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WELLINGTON, AUGUST 5, 1936.

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Another Good Show

**DOROTHEA TOSSMAN EXCELLENT ON PRODUCTION
—BUT DISAPPOINTING FIRST PLAY**

Despite the disgusting weather on Friday night the Dramatic Club's one-act play evening was reasonably well patronized and it was a satisfied audience which adjourned to the dance floor to await supper. The show opened badly—very badly in our opinion—but two excellently produced and interesting plays succeeded in pulling it out of the fire.

The choice of "Villa for Sale" was not of the best to begin with, but that was not the only shortcoming. An inexperienced cast and slipshod production combined in making it one of the worst exhibitions "Smad" has witnessed on the Gym platform.

In marked contrast were "Mr. Sampson" and "Thread o' Scarlet," where faithful and painstaking attention to detail were rewarded by artistic performances. "Smad" congratulates all concerned.

"Villa For Sale."

The ideal of encouraging inexperienced young players is a commendable one. "Smad" appreciates the efforts of the Club in this direction, but we consider that to put them into a major production is unfair both to them and to the audience. A course in play readings, as was a past practice, is recommended.

The theme of the play is slight, with no action and consists mainly of a series of dialogues. It seemed to us that a more satisfactory effect would have been obtained by speeding up a production which dragged painfully.

Betty Combs as the maid was well cast but did not appear to have sufficient to occupy her during long speeches. Gaston as played by G. Hooper lacked consistency. His wife, Rosamund Drummond, was unfortunately hidden behind a superfluity of hat and seemed a little too insipid for the dominating character in the partnership. Margaret Merlet elocuted rather well but like many elocutionists she soon began to pall. The American film star of Mary Brisco possessed an original nasalisation.

Most of the faults could have been rectified by more exacting production.

"Mr. Sampson."

A delightful performance which held the attention of an appreciative audience from start to finish. The play was good, the production was good, the casting was good, and the acting was excellent.

The simple story of two old maidenly sisters with a fluttering fear of, but a sneaking desire for wedlock is charmingly developed in this whimsical piece. Gossip accuses them of having designs on Mr. Sampson their tenant, for whom they have performed many little domestic kindnesses. When told of this, he remains unruffled and surprises them by suggesting that the idea is an excellent one. His only trouble is that he wasn't born a "heathen Turk"—then he could have married both. The rest of

the play treats the problem of his inability to choose between them and the effect of this novel idea—"Matrimony"—on the two sisters. The playwright achieves a highly satisfactory conclusion by evading a definite solution to the original problem.

It was a difficult play to do, yet the three players seemed perfectly at ease throughout. Their artistic interpretation showed a thorough knowledge of and sympathy with the characters portrayed, besides demonstrating remarkable success in casting. All three worked together in perfect harmony with the result that it was quite impossible to single out any one for praise. Cecil O'Halloran's Caroline, Alverie Walton's Catherine, and N. L. Banks's Mr. Sampson were lovable characters whose humanity and naiveté made boredom impossible. Production by Dorothea Tossman. Congratulations all!!

"Thread o' Scarlet."

Good production and realistic off stage effects were the features of the third play, a drama of terror and mystery. The action is laid in the bar-room of a lovely country inn where three village tradesmen are discussing the hanging of a neighbour (really innocent) that morning. The real murderer, who actually served on the jury which sentenced the innocent man, is present. An atmosphere of suspense, heightened by a raging storm, is maintained to the last dramatic line with which the murderer betrays himself, "Breen you dirty thief, you've been robbing my safe."

That the players succeeded in acting up to the atmosphere of the play is attested to by the dead silence of an intensely interested audience.

Duncan impressed us as the landlord. As tradesmen, McGhie was consistently good, Dowrick perhaps too casual, and Freeman as the real culprit, gave a highly emotional display. Drummond as a storm-bound traveller did what

NUCLEAR PHYSICS

The tremendous strides made in the last four years in the field of Atomic Physics were summarised by Mr. C. N. Watson-Munro and presented to the Maths. and Physics Society on July 28, in a paper entitled "Recent Advances in Nuclear Physics." Beginning with the positron, the lecturer described its discovery and characteristics. He then similarly described the neutron, mentioning particularly the work of Bothe and Becker in Germany, of Curie and Joliot in France, and of Chadwick in England. The purely mathematical conceptions, the neutrino and anti-neutrino were then considered and the dipion, or heavy hydrogen nucleus was described. Artificial radio-activity, and the transmutation of the elements were discussed, and the lecturer then gave a summary of the characteristics of the different particles already described, concluding with an account of the recent work done in the determination of "e."

