



**Quick!—Do this to help prevent many colds**

When the first sneeze or snuffle warns of trouble to come, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

**Helps Nature.** Va-tro-nol is a medication made specially for the danger area in nose and upper throat where most colds start. It spreads swiftly through the hidden passages, relieving irritation, and rousing Nature's own defenses, helping to prevent the development of many colds. Keep Va-tro-nol handy... use it early.

**Clears Stuffy Nose.** And remember... even if the head is badly clogged by a cold, Va-tro-nol brings breathing comfort quickly.



*The Essence of Success!*

**HANSELL'S**  
"CLOUDY" FOOD FLAVOURINGS  
*for strength*



Made by  
Hansell  
Laboratories Ltd.  
Masterston.

"The Essence  
Specialists of  
New Zealand."

## ONE HELL OF A CAPER

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The tram came along. It was good to sit down again. The conductor evidently recognised Mac. "They'll make you run around next week," he said. "The Southern I mean. Be a good game."

"How did they get on to-day?"

"Against Taieri? 46-3" he said. "How do you feel now?" He laughed, and went to the back of the car. He came past us again later. "Forty-six-three," he said again, and winked.

THE next Saturday morning I woke early in the digs and looked out the window. The sky was right down on the hills and there was a thick drizzle. Oh, hell! I stretched down under the blankets again and tried to go to sleep, but the thought of the match kept me awake. It had been a tough week, as we were getting close to exams and I'd had a good deal of swot to do, but I felt very fit. We'd been for a run every night after finishing our swot, usually about midnight, and on Wednesday there had been a really hard practice. The coach kept us packing lower and lower, scrum after scrum, and kept us down there with the strain on for so long that my muscles were all quivering, and Buck who locked with me was groaning under the pressure, and when we stood up, we felt dizzy and queer little lights slid down across our vision. It felt a good scrum, though, very compact. The line-outs afterwards were plain hell.

And then, of course, the team talk on Friday night. We held it in a lecture room in the School of Mines. All around us on the wall were wooden models of pieces of machinery and charts of mines and geological strata. They made you realise the earth is very big and very old, and goes down a long way. The coach stood on the platform and started on his old game of building us up to fighting pitch. He was an artist at it; he could mould us just the way he wanted us. He spoke for a while about the traditions of the club, and then about the honour of playing off for the championship. "To-morrow," he said, "we'll start off as usual by taking them on in the forwards. Here I am in the line-out. I look at my opposite number and I think, 'You're a good man, but by God, I'm a better. To-day you've got no show.'" (His voice took on a stirring note. He moved about on the platform suiting actions to his words.) "Into them! Dominate them! And every man when he sees where that ball goes

he thinks 'There's Buck in. I'm in, too. Into them! And every man is thinking the same and we're going to dominate them, and we pack in tight and we're giving all our weight and strength, and we're thinking together and working together and no one lets up. Dominate them.'"

And he went on acting the part, words pouring out of him in that stirring tone while we watched him mesmerised, so that he took us with him and we were there in the game, too, playing with him working as a team. We left the lecture-room with a feeling of exaltation.

THEN there were the football notes in the paper. I know it was silly to take much notice of them, but I always read them. Referring to the Kaikorai game, the report said that I "went a solid game but lacked the fire and dash that would make all the difference to his play." The best thing I'd done, the movement where, to my mind, I had shown fire and dash, was credited to Buck as "one of his typical dashes." Of course we are very much alike in build, but all the same, I felt disappointed. The papers make people think we are a sort of entertainment troupe, a public possession. Actually, I suppose we'd go on playing if there were no public; we'd relax and enjoy our football much more.

It's a hell of a caper, really, I thought, stretching out under the sheets. I was lucky to have a girl like Betty, who was keen on football. Some of the girls used to go very snooty when the blokes couldn't take them to the Friday night hops.

WELL, this is the day. A few hours and it will be all over. This is it. It's funny how time comes round. For ages you talk of something and think of it and prepare for it, and it's still a long way off. You keep thinking how good it will be, and then suddenly, bang, it's there, you're doing it and it's not so enjoyable after all. I think football's like that, better before and after the game than in it.

Now, the day had come. I wasn't keen to get up and face it, but anything was better than lying in bed and thinking a lot of rubbish. I put on dressing-gown and slippers and padded round to Bob's room. He was still asleep. "You won't look so peaceful in eight hours' time," I said. "They're queueing up at Carisbrook already."

He raised his head from the pillow with a start. "Eh?" He rubbed his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Jackie Hore just rang up to see how you are. He said their forwards are going to break very fast to-day, so he probably won't have an opportunity to ask you after the game, because you'll be in hospital."

He grinned. "Then it's all bluff? I thought it was."

"What?"

"About you forwards dominating them. I didn't think you could. I've never seen you do it yet. Just a bunch of big, good-natured guys."

"Not us," I said. "A pack of wolves just howling for prey. That's how we'll be to-day."

Bob yawned and stretched his arms above his head. "I must watch you. It would be interesting for a change. Have you eaten yet?"

So we went down for breakfast. Afterwards I cleaned my footy boots

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