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SMAD

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

Vol. 2—No. 2. 6

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1931.

PRICE 3d.

EDITORIAL

Spring has arrived, and passed on after two days, but the stay was long enough to remind us that November is approaching. The Library has been full all the year, but is now crowded with frantic optimists. After a few short weeks the hopes and fears of students will receive their quietus in the examination room.

Let us turn our eyes from the dismal prospect and look back over this waning year 1931. The Bursary cut was the first excitement to compete with the turmoil aroused by the Constitutions wrangle. However, we received no satisfaction, in spite of a protest made by the Executive, who tackled the Bursary question very efficiently.

Next came Tournament, which was a most enjoyable affair, although our only success was in the rowing. The Constitutions wrangle still continued.

Capping succeeded Tournament—the most that can be said about this dreary succession of functions was that the Undergrads' Supper was most enjoyable, in spite of the cloud cast over it by the row between the Executive and Professorial Board, which we hope will not become an annual fixture.

By this time all were heartily sick of the Constitutions business, and the College of Electors is supposed to have died a painful death, but we are not sure. The elections were then held and a strong Executive was returned to power, in spite of the bitterness aroused by the aforesaid Constitutions wrangle.

Victoria has not had a particularly successful season on the playing fields—the Senior B hockey team being the only winner of a championship, and

the Football and Basketball Clubs having one team each as runners-up in championships, the fourth grade football team and the senior basketball team having these partial successes.

The senior football team, however, had three members prominent in the successful N.Z. University football team which toured Australia. Whether or not championships were won, all members of the winter sporting fraternity are unanimous in saying that the season was most enjoyable, and many were the friendships formed through this pleasant community of interest.

Throughout the College the year has been notable for the increased use of Common Rooms. The Women's Common Room has been brightened lately, and in this connection the College is deeply indebted for the bequest of pictures for the Women's Room by a former student—the late Mrs. Hannah. On the other hand, the Men's Common Room furniture has been inexcusably damaged by people who can only be described as unfortunate who do not know how to look after their own property.

And so the sands of time have run out. We have had a splendid year, in spite of cuts, unemployment, and the sorry tale of disaster that could be told had we the desire. Yes, a great year, full of happiness, friendship, and a year in which we have done much.

Farewell then, and may we all be even more successful in the November examinations than we deserve, and may we all return to V.U.C. full of vigour for Tournament year.

CRAMBE REPETITIA

Student Union Building

Among a number of the zealots it is felt that the Students' Executive has done little, or nothing, in connection with a new student building. This is far from being correct, and it is desirable that a resumé be given of the spade work which has been accomplished.

Two committees are to be set up which for purposes of convenience may be called the Permanent Committee and the Students' Committee. The former will be a small committee comprised of representatives of the Association, College Council, Professorial Board and past students. The function of this Board will be to evolve ways and means of raising approximately ten thousand pounds. The College Council and Professorial Board have agreed to appoint a delegate and at the time of writing the Executive is negotiating with a number of past students with a view to obtaining representative, influential and enthusiastic supporters from the ranks of the men and women who obtained their University education at Victoria College. This committee will probably meet for the first time in November. A big issue they will be faced with to begin is the question of holding an art union. This is too big a matter to go into here. Sufficient it is to say that the scheme is favoured by many as a quick and easy way out of all our financial difficulties.

The second committee, a Students' Committee, will be larger in number, and have as its aim the infusing into the students of an enthusiasm for the project. It will endeavour by various subtle methods such as dances, skating parties, bridge parties and so on, to extract from students the pennies which mount into pounds. In this respect the executive would welcome suggestions as to novel and ingenious (but lawful or nearly) methods of raising money. A number of students have been invited to serve on this committee and up to the present the following have signified their willingness: Misses M. Gibbs, E. Plank, Z. Jupp, Messrs. R. J. Reardon, K. Duff, J. A. Whitcombe, R. East, R. J. Larkin, and G. Crossley. A number of replies have yet to be received. This committee will meet immediately the examinations have concluded, and their labours will begin before the end of the year.

With this number of "Smad" we reach the end of the first full year of the life of the paper. Towards the end of last session the first number was produced and sold. Since that date the new venture has justified itself. It has served principally as a medium for the expression of current thought and for the airing of current grievances. At no stage has it sunk into lethargic state, and the fact that its circulation never fell below 500 bears witness to the interest taken in it by the students. That circulation compares more than favourably with that of the journals produced by the other Colleges. In addition "Smad" has not cost the Students' Association one penny. It has been self-supporting and in fact

finishes up the year with a credit balance. Therefore, congratulations to the students of Victoria College for the manner in which they have rallied round and made successful this venture in the realms of journalism. We would also remember with grateful thanks the support given the paper by advertisers. We are rather late in thanking Mr. F. W. Whitwell for the cover design which has appeared on all 1931 issues but we feel sure that students will agree that the present cover is a great improvement.

We make no apology for trespassing on the preserves of "Spike" in regard to this following obituary. The news that Warwick Stanton had met his death alone in the wild bush surrounding Ruapehu was a profound shock to all at V.U.C. For days we had hoped that a miracle might happen and that he would be preserved but such was not to be. The party of V.U.C. students at National Park spoke very highly of Warwick Stanton with whom they had fraternised and on their behalf as well as of the whole student body at V.U.C. "Smad" desires to convey sincerest condolences to the relatives and friends of the unfortunate climber.