After a hearty vote of thanks had been accorded the speaker, the meeting adjourned to an excellent supper kindly provided by Mrs. Florance.

GLEE CLUB

Annual General Meeting

The annual general meeting of this club was held on Thursday evening. The President, Dr. Keys, presided over a disappointingly small assembly.

The annual report was adopted and several amendments to the Constitution were carried.

The annual general meeting is now to be held early in the First Term of each year, when it is hoped more support will be given to the Club.

Next year a concert is to be given by the Club; various other suggestions were made for activities during next year and the Club, if it carries these out, will be fully occupied.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year:— Patron, Professor Kirk; President, Dr. A. C. Keys; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. D. Hutchens, J. Withers; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss S. Sanders; Committee, Miss D. Briggs, Messrs. H. Baker, J. Hills, C. Smythe.

was expected of him very efficiently.

Dorothea Tossman's second production. A great piece of work.

To Ian Gow behind stage must go much of the credit for the smooth running of the show. His three settings were all well conceived and executed, while there was no hitch or lack of realism in his effects.

EXCLUSIVE STORY

The Scoop of the Year

Of course you've read his verses in the "Saturday Evening Post." Those whimsical super-rhymes and dam-silly reflections on everything from ducks to Governments. But we'll bet you didn't know he was in New Zealand. It took some time, much beer and a great deal of intimidation, but as you will see below, "Smad" managed to get the great Ogden Nash to give us his experienced views on Mr. Savage's right-hand man, and Mr. Savage's right hand man's fenetical finance.

NASHING OF TEETH.

(To Walter, after Ogden.)

I address these few lines to you, Mr. Nash, in some trepidation and doubt, Because, by the time this appears, your budget will be out; Still, I suppose it won't do any harm to mention my apprehension.

When you assumed Office, I thought that the gifts to be conferred by Mr. Savage,

Yourself, Bob Semple, Paddy Webb, Peter Fraser, Old Uncle Frank Langstone and all would be lavage.

I don't think any large proportion of the nation expected more taxation;

Or, if there was, they thought you would hand it

To those who could stand it— Men like the Kelly gang, with the soul of an adder or Boa.

Who sit in Auckland, a town which I never have liked and grind the face of the poa

I quite expected you, as Minister of Finance,

To kick them in the pance. I dearly hope this Kelly gang can show

Enough posteriors deserving of your toe.

I'd hate to think that I, a humble voter,

Might be roped in to help make up the quota.

For, if you don't go easy with the taxes

I'll soon have neither soles to my shoes nor a seat to my slackses.

LIGHTS OUT

Switch off your Light, o weary man!

I'll say you're going to bed. My room next door has canine ears,

They listen for that squeak. Squeak goes the bed scarce two

shakes from The time that the light went out:

Poor God, forgotten in man's haste To win delightful things!

—M.L.

NEW SPEAKERS' DEBATE

A meeting of the Debating Club was held in Room A2 on Wednesday night last. Apart from the speakers, the crowd consisted of two gentlemen and a "Smad" reporter. (All right, I meant it like that.) The motion—that "the farmer has been for too long the backbone of the country," was ably defended by two stalwart Irishmen, Messrs. McGlynn and Macaskill, and opposed by Misses Dickens and Bullen. Of course, the ladies won, for are not Irishmen noted for their manners? Mr. T. P. McCarthy judged, and the chair was taken by the magnificently massive Master Malcolm Mason (Sorry, Malcolm, but I couldn't resist that alliteration.)

Mr. McGlynn started the ball rolling with a magnificent burst of oratory on the thinking apparatus of politicians. I see in my notes the statement, "secondary industries should be developed and someone else should be allowed to have the financial control of the country." I can't make it out; can you? The first six correct solutions . . . but hush, I dither.

To continue. Miss Bullen gave a lengthy and—I thought—very boring lecture on financial statistics.

Mr. Macaskill in the course of his speech managed with considerable ingenuity to work in Professor Murphy's old gag about the wish bone and the jawbone and all the other little bones. I'm afraid it's too old even to put in "Smad." But the Editor will be delighted to tell you.

Miss Dickens gave a charming little speech on rural amenities and friendships. Truly delightful, though entirely irrelevant.

Mr. Perry in what I considered to be the most convincing speech of the night gave his support to the ladies. From the floor. Mr. McCulloch spoke well and Mr. Desborough managed to work in some blatant advertising for . . . No, I refuse to advertise it any more.

