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SMAD

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

COMING EVENTS

To-night—
Special General Meeting of Stud. Ass.
Friday, 19th—
Dramatic Club Show.
Monday, 22nd—
Annual Meeting of Men's Hockey Club.

Vol. VIII, No. 3.

WELLINGTON, MARCH 17, 1937.

Price: Threepence.

V. U. C. versus T. C.

Good Start for Debating Society

"That Training College is a menace to V.U.C." was thrashed out before an appreciative audience at the Gym. on Thursday night.

"It is a problem of no ordinary magnitude that I set before you tonight, ladies and gentlemen," opined Mr. Scotney, "the revelation that for long we have nursed a viper in our bosom, and I submit to you that Training College is firstly a moral menace."

Mr. Scotney is one of the oldest inhabitants of the Debating Society. He is the possessor of a fine voice and can use his hands to illustrate his arguments by cutting gestures. Perhaps the most striking feature of his speeches is the logical development which as it unfolds, embraces the entire topic of debate, putting every fact into an immediately apparent perspective.

An immediate decline in the morals of V.U.C. was at once apparent in 1935, the very year the Training College re-opened. That was the year we had the Commissionaire—the year that bottles were strewn from the front door to the cemetery.

Secondly, they are an academic menace to our students, whose honest poverty entitles them to the fruits of their success and what have we? The highest intellects of T.C. stealing the honours from their rightful owners.

And thirdly, they are a financial menace. A T.C. student is in receipt of a huge emolument on account of his chronic inability to do nothing. His fees are paid by the Government, and now they have the brazen effrontery to demand a reduction of the Students' Association fee.

And lastly, they are a matrimonial menace. We might truly say that the true calling of the T.C. women is matrimony.

Interjector: "Matrimony is not a calling, it's a pursuit!"

The women of V.U.C. languish alone while they are robbed of their menfolk. The T.C. women are putting sex into sections! Therefore the T.C. is a moral, academic, financial and matrimonial menace.

Miss Stock then rose to the defence of T.C. She has a charming platform manner, but it is inclined to be sugary at times, and a touch of gravity would considerably increase her debating powers.

"I have been at V.U.C. for four years, and my impartial opinion should therefore be T.C. is not a menace, but a spur. There is a high standard of morality at T.C.—they are not allowed to drink, to smoke, to . . ."

People come to V.U.C. to learn, but they have to go to T.C. before they can diffuse that knowledge. Anyway, Mr. Scotney was himself once a humble Training College Student.

When that exhilarating enthralling typical gesture and eloquent buffoonery proved statistically the moral degradation of T.C. "Figures speak," said Dick, "and when I say figures, I am thinking of beer bottles. Examine these facts. They represent No. of bottles found on the grounds after dances, first in 1934, and second, in 1936, the year T.C. re-opened.

	1934	1936
Whisky and Brandy . . .	59	99
Beer	72	215
Sundry	31	72
Total	162	386
Average per dance . . .	32	77

An increase of 109.4 per cent. [Note.—"Smad" interviewed Dick and elicited by a ruthless cross-examination that the above argument was not statistically correct—but only figuratively so—they were sort of invented, you know.]

Bob Edgley supplied the information that Mr. Brook is in favour of T.C.—he likes the girls. As for himself, he saw six good arguments for T.C. at the Freshers' Dance. For the rest, T.C. was not a menace as it was not worth even disdain. A good coherent speech, but somehow it failed to click. Lacked just the spark of foolery essential for such a subject.

And now to the silver-tongued orator—Kingi Tahiwī. As a speaker he is—just Kingi—that's the best description that can be given. Plausible, polite, conversational, convincing. And gestures of grace—"There is no need to argue about it. If they are superior, why do they come to V.U.C.? Miss Stock thinks—no case is so hopeless as when the advocate thinks. She says they don't drink—they have our pity. V.U.C. is not a bad show, in spite of T.C. They have got to come here, else they would not get above the childish stage."

Miss McGhie, a comparatively inexperienced speaker, but full of the tradition of the Great McGhie (now, alas! departed from our shores) supported T.C. "Mr. Simpson amazed us with his alcoholic effluvia." She painted an idyllic picture of the youth and innocence rampant at T.C.