TOURNAMENT

At the very beginning of next year the Executive will be faced with the problem of Tournament. The greatest difficulty is that of billeting. Accommodation must be found for approximately two hundred visitors. Even in Dunedin, where the citizens are proud of and interested in their University, there is a great deal of labour attached to finding temporary homes for the invaders. Wellington, too, has no resident hostels where a number can be accommodated. Therefore it is an absolute necessity that the Executive should have the support of all students in this work. You are asked, first, to be the hosts, and secondly, to persuade your friends to do likewise. The matter is one which admits of no delay. The most practical way of showing your support is to leave a note in the rack for the Secretary of the Students' Association, stating your willingness to help. Such note should state your name, address, and number and sex of those you are prepared to billet. And, as the lawyers have it, in this matter, time is of the essence of the contract. P.B.S.

VALEDICTORY

Students will learn with regret that Miss K. C. Birnie, M.A., is leaving Wellington on transfer to Palmerston North. Miss Birnie has been a well-known figure at V.U.C. for some years, as she held office in the Students' Association and in several Clubs, and was a Sub-Editor of "Smad" in 1930.

The newly-formed Literary Club will find the withdrawal of Miss Birnie's support a severe blow, as she had been one of the founders and a most enthusiastic member. All fellow-members of the many Clubs in which Miss Birnie took an active part, will join with us in extending our good wishes to Miss Birnie.

Saturday, October 10th. The last night of the term.

THE NEW WOMAN

No. 6—Miss Zena Jupp or Sweetness and Light

The representative of "Smad" found Miss Jupp at home, for a wonder. She was seated by the fire, having just washed her hair.

"Don't touch me, it's wet," she trilled coyly. Disclaiming any intention to wanton with the tangles in Naera's hair, our rather overcome interviewer stated his business. But first let me tell you about the embroidery. The heroine of my lay was busy with flying needles (or is that term only applied to knitting?) on a square of "material" at least six inches by four.

"Dishcloth?" I asked. "No, glass towel, you ass."

Now, fancy embroidering glass towels, and what funny things girls have in "the box."

On finding herself the subject of an interview, Zena was inclined to be reticent, and was far from her usual sweet, trilling self. However, it was found possible to extract her views on several topical subjects. First with regard to Constitutions. "Oh, I've never been so fed up in my life writing those beastly Constitutions. At first it was wonderful fun, but after a while I got sick of clauses and aims and objects and things. And the other members—the male ones. Eaton, so faultless, I felt like an abandoned wretch. Max and Ray, of course one groups them together. All hair and temperament and interminable arguments."

"I think that it's very nice to have a career. I have a career. I teach elocution, and if I can refrain from spending so much money on books and music, I am going to Sydney for the opening of the Bridge. You know I'm terrible. I simply can't save. I always mean to. Still, careers are not everything—I like homes, and embroidering glass towels, and making toffee. We worldly women must have some of the domestic virtues. Now I refuse to say anything about people at College. No, I mean it, and I'm not going to tell you what I think of Charlie Plank. Poor Charlie. I suppose it is the constant buzzing of telephones makes him look like that. He's got an engaged look, anyway. Let's talk about someone else, I hate small talk."

"Life is not such a bore as some people try to make out. They simply don't know how to enjoy themselves. As for the ills of life, they are of no account. Why worry, it might never happen—that's my philosophy."

"I have attended Study Circles of the S.C.M. There is nothing mysterious about them at all. My views on religion? No, thank you, I'm not answering that one. Too difficult for a little girl. Oh! 'Varsity boys? Now that's better. I can't bear some of our supercilious ladies who say that there are no nice men at the University. Dozens of them. It embarrasses me sometimes to find full-blown 'Varsity men who were pupils of mine at the Tec. I feel really motherly towards some of them. Anyway,

there are plenty of nice men, as I said before. No, I won't tell you their names. It is much better to like a man than to let him know you like him, and that's a tip to every woman."

At this stage the lady closed the interview by expressing the hope that the Women's Common Room would be calmed. Presumably her hair had dried. Anyway, she conjured up a delicious supper, and sent a tired but happy reporter away with this story—such as it is.

SINFUL STORIES

The Rum Row

Once upon a time there were some hard-boiled students who went to Victoria College but didn't get much of a kick out of it so they said lets take to booze may be that will go to our heads and make us into bright young things and so it did and they became very amusing which is a great improvement on just being simple highbrows. Now there were some other students who were quite icy where the brightness of young things was concerned and they said it is well known that University education is dry stuff and why not seeing its mostly wind but these fellows want to make it wet as well which is unthinkable weve nothing against water for that gets on the brain and makes you look intellectual but booze gives you spots before the eyes so they joined the Reform Party and got on the Executive and passed a rule saying asses milk must not be brought into the gymnasium except in human containers. This rule was a great success in a more or less sort of way but very soon the hard-boiled students get tired of having to come to the gym all lit up like 2YA which made it awkward for them when the methylated spirits and what not evaporated and left them in the middle of a dance or a debate with hogsheads of headaches and shiploads of shudders and no more mileage so they said what this show needs is a little more spirituality we don't mean in any crude religious sense but psychologically speaking or in other words in a Pickwickian manner that is to say spirituality as a frothblower would understand the term if he had any of the old College spirit. Then the Executive said all right bring on your old College spirit but remember its got to be dry gas like for instance debating or dramatics for we don't want an epidemic of hip disease in this joint and the hard-bolled students said you talk as if you owned the ten commandments and the Executive said we own more than ten and we'll take them down and dust them if you don't leave the mouse tonic outside. After thinking about this for a while the hard-boiled students joined the Dram Club because then they could do what they liked and people would think it was only acting and one day they came up to the College with a cartload of bottles and kegs and things and when the Executive said what have you got there they said props we are re-