Mr. McCarthy politely congratulated the speakers on the high quality of their speeches. He placed Macaskill first, Perry second and Miss Dickens third.

I thought rather a poor debate.

Fragment From A Trumper

I climbed a peak that pierced the sky,

That scorned a puny town below: Above—eternal space; beneath—an anthill.

Life where is thy sting, when by climbing we can climb still higher:

Surely the troubles of an anthill count but little.

—S.C.



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WELLINGTON, AUGUST 5, 1936.

On Military Service

We feel that we should be failing in our duty to ourselves and our College as a whole if we do not seize this first opportunity of unequivocally repudiating some far from complimentary remarks made by a past president of our Students' Association.

At the annual meeting of the Wellington Branch of the Navy League held last week, the Hon. W. Perry, M.L.C., discussing the Oxford Union resolution that "this house will under no circumstances fight for King and country," said that it had been suggested that the young men concerned would rush to the colours if war broke out—he did not think so. . . . Perhaps these young gentlemen of OUR (the capitals are ours) university here felt like the young gentlemen of Oxford that it was a shame to wear the King's uniform. Perhaps they would rush the front seats at the civic reception to the invader.

We should like to remind the Hon. W. Perry of the passage from the Old Testament, "Am I my brother's keeper?", that the Oxford Union resolution, in the minds of many, is a very vague resolution overlooking as it does the distinction between aggressive and non-aggressive, and Imperialistic and non-Imperialistic, war, that the V.U.C. machine gun platoon was disbanded by Headquarters not for lack of recruits but for its particular convenience and that many V.U.C. students are to-day scattered amongst the ranks of the Wellington Regiment, the Artillery and the Naval Volunteer Reserves.

NUTSHELL KNOWLEDGE

XI.—Evolution.

Some people try to say that science conquered religion in the field of biology last century and has now conquered it in the field of the social sciences. Both statements are false, and of the two the latter is the more dangerous, for more harm is done by the half-baked social sciences than by biology. Scientists are not consistent: they decline to take Genesis literally, but they insist on taking the social teachings of Jesus literally. They should realise that whether or not Genesis is true, Jesus did not intend his views on peace and love to be taken seriously.

Poverty, exploitation and war are sent to try man. Reformers have failed to prove that they are immoral, and the social scientists have failed to prove that they are the inevitable effects of removable institutional causes. However, let us pass on from the social sciences which endeavour to treat man objectively and forget his divine spark.

The dispute about evolution is not yet dead. Haven't you heard Professor Kirk apologise for having to lecture about it? Any sensible clergyman would naturally be most annoyed at the suggestion that animal ancestry is more than a primitive totemic myth, and would naturally launch a furious attack on any such theory.

The churchmen realised that the doctrine of evolution struck right at the root of their teachings, and they attached vast importance to it. But they didn't see the fallacy of it, so they reluctantly conceded point after point until finally all but the fundamentalists came to accept evolution.

Mind you, the churchmen had enough sense to minimise the importance of this apparent defeat. They had sufficient presence of mind to discover (after their apparent defeat) that evolution isn't really at all important, and doesn't affect the subjective glory of the relation between the individual soul and the Almighty.

It's a pity that the priests of last century didn't see the fallacy of evolutionism—it was famous centuries before Darwin. Religion teaches of sudden creation, and thus avoids the pitfall that entraps all who believe that man evolved from the amoeba—which came the first, the chicken or the egg?

And don't you admire the sublime blandness of an egg. You can never tell from its immobile expression whether it's just fresh, or a hard-boiled egg, or a real dinkum bad egg. An egg remains happy because it refuses to think about social injustices. Moral—forget organised injustices.

—“SPECTATOR.”

SALAMANCA

There's a corner of España
Bordering on a Southern sea,
Salamanca de cuando
En cuando dear to me.

Salamanca, Salamanca,
In my exile I can still
Taste your Mediaeval glory
In the Coop on Kelburn Hill.

“Take us back to Salamanca,”
Chirp the chickens gone astray.
There Victoria's wings give
shelter

Till the Night is passed away.

Salamanca, Salamanca,
Tenderly my eyes shall close
In the mirror of Reflection
On you. Gracias a Dios.

—M.L.

GREEN CHEESE

Skiing Trip Memories,
We went for the week-end to
Field's
And we thought that they'd give
us some meals
But they gave us instead
Lots of pieces of bread
And some rice like the slime of
dead eels.