The next Teachers' champion was Patricia Prideaux-Pridham. "Mr. Scotney really is an orator," she alleged, whereupon Mr. Scotney hastily refused the honour. "When a T.C. student is thirsty, he follows the long long trail to the milk bar."

I couldn't hear what Mr. Wilfred Bergin said, except the following. Pointing at Mr. Scotney, he said,

IN RE A GOOD DINNER

Aimers v. The Legal Profession

(Attorney-General Intervening.)

"De minimis non curat Lev," says the maxim, but it seemed to us that no detail had been overlooked when we sat down to the Law Faculty Club dinner with the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, three King's Counsel, members of the law staff, and some thirty students at the Empire, last Tuesday night. Dick Simpson, bubbling and effervescing in the Chairman's seat between the A.-G. and the S.-G., conducted proceedings in typically excellent style. The meal was a good one and it was an hour before we had eaten our way to the muscatels and could sit back to sip and puff. But when Jack Aimers rose to toast the Profession, he quickly brought us back to earth and rapt attention to the faces at the top table with a series of well-timed shots on the usefulness of the lawyer to society and the hopelessness of the student's future. Mr. Mason, "appearing for the defendant profession," sounded quite a tradition-bound Tory in contrast, but he accepted the challenge and promised us a definite future in the law (at least as far as the Government is concerned). His speech would have been acclaimed by a much larger audience of lawyers. Mr. Sellers followed, with a touching picture of his Dean in the isles of Greece, and some delicate thrusts at Mr. Attorney—a speech in his usual perfect after-dinner style. To his defence of the staff, Professor Williams added some new legal stories and left us thinking that his lectures must be well worth attending.

The Faculty was proposed by its good friend, Mr. Weston, who seemed genuinely concerned at the remarks of Mr. Aimers, but assured us in closing that he had no fears for the future of the profession while it lay in our ambitious care. Wild used his brief for the Faculty Club in a base attempt to fix the Building Fund into the ear of the Attorney-General, but that gentleman quickly assumed "Cabinet's face" gave no indication of the slightest feeling either way.

A unanimous judgment for a very good dinner—even though the costs were on the higher scale—at least for some of our younger trade unionists.

"I don't agree with you, 'Mr. Kidney.' Training College as a whole—"

Interjector: "What a hole!"
On summing up, Mr. Scotney admitted that he was once a Training College student, but that he was doing his best to live it down.

An excellent debate. The best for years, and well attended.

NEW LECTURER IN BOTANY

Dr. Newman Interviewed

"What do you think of New Zealand, Dr. Newman?" said "Smad."

"I say, that's not a fair question. I've only just arrived here." "Of what Universities are you a graduate?"

"I am an M.Sc., Sydney, and Ph.D. London."

"What are your impressions of London University?"

"It consists of several colleges scattered throughout London, separated from each other by distances up to two or three miles. Hostels are attached to the University and the colleges but most of the students live in boarding houses, and because of this do not participate as much in University life as the residential students. Of course, I am unable to give an authoritative statement as to the manners and customs of the undergraduates, as I had contact mostly with graduates, being engaged in research work."

"Do you think there is any great difference between the English people and ourselves?"

"No; I found the English to be people much like ourselves, although they do not mix as easily as we do, but even that depends on where you are and who you are. There was one thing, however, that struck me about the English Universities and that was the existence of societies supporting the various political parties. Party clubs were being introduced into Sydney University when I left for England in 1929, but they were not favourably regarded by many as they broke the unity of spirit of University life. Anyway, there have been great changes. I belong to the war group, that is, I was brought up and spent my later school years during the war. We lived in uncertainty, and every morning rising with the possibility in our minds either of victory or defeat, or of some momentous change which would entirely change our lives. The following generation knew only the victory and seem, to their predecessors, cocksure. Perhaps this opinion is just another version of 'Things aren't what they used to be.'"

"What is the state of public opinion towards the Universities in Australia?"

"It fluctuates according to the proximity of Festival Week."

"What are the modern trends in Botany?"

"Well, a lot of work is being done on the study of vegetation. The difference between the study of vegetation and study of plants is roughly the difference between studying society and the individual. This branch of botany could be popularly described as plant sociology. Botanists are studying the habits of plants in the aggregate, and their effect on the balance of

FOOTBALL CLUB

Dissatisfaction Among Members.

