

Write for
SMAD
Can't you

SMAD

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

Tournament
two weeks
off - what are
you doing?

Vol. VIII, No. 2.

WELLINGTON, MARCH 10th, 1937.

Price: Threepence.

We welcome freshers with song and dance and President H. R. C. Wild harangues them

An atmosphere of carefree enjoyment, a crowded dance floor, and a pervading spirit of informality were features of what must have been the most successful Freshers' Welcome staged in the Gym for several years. Definitely everyone who was anyone at V.U.C. was there, and very pleasing was the number of freshers who accepted the College's open invitation to be in and enjoy themselves. The sing-song gave the proceedings an excellent start and Dick Wild somehow managed to make a speech which was not quite the same as the grandfather cum parson effusions which usually mark this occasion. As for the Dance itself—well, the orchestra was good, and in a happy crowd there was lots of fun if not much good dancing.

"Smad" arrived up at the Dance (a few minutes late for which we apologise to our readers) to find Dick Simpson with delightful spontaneity and care-free abandon leading the freshers, freshettes, and others in a series of songs which were somehow vaguely familiar. Extrav. and Dramatic Club "hits" during the past four years or so, and also some of the old, old songs which were in vogue when time and V.U.C. began were rendered lustily by those present, and they were not a few. The spirit of revelry seemed in the air, and even hardened old men such as Scotney, Tahwi, and Aimers, could be seen (and heard) piping merrily like cherubic choir boys. Dick Hutchens (at the piano) and Derek Christensen lent Dick Simpson excellent support. Professor Miles was observed sitting coily in the front seat, and seemed to have some difficulty in restraining himself from leaping to his feet, throwing his hat in the air, and leading the singing himself. Other Profs. may have been at the sing-song, but despite straining and twisting to the extent of a badly ricked neck, "Smad" was unable to single them out in the crowd.

The last of the songs gradually came to an end, the voices died down, and quiet reigned. A sound of footsteps, a roar of V.U.C. applause and President Wild was observed upon the platform. As the great man poised himself gracefully upon the edge of the platform, a hush fell upon the gathering such as precedes the opening of a violin solo by Kreisler—for the President was about to talk to his flock. Freshers and freshettes gazed in awe and wonder at the Varsity Premier, their subconscious minds no doubt vaguely reciting: "This is the happy warrior this is he."

That every man in arms would wish to be."

Mr. Wild, with paternal, nay, almost maternal kindness, proceeded to give a few words of advice to the freshers. They were told that they would find their contact with the Prof. Board somewhat different from their relationship with the staff of their schools. They should take an active part in life here and do their very best to assist with Capping, "Smad," and

Tournament. We were told that the Students' Association consisted of more than the dozen hacks who occupied the Executive Room. McCaskell, Scotney & Co. rendered Mr. Wild invaluable aid in this address, filling in stray blanks, supplying the word both appropriate and inappropriate when required, and, crowning glory, inserting the necessary punctuation marks when required.

The Dance upstairs went with a kick, and everyone mingled and had a jolly good time. The College Staff were all invited, but only Professors Kirk, Hunter, Gordon, Miles, Dr. Keys, Mr. Campbell and Miss Reid appeared (we apologise for any omissions). About 11 o'clock the usual set of scroungers (God bless 'em, but we won't) entered free of charge and took their share of all the food and fun going. Executive members solemnly discussed all V.U.C.'s problems with the members of the Prof. Board present (was the Building Fund one of these, we wonder?) or bustled busily around the supper room. Messrs. Wild and Marks were seen together in a corner, presumably discussing the latter's scheme for reforming the New Zealand and world Universities. Although "Smad" kept its "weather eye" well cocked, no sign could we see of that seemingly sine qua non of our dances, the dear old Commissionaire. And "Smad" went home very tired but happy.

DESIRED

Reporters for "Smad"

It doesn't matter who or what you are. A reporter is no different from ordinary people and you can easily become one by making up your mind to do so. Do not imagine that you lack the necessary literary ability. You've got it, all right. If you haven't, I doubt whether you would have passed Matric. Besides, your work will be mapped out for you and, if necessary, improved upon by the Editorial Staff.

When you have decided, leave a note in the rack for "Chief Reporter, 'Smad.'"

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB.

The Rifle Club has had quite a busy time during the long vacation, in spite of the reduction in the Club's free ammunition grants and the increase in markers' wages, factors which have necessitated a 50% increase in the selling price of ammunition.

