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V. U. C.

# SMAD

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

Vol. No. 5. No. 6

SEPTEMBER 1934.

(Price 3d.)

## JACK RURU

### An Appreciation

The shock that followed the news of Jack Ruru's tragic death from injuries sustained on the football field still lies heavily upon his many friends. They find it difficult to realise that no more will they see his cheerful smile nor listen to his pleasant voice.

As a shy boy of eighteen Jack Ruru came to Victoria College from Te Aute in 1931 and during the four years of his attendance at the College by his personal charm and modest manner endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact.

His course at the College was being undertaken preparatory to his taking over from his father, now advanced in years, the work the latter has been carrying on for his people.

Like many of his race, Jack Ruru's special recreation lay in New Zealand's national game and it is perhaps fitting that his end should come on the field he loved so well. To him, his football was essentially a game, in which he might match his wits with those of his opponents and bring into play those physical attributes with which he was bounteously endowed. Characteristically, he disliked the tedium associated with the preparation for a match but in the game itself, whether club or international, there could be no keener player on the field. In retrospect, his outstanding qualities as a footballer were, firstly, the fine spirit in which he played and, secondly, the great courage he invariably displayed in defence. Strenuous though the game might be, Jack Ruru was never known to commit a questionable act nor shirk a tackle.

Now suddenly he has been taken long before his time and in the very flush of life. He lies in the burial ground of his people near the little village where he was born, to which he was wont to refer affectionately as "out wayback." By those who knew him only on the field of play he will be remembered as an outstanding footballer; by those who were privileged to share his friendship the mem-

## CHANGE

In the last issue of "Smad" there was a high-pitched wail from Redmond Phillips: "Gone are the gods of my youth—the Macduffs, the Reardons . . . There are new domestic gods." At this we rise in wrath, and with equal pride point to the Nankervis, Scotneys, Burnses, and other impedimenta of the moment; we will certainly give Mr. Phillips a "garde en sexte" or a sound cradling for his unabashed effrontery in naming these gods "false idols, little argumentative fellows in fustian."

Yet beneath all this floundering in the "good old days" fallacy, Mr. Phillips has landed a whale. The years 1930 and 1931 saw depart from Victoria a whole host of men who, while incidentally wandering through a leisurely course, had directed and organised the social and contraversal life of the College for numberless years. They did not disappear quietly, one by one, but stampeded in a block. To-day there are new leaders every bit as big as those ha'ood wraiths of the past, fed on just as much Glaxo as ever Mr. Phillips's heroes received, but naturally with changes in leadership the centres of 'Varsity activity change.

Thus we find surviving to-day an infinity of derelict clubs with nothing to recommend them except a pristine activity, with nothing to support them but the "glorious heritage of the past," with nothing to do but elect committees and try to become as of "sounding brass." We hope that the Exec. will formulate some scheme of rationalisation over the long vacation.

### UNIVERSITY.

Professor Yoshida, Professor of Education at Tokio University said, "The University has a two-fold function; firstly to train government servants, secondly men of honour."

ory of Jack Ruru will be cherished as that of a true sportsman and true friend.

Farewell Maori friend, big hearted, good hearted, friendly Jack Ruru

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**"S. M. A. D."**

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Editor : C. M. P. Brown.

Sub-Editors : R. S. Odell, J. Aimers.

Sports Sub-Editor : J. White.

Reporters : Miss Gwenda Norman-Jones, K.  
Tahiwi, H. O. Wansborough.

Business : H. M. MacIntosh.

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## Smadisms

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The announcement of Jack Ruru's death came as a shock to the whole College at the beginning of this term. His friendship and sportsmanship had made him universally liked ; and we heartily commend to our readers the voluntary subscription list that the Football Club have instituted to provide something in the nature of a memorial. Any member of the Committee will give information about this.

Two marriages of interest in Varsity circles have taken place recently : Miss Ava Stainton and Gordon Richards, and Miss Doris Pow and Alistair MacIntosh..

We would congratulate, too, Hugh Middlebrook on his engagement to Miss Vera Robinson.

The Social Service Club has again started its religious pilgrimages to Porirua. Strange what attraction this place has for some people. Last year grave doubts were raised as to whether these visits were purely on business, but this year we have definite proof. One of the most energetic of the male organisers was caught being kissed by one of the inmates !

There has been a mild boom in Annual Meetings, especially of sporting clubs in preparation for Summer sports ; but the prize for self-sacrifice and devotional rhetoric goes to Mr. Student's Executive Assistant Treasurer MacIntosh at the Rowing Club meeting. Despite his presence earlier in the evening at his brother's wedding, he turned up (no mean feat in itself) and then proceeded to harangue the multitude as they had never been harangue before. If you thought he repeated something three times, well, you were right. The name of Mr. J. G. Oliver who was elected Deputy Club Captain of the Swimming Club was omitted from the report in the "Dominion"—but Smad will tell it to the world.

There has been a sad dearth of Smoke Concerts this year. The Football and Haeremai Clubs held the first one we can remember for months and months. And its success leads us to hope for many more in the future. Tales we fear would be out of order, but we would like to know why the President of the Student's Association and two footballers had to give an exhibition of the code in Manners Street.

## Snobs Snouted

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**A. McG. HITS OUT.**

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If there were any hope for the future of N.Z., we should look for it at the University. For from three to five years the undergraduate is used as a target for a carefully prepared, planned and organised barrage of what is known as higher education. Here we should look for unity and leadership.

Yet, within this very College itself, society is hopelessly split. There are more than a few conceited little pups who regard themselves as intellectuals, and there are also others. The former have the effrontery to withdraw themselves behind the bulwarks of self-righteous detachment, whence they look out with an ill-concealed contempt and a supercilious scorn upon those lesser people whom they are pleased to regard as of little account. At V.U.C. there is no excuse for anybody considering himself an intellectual as distinct from anyone else, just as there is no excuse for anybody allowing himself to be regarded as a lout or a yob, or to be known by any other term which disparages mental prowess ; there should be no room for intellectualism as distinct from any other "ism," and the sooner those responsible for constituting themselves a hierarchy of mental monopolists are brought to see that such a state of affairs is foreign to V.U.C. the better.

—A. McG.

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## BOARDING HOUSE ASTRONOMY.