There was a bus driver called
Warner
Whose bus wouldn't go round the
corner
So we walked all the way
But we still had to pay
And I've ne'er seen a party
forlorn.

We tried the toboggan at Kime
And at first we thought it sublime
Until over the bumps

All Art Students will be sorry
to hear that Professor Rankin
Brown has cracked a rib which
will prevent him from taking
lectures for some little time.

We hear that the College Hall
and steps was the scene of quite
a pretty little drama last Friday
evening.

We hear that the Exec. is having
its photograph taken next Wednes-
day week. Directors' fees?

Another Grand-ise.
Ray Perry has been called to
the bar.

News Item.
Woman in Germany who had
twins was congratulated by the
Minister for the Interior.

MORE MADNESS IN MOONLIGHT

to whom it may concern, I, the
most misguided young bachelor of
independent means yet unhooked
by the persistent persuasions of
pursuing, pretty and penniless
pomeranian-trundlers . . . Hal-
lelujah!

a little yearning is a dangerous
thing . . . tell me not sweet I
am unkind . . . when I have
fears that I shall cease to be . . .
Dash, what is the time?

everyone was there, I'll swear
positively every single egg worthy
of keeping company with the best
bacon, was definitely there—at
some stage of the game or fight
or party or whatever it was. Mrs.
whatnot clad in — greeted the
guests spasmodically . . .

come sweet maid and I will all
the pleasures show of meadow,
grove and stream . . . the moon
“and every common sight” . . .
after an arduous siege the poor
laddie capitulated . . . and Good
had once more triumphed over Evil
—the Cad!

FLAT WANTED.

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flat for vacation. Fortnight from
22nd August.

Reply to “Flat,” c/o Editor.

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THE COCKPIT

Surrealism In Art.

Dear "Smad,"

I read with interest your correspondent's views on "This Art Business." Perhaps this may stimulate some much needed discussion on artistic topics in an institution where culture should be a byword.

In support of "A.B.C.'s" letter, permit me to make a few observations along the same lines. It seems fairly clear to me that in these days there is a lot of incomprehensible crudity masquerading as art—not only in painting and sculpture, but also in other branches, such as literature and drama. Obscurity and even obscenity are hailed as virtues. Our own "Spike" and your inoffensive "Smad" have both been tainted by it. (e.g. "Madness in the Moonlight" and most of "P.B.A.'s" stuff.)

But the worst feature is that it is being encouraged. The fault lies, not so much with the artists who think it is art, as with those who applaud them as geniuses. It has always struck me that ignorance and snobbery are at the bottom of all this. People see something which they cannot understand. They don't know what it's meant to be. Rather than admit this they proclaim it "brilliantly clever," "subtle," "stark," "ruggedly beautiful," etc. In reality it is merely glorified ugliness and the sooner art critics and art patrons realise this the better it will be for modern art.

I am, etc.,
X.Y.Z.

Has the Average Student An Opinion About Art?

Dear "Smad,"

The letter which appeared in last week's issue over the initials "A.B.C.," and headed "This Art Business," was a very commendable effort. It is about the first thing I have seen in your "news-paper" that could justify your existence as "an organ of Student Opinion." Hitherto, the only opinions voiced seem to have been on beer and the institutions most suitable for the care of students in their old age. I, for one, would be very grateful to "A.B.C." or others with tendencies towards art criticism for further interesting comments on things that matter.

I am, etc.,
SINJIN.

["Smad" also would like to hear more concerning art subjects. Surely some knowledge and appreciation of culture is a necessary adjunct of university education.]

WISEACRE

Sweet are the stolen waters of heaven,
And the bread that is eaten in secret.
As for the man that absorbeth wisdom,
In his own eyes is he wise.
The fool hath said in his heart,
"Tush! I shall not be ashamed!"
And, when he is reproved,
He laugheth yet the more.
I have laughed away mine anger in my time,
And have said, "Ho, who is so wise a man as I?"
At the going down of the sun' I weep
In the silence of my soul, and hate myself,

EXPERIMENTER

Experimenter—who wills the loosing of the forces
Of earth and water
In an engine's coils of copper,
Whirling past the poles of magnets.

Seated in darkness
And the moving glow
Of blue fire
Trembling
In a tube of glass.
And sparks crashing
In minor thunders
Through the atoms
Of the air.

Seated where power dies
And the dance of atoms
Is light passing
To the ends of space
Where there is not time
Nor man.