On January 23rd a team was entered for the N. Frank Albert Trophy Match, an annual competition open to teams representing the Universities and University Colleges of Australia and New Zealand. The match consisted in 10 shots application at each of the ranges 300 yards, 400 yards, 500 yards, and 600 yards, and aperture sights and slings were used. Bissley bulls'-eyes were employed (7½ in. dia. at the two shorter ranges, and 15 in. at the longer) and provided a harder test than the National Championship, in which corresponding dimensions would have been 9 in. and 18 in. We know something of previous Australian performances in this match, and realise that the standard of shooting over there is very high. Consequently, our score is unlikely to prove a winner, but in view of our rotten climate, V.U.C.'s effort was most creditable. Scores must not be made public meantime, since the match may be fired at any time up to July 31st in any year, and it doesn't pay to give away information, but the following were the team in order of performance:—T. R. C. Muir, G. T. Ryan, J. B. C. Taylor, A. A. Gawith, C. J. Gates, D. H. K. Ross, H. T. G. Olive, T. J. Mulvey.

On February 6th the Club entered a team for the Union Shield (Junior Grade) Match against teams representing other Clubs affiliated to the Wellington Rifle Association. The match consisted of 7 shots application at each of the ranges 300 yards, 500 yards, and 600 yards, and aperture sights were used. Five teams entered, with the following aggregate scores:—Petone (A) 733; Karori 707; Old Navals 706; University 700; Petone (B) 693.

Details of V.U.C.'s score are as follows:—

Name	300 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Ttl.
Gates, C. J.	30	31	32	93
Ross, D. H. K.	32	29	32	93
Ryan, G. T.	27	34	31	92
Taylor, J. B. C.	29	29	30	88
Muir, T. R. C.	27	30	30	87
Greig, B. D. A.	26	31	26	83
Mulvey, T. J.	28	27	27	82
Olive, H. T. G.	30	30	22	82
	229	241	230	700

V.U.C. is certainly on the upgrade in aperture-shooting, for last year year her team came seventh out of seven, while in the previous year (1935) she was unable even to scratch a team together.

The next event on the programme is the Tournament (Haslam Shield) Match, in which V.U.C. is scheduled to fire on March 13th, weather permitting. There is not a positive embarrassment of talent offering, and it is unlikely that the number of men entered will reach the full twelve permitted. It is unfortunate that last year's Club Champion, Ryan, is ineligible for Tournament this year, and nothing definite has been heard of any likely Massey candidates. However, there are one or two newcomers of promise, and V.U.C. should be able to give a good account of herself in the application practices at least.

A BALLAD FOR T.C.

With what Joy they take Stock of our ranks
To add worldly poise to their country flanks,
Though taking a Bullen a cow or two
They offset this with a "Canty" Blue.
They've bagged a Grad. in P.M.P.,
And an Independent in Nan McGhie.
There is one who has lived his hour as "Mayor."
Another who swears in French is tiers.
Ivan idea the Hills may not know
Why they went or where they'll go.
Puns are bad but . . .
We'll igNora McLaren who quit V.U.C.
To shoulder the label of being "T.C."

—B.S.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The First Show.

Friday, 19th, will be a night crammed full of enjoyment, one-act plays, and dancing. Keep it on your list. Make your dates for it. It simply must not be missed. The V.U.C. Dramatic Club will present **Weatherwise**—Noel Coward.
Wurzel-flummery—A. A. Milne.
And a Comedy—A satire on war. Something really startling.
Remember last year's success and don't forget the 19th!
[Advt.]

COMING EVENTS

To-night.—At 8 p.m. in the Winter Show Building is being held the College Boxing Tourney. Thrills Guaranteed!

Thursday, 11th.—Annual Meeting of the Debating Society. Show your interest in this Club by going along and becoming acquainted with its workings.

Friday, 12th.—Training College Freshers' Welcome Dance.

Wednesday, 17th.—Special General meeting of Students' Association. Everyone should attend this.

Friday, 19th.—Dramatic Club's Show—a good night is assured.

SOCIALITIES

Belle Scandal at the Ball—Freshers Given the Once-Over

Belle Scandal—our Social Chat Columnist was at the Ball on Friday night, gathering sparkling dewdrops of news from other people's conversations and being generally scintillating in her effort to gather them.

She heard Nora McLaren being asked if she were a fresher!

She listened in to two young things discussing the "Floor," the "Music," the "Crowd," and the "Supper," and was impressed by their originality of topics.

She discovered, too, that to be in you must learn your cues for the latest gag which goes somewhat like this:—

He: You're dizzy—(said admiringly).

