



"They know a good thing when they see it!"

T. H. Ashe, Onehunga

*Sunlight runs a race with rain,
All the world grows young again.*

WE are ever hopeful! Winter has been execrable, but we may shortly hope to sing, as did Solomon of old: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land."

Our cover design, at least, portends brighter days, and the fuller indulgence in healthy out-door sport.

What the Homeland has in the way of seasons usually follow in the Britain of the South, so that from this surmise we may derive pleasant expectation, because England has enjoyed a radiant Spring.

Tennis, too, has attained great vogue; indeed, 'tis said that this year tennis in Great Britain has reached its zenith. Not in producing champions, but in the general improvement of the game and its universal popularity. Here again we promise to follow in the train of the Motherland. This is essentially the day of the sports-girl, and we, in these Fortunate Isles, have every natural advantage to indulge our desires in outdoor recreation and healthful enjoyment.

No doubt before our summer has far advanced we shall be hearing of new aspirants for honours in our national games, and it is always a hopeful sign when "new blood" comes to the fore.

Youthful Prowess

RECENTLY in ladies' golf we have noted the success of the youthful Whangarei player, Miss Olive Kay, in the Auckland championships; and we may yet hear more of her in the Dominion tournaments this month. Even if she does not carry off the premier honours—and

that is rather much to expect so soon the presence of one—in her 'teens as a competitor in the big games will doubtless encourage other youthful golfists to emulate her. Thus the game progresses and prospers.

In England a "new star" has arisen in the tennis firmament in Miss Joan Fry, a nineteen-year-old Staffordshire county girl, who a year ago was not considered good enough to be allowed to play at Wimbledon. This year she fought her way to the finals, beating last season's champion in two love sets, only to be beaten by the redoubtable Mademoiselle Lenglen for the premiership of the game.

In describing the battle between Suzanne Lenglen and Joan Fry an English critic declares that the Frenchwoman reminded her of a superbly-trained racehorse, and Joan of a very game two-year-old, who had still much to learn. When the match had finished "the girl's body had had enough, but her spirit was indomitable."

Battle Against Odds

TO show the spirit of Joan Fry, which is the British quality we all admire and preen ourselves that it is our inherent love of sport, we quote this English writer, who goes on to say:

"It was not the calibre of Miss Fry's play so much as her characteristic pluck that roused the crowd to stand up and cheer her as she left the court. She was soundly beaten, but never for a moment disgraced. She had put up the kind of show that made one proud to claim her as an English girl.

"She had gone under with flag flying, and the same delightful school-girl smile was on her face at the end as had been at the beginning. She was never bewildered, never flurried, certainly never for an instant frightened. She gave battle against overpowering odds, and emerged from her conflict with full honours.

"No one would pretend for a moment that the game was a perfect exhibition of tennis. It was the romantic side of it that so touched the imagination of all the spectators. The chances of any English player appearing in any of the Finals seemed extremely remote, when suddenly up sprang this unheard-of, snub-nosed, eager-eyed, laughing, typically attractive girl from the English countryside, and played with as little traces of nerves against the world's greatest woman player as if she were at the vicar's garden party."

The Outdoor Life

IT is the New Zealander's devotion to sport and what sport stands for in body-building and character-moulding that all should encourage. Few can hope to achieve championship rank, but everyone can improve their physique and mind by the healthy indulgence in outdoor recreation, providing the indulgence is not carried to excess and the right spirit to emulate predominates.

In swimming we have our Gwytha Shand, Enid Stockley, and the Waldron Sisters, who can compete on terms of equality with the best the world has known; likewise in equestrian sports New Zealand can produce horsewomen who from their 'teens upwards have no peers in any

land. Even in the humbler forms of outdoor recreation our sports-girls show that aptitude, courage and prowess which makes for the highest achievements. And all in their turn are developing their bodies and strengthening their characters to reach the great goal: healthy motherhood, which is to carry our young nation to the fore in all things. To quote the old proverb: "A sound mind in a sound body is a thing to pray for," and sport provides the "open sesame."

To Gamble or Not to Gamble

IS gambling really a vice? We think it merely an imprudence. If any of us gambled what we could afford to lose, well, it is the difference between speculating in mining shares or buying forestry bonds, with no moral implications; if we gambled more than we can afford, well, then we are fools! But there is more in it than that. We are told gambling destroys sense of values, and if it is heavy and persistent it kills interest in other things. Possibly, therefore, there may be something in the contention that gambling is capable of becoming a subtle debilitating vice. In spite of all, however, our advice is to have a modest flutter on the totalisator when the spirit moves. It affords a very pleasant interlude in a drab existence. After all blood is thicker than philosophy skilly.

The morals of the business are probably out of the reach of the law, despite our much vaunted—and vaulted—Gaming Act. The individual must decide for himself. But some things the law might do—that it doesn't. It might tighten up the definition of skill which distinguishes

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