The annual general meeting of the V.U.C. Football Club, after a few brief opening remarks by Professor Boyd-Wilson, plunged into lively discussion. Mr. Redwood set the ball rolling by commenting that the Seniors had a poor season last year, and suggesting that a better effort should be made to field the best possible first fifteen. Mr. Blacker then spoke and admitted responsibility for the seniors not being at their best strength. He thought that he had acted in the best interests of club members by leaving the junior teams undisturbed while they were being successful in their grade, rather than make both junior and senior teams mediocre. However, it was decidedly the feeling of the meeting that if the club hoped to sustain a good morale and to retain the services of several better grade players, the first fifteen must always consist of the best in the club, and that no player of quality good enough for the first fifteen should be passed over for others of inferior talent.

A Memorial Shield is to be presented for use by the Rugby Union in honour of Jack Ruru and Lindsay Watson, two members who died through injuries sustained on the football field.

The Good Memorial Medal for the most improved Fourth Grade forward was presented to Mr. R. T. Shannon.

Mr. J. D. Mackay was elected to life membership.

An appreciation of the services of Mr. Martin Smith was placed on record.

Officers for the season were elected as follows:—Club Captain, Mr. Alex O'Shea; Deputy Club Captain, Mr. E. Blacker; Secretary, Mr. L. O. Desborough; Treasurer, Mr. S. G. Eade; Teams Officer, Mr. M. J. Mason; Committee, Messrs. Broad, Black, Burke, and B. C. Campbell.

Nature. Needless to say this is of great importance as to foodstuffs, industry, agriculture, etc. Erosion, dust storms and floods may be prevented by a study and application of the principles found in the scientific study of vegetation (genetics). For instance, where the climate does not suit the plant, the plant may possibly be modified by breeding to suit the climate, as exemplified by quick-ripening wheat for regions near the Arctic circle. Of ultimate importance for a proper understanding of life processes and activities of plants is the study of their form and structure, but this I am afraid, is too technical for the majority of your readers . . ."

At this point "Smad" took the hint and quietly left Dr. Newman to the contemplation of the cycadofilicean horrors he has to prepare for the advanced Boanty Laboratory.



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WELLINGTON, MARCH 10th, 1937.

BUDGETING FOR THE FUTURE.

To-night, in case there is anyone who has not yet heard of it, at a Special General Meeting of the Students' Association (this means you), there will be decided a question which should have considerable influence on the future development of Victoria University College life. Superficially it is a comparatively small matter—a matter of four shillings to be exact. But the implications and expected results are a much bigger thing and quite far-reaching. The Building Fund—that for so long fantastic mirage—is vitally concerned.

As you all know, the present Stud. Ass. fee is one guinea. The proposal that you must consider, discuss and vote upon is that this should be raised to twenty-five shillings. The Executive are not submitting this suggestion without some justification. Their reasons are two. The first and what should be the most weighty argument is in connection with the new Student Union Building Fund which it is proposed to augment out of the increased revenue. Everyone will realise that the old Gym., despite its wealth of tradition and notable associations is, quite candidly, a hell of a place to be considered as the centre of Varsity social and club life. One of these fine nights when the floor above is crowded, as it was at the Freshers' Dance, there is going to be a rending of ancient timber and a bit of a mess on the floor below. The need for action is imperative and if Students themselves are going to do anything towards it personally, now is the time, and this suggested increase is a method of raising a quite substantial amount yearly without very much extra burden being placed on the individual.

The second reason is that the guinea these days is not worth what it used to be. Costs have increased all round without any corresponding increase of income. It is submitted that in these brightening days a higher contribution to compensate for this.

On the other hand, there are objections to the increase. There is the question of whether present students should feel disposed to pay for benefits which they may never use. There is also the argument that the present fees are a sufficiently heavy burden for many. Again, you may say that more money should be expended on present-day club activities out of money paid by present-day students.

Whatever you do, though, do some heavy thinking on the subject. Be sure you come along to the meeting bringing some idea of your attitude to the proposal—preferably constructive criticism. This is your opportunity to voice your opinion and exercise a not unimportant vote. Be sure you make the best use of it—there's no use in howling after the verdict is given—all your moaning must be done to-night.