She: I know I am—(giggles down on his chest).

He: (An encouraging smile.)

She: I like being dizzy; I'm glad I'm dizzy.

He: Go ON.

She: Boys like dizzy girls—(snuggles and says very confidently with an upward glance from languid eyes) and I like Boys!

—And Belle warns all Bright Young Things to be quick on the uptake as soon as they hear a whisper of "Dizzy."

She dropped a pearl about a Pat Mac someone who sang in a voice like John Keats that little snatch of song—"In her eyes there was moonlight and a rose in her hair."—He ought to have known, anyway.

Her sympathies were aroused when she saw a mournful fellow wearing a species of daisy that is known to grow only in the cemetery. She was actively commiserating with him in his bereavement but was astonished to find that his brand of daisy had a peculiarly reminiscent smell—or was it the daisy?

She reports having caught the repercussions of a PUN from the stage corner from one, Jack Aimers to please! And telling us of that reminded her of a new Knock! Knock! It goes thus:

Knock! Knock! "Who's there?"
"S'Aimers." "S'Aimers Who?"
"S'Aimers it always used to be!"

She recovered in time to hear that a petite lass has come Justine time to save a big fellow with a dark forelock from going to the Dogs, also that one of our Disillusioned Youths has a most attractive young sister but beware!—she is not Fyee to any man.

This is the last staggering pun—Can you take it? A tramping fellow was looking soulful and not dancing. Someone asked why, whereupon an unmentionable said, "He can't—he has Scot-knee trouble."

(Of course you can't—neither could she!)



Cheap Travel by Train

CONCESSIONS TO STUDENTS:

The Railway Department has a special thought for Varsity Students. It makes very convenient arrangements for parties of them travelling together for Sport or other outings.

PARTIES OF NOT LESS THAN SIX MAY EITHER—

- (1) TRAVEL FIRST CLASS—
Single at Second Class ordinary fare.
Return at Second Class holiday excursion fare.
- or (2) TRAVEL SECOND CLASS—
Single at three-fourths of the ordinary Second Class fare.
Return at three-fourths of the holiday excursion Second Class fare.

(The Minimum Charge per Adult Passenger is 2/-.)
Certificates authorising these concessions may be obtained upon reasonable notice, from any District Manager, Stationmaster, or Business Agent.

THE WELLINGTON BREAD CO.

CORNER HERBERT AND DIXON STREETS.

All Classes of Quality Bread.
Sliced Bread for Parties, Picnics, Etc.

FOR SERVICE Phone 52-693

K. L. READ LTD.

FIRST QUALITY BUTCHERS.

56 Courtenay Place :: 86 Upland Rd., Kelburn.

For Best Service and Economy, ring our only Phone:
No. 52-036.

WE DELIVER FREE!

BUY YOUR GRADUATE GOWNS

... from ...

HALLENSTEIN BROS., LTD.

GOWNS, HOODS, and TRENCHERS for B.A., M.A., LL.B., B.Sc.,
M.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., and M.D.

Strictly in accordance with official regulations and best quality
material at reasonable prices.

PLEASE NOTE!—We have been appointed Sole Suppliers of The
Victoria University Students' Association and Weir House BLAZERS.

Hallenstein Bros. Ltd.

276-278 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

TEA is good for the brain—
Buy the BEST!

WARDELL'S

PRICES—2/2, 2/4, 2/8, 2/10

On a Theme: Action

In last week's issue we addressed ourselves to "freshers" in an endeavour to impress upon them the urgent need there is for them to sit up and take an interest in all branches of student activity at V.U.C. Our remarks in that direction need not have applied only to these newcomers. There are certain fields up here from which they are barred by virtue of their minority. To last year's freshers and older students, therefore, we now issue what we should like to be more than an appeal—rather, perhaps, a challenge.

There are, in the immediate future two events in the life of the College which are of such importance as to command the interest of everyone. The first is the Annual Meeting of the Students' Association which has as its purpose such vital matters as a proposal to increase the Stud. Ass. fee and amendments to the constitution. All of you have been here for more than a year now. You know how the Students' Association is run and why. You will also, if you're worth a tin of fish, have formulated ideas of your own on the subject. Now, the right place to air these opinions is at the General Meeting. We know all about the common-room criticism of the Executive and other administrative bodies, but the correct and most effective place to criticize is at a full meeting of the Student body. And why not make it a full meeting? If we remember rightly, the last general meeting was attended by about one hundred students—think of it, about a seventh or less of the College—a damned disgraceful state of affairs. It is your duty—in your own interest—to be there. Usually the only people who go are those who want something, and you let them get away with it in "packed" meetings. It is high time such a situation was remedied.