Finish it off with a swing.

viving some of Shakesbeers plays such as Henry the Firth of Forth and the School for Shandies and Dope and the Face on the Bar-room Floor and this is the scenery and when the Executive sniffed and said it looks more like a brewery they said now by two-headed Janus nature hath framed strange fellows in her time o judgement thou art fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason you do unbend your noble strength to think so brainsickly of things what unutterably foul imaginations you must have begone begone and be psycho-analysed by Marcus Riske avault and quit our sight go to knaves go to. Then they tried to sell the Executive some tickets so the Executive went away but by and by they came back to the gym out of morbid curiosity to see how the revivalists were getting along not to mention the supper and judge of their surprise when they saw the actors lying all over the place snoring and crowds of lecturers and professors dancing around the stage singing we wont go home till morning and somebody was telephoning the Public Trustee to send up some more props but please to leave out the snakes and pink monkeys. Of course this was just innocent relaxation which now and then is relished by the wisest men particularly early Victorians but the Executive were very superficial people so they jumped to the conclusion that somebody had been turning it on and they held a mock trial and fined the Dram Club one pound and when the Dram Club wanted to kiss and be friends they fined them another pound but all they got was one pound which the Dram Club kept saying was two for they could see two as plainly as they could see the Executive although they couldnt understand why the Executive should be there in duplicate but perhaps two Executives were better than one which wasnt a very good one anyway. Well the Dram Club went home in a pantechneion singing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes and I'll Not Fail to Shout but save me one of those tearoom pies in case the drink runs out and the Executive said that was pretty easy money suppose we fine the other clubs as well theres none of them that hasnt done something except perhaps the S.C.M. which is short for the Slightly Christian Movement so they plastered fines all over the place until the clubs got shrewd and wouldnt break any rules at all then the Executive became worried and said this

wont buy the baby a new gym so they set up a distillery in the Chemistry Lab and ran pipe-lines to the gym and all a student had to do was to enter and in five minutes the atmosphere of the place would make him so blotto that the Executive had no trouble in fining him everything he had in his pockets. The hard-boiled students thought this a retrograde step for it knocked all the advertising value out of booze and there wasnt any distinction any more in being drunk so they turned tearturtle which the Executive said was disloyal and done out of pure spite and the Executive went to the College Council and asked them to collect an extra fee from every student who couldnt produce evidence that he had been fined at least ten times for alcoholitosis which is Middle English for gymnasium breath and the Council said thank you for the suggestion which not only testifies to the good relations existing between the Council and the student body but is very welcome in these hard times and henceforth you shall all pay an extra College fee of one guinea for what is humorously called general tuition now run away dears and dont fall over yourselves as you depart. When the students heard of this they held an annual meeting and threw the Executive out through the window of their little plotting parlour on to the tennis court which explains why the asphalt is in such a rotten condition and then they asked Brookey to remodel the constitution which they were too superstitious to do themselves and Brookey said you just leave it to me I know exactly what to do to your old constitution and what happened after that nobody knows but it is always safe to expect the worst. And the moral of this story is one swallow doesnt make a drink but its an ill wind that blows nobody down and that concludes our relay from Victoria College which is beyond doubt a very rum place.--WOG.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

M.F.—Sorry, but sketch not in suitable form.

P.B.—The subject had been treated by another writer.

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"ROPE"

..... "done to death by strangulation and rope."
 "deliberate and motiveless murder." Rope!

—A decidedly novel murder play by Patrick Hamilton, wittily written, and, although not entirely satisfactory in its conclusion, certainly full of the appropriate thrills and the necessary atmosphere.

The Dramatic Club performance held in the Gymnasium on 14th and 15th August was one of the best the Club has yet given. The most difficult task of the evening was probably that of Mr. Bannister, w.o., as Brandon, the student chiefly responsible for the murder, and the stronger of the two leading characters, had a tremendous part to memorise and a difficult role to interpret. In spite of an occasional hesitancy, he succeeded admirably. Mr. Riske's work was, in some respects, the best we have yet seen him do. With very little, actually, to say, he had, however, to be on stage almost all the time and to show the gradual collapse of the more emotional of the murderers. His was an outstanding performance. Mr. Hannah was very well cast as the melancholy young poet who detected the crime. He looked the part well, acted with ease, and, although a little indistinct occasionally, spoke his lines with good dramatic effect. Miss Neilson, as the bright young thing, was delightful, speaking very naturally, and providing just the right amount of relief from the tenser moments of the play. She was ably seconded by Mr. Coyle. Miss Martyn-Roberts very cleverly fitted herself into the role of the colourless Mrs. Debenham; while Mr. Gordon Watson spoke and acted with sympathy as the old father of the murdered boy. We must not forget Mr. Phillips, as the butler—no mere "Yes, sir! No, sir!" fellow, but a real personality, ably presented.