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**Tea talk at Weir.**

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E. (intelligently.) "What is the ring round Saturn ?

G. (being helpful.) It is the disintegrated matter of the planet's moons.

S. A sort of dirt track.

D. Why do you want to talk about Saturn ? Venus is much more interesting.

E. It depends upon which Venus you mean.

S. He means the heavenly body of course.

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near eight o'clock, why Professor Boyd-Wilson wanted ten minutes "free and easy."

We understand that the Zoo musical exercises on Wednesdays spring from a study of spinal chords ; we a'ways thought it extraneous growth.

We are sorry to inform our readers that Cedrie Wright is not the Irishman he used to be. (You know old Cedrie, he sleeps at the same table as we do in the Library). Despite immense persuasion we could not induce him to revisit the scenes of his childhood in the recent picture "Lily of Killarney." at each



## Exeunt Exams.

A feature at the crowded Court to-day was the appearance of the University of New Zealand on a charge of keeping a common gaming-house. On 17th. November last, the police raided the Winter Show Buildings and seized a considerable quantity of gaming material. The prominence of exam-papers showed that the business was conducted on a large scale. The Court commented on the complainant's acrimonious amplifications of the official oath in the course of the preliminaries—the information having been laid by one "Strewth," a common newsmonger. The defence was conducted by the Law Faculty in toto and academic gowns (totem).

Many of the examinees had willingly offered themselves at once as police witnesses, and much time was taken over their evidence. One in particular complained that he had been "plucked three times," and that the defendant was feathering its nest with the annual proceeds.

Counsel for the defence, after making a spirited appeal for freedom of speech, stated that this was no game, but quite a business, and that success depended entirely upon the skill of the applicant. His Worship: "I have not found that to be the case in the course of my own dealings with the defendant body. Besides, these gaming matters are always said to be a question of sufficient practice. I've heard that before." (Laughter). Various supervisors and examiners were exhibited by the defence, and the working of the system was explained, during which proceedings the Court was cleared and the evidence recorded in camera. It is understood, however, that a law clerk who had remained hidden behind a 1932 N.Z. Law Report fainted with horror at the disclosures, was discovered, and will be charged with ultra vires and breach of privilege.

The Magistrate then tried the machine himself. After several attempts he expressed sympathy towards the witness whose remarks are quoted above. The police successfully objected to expert demonstration on the ground that a model set of answers once prepared by an examiner had accidentally been marked by a confrere with results that hardly justified the term "expert."

The Bench gave an oracle decision. "I am well aware," remarked His Worship, "of the serious effects probably entailed, but they are the institution's own fault." By its agents it was tending to promote gambling among the young, and the Varsity student in particular must be protected from this kind of thing. "At least since I was there," continued the Court, "the University has been regarded as a place of culture. Its province is to cultivate the student's cult until he is culled from the world of things as they are. He is then said to be educated, i.e. 'led out.'" The outlet for the led out is the Examina-

## Protection

Blow the tempest ever harder—  
What care I?—come, harder, harder.  
Smoke the foam in moon-lit haloes,  
Wind-swept at our very feet;  
Let the rock which forms our throne  
Be circled, aye, with bubbling groan—  
Could there be a better spot  
For lovers twain to meet?

Waves crash louder, louder, louder;  
Thresh the flying spume to powder,  
And my darling's little hand  
Seeks mine each time the monster raves;  
Let the tempest's gibes wax grosser,  
If the while she nestles closer  
For assurance of protection  
From the loudly raging waves.

B. A. S.

## Interjection

We give this week's sugar candy for the best interjection to the sustained interjector at the recent Anti-War meeting. Mr. Fortune was effervescing at his best: What is the difference between these Russian boys marching across Red Square with their guns and the Fascist youth parading in the streets of Rome?

Interjector: "A lemon!"

Mr. Fortune (unheeding): "The essence of the distinction is this:—"

Interjector: "Essence of lemon."

Mr. Fortune (a little later): "Some people thought that capitalism must be smashed."

Interjector: "Lemon smash!"

tion. We must inquire simply whether the Examination is lawful under the Gaming legislation. Is there an element of luck in it? The defence is simply that there is no chance at all. Now, in view of the facts, I am not at all satisfied that the system is "watertight." It seems to me that the formula  $2C-k$  (where  $C$  is chance of failure,  $C$  is degree of element of chance,  $k$  is "constant") applies, i.e. the likelihood of failure varies in inverse proportion to the concomitant good luck.

The University has stoutly denied that it is impossible to pass. But then failure ( $C$ ) cannot reach 100 per cent. The logical and only result is that there must be some proportion of luck ( $C$ ) in the game, and, given that, I have no hesitation in convicting without the option."

—M.B.

## Pickett Cup Retained

### V.U.C. v. Te Aute

by "Smad" Special Reporter

#### THE TEAMS :

**Te Aute :** (red) Lawson, Nicholas, Williamus, Rehu, Kihi, Kumeroa, Baker, Wanoa, Goldsmith, Racmona, Raureti, Te Kani, Rangi, Huata, Tibb'e.

**Victoria :** (various shades of green) Wilton (captain), Edgeley, Hall, Hurley, Tremewan, Lee, Adams, Wild, Burke, Buddle, Bond, Holmes, Gibbons, Simpson, Douglas.

Played at Waipukurau on Saturday, August 18th, 1934.

Wilton, wearing his Harlequin cap led the teams on to the field. Simpson who entered alone by the professional's gate receiving an ovation from the crowd. Gibbons opened the attack with an over of short bumpers on Tibb'e's body, Te Aute retaliating with a King Foo stopper hold which took play back to midfield. Up and down play followed until a tricky piece of work by Te Aute took them to Victoria's end of the table where Tremewan was penalised for tearing the cloth, Williams raising the flags with a good kick. Tremewan replied by cutting Te Aute to the fine leg boundary and sweeping Huata's next two deliveries through the covers for a brace but Hall was ordered out of the baths for swimming under water and a good chance was lost. Wilton, after being badly snookered in the twenty-five retrieved with a beautiful screwback cannon and finally went off the red to make the scores three all. Burke's kick found the corner flag.

The next episode was a fine dash up the line led by Hall. Both sides took part and the race resulted in a win for Lee (fourth favourite on the place machine) with inches between Bond, Buddle, Douglas, and Simpson.