The second event of major importance, is the inter-University Colleges' Tournament to be held during Easter, this year at Christchurch. Admittedly, the number of people who can represent the College and do their bit in actual combat, so to speak, is limited. But there are many more—and there should be—who are required to guarantee the success of the team. There should be little need to emphasise the necessity for people with the requisite ability to get into training and fill the gaps in our team, but we are afraid that even this needs to be brought home rather more forcibly to some. But then, the whole College can do something in this business. If everyone were to get a Tournament complex—take a lively interest in the whole show, work up some kind of enthusiasm about our hopes—it would be a very real source of encouragement and inspiration to our representatives, and we'd jolly soon lose those cursed "Wooden Spoons." As it is, we know for a fact, that there are people in this College who, in the past, have not been interested enough to ascertain the result of one Tournament event. The psychological effect of knowing that the College wanted them to win would be a great incentive to any team, we feel sure. Well, you have just over two weeks to do something about it. Remember, supporters travelling to Christchurch would be very welcome—and you could do worse than spend your Easter holidays by the Avon, anyway.

What are You Doing?

Freshers, you have now been a week at Victoria. What have you done to justify your presence among us? You doubtless have seen senior students in various types of somnolent positions adorning the less conspicuous parts of corridors and common-rooms. This is apathy. Many couple this with somnambulism as being the two most popular factors in varsity life.

Out! Away with it! Such is impossible for you innocents just issuing in the bloom of aspiring youth from distant rustic solitudes. Moreover it takes much practice. Ambitious youngsters should be capable of something besides emulating the example of a few of their worn-out predecessors.

Freshers! Have you joined any clubs? There are some to suit every taste—and to spare. The Dramatic Club for Greta and Clark. Unless, of course, mother says No!

Have you given £5 to the Building Fund? If not, remedy the matter, for in the observance of this immemorial custom, lies the only sure road to our hearts. Freshettes please note and apply at once to the editors.

Again, have you subscribed to "Smad." No genuine V.U.C.-ite is complete without it. Only by a careful perusal of its pages can a student hope to attain and maintain that high moral and mental rectitude so characteristic of varsity life. In case you have forgotten it, V.U.C. is a lofty pinnacle arising from a sea of iniquity and slime.

Moreover it should be the wholehearted ambition of every self-respecting student to have an article published in "Smad." All contributions are welcome. Who knows what embryo genius will be uncovered, newly sprung from Little-Hole-in-the-Mud. No matter how badly you think of your own effort leave it in the rack for "Smad" and let us judge.

Freshers! Don't be backward! Cast out all thought of apathy, bashfulness and rusticity. Enter wholeheartedly into the ceaseless whirl of student life at Victoria. It's your only chance of ever responding to the glamour of youth. Surely everyone among you wants a few escapades to regret at leisure in secret when the springtime of life has escaped from your despairing clutch.

CONVERSATION PIECES

True Stories:

Old Student (very old): "And what am I supposed to say—'What are you doing here?'"

Freshette (very fresh): "Oh! you should know best, shouldn't you?"

S.C.M. Addict: "The Israelites descended from Ham."

Intellectual: "Are you propounding a new theory of evolution?"

Freshers' Welcome Memories.

Dick Wild assuring us that he was not going to preach a sermon because we looked less like a church congregation than anything else he'd ever seen. What did he mean by it and how did he know, anyway?

The interjector who, on hearing that there was in the Calendar a list of the College Council remarked that they had a strong list to port. Would he mind informing us, in strict confidence of course, of the particular brand, as it has always been a source of wonder to us how this body keeps itself alive.

Danger!

Bob Semple is reported as saying that if he were a dictator the first thing he would wield his power on would be the press.

No hope, moaners! He wouldn't touch "Smad."

CORRESPONDENCE

We Are Criticised

Dear "Smad,"—

Why on earth all this exuberance over freshers? It's wasted. They'll be getting swelled heads. Year after year I have witnessed different editors going into the same paroxysms of the same welcome to newcomers. Is it an elephantine attempt to make them feel at home, or is it merely to fill up a great superabundance of space. If the first is true, not many need it. If it is the second, the Editor should know what to do about it.

Freshers may be quite O.K., some of them undoubtedly are, but as a general topic on which to hang your first issues . . . Don't you think it's being rather hard on us old timers?