HASLAM SHIELD MATCH

The V.U.C. team fired in this match at Trentham on the afternoon of Saturday last. Weather conditions were very good.

The team consisted of eleven men as follows:—J. E. S. Bentley, D. I. Blackley, R. J. Corkill, C. J. Gates, A. A. Gawith, B. D. A. Greigh, T. J. Mulvey, H. T. G. Olive, P. G. Pasley, D. H. K. Ross, and J. B. C. Taylor. Only the eight top scores will count in the competition, and these were gained by the undermentioned in the order quoted:—Gawith, Corkill, Blackley, Gates, Pasley, Greig, Taylor, and Ross.

The top-scorer, Gawith, will receive a trip to Christchurch, and retains his hold upon the Mills Vase. This is the first occasion on which this trophy has been won by any person more than once.

Essential assistance was rendered by a number of Club members not eligible to compete, but who, with the paid markers, made up the trained team-in-support which for two years now has been a feature of V.U.C.'s Tournament entry.

Mr. D. W. Oxnam, a V.U.C. student who attended lectures at C.C.C. last year, fired at the same time on behalf of the southern College.

Since Easter is so early this year, full-timers have only just returned to Wellington, and volunteers have only just concluded their

camp. Consequently, of the twelve men who fired, only three had had more than one match practice, and the afternoon's shoot commenced in a very ragged fashion—not because the men couldn't shoot, but because there had been no time to create by ordinary methods the necessary team spirit. For a body of men who have not been able to get to trust one another, the Haslam Match is the most nerve-racking experience imaginable—and the most disappointing so far as scores are concerned. On Saturday there were present all the elements of complete fiasco, but a miracle happened, and before the second practice commenced there were a dozen riflemen who were a team, and not a mere aggregation.

The Club President wishes to congratulate the Club on its ability to perform such a feat of combination. Quite apart from the goodness or badness of scores, which are the concern of the Tournament Delegates, V.U.C. should feel proud of her riflemen.

The Club President adds that he had complete confidence that the team would act as a team. It did not disappoint him, though the circumstances were of immense difficulty. He is honoured to have been associated with a body of men which has always "turned up trumps" when difficulties have to be faced, and he is glad to have an opportunity of letting the rest of the student body know it.

THE T.C. TURNOUT

Belle Scandal was, of course, trying very hard to be quite loyal to Varsity in her account to us of the Freshers' Ball held at Training College last Friday, but she declared that for "Floor, Music, Supper and Crowd," we had to hand it to our Country Cousins. They had thought out a highly original scheme of decoration in having straight streamers that didn't droop in languid dissipation. As all the Sweet Young Things wore butterflies in their perms, she concluded that the general spirit of the frolic was blithesome and cumbersome like the butterfly's brief hour. So indeed it would seem when one observes a monocled being articulating resonantly into a respectful but slightly flippant ear everytime one draws near to the "Bar." This, again, was in keeping with the frivolous spirit! Imagine a BAR at a T.C. Ball. Oh! Shades of Fanny!

Belle was delighted to see the ex "Lead-boy" of T.C. blowing frivolous bubbles through a blatant straw, while nearby a "respected woman" actually smoked shamelessly in an almost recumbent position while the Dandy Bar-attendant dangled a naked Eskimo Pie above her.

All the old landmarks of any T.C. dance were there—a patient staff watching the gambols of its flock, a line of patient and quite resigned feminine potentiality left unexploited along one wall, a select few supping in the Lab., and, of course, a mass of masculine sublimity stolid at the door.

It was truly amazing the number of old V.U.C. faces that came in with Freshers' tickets—Belle suspects a leakage somewhere! And, incidentally, why does Mr. Edgely consider Training College beneath his contempt on Thursday night and then go to its ball on Friday night and do nobly by the supper provided? Consistency in all things please, Edgely.

The call of the "Old School Tie" spirit is a loud and clear call and many hoary cynics responded to its blare—notably the traveller who knows his Russia. And Belle wants to know who taught Mr. Riske that old-fashioned infant game of "In and Out the Windows"! She commented on the facility with which his partner learnt its intricacies and suggests that they form a culture club at the College for spreading their learning.

Benignly surveying the congestion of dancing youth and occasionally seizing a partner to join in the revelry, were those two Old Faithfuls—well you know to whom Belle is referring—those two admirable sparring partners in puns who lend an air of distinction to every T.C. and V.U.C. function.