The producer (Mr. Edwards), stage-manager (Mr. Wright), and property man (Mr. Steele) are to be heartily congratulated upon a well-grouped and well-mounted show. Indeed, never, within our recollection, has the Gym. stage looked so well, as with its blue and fawn hangings, elegant furniture, and miniature bar all complete. Perhaps one might comment upon the tendency of the rain to patter only when mentioned, but no, that was the merest detail, and no blemish upon a really excellent performance.

"CRITIC."

The True Cause Of The War At Last**A NEW HELEN OF TROY**

(From a French Prose)

"La neutralite de la Belgique ayant ete violee par des officiers Francais qui deguises traverserent le territoire Belgique en automobile pour se diriger vers l'Allemagne!"—The German lady (Prof.'s comment).

FUNNY FUNCTIONS**SPARKLING AFTER-THEATRE PARTY**

On Saturday, August 15, at the conclusion of the Dramatic Club's eminently successful season, the committee entertained members of the cast (and sympathisers) at an informal supper-party which must rank among Victoria's most noteworthy social functions. Flushed with success and all that, the Young Folk were in high fettle and only the timely intervention of Mr. Pritchard and the night-watchman prevented the party from becoming a furore. Some surprisingly novel bar-pi-flour games were introduced and indulged in by Mr. Riske who later on in the evening insisted on giving the company a vigorous and stirring recital of "The Wrecker" (with appropriate actions). Mr. Hannah also excelled himself in his touching interpretation of that exquisite aria, "O Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night!"

Among the distinguished guests were Mr. Cedric Wright, Miss Jessica Martin (who hasn't been heard of since), and Mr. W. P. Rollings whose tragically sudden departure was rather a blow.

It will surprise our readers to learn that on the evening following the party it was found necessary to domicile Mr. Riske in the Hobson Street Hospital, and although his condition will always excite comment, we understand that he is now well on the road to recovery.

EXECUTIVE EN FETE

In appreciation of the good work done by the Dramatic Club throughout the current year, members of the committee and interested friends were entertained recently at a social evening organised by Mr. Rollings on behalf of the Students' Executive. This original entertainment was conducted on orthodox Rotary lines, and in the course of the evening amidst much merriment, the Dramatic Club were fined one guinea for "Exuberance of Spirits." Mr. Rollings also wanted to fine the Professorial Board for aiding and abetting members of the Club in their nefarious practices, and failing to assist the Executive body in the noble work which it was endeavouring to carry on. The Misses Gibbs and Dunn snored assent. Quaking with mirth, Mr. Reardon opposed the motion and said, amidst roars of laughter, that it was becoming more and more obvious that Mr. Plank and Mr. Rollings were merely "carrying on" on behalf of Mr. Malton Murray and the N.Z.A.A. On the verge of hysteria Mr. Rollings explained to all assembled that although he was intent on checking the excesses of the Club in question he would not like those present to run away with the idea that he was making an example of it. He was, on the contrary, on the best of terms with the Club, and only as recently as August 15, had been offered a drink by at least five of its members.

At this point Mr. Bannister and Mr. Hannah dived under the table, and amidst hearty back-slappings and thigh-smotings and such-like expressions of esteem on all sides, the evening came to a conclusion.—"SCORPION."

Bowl along—Crawl along.

Dear Smad—

My modesty is just sufficient to prevent me from exhibiting my own private reactions to "Smad's" bored gaze, so I confine myself to the sentiments commonly indulged in by those who farewell V.U.C.

Time and place coincided to give me my farewell view of the Dramatic Club in "Berkeley Square." Handily enough, this reading summarised most of the objections and delights to be found in most V.U.C. student occupations. What the play lacked in vraisemblance (enhanced on the stage by costume and acting) it gained in that peculiar savour imparted to a play by a cast of amateurs well-known to their audience. I was overjoyed, for instance, to see the worthy hero acted with something of the tragic intensity of "Hamlet." His interpreter's infrequent lapses into a genuinely effective naturalness made us regret the interpretative talent which may lie hidden under that well-tended but misplaced top-dressing of elocution and histrionics.

This brings me to another glaring fault of New Zealand University students' debates, dramatic work, oratorical contests—all are blackened with the same smear—the tarbrush of the elocutionist, who, is, God knows, as acceptable to the average citizen of taste as the Neon lights that sear from Bond Street corner. Curiosity has led me to take a census of current opinion on both these ghastly monstrosities—it reveals the fact that hatred of "elocution" in the competitions style, and of Neon lighted windows, is equally widespread and unanimous.

Reverting to "Berkeley Square," it exhibited nicely the salient features of most plays read. In all, sixty-two people were edified by a play about as probable as "Mary Rose," enlivened by what has been aptly termed "that crude epigram of circumstance called a situation"; the play itself, for dialogue and characterisation, was not as good even as one of E. Barrington's purple romances; in short, ten of the audience, given accessible copies of the play, might have read it for their own enjoyment; I doubt whether one would have read it had it been written in novel form. And yet this considerable audience divorced itself from its studies (so near November!) for two and a-half hours to listen to a Jules Vernish excursion into the past.