Admittedly we have our transitory interests in freshers—the solitary flower, wasting its sweetness, the desert air and all that sort of thing. Still why the blazes all the fuss? Who wants to make a fuss about it anyway? For heaven's sake give us something we can enjoy.

Yours etc.,

FED UP.

[Edit.—We saw him at the Freshers' Dance looking lonely and dejected. We just wonder . . .]

Purity and Simplicity Don't Mix

Dear "Smad,"—

In his paternal remarks in your last issue, Mr. Wild referred to the full-time students as "students pure and simple." "On behalf of a large body of full-time students I should like to thank Mr. Wild for his unsolicited vindication of our purity, but to deny his charge of simplicity. I have no authority to speak on behalf of the women full-time students, but presumably the opposite is the case for them.

I am, etc.,

DONALD CURRIE.

[Edit. . . pure and simple . . .]

Politicians

A Primate and a Prince

"I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak . . ." " . . . and he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me—a happy home with his wife and children. . . ."

Those who heard it will never forget Edward's farewell broadcast from Windsor Castle on December 11, 1936. Three months have flown by since then—months fraught with enquiry. What is the truth about the abdication? Many are satisfied with the Simpson story splashed in the daily papers. Many more, with a peculiar distaste for the daily news, feel that the guff they read in the dailies was not even half the truth. As it has been said, more than once, "Mrs. Simpson was the occasion, not the cause." Then, on February 16th, 1937, by the grace of a monopoly-holder, the English magazines of December, 1936, came to hand. From "Cavalcade" (Dec. 12th), "the accurate, brisk, complete news-magazine" came the history of the events relating to the abdication. "Cavalcade," be it said, claims in Edward a "careful and regular reader" and in the then Duke of York and in the Duke of Kent "personal subscribers."

And so we began to see new light on the affair. In a paragraph headed "The Real History of the Crisis," "Cavalcade" included:—

"Cavalcade November 14—King Edward says he will tour the Empire in face of all opposition.

Cavalcade November 28—Has Malcolm Stewart brought to him on South Wales question without consulting the Cabinet.

Cavalcade November 28 — Aristocrats alarmed at limits of King's constitutional rights. 'He could disband Parliament, marry a commoner and raise her to royal status.'

We read, too, in the "Daily Mirror" of Edward's welcome in the distressed areas of South Wales; of his promise to help, and of the subsequent disturbance in the Cabinet. Do you think it was only Mrs. Simpson? Then came the Primate's shameful attack on the abdicated monarch . . . "Even more strange and sad it is, that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage, and with a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people" . . . The head of the Church of England displayed a lively Christian charity. The politico-gaiter party continued. Hypocrisy and lies took charge. It must have been pleasing to atheists and agnostics to witness bishops and politicians spouting speeches on morality. A King wished to marry a woman he loved. Oh no, not they. Every King except George V. could have a mistress if he liked and the church would bless a loveless contract with a foreign princess. But when a King wishes to marry the woman of his own choice the Church boggles. Why? It must have been known that if Edward now marries Mrs. Simpson she will be H.R.H. the Duchess of Windsor, and that they will rank in the peerage after the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Why the crisis? Ask Baldwin!

Or better still, read H.G. Wells' article where, inter alia, he says: "I have never yet heard one single word or suggestion that she (Mrs. Simpson) was anything but a perfectly honourable, highly intelligent and charmingly mannered woman" . . . For once Wells and Shaw agreed. Read an extract from Shaw's pungent fiction, "The King, The Constitution and The Lady: Another Fictitious Dialogue" . . . "For the new king, though just turned 40, was unmarried; and now that he was a king he wanted to settle down and set a good example to his people by becoming a family man. He needed a gentle, soothing sort of wife, because his nerves were very sensitive and the conversation of his ministers was often very irritating. As it happened, he knew a lady who had just those qualities. Her name, as well as I can remember it, was Mrs. Daisy Bell, and as she was an American she had been married twice before and was, therefore, likely to make an excellent wife for a king who had never been married at all. All this seemed natural and proper; but in the country of the Half Mad you never could count on anything going off quietly. The Government, for instance, would let whole districts fall into ruin and destitution without turning a hair . . ."

But, backed by the politicians, Baldwin & Co., by the "Times," and by the Archbishop and his minions, the Thing continued. The birds of a feather flocked together. The old brigade of professional politicians and meddling prelates found a 'crisis' out of a situation which was as plain, decent and clear-cut as any. Why? Edward—The Smiling Prince. Edward—The Empire's No. 1 Salesman. Edward—fawned on and adulated. Edward—SACKED. WHY? . . .