Te Aute came again and at the gong had Hurley against the ropes driving both hands into his face. In the next round, however, the Wellington boy by clever ducking and bridging managed to avoid Nicholas' cannon ball service and won easily on pints.

On the referee calling "Halftime gentlemen please," both teams gathered round it have a suck of Lee's lemon.

Wilton now wearing his Borstal cap opened the second spell at a torrid pace with four service aces. Amid derisive cheers from the crows Burke then took up the attack from the gasworks end, bowling in-swingers with six men in the slips but Douglas and Edgeley scoring all round the table brought fifty up in quick time. Tremewan broke away with Wild, Gibbons and Simpson in support and only the full back to beat but Gibbons was ordered off for trumping his partner's ace, Tremewan sneaking over for a gift try amid the resulting confusion. Burke could not find a length.

## Phantasy

Realising the lack of modernistic literature in N.Z., "Smad" has, at enormous cost, induced the Great Modern Mystic Mimeographer, N.E.T., to contribute his impressions of the Universe, in his own inimitable style. The sordid realism and the breath-taking emotional inconsequence must appeal to every reader. We must emphasise the fact that this is not a competition to find a hidden meaning; it couldn't be done.—

A warm, dark, cosy, little corner—what did you say, dear?—No, no! Caffeotone of lead—remember!—heaven or hell—thoughts of fear and Freud and fancy—then dirt and blood and a bashed-out brain and torn entrails—a warm, dark, easy corner—I'm the strongest man in the world.—Whose afraid of the big bad wolf? Why am I always shut in? Break! Smash! Tear down! those smooth green glossy walls. This is hell! a warm, dark, cosy little corner. Let's go now—now! NOW! Do you hear?—NOW!! ..Oh.—It's all right.—I'm too tired—everything's turning round and round and round—birds in the trees seem to whisper Louise—floating—quiet and still—don't forget the heroine on my desk, dear—floating—round and—

—(The last effort of a brain-bashed Intellectual.)

—N.E.T.

The game was now being played at a fast clip. Holmes, whose chocolate diet had had beneficial effects on his stamina, punished his opponent with headlocks which he followed up by trapping the line umpire in a Boston crab, only the referee's whistle saving what looked like a certain fall. From the ensuing scrum the Te Aute breakaways caught Wild in possession, Adams caught Hurley with five aces and Edgeley was caught in the outfield, trying to sneak off without putting his bob in, but the referee, after warning both sides, ordered the fight to continue. From a melee on the Victoria line, Buddle called four spades, Hall and Hurley called at the nurses' home, the Te Aute halfback, Baker, called for the ball and potted a neat goal while Victoria were changing over for more leg theory.

Bond and Lee were ordered off by the referee for making suggestive noises but were later permitted to continue on receipt of a telegram of protest from the Board of Control.

With only a small margin between the scores, Te Aute attacked strongly and Victoria's goal was always in danger but after several unsuccessful appeals against the light, Wilton contrived to lose the ball and the game was abandoned, the score reading :—

**Victoria :** 2 tries. 1 in off the red. equals 9 points.

**Te Aute :** 1 penalty goal. 1 potted goal equals 7 points.



## B. A.

### What Does the "A" Stand For

It has been said that there are three types of men; those who cannot think at all; those who can think only when they are talking; and those who can think when they are alone.

For the most part they fall into the first category; not because they are stupid or unable to think, but from choice.

The man who boasts that he works so hard that he cannot find time for thought or reading, stands self-condemned as a man who is too frightened or too lazy to think. The idiots who rush home in the evening after work, swallow a hurried meal, and career back to the office, followed by the anxious but admiring cries of their parents, possibly indulge in a little self-congratulation, but in reality they are using the work in the manner of an anodyne, a drug deadening their minds, and tiring their mental mechanism.

Show me a man who has spent his leisure time bent over a book of calculi or Greek Roots and you show me a man whose mind is so atrophied that he is incapable of constructive thought.

The mountebank of fifty who spends his time pursuing butterflies, or collecting stamps has arrived at the same end, but through different means. He has passed the age at which he is able to occupy his brain with witty questions on the Gerundive Attraction of the Binomial Theorem. All good things come to an end; and he got his Degree. The question of what to do in his spare time, other than to read a book that makes his brain work, looms large on his mental horizon. It never occurs to the man that, having gained his Degree and satisfied the social powers that he was a man of some ability, he could now occupy his dunderhead with something useful. So he mopes and groans about the house in the evening, until his wife, shrewdly realising that he still has the mind of a child, suggests that he should find something interesting to do, he finds it in compiling the statistics of the number of points scored by individual All Blacks since 1874. He is now happy. He has passed the crisis, and is now able to enjoy himself with no thought. In using the word, "thought" I do not associate with the true meaning of the word, such mental soporifics as adding figures or cataloguing Lepidoptera; I mean it in the sense of "pure" thought, such as would be induced shall I say by Montaigne's Essays, or if one prefers a contemporary, Aldous Huxley's writings; better still, I mean it by that class of reasoning that is needed for such writers to write their works. Let these middle-aged children read such books—we must start

them off on the easiest path first—read them thoughtfully, and if they are led off by the author along a by-path of thought let them not be afraid of it. But I fear it is in vain to assume that at thirty-five or even thirty a man would be able to manage it.

Put the same gentleman amongst a mixed crowd of men, all in their naked nakedness, one-half of them criminals and the other half bishops or public benefactors, and he is almost certain to put the criminals as pillars of the church and the holy gentlemen as safe-breakers. Not through any worldly cynicism, but because he has studied human nature so little that he is incapable of separating the tares from the wheat.

Regarding the B. or M.A., with a Classical education: the average guttersnipe of fourteen is more able to fend for himself than the graduate of a University: It is for this reason that one finds the products of Universities leading sheltered lives, in libraries, teaching infants, drawing up bills and torts, but how few men with degrees are soldiers, successful business men, or even politicians.

The fact that there are no men with University Degrees in Parliament is not the fault of the social system but of the graduates themselves. They would be unable to gain a seat. They could not persuade an electorate of half-wits to return them, to say nothing of a crowd of semi-educated, critical men.