However, we got one satisfaction from the diversion that a similar outlay on novel-reading would lack: obviously, the social contacts. That is the main beauty of V.U.C., which too plainly lacks other beauties, especially at present, with a sea of mud in lieu of courts.

A College is the perfect club: you meet numerous people on equal grounds, freed from the slightly harassing situation of ordinary hospitality: attached by no other ties than mutually interesting work or play; the perfect medium for those multitudes of people who are gregariously inclined yet shy at extreme intimacy.

I could at this stage enumerate the types that, with slight variations, people the College down the generations, but that seems superfluous.

Most of one's own friendships are brought about by fortuitous happenings: pre-college acquaintances; hostel groups, faculty or club co-members,

It is chastening to remember how harsh, were my publicly expressed judgments of people who are now my best friends; and how tiresome others, at first blush attractive, disclosed themselves. Such reflections should have the dual result of making me (and all those like me) distrust the first judgment, and join the noble army of those who "never say anything against anybody." I rejoice that neither result is manifest yet.

We all forget as quickly as possible the boring drone in which most of our lecturers so imperfectly convey to us their goodwill and information. Some brighter moments where erudition and vitality combined to give us something more than the harvest of books are not so readily forgotten—nor are those who begot them.

The preconceived idea is as prevalent here as anywhere else. Even in a new publication like "Smad" you take tradition *holus bolus*: it is the thing to spout caustic wit on topical events—this is the province of the intelligentsia. In the editorial there is usually an earnest diatribe against some ancient or Victorian evil that is marring our bright modernity: a few well-licked jibes at the prominent who have any obvious eccentricities—and there is your "Smad," all written in that other language which journalism has made it second nature in us to write.

The English we speak—slangy often, oathy occasionally, slipshod too frequently, but in the main vivid—is as different from this jargon as the literary Chinese tongue is from the spoken.

Yet the University student who carefully cultivates "good" English is apt to fall into the Scylla of "hay-clawss" accent or the Charybdis of Johnsonian ponderousness. I could but aren't name practitioners of both—look round the debating and dramatic platforms.

And finally we cannot count the excellent misguided ones who ruin themselves (as far as interest and charm goes) in their earnest endeavours to live up to the ideals they set before themselves—these differ widely.

You'll recognise the pathetic figure of the reserved mystic who apes the dashing rouse—a moustache the first symptom—or the hearty footballer going mad-dog for the "intelligentsia"—themselves the most obnoxious collection of conscious poseurs that can be found. Broadcast it, for the sake of civilisation, that all rational people use the terms intelligentsia as one of reproach. The pose is easily assumed. If you want the recipe: murmur D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, with a carefully cultivated sneer at other lesser lights, it is an effective beginning.

The real misfortune is that by championing such as these deities, the highbrow renders them suspect to the honest man.

Finally, the hoydenish brightness so carefully cultivated by that other blameless (and here nameless) tribe, is sufficient to afflict the beholder with nausea. I would jettison all uplift movements in colleges, but for the unalterable fact that they confine the missionary itch to the comparative isolation of their own members.

This is a cathartic summary of my discontents in

The last spot of jollity.

V.U.C. expressed in the hope that they may fortify those bashful and retiring others and embolden them to observe that many enjoy life with a catholic inclusiveness, apart from schools of thought and art. "College Days" mean for me several unblemished years of expansive enjoyment at this peculiar banquet, lit by perfect friendships, warmed by an infinity of conversations, some successful, and all in a setting that at least had space, sunshine and serenity. As one justly remarked, "We're fortunate in this world's end to have leisure and peace to grow up in; only the rich can afford these in old countries."

To say more than this—even so much—borders upon reprehensible sentimentality. Wherefore, farewell.

—K.B.

FASCISM

On September 10 came Signor Formichella, under the auspices of the S.C.M., to speak on "Some Aspects of Fascism."

In introducing him to the meeting Prof. Cornish expressed the interest which everyone must feel in the social experiment at present being tried in Italy. He regarded Mussolini as the greatest living man of affairs, a great contrast to such men as Lenin in his sanity, justice to all classes, and his efforts to build up a nation. He suggested the loan of Il Duce to the British Empire for a short period when Italy had finished with him.

Signor Formichella outlined the political history of Italy from 1861 to the present day, describing the disunity and backwardness of the country, and her corrupt politicians. Even after political unity had been achieved there was no national unity. In spite of these difficulties Fascism has developed a national consciousness—has "created Italians"—and Italian politicians are now actuated by a desire to promote the prosperity of their country. In 1914 Italy entered the war on the side of the Allies and Benito Mussolini left his editorial chair to fight for his country. At the close of hostilities Italy had had 600,000 killed, a million and a-half wounded, and half her total wealth destroyed. There was much unemployment, and a spirit of unrest was abroad, making Italy a favourable field for Communist propaganda. The Communists tried to get control of the State, and there was much lawlessness and bloodshed. In 1918 loyal Italians in Milan, under the leadership of Mussolini, began the movement to stem the tide, and to regenerate Italy. Then came the famous march on Rome, after which the King of Italy called Mussolini to form a government.