Space will not permit a full enquiry in this skeleton sketch. Once again H.G.W. must be quoted to sum the matter up as concisely as possible. . . . "Authorities do not like him. People in privileged positions shiver slightly at the report of him. He flies about in airplanes, arrives unexpectedly and looks into things . . . he is unconventional, he is unceremonious, he is unceremonious, he asks the most disconcerting questions about social conditions . . ."

Edward - who - would - have - been - greater - still was no mere figure-head. He was a menace to conservatism, to wowerism, to reaction and to decay. He displayed his usual tact and consideration last December and to avoid strife left. The Politician and the Primate remain. But the honours and honour remain with the Prince. —J.N.S.

"SMAD" Articles Wanted

We are an organ of Student opinion. Help us prove it. Air your views in the correspondence column. Again, you may give rein to your literary aspirations. Do something about it.

All articles must be accompanied by the name of the contributor, though only a pseudonym will be published if so desired.

Leave contributions in the rack not later than Thursday, for the next issue.

WELL-COME! DEAR FRESH-ERRS

The small dogs gaze at the big dogs with probing puppy eyes, marvelling at the inexplicable correlations of the adult mind.

And the big dogs sniffing proudly round the "portals" of their alma mater (incomparable amongst all the best kennels) take pity and smile upon the small dogs, speaking blandly of "progress," "pleasantness" and "a stay entirely successful."

Tableau — "several hundred young people on the threshold of a new life."

Great Zeus must we ever suffer the colossal exuberance of editors?

But come Cassandra, tell us, what manner of life shall these young pilgrims lead?

Most shall rut-like run their way towards the agglutinous satieties of the gignamity.

A few, through glandular deficiencies, shall grow rebellious, and vent the fury of their pent-up spleens upon the evils of the status quo. But even these shall surrender in the failing days.

Some shall fall horribly in love and "see Cleopatra staring insatiably at her image in their eyes, and her the repercussions of Helen's first kiss behind the sucking tongue of any kind sweet drab."

And some shall load their souls with ponderous beatitudes and sigh of "love and Jesus," striving ever to save the irreparably lost.

A host shall shuffle out long hours on dance floors finding true redemption in the refined titillations of communal embracing.

And all this vast courageous band shall worship out their lives fawning at the altar of the "bitch-goddess SUCCESS." To her be homage evermore with bodies and brains, with hearts and hands and voices.

And so the small dogs gaze at the big dogs with their probing puppy eyes, and the big dogs sniffing through the halls speak blandly of progress, of success, as if these were the only means of gratifying humanity—poor dogs. —J.D.F.

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

This woman's husband is fat
And he sweats out of every pore,
But his money has made her an elegant rat
And has opened society's door.
That woman married a stout
But she wears a chinchilla fur,
For the money he makes on the tote,
He cunningly spends on her.

This woman's husband is rich
But he also gets drunk on beer
So her drawing-room smile is sly
That it hides her bourgeois fear.

Those women all cherish a pact
With lizards who sneer at a wife,
But each of these women in fact,
Has a husband to darken her life.
—E.M.B.

THE NECKLACE OF COMMERCE

A string of glass-bead days that lacks a single pearl
—A single gleaming pearl of peace within this brittle whirl.

Bright, brittle beads of days with empty prattling talk
And habit piercing through the talk as phantom sal'ried armies stalk.

Oh sabre-haunted days of habit-driven men!
Oh starved worthless men who stolid sit and scratch a pen!
—Oh shattered glass-bead days if ever habit breaks!
—E.M.B.

AUTOMATIC GAS HOT WATER

will put your home on a real comfort basis!

How does the hot water act in YOUR house? Is it hot one hour and cool (or just plain cold) the next? Do you have to fuss with the heater—wait on it—wait for it—coax it? Why not get a modern Automatic Gas Water Heater that will give you all the hot water you want at any time, day or night? You'll save money! Automatic Gas Water Heaters cost less to run than systems which create work and only do half a job.

SPECIAL LOW GAS RATES.

Not only can you have a Gas Water Heater on the easiest of terms, but the gas you use for it will be charged at a special low rate.

WELLINGTON GAS COMPANY LIMITED

64 Courtenay Place. Phone 55-100.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SCHOOL

MASONIC CHAMBERS

University Entrance Examination (Matriculation).
Arts and Science Degree Subjects.
Educational Courses in Literature and Languages.
Engineering—Preliminary and Associate Membership
Examinations of the British Engineering Institutions, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, or Structural.
WHOLE-DAY, PART-TIME, OR EVENING COURSES.
INDIVIDUAL SUBJECTS.

