

CAPPING CEREMONY AND BALL

TO-MORROW NIGHT!
Make This a Grand Finale
to a Grand Season.

SMAD

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



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EXTRAVAGANZA 1937

SPLENDID ACTING AND SOUND PRODUCTION.

This year's revue was notable for the evenly balanced nature of the production throughout. The standard of acting all round was high. The actors were so perfect that we have heard certain carping critics say that what they liked about 'Varsity shows in the past were the impromptu lines. In particular we would like to mention first of all, those people who had "walk on" bits, the ballets and the crowd scenes of all kinds, whom we cannot mention personally. They were excellent in all three shows.

"THE BOOK OF BOB"

"The Book of Bob" we felt from the start, had a story to give us, and we were not disappointed. This was more nearly extravaganza, as we have known it in the past, than the rest of the performance. Mr. Aimers acted well and sang with pleasing voice. His declamatory speeches, in contrast to the introductory stuff, were excellent. We liked Mr. Scotney, and we liked Mr. Scotney's toes on the box. This actor continues to surprise us in extravas. with the variety of his performances.

The various speakers in the banquet scene were all nicely incoherent. The Dungarees ballet was excellent. We would like to suggest that the owner of the "Time Marches On" voice go along to the "Majestic" sometime.

When we say this show dragged slightly we are not blaming the producer or the actors, but the authors. No show which runs to about half an hour can stand seven or eight full curtains. We realise Bob had many changes, but it was the job of the authors to see that these could be arranged without the two or three minutes of blank curtain to look at each time.

"DAZE BAY NIGHTS."

"Daze Bay Nights" was notable for giving us the best laugh of the evening. Basil de Bullawool's ballet was the finest men's ballet yet put across in an extrav. It was even funnier than the "Gravey League Ballet" of "Dry Rot" in 1932.

Bill Austin's reserved acting was another feature of this sketch. His intonations reminded us of Ronald Coleman, but Clarke did not remind us of Gable, nor Greta Garbo of Joan Crawford—if they were meant to. The dialogue did not run smoothly enough for us to find out. The whole "Idyll" was like a picture which has been badly censored and made us feel we were cheated out of some of it. This may have been deliberately done on the part of the author to throw into relief the excellent songs and ballets. Anyway we liked this show.

"THE PLUTOCRATS."

The "Plutocrats" was chiefly notable for its excellent costuming, and because it must have established an all-time record for the number of songs used in one revue. Mr. Meek is to be congratulated for some appropriate conjuring tricks and the best imitation of W. J. Mountjoy Jr. we have yet heard. Mr. Henderson was always clear and distinct, but Mr. Simpson deserves most credit for his consistent clowning through the whole show. He and Mr. Christensen were on stage most of the time, and had some very dull patches to gloss over. In this they both worked hard and deserve our praise. The other "stooges," in contrast to the public figures they represented, were kept remarkably quiet. Miss Shorthall's little bit was one of the highlights of the evening.

Miss Cora Duncan deserves special mention for the ballet work and Mrs. Zenocrate Mountjoy for the costume designing. These were the feature of the show and in these respects, and in the general production, this was of as high a standard as any revue yet.

The "Plutocrats" did not come anywhere near the best of "P.J." or of Redmond Phillips of the past few years, chiefly because it was cluttered up with songs and ballets. The basic idea was good, and had the show been run through with a time limit of three-quarters of an hour it would have been excellent. We seem to have progressed from the old Gilbert and Sullivan type of extrav. to something more modern. Our dancing and setting is in line with the best "talkie musicals" so let us take a tip from these shows and put a few original "swing" songs across with simple words easy for an audience to pick up. Some of the lyrics of this show are worth reading, but the length of the words prevented them from being understood while they were sung.

Next year we hope to see more extravaganza, more fooling, and less pointless singing and dancing, but above all, we hope the show will maintain the high standard of acting of 1937's revue.

UNDERGRADS' SUPPER.

This year's Undergraduate's Supper was held in the gymnasium on Thursday, 29th April. Over three hundred were present, a substantial increase over last year. The show went over well, the supper was good, the speeches were good though some were a little long. Everyone expended a general extrav. flavour—apt quotations delighted the assembled multitude. When Prof. Miles arose to speak he was greeted:

"All hail O — how great they sense

How exquisite is they corpulence."

The Professorial Board was present in large quantities, apologies for absence being received from Professors Boyd Wilson and Adamson and Dr. Keys.