SUBTLETY

"Oh how nice," says the simpering girl,
Bobbing her headful of permanent curl.

While her boy-friend, exploiting his ready-made wit,
After "I sez," and "He sez" and "We sez"-zing a bit
Remarks that it really is "Awfully hot,"

And tells her his car is "housing a spot."

"Oh how nice," says his simpering girl

As she flutters her eyelashes' quivering curl.

So clutching her arm with his damp-flannel hand

He beguiles her away to his beer battle stand.

Where together they giggle and snicker and choke

As they guzzle their liquor and puff out their smoke! —E.M.B.

Pot Shots

EDWARD AND ENGLAND A Reply to "J.N.S."

King Arthur is dead and all his knights; nor any longer does Achilles perform deeds beyond the power of humankind. The Heroic Age is gone from the face of the earth but not from the minds of men. Kings and Princes they have and soldiers dressed in uniforms of the Middle Ages. And when the bands play and the infantry marches past and the cavalry on their chargers, and when the King comes too, on horseback, or in a gilded coach, surrounded by the members of his house and all this is against a background of the immemorial elms of England, and on the ground where kings have ridden and commons walked since England was first a kingdom, and all around are castles and fortresses that have seen much of the pageant of English history, then, in truth, England's past comes to life again and the men who live beneath these scarlet liveries become for a moment mediaeval knights, and there springs before men's minds all the imagined splendours of feudal times and of knightly contests for honour and fair ladies.

And when all is over London returns to normality. For many life is dull because of their mental limitations, for millions more because poverty compels them to live among endless miles of grey tenements and work long hours among noise and grime. And when they return home in the evenings they seek to desert their world. Perhaps they choose the pictures and see the Duchess of Kent visiting an orphanage, or maybe they will take up the newspaper and read of some trivial action by the king, and reviving the atmosphere that surrounds him, build up some hero, whose contemplation satisfies for the moment their desire for escape.

Yes, J.N.S., I believe Mrs. Simpson was the cause of the abdication. To touch this legend of the House of Windsor with reality would be to destroy it. The atmosphere of the divorce court, besides the unaristocratic origin of Mrs. Simpson would make it impossible to weave a legend round the life of the king, and in the strength of that legend has lain the strength of the monarchy. And what was the alternative to allowing the marriage? To put on the throne a man who was unlikely to do anything to destroy any legend we built up about him and 'matchlessly blessed' with a wife and children. Once again we can build up our stories, and how many can be told of any children that will bring laughter or tears to a willing audience.

The passion for building a royal hero, without any real evidence of heroic qualities, Edward alone withstood, and so he did not stand for long. Even J.N.S. himself seems not to be entirely free from this passion, though being more enlightened than the majority, he makes his hero both a "smiling Prince" and a "No. 1 Salesman."

—J.W.D.

WEIR HOUSE ELECTION RESULTS

President: F. D. Christensen.
Hon. Secretary: N. D. Hull.
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Committee: A. R. Gibson, T. A. Harpur, T. J. McGlynn.

"J.N.S." HITS BACK.

"J.W.D." may be interested to learn that Queen Anne is also dead, although of course that event, like his alleged reply, has nothing to do with Primates, Politicians, or Princes.

I am greatly flattered by "J.W.D.'s" judgment about my enlightenment. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that in using the words "smiling prince" and "No. 1 Salesman" I was merely emphasising the words used by the professional politicians in the days when Edward was Prince of Wales.

I confess to be vaguely puzzled by "J.W.D." This is the first time that I have ever heard of a "Legend of the House of Windsor." To begin with I should have thought it too young to possess any. Moreover I can find nothing in the story of the Hanoverians to inspire hero-worship or noble legends. The late Arthur Lynch in "The Rosy Fingers," refers to the line of kings as follows: ". . . The list of these monarchs is really terrible—ignorant, superstition-drenched ruffians succeeded by libertines of a degraded type, with occasional bright phases of mental incompetents. . ."

"The fierce light that beats upon the throne," which so disturbs "J.W.D." causing him to romance in a maze of historical inaccuracies was the very thing that did not prevent Edward from setting out on a path which would have, without doubt, led to a successful terminus in the disposal and destruction of the hypocrisy, blah and traditions which are the wands of the church and the politicians.