G. W. von Zedlitz, M.A.
PRINCIPAL.

Telephone 44-651. Telephone 44-651.

CROWN STUDIO

Crown Buildings, Cuba Street

THE LARGEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE STUDIO IN NEW ZEALAND
Special Concessions to Graduates

VARSITY PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR YEARS

Cricket, Tennis, Boxing, Athletics.

Good Win for Cricket XI - Tennis Successes

ATHLETICS.

The season's athletics in Wellington are drawing to a close, and for Varsity, to the climax of *Tournament*. The Club is well on with preparations for the trip to Christchurch, but is still sadly lacking in field events men, and there are several places in the team yet to be filled.

The club has been taking its place in the local inter-club athletic competitions, and gained second place in the points competition for the McVilly Shield held in conjunction with the Provincial Championships. Thus we have come second in each of the two interclub competitions held in Wellington this season. This is quite satisfactory in view of the Club's small active membership, but a university college club should be the largest and strongest club in any district—that is by no means the position of this club, owing to the apathy and lack of interest of the large majority of students, most of whom would derive considerable benefit and enjoyment from active participation in the club's activities.

Varsity's success at the Provincial Championships was due to H. J. Abraham, who won the 220 yards Hurdles and 440 yards Hurdles titles in great style, L. S. Black, who ran a good race to win the half-mile, H. G. Bowyer, second in the quarter mile, W. R. Birks second in the mile walk, R. Freeman, third in the 220 yards Hurdles, B. M. McIntosh, third in the long jump, and the relay team (Black, Clarke, Goringe, and Bowyer) which won its event. It was very encouraging to see the gold "V" so well to the fore.

The club has several young members showing promise for coming seasons, but there must be several potential athletes at the College who never appear on the track. Interfaculty Sports next Saturday will give these men an opportunity of trying themselves out, but in addition, the club holds sports meetings on Kelburn Park every Monday at 5.30 p.m., and all students are welcome to take part in these meetings. We want as many competitors as possible in the *Interfaculty Sports*, as there are several places in the *Tournament* team yet to be filled; so come along and have a start on Saturday.

Don't forget — *Interfaculty Sports* on Kelburn Park on Saturday the 13th, at 2.30 p.m.—one of THE College functions of the year—every active student comes, as a competitor or as a spectator—a full programme of events and post entries.

ANNUAL BOXING TOURNAMENT.

To-night at the Winter Show Stadium, the Annual Boxing Tournament will be held. A good number of entries have been received and there is every indication that it will be a great night's entertainment. Prominent amongst those competing are Barker, former N.Z.U. Heavy, and Bowling, a slashing Heavy from Auckland, who will be opposing him. Barnes and Campbell, finalists in last year's N.Z.U. Tournament, are both starters again, and Campbell in particular is going great guns this year. Ryan, a schoolboy boxer of some rate in Auckland, will be a force to be reckoned with in the Middleweight division, while in the Welterweight, Kane and Kentcarefree cricketer informed "Smad"

should provide a great scrap. Walsh, a well-known Pahiatua scrapper should show some fireworks in the Featherweight class: "Smad's" shirt will be on him as the winner of the cup for scientific boxing, both to-night and at Christchurch this Easter. Profits are to go to the Building Fund, and it is hoped that as many students as possible will roll up with their friends and make this function a success.

FRESHERS' TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Without making any uncomplimentary references to Wellington's salubrious weather, the aforementioned Tournament proved to be very successful. About sixty-four players participated, and there were some very evenly-contested struggles. Sanford and Miss Singleton won the Gold Clock from Stafford the Second and Miss McClean in a very exciting finish (several dislocated necks amongst the spectators)—the final score being 25 points to 21.

"Smad," on questioning the "Head Man of the Show" on "Fresher Possibilities," was informed with a beaming smile, that there was more talent offering than for many years past. "The girls," he said, "were especially good. This latter remark "Smad" was at a loss to understand, and the matter was left as it was. Miss Metekingi and Miss McClean, the runner-up were both noted as promising players, while many others showed good form. Players are advised to get to the ladder right away and not wait until exams interfere.

The highlight of the day was, however, the Afternoon Tea. Sugar buns were supplied and there was eager competition to see which side of the buns had sugar on. Unfortunately none of the buns had sugar on at all and this gave rise to numerous complaints. It is understood, on information received from a reliable source, that no formal complaint will be lodged in connection with the "Sugar Bun Business."