The first consideration of the Fascist government was the restoration of financial stability. The Budget, which showed a deficit of £15,000,000, was balanced, and has since shown a surplus. Satisfactory arrangements were made regarding war debts, and the railways were turned into a paying proposition. Many public works were begun, including extensive road-building, irrigation, afforestation, and draining of marshes. Italy has a larger

percentage of its population on the land than any other country, and special efforts were made to improve agriculture. The tide of emigration was arrested, the educational system completely revised. Arbitration Courts were established, aiming at the prevention of disputes and social disorders.

Fascism, said Signor Formichella, stands for law and order, and peace both at home and abroad. Evidence of this is seen in Italy's readiness to reduce armaments, and in the settlement of the Roman question. Mussolini represented democracy in the highest sense of the word. He was a democrat of democrats, an Italian of Italians, and Italy was proud of him.

In reply to a question as to the trouble between Church and State, Signor Formichella explained that the Holy See requested the suppression of all religious propaganda except that of the Catholic faith. The refusal of the State caused dissatisfaction in Catholic circles, and Catholic clubs began to meddle in politics. As the Pope had promised that this would never occur, measures were taken to restrain them. Signor Formichella also said that all Masonic societies had been suppressed, as in Italy they were anti-religious, and against the State, not merely the social societies of other countries. He explained the system of electing representatives to the Italian parliament by saying that the nation is divided into unions. The unions elect a federation, which nominates candidates. These are voted for by the whole nation.

In moving a vote of thanks Mr. A. E. Hurley said that the S.C.M. tried to promote better feeling between countries. The enthusiasm behind the Fascist movement stood out in Signor Formichella's address, the Signor himself being an outstanding example of that enthusiasm. The motion was carried with acclamation.

A FEW NUGGETS FROM OUR CLAIM

Dr. Henning:

Ah! don't say that you agree with me. When people agree with me, I always feel I must be wrong.—Oscar Wilde.

* * *

Mr. Miles:

"In a contemplative fashion,
And a tranquil frame of mind,
Free from every kind of passion,
Some solution let us find.
Let us grasp the situation,
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangle every knot."

—W. S. Gilbert.

* * *

Mr. Peddie:

"But tell me, who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?"

—W. S. Gilbert.

Before the bad times come.

THE NATIONAL PARK TRIP

Shrieking head-lines on the news posters during the vacation informed us that Victoria was in the limelight again with what must be regarded as the swiftest descent of Ngaurahoe on record.

We must admit, however, that the newspapers over-estimated the gravity of the affair, if not the distance covered. The actors in this little tragedy-comedy were the Misses Alice Jacobs, Gwen Bydder, Molly Wright, Grace Middleton and Mr. Bill Clark. The ladies mentioned cannot be praised too highly for the way in which they stood up to the gruelling ordeal and the laborious ten-mile tramp back to the Chateau. We hope that the craving for a certain stimulant, satisfied on the homeward journey by one of the young ladies, will not characterise her future career.

The party, consisting of twenty members, left Wellington on Saturday, 22nd ult. The train journey was full of incident, and evidence that the time was not spent unprofitably was manifest in the fine collection of bric-a-brac which later on graced our festive board. On arrival at the National Park Station, all the party, except three (names please ?) set off

to tramp the ten miles to the Chateau. The Thomases motor-bike taxi service was much in evidence, and it intensified the agonies of a ten-mile trek for some of the ladies, it certainly moved them.

Five days saw practically everyone at the skiing grounds, some to renew, and others to make their first acquaintance with those elusive wooden runners:

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen,
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down——"

Such is the joy of youth that in spite of such strenuous exercise a full muster would assemble on the Chateau dancing floor each night. One of the pleasing features of the trip was the moderate cost per day in addition to the privileges we enjoyed at the Chateau. We slept and dined in the huts, yet had full use of the Chateau's baths, boiler rooms, lounge and dancing floor. In fact so well established were we, that a typical night-scene in the lounge would be something like this: several members of our party playing bridge, others swarming over the billiard and ping-pong tables; Sam Rubinstein at the piano after five minutes' earnest supplication from the managers, and the Chateau guests either waiting for our stalwarts to take the floor first, or moving in behind the rest of our party about to partake of an excellent supper at the expense of the Chateau.

In spite of such demoralising influences, the actual mountaineering was not neglected. Ruapehu, perhaps luckily, was not attempted by our party as a whole, but Ron. Offwood and Alice Jacobs made a successful ascent with the Tararua Club. On the Wednesday the party divided, one-half remaining behind to indulge in the ski-ing, and the other half proceeding to Mangatepopo Huts. The same day Messrs. Ron. Offwood and Priestley Thomson made a rap'd ascent of Ngaurahoe and cut steps for the ill-fated party that followed them the next day. By 2 a.m. the next morning six of the party were on their way to the Ketetahi blow-holes. From there they climbed Tongarirua and returned to the hut in time to see the remainder of the party leave for Ngaurahoe—the rest is common knowledge.

The ski-ing sports saw excellent performances by members of our party. Don Priestley, Ralph Hogg and Bob Grant were all in the first ten home in the Men's Lang-lauf or Cross-Country Championship. It was just sheer bad luck that our team in the relay were not placed. Of the team (the above three and Priestley Thomson) two were novices. Don gave an excellent performance and came in second. We think ski-ing blues are indicated.