Dick Wild as chairman, after allowing sufficient time for the elimination of the edibles, arose and set the ball going by toasting the King.

Roy Jack gave us the health of the Prof. Board or at least someone told us that was what he was doing, though it sounded more like an attack. The commissioner was referred to as a "trite monstrosity" and the wish expressed that he should be removed.

Prof. Miles, chairman of the Prof. Board in reply took up a very fair attitude and justified the actions of the Prof. Board. He reviewed college activities and commented especially on the outstanding success of the extravaganza. Prof. Miles was particularly impressed with the ballets and "Smad" was disappointed when he singled out the Rushin ballet for special comment.

A speech was read from Mr. Sellers against the graduates. Miss Stock replied for them.

Pat Macaskill in proposing the Executive, tortured us with some terrible spurs then outraged our moral sense by comparing the Executive with a feminine foundation garment, a garment which restrains any movement out of line and yet does not interfere with freedom of movement.

Dick Wild replying, attributed the success of "Cappicade" to cleanliness, though he couldn't understand how it came to be clean. Dick suggested that all grads. should make a farewell donation to the building fund of at least £10.

Jack Aimers put across some earnest Building Fund propaganda. It was the duty of the grads. to keep it before the public. The object, Mr. Aimers said, was to raise a building costing £40,000 which would last as long as the university. The funds at present stood at £1600, and it was hoped to raise this amount to £1900 by the end of the year. The big campaign would be opened next session. £20,000 would be required, the road would be a hard one.

Dick Simpson arose, proposing toast of the ladies, bubbling over with surprising revelations about

LITTLE KNOWN HEROES OF CAPPING WEEK.

For the first time on record, the whole 5000 Cappicades have been sold. This is due no doubt to the high standard of the publication, but also to the very enthusiastic efforts of the younger members of the College. First and foremost, ally increasing in intensity to a Geff Wallis—what a man. For a whole week parading up and down the College, discoursing with wild gesticulation on the superabundant merits of the Capping Book. And every night of the extrav. acting as Lord Cappicade.

Also the many super salesmen and saleswomen and those who took a turn at the Cappicade Shop.

On Friday, 23rd, a contingent from Weir House, set forth on their traditional ceremony of selling cappicades in the taverns of the city. On the way they picked up H. Innis Dowrick under whose spiritual guidance they fared well. The technique was to perform a haka in each hotel to subdue those who were not already under the influence. Easy work after that. A lot were disposed of in this way.

P.O. Square Efforts

Capping week started well with the speeches in Post Office Square. The selected orators in their costumes mounted the lorry at the Cappicade Shop. Imagine their surprise when they found a vast multitude awaiting them in Post Office Square.

And then the fun started and wasn't it fast and furious. The demagogues harangued the gaping populace and held them enthralled with their flow of rhetoric and wit. Interjections were hurled from right and left. Hecklers were summarily dealt with. The prize episode was when Bob Edgley ejected an undesirable from the lorry after a considerable struggle.

"Another Varsity student sent down" was Male Mason's appropriate comment.

As the main object of the show was to publicize extrav. the speakers by devious methods proved conclusively that this years extrav. was to be the best on record.

The public liked it.

The speakers were:

Male Mason as (a) Mrs. Steer; (b) General Franco; Bob Edgley as Stanley Baldwin; Tom McGlynn as Chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee; Keating as Leon Trotsky.

the thoughts of a young man in bed. "Smad" closed down at once.

Items were given by Messrs. Simpson and Christenson and Messrs. Robertson and Sandford.

Proceedings were terminated with a sing song and dance.

CAPPING BALL.

You remember what Prof. Miles said at Undergrads. Supper. The Capping Ceremony is the climax of the Capping Celebrations. In a way he was right. There is the gay surge but also to the very enthusiastic efforts of the younger members of the College. First and foremost, ally increasing in intensity to a Geff Wallis—what a man. For a final crescendo. Now, I doubt very much whether the Capping Ceremony could be described as the apex of a week of celebration. Of course the graduates must be honoured officially—they certainly deserve it after their years of incessant toil—but the mere fact of having one name read out and receiving a bit of parchment is not sufficient recompense for the gallows of midnight oil. That is why there is a Capping Ball and that is why "Smad" ran the comptrollers to earth in their lair at Weir House.