"J.W.D." believes Mrs. Simpson was the cause of the abdication. I have dealt with the "divorce reason" in another article. "J.W.D." suggests unaristocratic origins. Mrs. Simpson's ancestry goes back further in Britain's history than the King's own House of Windsor and Hanover. The family is descended from that noble knight, Pagan de Warfield, who came to England with William the Conqueror. . .

No, "J.W.D." I make no hero of Edward, but I do face the facts, and on those facts I maintain that I can still stick to the conclusion reached in the last paragraph of my article. Facts. Not mediaeval romances. I would suggest that "J.W.D." read articles thoroughly before attempting a "reply."

—J.N.S.

Grunts!

Dearest "Smad,"—

I am writing this hoping fervently that with customary unconcern you shall "touch it up." Just help yourself. Nobody really minds.

Add a sentence here and there. Delete that unsightly word. Rewrite it if you choose.

But whatever mania grips you, be sure to publish it over my name. Really you're so considerate.

Scribbaceous freshers will rave over your "attentions."

Thank you, ever so much for your help and encouragements.

Meekly yours,

J. D. FREEMAN.

Publish this if it "pleases" you. Perhaps it won't.

And the assembled staff will be able to grunt a respectable grunt of disgust and toss it to the "fowls."

—J.D.F.

Young and Fresh

Dear "Smad,"—

I have just been reading "Fed Up's" letter. He must be a blasé blighter—in fact, I should imagine is he one of those bright lads who manage to keep the social whirl at V.U.C. at such a great tempo? No, perhaps he is a withered rosebud, and was jealous of seeing so many fresher flowers than himself flying round the room. Well, I can't think what he really might be. I suppose he knows his own business best.

I am a freshman, and thoroughly enjoyed the good old hullabaloo of the dance and all—it was quite good fun getting trodden on and squashed and trying to move round with some other fresher not able to dance, especially when the dances were my favourite ones. Yes; and why shouldn't "elephantine attempts" be wasted on our "sweetness"? "Fed Up" and others have had ever since last November to renew excess of energy—and after all, we appreciate it—so why— Well, he knew what the freshers' turn-out was going to be like, so why did he not stay home, instead of coming along to inflame his grunts. The ideal thing for "Fed Up" is a trip to Christchurch at Easter for Tournament. In that town is a Varsity—and opposite the Varsity is a museum—and in the museum is a lovely mummy-room full of lovelier relics and things—he would find them so much more thrilling and less fuss than these freshers.

Yours etc.,

VEE ME.

Righteous Indignation

Dear "Smad,"—

I have been asked by members of the Third Grade Cricket team to reply to your doubtful joke re our results this year.

It would appear fairly obvious the sports writer has had no experience of the difficulties under which the Third Grade team play.

One one occasion only this season have we been sent out with a full team of members of the Cricket Club, and we have played with as few as seven men. Our gear is in a shocking condition, although of late we have been supplied with four pads which are each all in one piece. I am instructed to take the material to Messrs. Witcombe and Caldwell to be repaired. I have done this and been informed by that firm that the material is not worth repairing. My efforts to obtain a hat have been greeted with faint smiles and I am told that there is no money as the subscriptions are outstanding.

We definitely feel that we are not getting a fair go, and are rather disappointed in the attitude that "anything is good enough for the Thirds," which the Cricket Club Committee apparently holds. We have thirty-two championship points and it is entirely due to the apathy of the Committee that we have been "done" for two eight-point wins. The Third Grade is a good source of points for the Club Championship, and it is very galling to me and to the other members of the team who have stuck to Third Grade cricket with a view to building something up, not to receive any support from the Committee.

In conclusion, might I suggest that if we are to receive no help from the club, we should at least not suffer as the butt of rather ill-considered humour.

Yours faithfully,

A. MURPHY.

For the Third Grade Cricket Team.

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Pre-Tournament Workout

Boxers, Swimmers, Athletes.

ANNUAL BOXING TOURNAMENT.

"Smad" was well repaid for a comfortless wait in the Winter Show Building last Wednesday night when a large entry of mitt merchants showed that all sections of the Varsity haven't that wooden spoon complex. A formidable Training College contingent did their part nobly, and aided materially in providing an excellent programme.