On attaining their degree they shift their dim eyes from their books, and peer forth at the world, only to find themselves dazzled by the unexpected brilliance of the light. They cannot face it; a few make a pathetic blundering attempt to meet the position, and then go back to their books or postage stamps. All this for the reason that, for the most part, they are incapable of constructive reasoning.

In rebuttal of this, one may cite the hundreds of incipient barristers that rush forth from this seat of culture, to do battle in the world, but they only serve to bear out my point, because the knowledge they have been gaining is not cultural, it is essentially of the world, and practical, and for this reason these graduates fare much better and are more fitted for the scuffling and cheating of life than are their colleagues with their Arts Degree. In learning dead languages they themselves become dead. William Hazlitt says: "Any one who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education and is not made a fool of by it, may consider himself as having had a very narrow escape."

Said a certain young hostess called Jean,

"Will you come to my party, old bean?"

But be certain, by gosh,

That you have a good wash,

For I do like a man to come clean."

CRITIC.

## Weir v. the Rest

It needed half an hour's heavy consideration and heavier post prandial digestion to impress us with the solemnity and august nature of the occasion. Weir House was playing the Rest! How we envied those thirty stalwarts who in later life would be able to pat their offspring benignly on the head saying, "Yes, daddy fought in that first heroic draw for (or against) Weir House I remember . . ."

There we met tall George Sainsbury, the typical American team manager with slouch cap, cigar dangling disdainfully from a heavily critical mouth (fashion critics please note, he was dressed in old creaseless grey flannels, football jersey and an overcoat). The curtain-raiser was an excellent game except that it was upside down and the Fourths beat the Juniors. This state of affairs is preposterous; if the Fourths can beat the Juniors, why didn't the Seniors win? Anyhow the game ended—as all good games should do—and the Weir House and the Rest teams filed on to the field—discreet applause—silence we felt something was going to happen. Then the music starting softly rose to a universe-shattering crescendo, base, treble, flats, sharps and thunderclaps bounded all over the diapason. In the dim distance two specks were just discernible. Was it Henry VIII and Mac West, was it McGhie and the Lady Godiva—why no, it was Lord and Lady Bledisloe (disguised as Hall and Keating) charmingly attired in a bicycle built for one.

With a just appreciation of the proprieties of the occasion and showing remarkable insight into the details of the game, His Pseudo-Excellency proceeded to plant a tree in the middle of the field. This somewhat mystified Dick Wild at the kick off, for he didn't know whether to follow his native instincts and go bird-nesting or to play football. Subsequent events suggested a judicious combination. Max Wille, dressed as a chorus girl only more so, and Tom Birks as a local "hula hula" merchant led a ferocious haka and then the players settled down to foot the ball. Weir led 9-0 at half time; Wild scoring after nine or ten tacklers had found Irish blood in Fitzgerald's veins; Powell followed with a magnificent penalty. Finally Bradshaw receiving the ball by mistake, slipped over under a misapprehension and the referee happened to raise the right arm.

"In the second spell, due to a snappy try and a penalty from Rae and tries by Hislop and Cormack from long passing rushes and a further penalty from Powell the scores equalised themselves 12 all. Thurston's excellent play for the Rest and the good work of the Weir forwards stood out. O'Shea seemed to strike the imagination of the crowd; but, horrible thought, perhaps this "play boy" was playing to the gallery. We remember him taking one ball which should have been the fullback's by rights."

## Inter-University College Cross Country Championship

Preparations extending over many months were brought to fruition on Saturday, August 25th when teams from the Harrier Clubs of the four Colleges competed in the first Inter-University Cross Country Championship, which is now expected to become an annual event. The distance of 6½ miles was run over the new Wellington Provincial Course at Lyall Bay. The visiting runners were shown over the course on the Friday afternoon by members of the local club, but when the race started on Saturday a vicious southerly had converted a normally hard trail into a gruelling test of endurance.

After a plunge at the start through knee deep waves the runners were forced to abandon the correct trail along the beach and take the road, through driving rain, spray and sand, around Moa Point to the foot of the Vosseler Hill. Here the early domination of the Otago team, led by Stewart, Sutherland and Ross, was lessened when Bagnall and O'Connor (V.U.C.) moved into second place. The latter, however, injured a leg just past "Mt. Everest" and retired from the foremost bunch, where Shannon (C.U.C.) had worked up into first place at Seatoun Road. Shannon was passed by Stewart and later by Bagnall, who, struggling through the gate to reach Stewart over the last mile had reduced the lead to fifteen yards with a few chains to go. A last grim bid for first place saw Bagnall draw almost level, but Stewart warded off the challenge to win by a second.

### Results:

A. Stewart (Otago) 42 min. 2 sec. ....	1
A. G. Bagnall (Victoria) 42 min. 3 sec. ....	2
A. T. Shannon (Canterbury) 42 min. 29 sec. ....	3
L. Smith (C.) 4th; A. Sutherland (O.) 5th; M. O'Connor (V.) 6th; H. T. Jellie (A.) 7th.	

In the teams section Otago were placed first with 23 points, Victoria 2nd (29 points), Canterbury 3rd (26 points) and Auckland 4th (53 points).

The Carmalt Jones Cup, for annual competition between Otago and Canterbury was retained by Otago.

The visiting teams were entertained by members of the V.U.C. Club at a dinner at the "Duke of Edinburgh" in the evening, when medals were presented to the winning team and the president of the V.U.C. Harrier Club, Mr. G. F. Dixon announced his intention of presenting a shield for the Inter-College Championship. A picture party and supper at the Majestic concluded activities for the evening, while on the Sunday visitors were shown over Wellington and taken for drives about the suburbs.



# THE COCKPIT

## Red Hot Rot ?

15th. Sept., 1934

The Editor, "Smad."

Dear Sir,

Not since the kitten-throwing incident has there been such an ado about nothing in the 'Varsity Circles.

With the recent formation of an Anti-War movement we have opened just another avenue to join those already available for the spreading of Communist propaganda, as vide Mr. Fortune's speech at the recent meeting; not that an Anti-War movement is objectionable per se; rather it is a move to be commended. A Committee was elected on somewhat doubtful grounds—graft is a thing apparently not confined to American Armament concerns—from the same element as was prominent at the now more or less defunct Free Discussions Club.