On "Smad's" entering the door Arthur Harpur protested against "Smad's" misprinting his name in the last issue. "They called me T. A. Turner" he kept on harping, till he was told by his colleague Bob Crawford that he was an exceedingly "pur" harper.

"Get this straight," they said,

"The Ball is the social event of the year; all the best people will be there—eh what? The Terpsichorean tripping after the Capping Ceremony—at 9.30 p.m., to be exact at St. Francis Hall. "Say, this is sure a swell show. Hotcha music from a real live orchestra, that would snap rhythm into the frost-bitten toes of a Polar explorer."

"A gay swirl of humanity enjoying themselves—and then some!"

"Remember this show is run by the Stud Assn., and is not in any way under the supervision of the Prof. Board, who on this occasion are our guests. A commissioner will be present, but mark you, he is our commissioner, paid by us to open doors and things like that." "There is a different arrangement with regard to supper this year. There will be three sittings. Supper tickets have not been issued to graduates as many will be unable to arrive for the first sitting. However they will be given first preference when they do arrive."

"No. There is no truth in the rumour that we are providing free transport for those who want to decorate the tombstones with relics of departed spirits. Anyway, we hope the residents of Hill Street won't be as shocked as was a certain "Disgusted" resident of Kelburn last week. Student pranks! Bless their little hearts! We had thought of providing pea shooters and rompers for the naughty little boys. Oh, by the way, pass-out tickets will be issued as usual. "Capping Ball is undoubtedly the central dance of the year, and everybody should grab the opportunity of participating in 'Varsity life while they can, and incidentally honour the graduates by making the dance go with a swing.



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WELLINGTON, MAY 5, 1937.

... And So To Capping

The more hilarious events of Capping time are over, leaving us the slightly more dignified but none the less enjoyable functions attending Capping itself, and we should be quite satisfied if these are as successful as those of last week.

Extravaganza has come and gone, leaving in its wake a substantial profit, bottles in the cemetery and only two letters to the Press. A great show which must have been a source of much gratification to everyone with a thimbleful of College spirit. The Public and Mr. Redmond Phillips were for once unanimous and acclaimed the Show. Why, even our worthy contemporary, the "Radio Record," was deluded into the belief that 'Varsity students really have gone pure. My God!

We think "Smad" expresses the sentiments of everyone, including the Building Fund Committee, the producers and the British Israelites, in extending the "big hand" to all who contributed to its success. Still, we cannot let this opportunity slip by without voicing an opinion on what we consider is a matter which will bear pondering on by aspiring authors and producers of future shows. We have watched with some little concern the recent trend in the revue towards a dancing and singing spectacle with the idea of extravaganza and satire being pushed further and further into the background. As a farce introducing burlesque politicians and international figures holding up to the cleansing though quite harmless light of ridicule institutions and people usually regarded with something akin to awe, the 'Varsity Extravanzas are unique. We do not consider it good policy to attempt to give the public a type of show which the professional companies and the theatres can give them with a greater degree of perfection than any amateurs can hope to achieve.

Extravaganza memories fade quickly. But they were still remarkably good on the night of the Undergraduates' Supper, and lent to a usually somewhat sedate affair, a quite hilarious atmosphere. It has always been "Smad's" private opinion that these functions were dull. We confess to having changed our minds slightly since Thursday night. Perhaps, its success was due to the very pleasing revivification which has been a feature of 'Varsity life this year.

Which brings us to the Capping Ceremony and the Capping Ball on Friday night. As this will be the climax not only of the Festive Season but also of the Term, we know everyone who is anyone will be there, the Ball being, as it is, the social event of the year.

To all grads, "Smad" offers its official congratulations—we know only too well how hard these damned degrees are to get, and they deserve their laurels. However, our especial and sincere felicitations go, not to those who have gained success through burning the midnight oil, enslaved to study, to the exclusion of every other College interest, but rather to those true students who have kept swat in its proper place and lived a full College life. There are the sons of whom Victoria will be proud—the future leaders of the land.

AN APPRECIATION.

Dear "Smad,"—

Among the many stalwarts who worked so valiantly to make "The Plutocrats" a success, is one whose efforts, although fully appreciated by the cast and those more intimately connected with the show, have not been as conspicuous to outsiders as they deserved. Phil Maraack, our accompanist.

Only those who attended rehearsals can realise the amount of work Phil put into his part of the show. He was indispensable during the long and arduous days of preparation, cheerfully on hand whenever wanted, and often spent hours in practising the songs on his own before rehearsals.