On the Friday a concert was held in the Chateau, the proceedings being opened with a V.U.C. haka led by Ralph Hogg. Other items were, songs by Miss Tim Lambourne, a pianoforte solo by Sam Rubinstein, and a comedy sketch, "Barnacle Bill," by Ralph and Don. The A.U.C. party also contributed items.

On the following night we had few opportunities to shine at the Fancy Dress Ball. Don looked his usual charming self in, a pirate costume, Jessie Martin and Tim Lambourne were alluring in hula-hula costume; Sam as a Highland laddie graced the piano more than even—in every way the life and soul of the party.

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CUBA STREET

See the last of the College year.

It is to be regretted that such a lively and enjoyable holiday should culminate in disaster; and the last few days of our holiday were spent in an atmosphere of gloom.

Mention should be made of the skilful manner in which Syd. Lambourne conducted the party. With a cumbersome party and many difficulties to overcome the management was all that could be desired.—A. Priestley Thompson. "His Iliad." (Deciphered by Redmond B. Phillips, Sunday, September 20.)

Letters to the Editor

(The Editor, "Smad")

Dear Sir,—Your correspondent A.B.C. in the last number of "Smad" attributed the dissatisfaction of large numbers of students with the existing English courses to a desire for "easy options requiring no special equipment and no intensive study." It is of course a very debatable point as to whether a wide abstract subject like Psychology or Economics requires less intensive study than, say, English Philology. Also from other of A.B.C.'s remarks, I suspect him of reasoning that because most things that are worth doing are difficult, anything that is difficult is worth doing. That is the point of the remarks about the study of the language of the Popocatepetes having educational value, and about true education ever being indirect. Similarly I have heard it argued that the violin must be a better instrument than the piano, because it is far harder to learn to play the violin. Anybody who has seen American talking news-reels must have been impressed by the number of senseless things stunters perform to take money from people who admire the difficulty of the feat without stopping to consider whether it is worth doing. Jumping off an aeroplane on to a haystack is admittedly difficult and dangerous—but that is hardly an excuse for it. I think it might be as well to abandon our ideas about "indirect education" and "mental discipline" (the mind can work no better in fetters than the body), and get back to the old principle of putting first things first.

Any plea for English philology must surely be based on its own intrinsic value as against that of any of the hundred and one other subjects which we stumble through life without knowing anything about. We are told by A.B.C. that it is not feasible to divorce "linguistic and literary studies." But why can't we enjoy and appreciate the great English authors without delving into the somewhat discreditable antecedents of the English language? Even if we must study origins, Latin probably brought far more influence to bear on the language than the barbarian tongue of our Anglo-Saxon semi-demi-forefathers. The great English prose-writers took far more from Latin and Greek than they ever did from the stumbling, halting, creaking, faltering, rambling, shambling, God-knows-what-it's-all-about break-down of an Anglo-Saxon sentence. Admittedly

some of the charters and histories and primitive poetry are interesting from an historical point of view, but they would be just as useful translated into modern English. And Chaucer? Wouldn't a modern prose version give us all the humour and character-drawing and pathos for which we value Chaucer? But no translation can give us in full the Greek dramatists, or Virgil, or Horace.

It is this sense of having found his way into one of the back-waters of culture, instead of holding to the main streams that prevents some of us from any enthusiasm over English philology. Admittedly it may have some value, but life is too short to spend our time threshing out the wheat from the chaff. Until English language is separated from English literature, the student commencing on an English course at V.U.C. is forced to say that he has been set down "in the midst of the valley which was full of bones; and behold there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry."—I am, etc.,

UMLAUT.

: : :

(The Editor, "Smad")

Dear Sir,—In your meanderings round this old pile, have you ever noticed the unseemly amount of limb displayed by some of the women members of the student body in common room and cafeteria, in hall and lecture room, even in the studious depths of the library, does one see that unsightly garment known as the gym, frock.

It is a theory of a friend of mine that the length of the skirt of same is in inverse ratio to the shapeliness of the legs so revealed, and these certainly do seem some grounds for this belief. But I defy any woman to look like anything but an over-robust schoolgirl in one. Efficient they may be, but beautiful never.

I may add that rarely does one see the familiar green of the Varsity sports rig, so perhaps the offenders are members of other clubs, but I would ask them, if they have no sense of the dignity of themselves or of the Varsity, to at least be kind to the aesthetic and dress sense of other students, and wear some more appropriate outfit.—I am, etc.,

SPORTS AND GENERAL.