I have been given to understand that a recount of the votes by some who were doubtful of the results revealed that three informal votes (written on paper other than the voting slips provided) must have been counted to give the results announced. In view of the rumours circulating it seems up to the scrutineers to clear the air and give some explanation of this seemingly obvious informality.

And then of course we have the Labour Club—on the same footing. At the inaugural meeting a casting vote by the chairman was necessary in order to obtain assent of the meeting to apply for affiliation. Truly this represents an unanimous support by the Varsity. The fact that so little support is given to these Clubs seems hardly to warrant their being affiliated and subsidised by the Student's Association.

There is a growing feeling among the non-partisan and level-headed body of Students, that before any Club with such thinly veiled objects, is permitted to apply for affiliation, its sponsors should receive a more critical examination by the Executive. Moreover if, and when such sponsors are allowed to call a meeting of Students, then some Member of the Executive should preside in order to ensure that at least the recognised canons of public meetings (including those relating to the election of officers) are observed. Reviewing the present year one is immediately struck by the number of Clubs either eking out a shaky existence or only recently formed and which cannot hope to survive after the semi-

fanatical condition of their prime movers—a number small in all—has cooled.

In conclusion therefore, I beg Sir, to protest in no uncertain manner, against the flagrant way in which a certain small body of Students are being permitted to bring discredit on an otherwise rational body.

Yours sincerely,

HANMER SMITH.

(Ed.—When this letter was submitted to the scrutineers, Miss Ola Nielson and Mr. E. F. Hubbard, they both stated that there were several invalid votes, but that the votes on different paper were valid. As far as they could remember this paper was given out as there was a shortage of the other.)

The Editor, "Smad."

Sir,

Not since the "Twisted Teaching" incident has there been such a wealth of baseless innuendo in 'Varsity circles as in the above letter from Mr. Hanmer Smith.

The scrutineers may reply for themselves as regards the ill-informed charges made against them. But as chairman of the meeting in question I must answer the cheap insinuations levelled by your correspondent as to the disregard of "the recognised canons of public meetings."

In the first place, Sir, one would have thought that no level-headed, non-partisan, right-minded, clear-thinking student such as "Mr. Smith" would have launched such a cargo of invective without some slight enquiry into the facts of the case. But no, your correspondent is content to rely on the allegations of those who surreptitiously collect and re-count the votes after the meeting, spread rumours that the election was invalid, decline to bring any definite complaint before either the Club's Committee or the Executive, and refuse even to produce the voting papers for inspection. Those who, at the meeting, took keen delight in nominating the Prime Minister and his colleagues for the Committee were the ones who originated the rumours about the voting. Mr. Smith may indeed be proud to champion their complaint about the conduct of the election. He may also be congratulated on concocting a charge of graft without one fragment of evidence to support it.

Your correspondent bolsters up this coolly-reasoned case with unanswerable logic when he shows that the Anti-War Movement, the Labour Club, and the



Free Discussions Club are practically one and the same body. Although their respective aims are nominally poles apart, although the Committees are comprised of substantially different members, although their supporters are, in the case of the Anti War Movement, far wider than that of the Labour Club, still it is difficult to resist the above conclusion, reached by Mr. Smith only after careful analysis.

On the question of the Club's affiliation, it is implied that this boon was sought from the Executive and too readily granted. Unfortunately for Mr. Smith's argument, however, the facts even on this minor point are against him. It was against the wishes of the Student Anti-War Committee and purely at the instigation of the Executive that a regular college club was thus formed and affiliated. On the matter of the Executive's scouting of the sponsors of new clubs, Mr. Smith apparently does not know the usual practice of the Executive in such matters. I have myself appeared before that body for a lengthy cross-examination as to the aims and activities of a proposed new club.

But not only does your correspondent write with the valour of ignorance. He goes further, and urges that in principle it is undesirable that these small clubs should be affiliated, bringing discredit as they do upon an otherwise rational body. Proudly Mr. Smith declares himself non-partisan. Let him then keep to his fence. In a society in which injustice is glaring enough, let the City Fathers never find him concerned in trying to right it. Let him remain spotless above the turmoil, in distant but dignified isolation. Let him not leave the muddy pool of conformity for the swifter currents of controversy; for around the social questions of the day rages a contest into which, fettered as he is by such scruples for the good name of himself and his fellows, he is obviously ill fitted to plunge.

I am, etc.,

I. D. CAMPBELL.

## Keen Kuts for Kricket Kids

Dear "Smad,"

And thus with the advent of a new cricket season, we find ourselves faced yet once more with the fundamental fallacy that the Victoria College Cricket Club can make its presence felt in Wellington cricket by the inopportune introduction of grey-headed grandfathers who passed and pounded on the pitch before most members of the College Club were conceived.

Most members who missed making material progress last year, this year at least, expected that with the stepping out of some of our seasoned six-sloggers, they might segregate themselves for the Senior XI and thus accomplish the anticipated am-

bition of graduating into the graced grade of cricket. Bright-eyed boys, culled from College cricket are enterprising enough to expect them to enter a team attuned to their attainments having simply as their sole rivals for selection sophisticated students.

But, meritorious old member, and naive newcomer, your humble hopes will be sadly squashed. With the continual conventional custom of courtesy, you must accede to the aspirations of age. Yours to parade regularly at practice; yours to scoop in sumptuous scores; yours to bowl your battering barrage; yours to field with fastidious fidelity. But also yours to be relentlessly and ruthlessly reminded that the aim of University cricket both at the first and now, was and is, to furnish feeble fathers with the satisfying Saturday afternoon's entertainment.

For myself, the prospects for the present are putrid and petrifying. But I have to face the future without fear, knowing as I do that with the advent of my advanced old age, I shall wend my way without difficulty to the crown of College cricket.

"ADOLESCENS"

(Editor.—We gather from this letter that it is a complaint that the Cricket Club is going outside the Varsity for older men to make up the 1st XI.)

"The above letter was referred to the Secretary of the Crickst Club who advises that in view of the lamentable weakness in batting displayed last year by the Club especially in the Senior and second grade teams, it was obvious to the Committee that some immediate remedy was necessary if the Club's senior status and second grade status were not to be imperilled. The Committee has therefore decided to invite Mr. Jacobsen to play for the Club in the capacity of player-coach. This gentleman will devote his efforts, especially at practices to improving the batting of Club members. It has not been decided what team he will play for, but if it is for the Senior eleven it will certainly not be to the exclusion of a young player who is anything like worthy of a place in that team, now or in the future."