I know that I express the feelings of the whole cast in thanking him very sincerely for his work.

Yours etc.,

RONALD L. NEEK.

Sir,—With the inexorable implacability of a juggernaut, Extravaganza has come and gone, leaving in its wake the usual multitude of recriminations and eulogies. To these latter I should like to add my very sincere appreciation of the services of those whose unflagging activity contributed so much to the success of the "Book of Bob."

Miss Josephine Stock as Wardrobe Mistress, Mr. H. Williamson as Contriver and Collector of Properties, Mr. Cedric Wright as Stage Manager, and numerous make-up specialists are the chief of those to whom I wish to make a personal expression of gratitude for assistance and co-operation.

Any omissions in the above are due merely to inefficiency of memory or other natural causes.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense"

"He Finis Fandl."

Yours,

PATRICK MACASKILL.

THE ART OF LAMORNA BIRCH. A RETROSPECT.

When an artist gives a picture a name, say "Gray Weather, Raetahi," he means "I conceived the idea of this landscape on a grey day at Raetahi." It is the product of his imagination, and it is no criticism to say that we have never seen Raetahi like that on a grey day.

Mr. Lamorna Birch is an Englishman, nearly seventy years old, so his conception of New Zealand scenery is very different from mine. The bright blue of the summer sky with its passing clouds meant nothing to him, nor did the ever-changing shadows of the brown hills. He passed by the quiet, eternal green of the bush, the snow-fed rivers with their background of jagged mountains, and the silver tussock-covered foothills. These were alien to him. He could not understand the excitement of looking out from some peak, perhaps Tinakori Hill, and saying, "This is my own country."

Nearly all the water-colour drawings were in low tones. His skies were quiet yet clear, as we see them in other parts of New Zealand just before rain. Thank God, he did not give us "prettiness" but surely the scenery of our country possesses a strength, almost a challenge, which is lacking in these quiet pictures.

The most interesting pictures were those of the more ordinary part of New Zealand. He was quite at home in the Mackenzie Country, and for this reason alone he touched a sympathetic memory, but he was familiar with their subject-matter before ever he came here—a willow tree, a quiet smoothly flowing stream, a stretch of pasture, and a round hill in the background. He would have enjoyed painting round Havelock North, or near Nelson.

He did not attempt to paint the bush, very wisely perhaps, and his pohutukawas were dull affairs, quite lacking the contrast between the dull green and silver leaves and the brilliant crimson blossoms. Also his hills were not the brown hills with a ripple of silver as we know them, but drab hills like the waste lands of Marlborough on a wet day.

But the craftsmanship was there, however. The drawing of the rainbow trout was magnificent brushwork, his painting of sheer light in the small oil "Sunset, Piha," was memorable, and only a true artist endowed with the skill of a master could have caught the light of the sun behind the clouds as he did in the drawing "Pohutukawas at Piha."

The best of the oils was in my opinion, "Piha." The composition in this is very strong. The Lion Rock is seen through Pohutukawas, with a breaking sea behind, and a real creek with typical green river-flats.

Of the watercolours, liked best, "The Lion Rock, Piha," with its simple composition, and very impressive light effects.

In conclusion, I must repeat that it is unfair to criticise an artist because he sees things in a totally different aspect from our own. Art would be a deadly business if he did. We live in a younger and freer country, where life is still fresher than in the older parts of the world, and New Zealand scenery can be truly interpreted only by New Zealand artists, men and women whose art is rooted in the land where they were born. Art of all things springs straight from the soil.

Pot Shots

WHO LAUGHS LAST?

Dear "Smad,"—
Major Bte.
"CANTY."

FROM THE HOLE ITSELF.

Dear "Smad,"
As an ex-Wikitorian, now condemned to spend his days in Christchurch and some of them at C.U.C. it was with righteous indignation that I read the letter from "Canty" in "Smad" of 14th April, 1937.

Dear Editor, don't believe everything you are told. He, she or it (i.e. "Canty") is a snare and a delusion.

Don't you worry about lack of under-grad-tradition. I will let you into a secret. The Students' Executive at Canterbury College goes blue in the face about twice a week begging students to wear their gowns to lectures. The only people who do it are the College House men and that because the President of the Students' Association is Head of the House.