—E.F.H.

FILM REVIEW

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town

Once again Frank Capra and Robert Riskin have used their undoubted talents as director and screen writer, to make the unusual adventures of Longfellow Deeds entertainment of the most delightful type. It is difficult to analyse the Riskin-Capra style and to explain its charm, but anyone who has seen "It Happened One Night," which won for them numerous screen awards, will know what to expect.

The farewell of Deeds to Mandrake Falls, his home town, when he plays the tuba in the town band at his own send-off, and especially the court scene when Deeds finally speaks his part, and accuses the judge of being an "o-filler" when thinking, are examples of their particular brand of humour—a type which is eminently suited to the screen.

The film is adapted from a story by Clarence Buddington Kelland and is a rather bitter satire on big-city life, which is shown in anything but favourable light. The production of the film is sound in all respects, the acting being good, and the direction and photography well nigh perfect, and any further efforts by this directorial combination will be awaited with pleasure. Mr. Deeds is recommended to all those who enjoy a good laugh, plus a worthwhile modern story.

CHARACTER STUDY

(With thanks to THE CRITIC.)

The well-known Dr. Jekyll
Had something bad to Hyde,
And most of us, at times, it seems,
Have our unseemly side.
When next you meet a shepherd
Though he wears an honest look,
Possibly you'll find him
Working with a crook.
There are many more examples,
It's truly paradox
That a man who loves his wife and kids
Will sell you phoney stocks.
There's Whisky Joe the woodsman,
An old man, but still good,
They call him "Whisky" 'cause he's aged
For years in the wood.
It's known he drinks and beats his wife

Having wronged society; and, when done,
I build again my house of 'many-coloured glass.'

—M.L.

NAPLES

Having in recent months been one of the centres of activity in the conflict by which Italy seeks to further the civilisation of the blacks—or the blackening of civilisation—Naples is once more a city of topical importance.

At the time of my visit—October 1935—most of the troops had left for Abyssinia, but military activity was still very much in evidence. One of the observations that was driven home immediately on arrival was that to be anybody in Naples it was apparently necessary to wear a uniform. These uniforms ranged from the fairly utilitarian "Blackshirt" to creations of a nature only conceivable by the Latins. Red and gold braid are very popular but apparently convey little. Several gentlemen, for example, were attired in navy blue uniforms resplendent with yards of red and gold braid and numerous tassels, the whole surmounted by a three-cornered hat decorated with a multi-hued cockade. On enquiry, I learned that this was the uniform of a body of honorary police—and not of an admiral or field marshal as I had supposed.

The middle and upper class residential and business areas were picturesque and interesting. More interesting but less picturesque were the conditions under which the majority of the population appeared to live. In an atmosphere of garlic and filth the average Neapolitan seems to eke out an existence making and consuming macaroni.

Perhaps the prevailing trouble had something to do with it, but of organised industry there appeared to be very little. That the country generally was in a bad way economically there can be no doubt. Italian money would buy nothing. I personally exchanged a sum of money into Italian lira at 60 L. to the pound sterling, but discovered that the taxis, etc., all wanted to be paid in English money. On my return to the wharf bank to convert my liras back into sterling, I discovered that they would only do so at the rate of 110 lira to the pound. Apparently the real value of Italian money was much less than the official bank rate and quite a healthy currency smuggling business was in operation. Any protest at this treatment was received with a shrug of the shoulders and the illuminating reply, "Sanctions, Signor!"

For tourists going ashore in Naples, the most essential accompaniment is a good supply of cigarettes. By heavy taxation, the cost of smoking has been made prohibitive in Italy, and the visitor who goes ashore with a hundred cigarettes can travel where he will, buy what he wants and bribe the police or other officials should he get into difficulties.

Viewed from afar Naples with its beautiful bay, Pompeii, Vesuvius and the Isle of Capri presents a spectacle which has long provided sterling subject matter for the artistic fraternity but, like many similar spectacles closer examination does not tend to enhance the beauty.

His exploits need no teller,
Yet everyone who's seen him work
Says he's a darn good feller.

—WOT.

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Representative Honours.

Victoria Being Overlooked?

During the past week, two senior Wellington representative teams have been chosen for which, apparently, no Varsity player was thought worthy of consideration. The two clubs concerned are the Football and Men's Hockey, both of which contain players who, in our opinion, would be an asset in any representative team. Selectors seem to be picking men, not so much on their merits as on the position of their respective teams in the competition, and unfairly penalising outstanding players on that account.