Interclub.

The teams at Miramar had a very successful week-end—wins being registered by the Seniors, the Second Division Ladies, and the Third C. Men.

CRICKET.

The Senior XI, concluded their game against Karori on Saturday, scoring a comfortable first innings win, and just falling by one wicket to register an innings victory. Upon the previous Saturday they occupied the crease for the whole afternoon and scored 350 for the loss of five wickets. The first three wickets fell very quickly, but after that the later batsmen got to work and thrashed the bowling. Batting honours went to Wilson, who scored a splendid 137 not out, including two glorious "sixers," and a host of fours. This was achieved by neat footwork and very attractive stroke play. The most enjoyable innings, however, from the spectators' point of view, was that of Lunn, who going in second wicket down scored a grand 80 by hard driving. His batting was in no way risky or reckless, yet included in his tally were five "sixers" and six fours. Now bring along your Don Bradmans!! Incidentally, this

that he had attended a party the night before and had seen the sun rise before retiring to rest, so there is no accounting for tastes so far as achieving cricket success goes! Others to do well with the bat were Vietmeyer, Wren and Tricklebank. As for the rest of the team, Edgley's remark to McMillan, "No, we have not been playing cricket to-day, but we watched Varsity batting," sums up their part in the day's play.

Last Saturday, Varsity with 350 on the board proceeded to dismiss Karori for 200 runs. Tricklebank bowled with great heart upon a wicket which gave him no assistance, to take four valuable wickets. Harpur's left-handed deliveries got him two wickets and Stevens cleaned up the last three wickets in quick time when brought on after tea.

In Karori's second knock, Raife, who had not been given the ball in the first innings, bowled a few rather loose balls and some really fine ones, to take four wickets at small cost. Harpur, Tricklebank, and McMillan also bowled well. Finally, at stumps, Karori were still behind Varsity's total, with their last men at the crease. McMillan handled the team well, and also bowled very consistently, but seems to have struck an unlucky patch in which he does everything but take wickets. Varsity's fielding was not of a high order, and Blandford's wicket-keeping, though good, not quite up to that high standard he sets himself.

MIXED GRILL

???

A lithesome leap to the side—arms outstretched—a flash of pink flesh—a wriggle—a flutter of white against dark green—limbs tensed—a human form extended in ecstasy—glorious freedom—with the blue sky above and the slight chill of late afternoon

Baffled?

The Basketball team practising.

Consistent—the nudist who refused pin-money. But is this sporting?

Pat Edwards will not be available for the Tournament.

Oh Yeh!

The Japanese athletes make it an unbroken rule to retire to bed at 10 o'clock every night and rise at 7.30 a.m. Who the hell cares? Do you?

Biffs and Bouquets.

Have we any "Bear Men" at Victoria? (This refers to Boxers.)

Ranabout.

The Athletic Club has numerous vacancies for shot putters, discus throwers, and other field artists.

Boundary Batsman.

92 of Wilson's runs against Karori came from boundary hits. Good shooting!

The Evil Eye.

Is it true that there is dissension amongst the fair sex of the Tennis Club. A clam-like silence is maintained by officials.

We want your opinion on College Sport. Send it in to the "Sports Editor," Smad.

WE'RE ON THE AIR AGAIN

—announcing—

The College Cafeteria and Dining Room

Everything—from Just a Bite to—

THE BEST THREE COURSE MEAL IN TOWN

A Students' Association Enterprise for Your Benefit!

Get Your Chocolates, Cigarettes, College Pads, Notepaper, Envelopes, Badges, Ties, Pennants, and other things in season.

OPEN NEARLY ALL DAY AND EVERY EVENING.

Library Wing—Next Women's Common Room.

WHAT! FIGHTING AGAIN?

Watch the College Stalwarts SPILL THEIR BLOOD for the Building Fund at the

Winter Show Stadium TO-NIGHT

Referee: Mr. Earle Stewart

Nominal Prices 2/-, 1/-

You may forget to keep your Eye on the Ball BUT . . .

You must remember to go to . . .

WITCOMBE & CALDWELL

Suppliers of Superior Sporting Materials

THE SPORTS DEPOT

45 WILLIS STREET

WELLINGTON

The Snappiest Band in Town

HARRY WILSON'S ORCHESTRA

PHONE 24-561

Your Brain Requires

NOURISHING FOODS

Shop for Quality at

SELF HELP CO-OP