## Dram. Club Attacked

Dear Sir,

At the beginning of the year, I was interested in the announcement of the Dramatic Club that "each year's" batch of freshers is closely scrutinised for actors and actresses of promise," and also that, "Circle readings for new students are to be arranged early in the new term"—etc.

I know of several freshers who are keenly interested in acting, have entered their names and attended practically every meeting. So far, however, I have yet to see a fresher given a part, good or bad, while the circle readings for new students only

resemble Mr. Forbe's Golden Age in that they never materialise.

The casts themselves were of a very poor standard for a Varsity club. In many cases, the leading parts were taken by poker-like, inaudible readers, who, were repeatedly given parts, without any attempt to discover new talent. Because of this, most of the plays dragged intolerably and were boring in the extreme. One can hardly blame an audience for gradually dispersing when a leading player giggled uncontrollably in a dramatic scene or addresses his necktie or the back of the stage.

Does the Dramatic Club really imagine that this is the best of the Varsity's talent?

I shall be interested to learn, in view of these facts, the explanation of the Club's attitude towards freshers.

I am,

Yours Truly,

Wake up, Dramatic Club."

Dear "Smad,"

Every year the Dramatic Club is charged with neglecting freshers and not searching for new talent. From the above letter it may be thought that many freshers were merely ignored by the Club. However, on asking the former secretary whether he had received letters from freshers, I learned that two such letters were received and that the writers did not respond to appeals for people willing to read, which were made at the first three readings of this session. Far from any enthusiasm to read being shown, those approached either hedged or reluctantly agreed—an attitude which in itself spells disaster to a reading.

The writer of the above letter evidently is such a sore-head that he has failed to take note of the casts for readings. In fact, many freshers have been given "parts, good or bad," besides those, who, although not freshers, had taken no part in the readings.

Circle readings were held during the first vacation, and although everyone on the Dramatic Club's list was notified, so many refusals were met with that it was only with difficulty that a cast was obtained.

Our arm-chair critic then pours abuse on the standard of the readings, which is at any time a doubtful, poor and entirely negative method of attack. The majority of readings were obviously enjoyed by the audience.

I admit that a few of the readings have been disappointing, partly because the play was difficult to produce as a reading, but mainly through the apathy of some members of the cast. For instance, "Hollywood Holiday," on which the cast with two exceptions was composed either of freshers or students who had not read before, was ruined by the attitude adopted by the majority of the cast.

However, we realise that the practice of holding

the Annual General Meeting half-way through the session must be discontinued, as it means the Club has no definite programme for the year. This fact may account for some of the complaints, but if the writer likes to come forward and show that he is superior to "the best of the Varsity's talent," then the Dramatic Club will be gratified in obtaining an active supporter from an arm-chair critic.

Yours,

D. TOSSMAN,

"Wake Up, Dramatic Club."

## Exec. Doings

Dear "Smad,"

The following is a short report on the principal activities of the Executive since your last issue,—

(1) An additional grant of £37 has been made to the Tensis Club to assist in splaying back the bank behind No. 1 Court. This will effect an improvement to the courts both from the point of view of use and appearance, besides removing for the future what has always been a potential source of danger and trouble.

(2) Two new clubs, the Fencing Club and the Anti-War Movement, have been affiliated to the Association.

A new floor covering has been purchased and laid down in the gymnasium in place of the old one, which, after a life of some eleven years, had become quite useless for the purpose.

(4) Mr. C. N. Watson has been re-appointed Editor of Capping Book for 1935.

(5) Grants of £1 1s. were made to each of the two lower grade football teams which won championships, in recognition of their very meritorious achievements.

(6) The Executive held a special meeting on 29th August last, when Mr. Robert K. Burns, of America, attended and explained the aims of the movement which he was responsible for founding in the four colleges in New Zealand. It was decided to support the movement whole-heartedly, and with this in view a committee has been set up which will go into the organisation of the movement and put things on a working basis, in order that definite action may be taken in the New Year, when the College reassembles.

(7) As this is your last issue before the November examinations, the Executive would like to take the opportunity of wishing all students the very best of luck. We hope that all may have an enjoyable time during the vacation, and look forward to seeing everyone again next year.

Yours, etc.,

A. McGHIE,

Hon. Sec., V.U.C.S.A.



# Pedigrees and Truth

## WEIR CONFESSIONS

Once again a year has passed; once again we feel it our duty to give you the up and up on the low. Many weary hours we have spent seeking the truth above members of Weir House. The classics have solved the problem to many, while in others we can only publish the truth.

N.B.—All characters in this work are purely fictitious.

ALPERS—Not one of the lesser alps.

BAGNALL—Walks as though he had a white hot poker behind him.

BAKER—Far, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife. His sober wishes never learn to stray.

BIRKS—A bad case—even sings on the football fie'd.

LOWIE—There ain't no fun in women.

BRADSHAW—An unintentional bigamist.

BROWN—As editor of "Smad" has the last word, but his face speaks for itself.

BUIST—A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

BYTHELL—The wilful and the wayward.

CAMPBELL—I'll raise the preparations of a war.

CARLYON—A gay Lothario in the making.

CHRISTIE—Owner of a patent supper detector.

CLARE—A sage companion.

CLINKARD—All the world's his brother.

COCKER—It does not speak but I will follow it.

CURTIS—I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

DONNE—A budding lawyer and at present snow white.

DONOVAN—Ball boy for the tennis club.

EADE—Biology's blunder.

EDGLEY—Wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie.

FELTHAM—Pat—What's a grandmother amongst friends, anyway.

FELTHAM—Dick—Censors Pat's 'phone calls.

FOX—It's not the fault of the College at Silverstream.

GALBRAITH—Untidy in appearance. The owner of a hat (new).

GROVER—Love at first sight was his trouble.

HANSEN—Has joined the ranks of the workingmen.

HALL—Porky. A garrulous barrel-like mass with a moan all his own.

HARDING—An innocent in Paris.

HATHERLY—Quiet and soft-spoken.

HAYES—A child who screams out curses.

HEENAN—Red radical.

HENDERSON—In loco parentis.

HOFFMEISTER—F.A.H.S.O.P.A., which means from the turnips.