Canterbury College can have its cloisters, the tea-rooms, its magnificent buildings, and the gowns and their tradition, but give me good old V.U.C., stuck up on the top of a hill, the "night-school," with its "Brookie," its dirty Common Room, its hilarity ("Canty" didn't mention that!) and the view from the front steps.

If I write any more I will burst into tears. I'm getting all sentimental.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN FROUD.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR PLUS.

The following letter has been received by the Secretary of the Building Committee:

The Friendly Road
Queens Avenue, Auckland, C.I.
29th April, 1937.

The Secretary,
Students Union Building
Committee, Victoria College
Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of attending the show "Cappicade" the other night. The excellence of the entertainment prompts me to write and congratulate the writers and performers alike—also to enclose a scrap of something a little less aesthetic than my counterpart might have considered necessary.

With kindest regards,
C. G. SCRIMGEOUR,
(Alias "Scrounger")
(£1 Relief Fund).

PREMONITION.

I know not what I have done.
But this morning, no tree fingers
stretch into the sun.
Low clouds scowl and cower like
angry dogs.
Flowers stand, carved fragile jade
that might break in any breeze.
The sea lies shuddering, grey and
silver as soulless glass.
Why is it that even the sworded
grass drew hastily from dewy
hill
And turned its flexing blade on
me?
I cannot break this stony silence
spilled on everything.
The air is icy chill. God, can move
but I
Hear that wild minor music rolling
down the evil sky!

—Vesta Emanuel.

MORE COMFORT CAMPAIGN.

Dear "Smad,"—A certain creaking of muscles, a soreness round the nether regions, and an uneasy shifting of the body on bare boards are typical symptoms of a student attending a lecture at Victoria College.

The seating accommodation is vile and atrocious! We are listening to 20th century professors (?) under 15th century conditions? Why should we suffer this torment and agony when other colleges in New Zealand enjoy comfortable seats? Do the powers think that we, of Wellington, are tougher and harder than in other parts—of the country.

It is understood from a reliable source that other colleges even have plush seats.

This matter, which strikes at the very root of the student body, is one that should receive immediate and urgent attention, or else it may have a detrimental effect on the general health and well being of the College. We are going to have a new Student Building—if we don't get more comfortable seats the college will have to build New Students!

It is hoped that this voice crying out from the wilderness will be heard and acted upon immediately and that a campaign for the provision of "Softer Seats at Victoria" be started.

I remain, etc.,

BONO ENDO.

P.S.: There are a few comfortable seats. . .

HOPE, CHARITY.

Dear "Smad,"—

So far our leaders on the Executive have given no indication that the Students' Association is going to make a contribution to the Children's Health Camp Fund.

Admittedly, our time has been fully occupied with Tournament and Capping, and it may be said that all that now remains is the wreckage and the annual academic argument with the Prof. Board, as to whether students are to get drunk decently, as the P.B. suggests, or indecently, according to the wishes of the students themselves.

To return to the matter in hand, we have a Building Fund which grows very slowly with all our own efforts, and if it is to grow faster we must have the sympathy and support of the people of Wellington. One obvious way of doing this is to stop thinking of ourselves for a while, to "be big." Charity if it begins at home, as in our case, usually ends there.

There are two things to be done. The Executive must give a substantial donation to the general fund, and the permission of the City Council must be obtained to hold a collection in town one day during lunch hour. This collection could be carried out in fancy dress, various small "stunts" could be arranged, and it would do far more for the College than our procession ever did. If the Executive moves quickly, for very little arranging will be needed, the appeal could be made on Capping Day, and would provide a fitting conclusion to the fine impression made by the Extravaganza; but even if the notice is too short for that, there is no need to shelve the proposal.

I am, etc.,

DONALD CURRIE.

WINTERSET.

From Maxwell Anderson's play, "Winterset" has been made a film of most unusual merit, a film that has in it something far transcending mere entertainment. It has a quality of artistry, of dramatic power, that makes it a memorable, rare picture. It is the tale of a modern Hamlet, convincingly translated to our times by the use of the Sacco-Vanzetti case as the plot foundation.

When we were very young, Sacco and Canzetti, peaceable radicals, were convicted of a hold-up and murder. Flimsy circumstantial evidence and mob-hysteria condemned them. In "Winterset" so is it with Bartolomeo Romagne, dreamer and idealist.

"Mio" Romagne grows up; possessed, like Hamlet, with a fierce desire for vengeance, for justice to his murdered father. Penniless and bitter, he comes to New York seeking Garth Esdras, an accomplice in the crime for which his father died, and the one man from whom he hopes to discover the truth. The "bright ironic gods" let him fall in love with Miriamne, Garth's sister, before he knows who she is.