FOOTBALL.

From what "Smad" can learn, so long as the First Fifteen plays in the Second Division, its players will not be considered for representative honours. The Club has been striving for some years to regain its former status in local Rugby, and has been lucky in so far as its players have placed the success of the club before personal success. Now that the selector will not consider any Varsity players, the position becomes serious. This season we have Burke and Parsons, two former Canterbury reps, playing for V.U.C. and they are not even to be considered. The former is as good a front row forward as any in Wellington to-day, and that includes the Petone All Black, while, on merit, the latter is the equal of any other five-eighths. What is the future of these two? Will they be persistently overlooked as has been Rae since his arrival from Otago? When in Dunedin, Rae's understudy was Simon, good enough for the South Island team, yet Rae cannot get a place in the Second Division rep. team. What a wealth of football talent there must be in Wellington.

In the Second Division rep. team, too, we have had a raw deal. How the United half-back could displace Rae is beyond comprehension. Eade was undoubtedly the best loose forward in the grade, yet he was not considered. It is time the Football Club did something to help the players who have stood loyally by it in its time of need. The Rugby Union always say they hope Varsity will soon be back in the A grade, but for practical purposes the statement seems to lack sincerity. The matter urgently needs clarifying. The delegate to the Union might ascertain whether the selector is going to continue overlooking Second Division teams. It is scandalous that these young players should be penalised through loyalty to the Club, especially as they have as good a football future as many of the reps. It is enough to break the spirit of any young player. Varsity usually appeals in vain to the authorities on any point which would help it along and one often wonders whether it would not get a more sympathetic hearing and better football in another code.

MEN'S HOCKEY.

We admit quite frankly that the mode of selection adopted with regard to the Senior Hockey reps. baffles us completely. There are seven teams in the competition from three of whom the rep. team was drawn—seven players from one, four from another, and one from the third. That one team, which has been defeated once and

held to a draw, should possess seven members of rep. standard and four of its opponents none, seems rather ridiculous.

Although the First Eleven is still lying fifth in the Senior competition it is always a formidable combination and can hold its own against any team in the competition. Surely some of its players are worthy of rep. honours! We think so. Having won the Seddon Stick, it is virtually the champion University hockey team of New Zealand. Its brother clubs get members into their rep. teams, but V.U.C. does not. Again, we had two members in the N.Z.U. team which met and defeated the Wellington representatives on the King's Birthday.

The position is absurd and some revision of selection methods is obviously necessary.

HARRIERS.

As regards weather conditions, the Harrier Club has been particularly unfortunate in its choice of days for the Club Championship races since the inauguration of that event in 1932. Those who remember the storm of 1932 and the epic struggle in the Inter-College championship over the same course in 1934, can assert that those who competed on Saturday are at least as valiant as those of the past. A bitterly cold southerly converted the 61 mile course at Lyall Bay into a sheer test of endurance. Once again the height of the sea prevented running on the beach, so the road was followed from the bathing sheds around Moa Point to the foot of Vosseller Hill. At the top a turn to the right led into a valley and a slippery descent to Strathmore Park. The homeward course included Monorgan Road, the golf links and a final tussle with the wind on the beach road.

Illness in recent weeks prevented several runners, including Bagnall and Horsley, from competing. When, therefore, Cairns established an early lead, he was never seriously challenged, although it is possible that Scrymgeour, in second place when he retired at Monorgan Road with a bad ankle, may have been very close at the finish. Cairns's time was 41 min. 13 secs., followed by Price, 44 min. 25 secs., and Viggers, 46 min. 10 secs.

Cairns's win makes him club champion for 1936, the title being decided over a series of club races.

The result of the handicap race was:—A. Stewart, 1; McLean, 2; and Miller, 3.

At present the personnel of the teams for the Provincial Championship and the Inter-College event is not certain.

It is hoped, however, to take two teams to Masterton for the Pro-

vincial event, while for the Auckland race (to be held over the Avondale course on August 22nd), the following are asked to train:—Cairns, Bagnall, Horsley, Scrymgeour, Porter, Farquhar, Miller, Viggers.

The Big Hand:

As we go to press we learn that N.Z.U. Rugby blues have been awarded to Messrs. Bourke, Parsons and Tricklebank. Confirmation of their eligibility has yet to be obtained, but we understand this will be quite in order. "Smad" extends to them its heartiest congratulations. They earned their honours.

"The man who marries a second time doesn't deserve to have lost his first wife."—Anon.

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