for McElroy.

The club was then entertained at afternoon tea by Mr. and Mrs. Cornish of Khandallah, a very fitting climax to a most enjoyable afternoon.

Next Saturday the 61 mile championship race will be held at Lyall Bay.

### ONE-ACT PLAY EVENING

Be There With Bells On

As a departure from the usual three-act production, the Dramatic Club are on Friday the 31st next, presenting a varied and attractive programme of one-act plays. Sacha Guitry's "Villa for Sale," "Mr. Samson," and "Thread of Scarlet," by J. J. Bell have been chosen and the production has been entrusted to Miss Dorothea Tossman and Mr. Ashley-Jones whose work is too well known and appreciated by Varsity audiences to require comment. Carefully selected castes, including many newcomers to the Varsity stage, have been rehearsing for some time and there is every indication that the one-act play evening will be as successful as the previous productions of this year. The evening will conclude with supper and dancing.

Those who missed seeing "Journey's End" should certainly avail themselves of this opportunity of disproving the allegations of apathy which at present are rife in the College.

(Advertisement.)



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