His subsequent conflicting emotions make difficult acting, but Burgess Meredith shows himself capable of interpreting the most sensitive roles. Finer acting than that of Miriamne and Mio has never come to the screen.

The characters pursue their separate ways, converging in the basement room where Garth Esdras, his father, and Miriamne live, for a climax that leaves Mio triumphant but still in danger of his life. Brock Estrella, the man responsible for the sixteen-year-old crime, lies in ambush ready to silence such a menace to himself as Mio Romagne.

Mio and Miriamne outwit Estrella, in a sequence that leaves the audience silent and pensive. They move in a fatal and uneasy atmosphere, caught by the camera in scenes that are masterpieces, of excitement without sensationalism, of suspense without anticlimax.

"Winterset" deserves a place on anybody's list of truly great films.
—A.G.H.

ANZAC DAY.

It was not clear
Midst sweat and fear
What filthy lies
Rent family ties.
Wrenched them away,
To sweat and pray,
Spend futile hours
In shrapnel showers
Midst blood, and cuts,
Hot steel and guts;
And lingering breath,
And hurried death.
The men that told
Had missiles sold,
And bodies cold
Were burnished gold.
You bloody fools,
You're simply tools,
And soon they'll want
Their purple cant.
Preserve Democracy!
(Uphold anocracy),
And if you heed
They'll soon you need,
As cannon feed.

—D.S.

BOTTLE HO!

Dear, "Smad,"
A thought for the week: There is a difference between drinking and getting drunk, and also between drinking and telling the world about it.

Yours, etc.,

WATERMELON.

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the
Capping Ball
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FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, BASKETBALL

FOOTBALL.

The Senior A team had the misfortune to suffer defeat against Athletic last Saturday week. "Smad" was very disappointed, but not surprised. Pirates showed that the team was not fit. Burke was missing from the pack, consequently the backs did not get 100 per cent. of the ball. However, Gardiner hooked well and more than broke even with his vis-a-vis. The forwards toiled well, but one or two are not doing their bit in the tight. "Smad" noticed one in particular who was breaking from the side too fast to be a solid worker. Eade was the pick of the pack and played his usual versatile game. It was a pleasure to see the backs get into action so frequently with the spoiling tactics absent from the opposition the back line swung into action very nicely. Buddie gave good service from the base of the scrum and he scored a beautiful try. Larkin did all that was wanted of a first five-eighth in the second spell; he intercepted nicely and scored what looked like a good try only for the referee to give a twenty-five, an impossible ruling under the circumstances. On the whole, "Smad" thought the referee's decisions left room for considerable improvement. Reid tried to do too much on his own without much success. Several times he made good openings, but literally fell down through lack of good sprigs on his boots. At centre Wild gave a solid display.

Credit for the best try of the day goes to Stewart. He was about fifteen yards from the goal line and right on the touchline when he received the ball. Three men tried to tackle him and he evaded each one when it seemed that the slightest touch would throw him out of bounds. It is a long while since Athletic witnessed such a good try. Hudson had not the same chances on the other wing. The new full-back, Kissell, gave a sound display marred by the one mistake when he passed back under his own goal; the mistake cost five points.

All supporters were pleased to see a win recorded against Wellington. It was quite a good game to watch, but "Smad" could not help but notice the indiscriminate kicking by the Wellington players. O'Regan replaced Hudson on the wing and he produced his old form, scoring two good tries. Redwood was replaced by Eustace in the front row. The selectors must have found it hard to make this decision as Redwood was one of the hardest toilers in the pack. The team owed him a great deal in the Pirates game. Burke was hooking brilliantly and gave a good display all round. The backs seem to have settled down into a good combination, but the forwards will have to get fitter still and get their heads down and into it from the kick off till the final whistle. Remember, you must win the next four games to go up into the first division and shining will not do it.

HOCKEY.

As has been usual with the Victoria Hockey Club in the past, this season has marked the loss of many players, and the presence of promising newcomers is making the selection of teams difficult. The senior XI, for instance, had six

vacancies to be filled. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, the club is one of the keenest at V.U.C. All practices have been well attended, and club opening day and the following Saturday, when opportunity was taken to test the capabilities of junior players, saw approximately 60 players in attendance. This speaks well for the keenness of the playing members, and augurs well for a successful season.