Club Captain Edgley and Secretary Edwards dashed round busily during the evening and kept the bouts up to schedule. Referee Earl Stewart did an efficient job in the ring and occasionally Ted Blacker's husky baritone reached the "bleachers," as he muttered about weights.

The winners on Wednesday night were:—Bantam, K. Hamilton; Feather, Sefton Walsh; Light, Kent; Welter, Ryan; Middle, E. Miller; Light Heavy, G. A. Dandy; eHeavy, K. Bowling.

Bantamweight Campbell lost his title to a fresher and will be with the Tournay team, and G. A. Dandy deposed last year's light heavy champ, Barnes.

Highlights of the evening were whirlwind displays by K. Hamilton, good solid work by Kent, and a finished display by the scientific Cup winner, Sefton Walsh, well known in open competition a few years back.

The final of the bantamweight was a hectic affair. Toe to toe slugging with Hamilton landing more frequently to get the ref's nod.

Featherweight thrills were provided by Meek's k.o. of Fitzpatrick in the opening stanza, but the former met tougher game in Walsh, and lost by a wide margin after a good showing.

Kent was in good fettle for his final with K. Horsley, which he won comfortably after three torrid rounds of solid punching. "Smad" felt delightfully comfortable watching them!

Ryan took the welter title from Bourke after gaining a very doubtful victory over Kane in the preliminary. Kane's open right glove—which Earl Stewart cautioned twice—must have been the cause of the trouble for he had a comfortable points lead.

Miller and Craig were the only middleweights. After a fair exhibition the fight went to Miller; plenty of punch, but a dearth of speed.

The light-heavy final caused some controversy. A very even fight, packed with action, and both Dandy and Barnes giving and taking with a nice impartiality. Dandy got the judge's nod. "Smad" thought he deserved it.

Bowling and Stewart mixed things up well in the heavy preliminary. Bowling was a trifle lucky to get the decision, for Stewart put up a fine showing, and a lack of aggressiveness over the early stages kept him from a good win. Barker, ex-N.Z. Blue looked disgusted when the judges asked for another round. A slight heaviness round Barker's middle seemed to be the deciding factor, and Bowling just got home.

Tournament prospects look bright—"Smad" says that every year, but this year we mean it.

SWIMMING.

HARBOUR RACE.

Friday, 5th March, was the day set down for the Club's annual half mile harbour race from Star Boating Sheds to Queen's Wharf and back. The weather was cold and blustery, but a field of eight nevertheless faced the starter. The sea was worse than choppy, it was definitely rough, so much so that hardy rowers would not venture out even in "tubs." Our intrepid swimmers, however, undaunted by the elements, shiveringly took the water, and all valiantly completed the course. The race was won by Ryan (15 secs.), with Mason (scr.) second, and Rawson, Eunis and O'Flynn third equal. Fastest time was secured by Mason with 14 min. 49 secs., which is quite good considering the roughness of the seas.

Annual Carnival.

This function, too, was marred by unsuitable conditions, a very cold night causing a drop in the numbers of spectators and competitors. The programme was well run off, however, some very promising new swimmers of both sexes being noted. In particular, Ongley, Shannon, and Hooper impressed in the men's sprints, while Misses S. Hefford and J. Cummins both appear good prospects. "Smad" assures these new members that if they train conscientiously next season they should be well up amongst Wellington's best, and are certain bets for next Tournament. Older members of the club are gradually marrying off, and it is largely on these newcomers that the Club must rely for a continuation of its past fruitful existence.

The Club championships were won by Miss Morten and Mason, the latter's easy 50 yards in 27 3-5 secs being a particularly good effort, though we feel this oldtimer is capable of better figures than he is now registering.

Detailed results are as follows:—33 1-3 yds. Men's Handicap—Shannon, 1; Russell, 2; Ongley, 3. 33 1-3 yds. Ladies' Handicap—Misses Cummins, 1; Morton, 2; S. Hefford, 3. Men's Freshers' Championship (50 yards)—Hooper and Ongley (dead heat), 4; Potts, 3. 50 yds. Club Championship—Mason, 1; O'Flynn, 2. 50 yds. Ladies' Club Championship, Misses Morton, 1; S. Hefford, 2; Cummins, 3. 66 2-3 yds. Ladies' Breaststroke Handicap—Misses S. Hefford, 1; Mayamor, 2; C. Hefford, 3. 100 yds. Club Championship, Mason, 1; O'Flynn, 2. Inter-Faculty Relay, Law and Commerce, and Arts and Science, 1 equal (two teams only).