HOLDERNESS—The Charon of Weir House.

HOLMES—Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

HORNSBY—Religion Douglas Credit, but otherwise O.K.

HORSLEY—Keep your tail up

HUTCHENS—Has a wandering hand—on the piano.

KEATING—Is very cunning on the stunts.

LYONS.—Always wished to learn French so that he could understand the Folies Bergeres.

MASON—Fat, All bull and a yard wide.

MOORE—The answer to a maiden's prayer.

MOUATT—Thy dark vague eyes and soft abstracted air.

MULES—John Flip—Has a different slant on life.

McCARTHY'S—Ditto for us.

McELWAIN—Gets drunk with philosophy and philosophizes when he's drunk.

McGHIE—Pronounced McGh—A staunch Club man.

McINTOSH—Sculler and cynic.

McINTOSH—Bathes in reflected glory.

McLEOD—We are doubtful about his week-ends.

McNAUGHT—Unobtrusive—a dabbler in smells.

NGATA—Miscue—Founder of the two-nch rule.

NEUBAUER—Podge—From the West Coast, and looks like it.

O'CONNOR—All Eddie heaves fiercely his forest c'othed frame.

ODELL—Made official photographer to ensure that he would not be in any photos of the institution.

OLIVER—Knight of the Red Cross.

O'REILLY—Songwriter—the sweetest of all singers.

B. O. SHEA—The boy soprano and night operator.

PARK—You must still be bright and quiet,

And content with simple diet.

PARKER—Nice to look at, but drinks his bath water.

PAUL—An apostle of torpitude.

POWELL—A Wanganni tough of no particular merit.

RAPLEY—See Henderson.

REDWOOD—If nothing else is a member of the IIIc's.

RICHMOND—We know him not.

SAGE—The toothless hag.

SAINSBURY—On the football field his breath comes in short pants, leaving nothing to cover his legs.

SCOTT—A Pale-faced wraith whose visionary ken is amongst the clouds.

SEIFERT—Got in the rough at Rotorua.

SIMPSON—Hobby: observing sunrises.

SMYTHE—Co'in—A real bruiser.

SMYTHE—Jack—I hear a soul in torment.

STEWART—Built on lean and hungry lines.

SULLIVAN—Just another Son of Erin.

TE PUNGA—Can make a noise like a cat in distress.

THURSTON—Has white spots on his finger-nails.

VIGGERS—A harrier, misguided but keen.

WATTS—One of the bright young things.

### WANSBROUGH—Fortune's Fool.

**WATSON**—Scotch, except with the hot water.

WHITCOMBE—Has 3 or 4 tennis racquets, so must be able to play the game.

WHITWORTH—the jazz king.

**WILD**—Herb.—Is unfortunate in having to witness the springtime of another's love.

WILD—Harold—Kid brother of Herb.—and causes him a lot of worry.

**WILLIS**—Off with the old love—on with the new.

**WILLS**—A Taranaki tough.

**WILSON**—A very learned counsel.

ZOHRAB—Demure and modest with his comely beard.

## Caf. Complaints

Dear "Smad,"

As several complaints have reached us concerning the Cafeteria, we have decided to institute a Suggestion Box, into which we want all students having either complaints or suggestions to put their views. These must all be signed, and nothing under a nom-de-plume will be considered. A good response to this idea will be of considerable help to us and should be to everyone's mutual advantage. If the suggestions put forward are practicable they will be instituted as soon as possible, and we want to emphasise here that no matter how trivial a suggestion may appear, it will be considered.

Trusting that this will improve the relations existing between the Cafeteria Committee, the Cafeteria staff and the students.

We are, etc.,

**THE CAFETERIA COMMITTEE.**

## Where to Go at Xmas.

1. Hollywood River and Milford Sound. Car to Lumsden and up the Eglington Valley Road. Tramping in Hollywood under the shadow of Mts. Christina and Tutoko.

2. Lake Waikaremoana. Car from Napier to Lake Waikaremoana. Tramp over Huiarau Range to Ruatahuna ; see Maori Settlement of Rua Pa ; and tramp down Whakatane River to Whakatane.

3. Mt. Arthur District. Ideal base camp holiday in wonderful climbing and tramping country. From Salisbury Hut (3,700 feet) trips in all directions to Karamea River Tableland and Mt. Peel, Mt. Arthur, Cobbe and Takaka Valleys.

"Smad's" representative is not quite sure which of these retreats to visit, but will probably call in during the Christmas week-end.

## Sports Shorts



**FOOTBALL FINALE.**

Apart from the tragic blow of Jack Ruru's death, which is dealt with elsewhere in this issue, we look back on the season's achievements with satisfaction. The Seniors have made the First division; the Fourths have romped home at the top of their grade; the Third's, *mirabile dictu*, have won theirs just as decisively; all other teams have done their bit so well that we are fourth in the Club championship; and a very keen spirit has been manifested amongst all members. The stage is all set for even greater things next year.

A very pleasant trip was made to Te Aute College for the annual game which was won by 9 to 7, and we brought the Pickett Cup back with us.

We had a very excellent "finish-up" of the season, on September 15th. As a curtain-raiser the Fourths settled a long-standing difference of opinion when they beat the Juniors by 12 to 3. The chief match was between Weir House and the Rest of the College and it was a very exciting and very good game. Weir rattled on 9 points while the day boys were still finding their feet, but towards the end the weight of the Varsity team began to tell, and the game resulted in a draw, 12 all. Scorers were for Varsity, Rae (try and penalty), Hislop and Cormack; for Weir, Bradshaw, Wild, and Powell (two penalties). Mr. Brook performed the kick-off, and Lord and Lady Bledisloe inspected the players and planted a tree in the middle of the ground. We then helped to eat the Third C dinner, a very special and exclusive show at the Masonic, and were in good form for the grand finale—the Smoke Concert at the Ritz, which was a roaring success, especially after the Free and Easy when no one would listen to the speeches. And so we ring the curtain down on a very memorable season.