On Saturday 24th April, two games were played, both of which showed that there was plenty of talent ready to be developed. Skill can only come with experience, and it is very promising for the future of the club that so many juniors a number of whom have never handled the stick before are adapting themselves so quickly to the game. They should remember that physical fitness, constant practice in wielding the stick, and above all, team combination, are what win matches, and we, therefore, want to see them at the gym. on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, when training and coaching under the supervision of Mr. N. Jacobsen are carried out.

Last Saturday saw the opening of competition games, when the seniors played Karori B at Karori Park. For so early in the season, Karori showed fine combination and excellent stickwork, and these factors gave them victory after a strenuous if rather ragged game. Individually, most members of the XI showed themselves to be quite up to standard, but lack of cohesion between the halves and the forwards, and in the team as a whole, led to the loss of several scoring opportunities. Mention must be made of the keen play of the goalie, Benjamin, who saved well in the face of numerous forward rushes. Shaw's opportunism gave us our only goal, a fine shot, though he seemed to lose other chances through being caught out of position.

That the junior sides show promise is illustrated by results. The fourth grade team, few of whom have played prior to this season, adapted themselves to the new conditions and scored a fine win. The juniors met a strong Huia side and were defeated after a fast open game in which several individuals showed distinct promise. Walker at full-back was specially worthy of mention.

The Senior B grade team played very well to win 2-1 from Training College. Better team work among the forwards, which will come as the season progresses, would have improved their score. Much good work was put in by Dixon at right half and Mason at left full-back, both of whom show possibility of promotion to the senior team.

VARISITY WINS!

Rugby.

Senior A: Varsity 11, Wellington
Senior B: Varsity 8, Marist 8.
Junior: Varsity A 22, Kaiwarra 9.
Thirds: Won by default.

Basketball.

Senior A: Varsity 24, Technical O.G. 14.

Men's Hockey.

Senior B: Varsity 2, Training College 1.

Fourth: Varsity 4, Wellington 2.

Sports Barometer: Fairly Good.
7 wins, 5 losses. Next week: 12 wins, no losses.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

The season opened last week-end and a brief summary of the Senior A game is as follows:—

University v. Hutt United.

Hutt United scored within the first minute of play in the game against University at Woburn. Mrs. Sunddren netting after Miss A. Walker, left-wing, had taken the ball down to the circle. United pressed home their early advantage when Miss Malpis netted from the edge of the circle after a forward rush; Miss Walker scored two more goals and Miss Malpis one before half-time. Miss G. Kean opened University's score, netting after an accurate centre by the right-wing. Miss Malpis added two more to United's total, and the final score was: Hutt United 7, University 1.

BASKETBALL.

The Senior A team registered its third successive win on Saturday by defeating Technical College Old Girls by 24 goals to 14.

The defence as usual was the most reliable part of the team, all three defenders playing a fast open Pixie Higgins, a new-comer to game intercepting well and sending the ball through to the centre.

The team, played exceptionally well in the centre. This third could be improved by quicker handling of the ball and accurate passing. The weakest part of the team — the goal—showed signs of improvement, although it is not quick enough yet and too many passes went astray. The team shows promise and should give a good account of itself this season.

The Senior B team has been handicapped owing to a scarcity of new players.

Although so far they have not secured a win there is material for the makings of a first-class team. On Saturday they were defeated by Woolworths by 6 goals to 18. The defence worked better with M. McWilliams, although the goal third missed her able services. The centre was a little inclined to crowd, and fumbled the pass off.

In the goal players must endeavour to use three players, not two. Also, they must learn to shoot near the goal and remember that no amount of brilliant fielding on the part of the team can win the game unless the ball goes through the goal ring.

The team has ability and should do well later in the season.

WAITING FOR LEFTY.

This play, revolutionary both in subject and treatment, has, whenever read or produced, aroused a storm of widely divergent criticism. Its fearless analysis and scathing indictment of the evils of American capitalism mark Clifford Odets as a playwright of remarkable insight, feeling and force. "Waiting for Lefty" is undoubtedly one of the most important of modern plays. Its theme is humanity seen under present conditions, its problems are those which confront every nation, its solution—social revolution—is advocated by Odets as the only possible escape from present day inequality and injustice. Artistically and socially this play is an important contribution to the literature of this age. "Waiting for Lefty" is being produced in the Training College Hall on Saturday, May 8, 1937.

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