"Smad" understands Massey's swimmers are by no means up to V.U.C. standard, so that the tournament team will probably comprise the men, M. J. Mason, R. Webb, R. L. Meek, and F. D. O'Flynn; and the ladies may be picked from Misses M. Morton, S. Sanders, S. and C. Hefford.

INTER-FACULTY SPORTS.

Results.

100 yards Freshers—Gorrings (L), 1; Adams (L), 2; Taylor (L), 3. Time 10 4-5 secs.

100 yards Championship—Bowyer (A) 1; Oram (A), 2; McEwan (L), 3. Time 10 3-5 secs.

Shot Put—Bowling (L) 33 ft. 5 in., 1; Burke (A), 2; Thurston (M) 3.

Long Jump—McIntosh (L), 20 ft. 5 in., 1; Arnold (A), 2; O'Regan (L), 3.

880 yards Championship—Congalton (A), 1; Birks (L), 2; Black (L), 3. Time 2 min. 10 secs.

120 yards Hurdles—Abraham (A), 1. Time 16 4-5 secs.

High Jump—McIntosh (L) and Adams (L), 5 ft. 4 1/2 in., 1 equal; Robinson (M), 3.

100 yards Open Handicap—McEwan (1 yd.), 1; Miller (scr.), 2; Taylor (2 yds.), 3. Time 10 3-5 secs.

Javelin—Burke (A), 124 ft. 1 1/2 in., 1; McIntosh (L), 2; Irving (A), 3.

220 yards Championship—Gorrings (L) 1; Bowyer (A), 2; Miller (A), 3. Time 24 secs.

Mile Walk—Birks (L), 1; Hart (M), 2; Sutherland (M) 3.

Hop, Step and Jump—Adams (L) 40 ft. 6 in., 1; Irving (A), 2; McIntosh (L) and A. Ross (A), 3 equal.

Mile—Scrimgeour (L), 1; Barrer (M), 2; Horsley (L), 3. Time 4 min. 47 secs.

Freshers' Mile—Henderson (A), 1.

880 yards Open—Congalton (L), 1; Birks (L), 2; Black (L), 3. Time 2 min. 10 secs.

Discus—Abraham (A) 78 ft. 8 1/2 in., 1; Eade (L), 2; Thurston (M), 3.

220 yards Hurdles—Abraham (A), 1.

440 yards Championship—Bowyer (A), 1; Robinson (M), 2; Abraham (A), 3. Time 53 secs.

Relay—Law and Commerce, 1; Arts and Science, 2.

In these results (L denotes Law and Commerce Faculties; (A) represents Arts and Science; and (M) is for Massey College. At the conclusion of the day, the points stood as follows:—Arts and Science, 51 1/2; Law and Commerce, 50 1/2; Massey, 11.

This is not the final result, however, as three more events are to be decided on Monday night, after "Smad" has gone to press.

After Saturday's events, "Smad" approached the twin deities of the club, Thos. and Stan, with regard to the Tournament team. From their former jocular attitude, they became at once serious and aloof, but at length promised to let "Smad" have the team on Sunday. It would appear that this is a great favour as they are strict observers of the Sabbath.

Possibly the ugly whispers concerning a wooden spoon and Mr. "Dorrie" Leslie's remarks thereon had upset them, for they would not say anything as to prospects, and upon being asked they looked solemn, and gathering up their weights and measures, they wandered away from the arena.

MIXED GRILL

Bright Batting.

Against Old Boys, Lawn scored 14 runs including a straight six from one over. The score was increased by 20 runs in five minutes.

Midnight Drama.

Oh George don't park here,
Oh George don't park,
Oh George don't,
Oh George,
Oh !!!
But was this sporting?

Tennis.

First Men lost to Wellington A by five matches to three. Second Women beat Seatoun by 11 sets to 10, matches being equal at 4 all. Third B Men lost to Wellesley A by seven matches to one.

Ripe.

Some people have no respect for age—except when bottled.

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