## TENNIS SEASON OPENS.

The Annual Meeting was held on the 13th September. Mr. Plank (in the Chair) moved the adoption of the Annual Report and paid a tribute to the long and valued service of Professor Wilson who was retiring from the position of Patron after being connected with the Club since the beginning of the century. Mr. S. Eichelbaum was elected to succeed Professor Wilson. The following officers were elected. Chairman, Mr. C. S. Plank, Hon. Secretary, E. G. Budge, Honary Treasurer, Mr. L. O. Desborough, Committee, Missess D. Briggs, Cook, Gi'l, and Hurley ; Messrs. Burns, Donovan, Hutchison, and Siver.

The opening day was postponed owing to the



weather. Last Saturday was very boisterous but a large number of members were present and a successful Yankee Tournament was held. Members who intend to play in matches this year should sign their names on the list on the Notice Board, and challenges on the ladder should be issued as soon as possible to assist the selection committee when matches start. Most of last years players will be in action again, and competition should therefore be keen.

#### BATTING GLOVES AGAIN !

The Annual Meeting of the Cricket Club was held at the beginning of the term when the following officers were elected. Club Captain, H. R. C. Wild, Hon. Secretary, A. G. Wicks, Hon Treasurer, A. F. Wilton, Committee, D. K. Carey, D. S. Dean, G. S. Sainsbury, and J. R. Stevens. Mr. R. W. Osborn was unanimously elected a life member in recognition of his great services to the Club.

The coming season promises to be a very successful one. All the seniors, with the exception of Ken Struthers, who is leaving to take up a position in Palmerston North, will be turning out again. The team is one of the youngest which the Club has fielded for many years, and after the run of successes at the end of last season, everyone is very keen. If the batsmen give Tricklebank and Dean a little more support than last season, very good results may be expected. We are informed that the Student's Association will present a brand new pair of batting gloves to the first member of the 1st. XI to score a century. The lower grades should be stronger than last year (we hope the Junior C's will be stronger anyway) and Ted Blacker's team is already in training. The following teams have been entered in the Competitions. Senior, Second Grade, Junior B1, Junior C, and 3rd Grade. Matches start on the 20th October, and net practices about the 17th. Indoor practices will be held on Saturday afternoons before matches commence, and members should watch the notice board for particulars of these. All members should keep the Christmas Tour in view. Games are played against Wanganui, Rangitikei south and North Taranaki. Besides being a delightful, and inexpensive holiday, it is a splendid opportunity to develop talent and gain confidence in matches. (For an account of last Tour buy a copy of "Smad," Vol. I, 1934).

We hear that the N.Z. University Cricket Council is almost an accomplished fact, and "Smad" congratulates John Carrad (the originator of the scheme) and last year's Committee on their successful efforts. The selection of a N.Z. University XI should give an added interest to University cricket, and be an incentive to keen play.

#### ATHLETIC CLUB.

**Review of year :** The Club won the Heenan Baton, was second in the Dewar Shield contests and the Kitto Shield, and third in the Wellington Pro-

vincial Champonsps.

**Blues :** The following members were awarded blues for the 1933-4 season : S. G. Eade, A. S. Henderson, H. M. McIntosh, R. C. Morpeth, T. A. Rafter, F. H. Stephenson and J. B. Stephenson.

**N.Z. Blue :** S. G. Eade received the N.Z. Blue for the one-mile walk.

**Cups :** The following cups were awarded :

Dunbar Cup for most points in open competition—T. A. Rafter, Heenan Cup for most improved athlete—L. S. Black, Oram Cup for most points at inter-faculty—P. T. Bowie, Ladies' Cup for most points at the Clubs own meeting held on Kelburn Park—T. N. Bush and F. J. Donovan.

**Training :** This will be on every week night after the Examinations at Kelburn Park between 5 and 6-30 p.m.

#### ROWING CLUB.

There was a large and enthusiastic attendance at the Annual Meeting of the Victoria University Rowing Club, held on Thursday, 20th September.

The executive officers elected for the coming season are:—

Club Captain—H. M. McIntosh.

Secretary—D. F. McLeod.

Treasurer—McWhinney.

Committee—J. F. Eggers, G. Milne, W. M. Will's.

This was the biggest meeting held since the Club came into existence in 1927, and was due no doubt to the increasing interest shown by students since we purchased our own eight a few months ago.

The chief object of this article is to remind University men that the greater part of the rowing season takes place during the long vacation, and that the necessary condition for rowing at the Easter Tournament can only be got by settling down to consistent training during the summer months. The "eight" for Tournament is not yet picked, but the selection of the final crew will be determined in large measure by the fitness and enthusiasm shown by Club members during the early part of the season. You can't row a three-mile race on a month's training.

The Committee has in hand proposals for the establishment of our own Club-house. Those men who are not members of rowing clubs are urged to get in touch with the Secretary, who will advise them of the arrangements made for their special benefit to enable them to get actual rowing experience during this summer. Do it now before your brain gets befogged with "swot." Don't run the risk of missing a chance for the Tournament at Dunedin next year.

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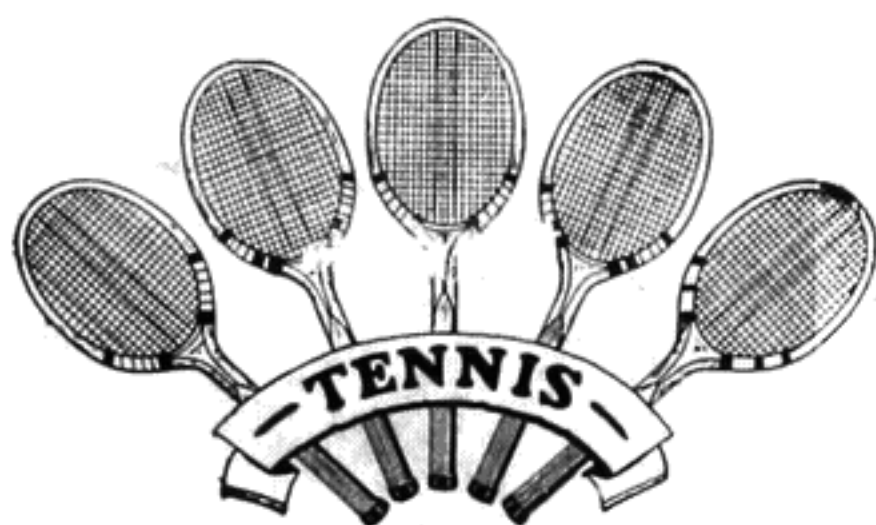
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