: : :

(The Editor, "Smad")

Dear Sir,—"Pro-Neronian" has issued a vigorous polemic on the publicity methods of the S.C.M. It seems to me that side by side with the growing power of the S.C.M. there has taken place a rapid decay in another institution, one which was supposed to provide an antidote to the attacks of orthodoxy. Some years ago, people would refer to the Heretics' Club [now baptised as the Free Discussions] with bated breath; and periodically clergymen would write letters to the papers asking whether it wasn't possible for things like this to be stopped; and fond mothers speaking to their offspring, about to enter the University, would say with awe in their voice, "And now, John (or Jane), I must tell you that though you may join any of the hundred-and-one

At the Cricket and Swimming Clubs' Dance.

clubs at the University, into the hundred-and-oneth you may not go"; and it was generally understood that the pursuit of Truth "witherso'er she may lead," was enlivened considerably by the fact that that estimable lady frequented some most peculiar resorts; and timid students gathered at the key-hole could hear an angry snarling and scuffling as the Heretics tore to pieces Marriage or Religion or Capitalism. Now what do you see? An informative and well-written lecture which usually lasts between an hour and an hour and a half, and is followed by a little bit of apologetic discussion at the end. After a bashful pause at the conclusion of the lecture, the dozen people who comprise the Debating Society, rise and make their little set speeches on the subject, and then the Chairman murmurs, "I wish to move a vote of thanks to Mr. So-and-So for his most informative address."

It is usually said of such criticism as I have offered that it contains nothing constructive, accordingly I append some suggestions as to how the V.U.C. Hellfire and Brimstone Association might be reinvented:—

- (1) All lecturers and professors admitted should be bound to enter into the discussion and not merely sit at the back and look cynical.
- (2) No paper should last more than half an hour. Plenty of controversial matter should be included in it, and it should deal with some subject everyone knows something about.
- (3) A greater license of speech should be allowed. Interjections, direct contradictions, cross-talk, and freedom of expression should be permitted and encouraged.

It seems to this correspondent that were measures like this introduced, the Society for the Promotion of Vice might be a live force in the College, instead of a modest violet, hiding its loveliness beneath the latest tome on Sociology, and might become more able to withstand the Americanised method of your muscular Christians. Meanwhile oh! heretics, may the Life-Force preserve you!—I am, etc.,

PRO-TORQUEMADA.

: : :
(The Editor, "Smad")

Dear Sir,—May I point out two faults frequently made by V.U.C. debaters? Most of them forget that, although their remarks are directed at the audience, they should be formally addressed to the Chairman; and very few of them conclude a speech with an affirmation of the proposition supported. A debater is justified in the use of the words "Ladies and Gentlemen" once only—at the beginning of a speech. After that he should insert his commas or spar for wind by saying "Sir" or "Mr. Chairman." As for the curt little "I thank you," with which some debaters close their speeches, this sounds like a gasp of relief, and amounts to a confession that the speaker cannot round off his remarks. The proper way to finish is to summarise the points of the speech and say something like, "Therefore, Mr. Chairman, I have much pleasure in supporting the motion that . . ."—I am, etc.,

S. TAPPERTIT.

(The Editor, "Smad")

Dear Sir,—I agree with your correspondent A.B.C. when he evidently means that a true education consists in being accurately and well informed on subjects other than those essential to some specialised course, and that a broad foundation is desirable. It is, of course, equally true that an intelligent citizen may be magnificently educated without attending a University. The University, however, has unfortunately been given almost absolute control of professional courses, and with its usual antediluvian touch has cluttered them up with unnecessary subjects or parts thereof.

To say that an ability to read Chaucer or realise the philological peculiarities of Shakespeare is essential to a lawyer, is merely to bolster up that pedantic portion of law which modern practitioners are agreed is already overdue for its last long sleep. Modern legal phraseology tends and should tend towards clarity and conciseness, especially in its commercial application, and to foster the archaic is hardly in accordance with this desirable achievement. History should not be both background and foreground, and a catholic taste in general literature is perhaps the finest method of improving both style and language. Moreover, the simplest words are always the best, and the philologist is not concerned with the best word, but the derivation and history of a particular word.

Latin for lawyers is for practical purposes quite useless and only remains in our syllabus as a compulsory subject because those who erected the framework of the course were encrusted with the classic deposits of past generations and fusty with attic cobwebs. It is not necessary for a lawyer to be able to translate Latin remains. Anglo-Saxon chronicles, or Chaucerian wills. He will probably be a better practitioner if he has none of the academic impedimenta so dear to the merely book-learned man, but acquires a knowledge of human nature and cultivates an analytical mind in place of a storehouse.

There are, however, three things (inter alia) in the law course which cry out for reform: the prescription for bookkeeping, the practical course, and the options.

While it is necessary for the candidate for the barristers' professional exams. to pass an examination in trust account bookkeeping, it is not so for the candidate for LL.B. Why? Is the seal of a degree also a certificate of competency in keeping a trust account? Or is this difference merely a species of reward for those who add University terms to their other qualifications?

It is possible for a student to become fully qualified by examination, be admitted, and enter upon a practice without a single day's practical experience. The so-called practical course in conveyancing is ridiculously and necessarily inadequate to train a student to bear the responsibility of practice, yet we are forced to waste time on philology and Latin.

Finally, while English, our own medium of expression, is optional, Latin is compulsory. Again, why? Matriculation Latin is quite sufficient to en-

Splendid Supper and Music.

able a student to muster the Latin tags which encumber text books and which as every law student knows are usually greater traps than truths. Our own literature is laid aside for the hastily crammed and quickly forgotten translation of two particles of ancient Roman scholarship and a bare sufficiency of grammar, neither of which are of the slightest practical use. The thing would be laughable were it not so manifestly the outcome of stunted minds.

If the University claims to prepare a student adequately for practice in law, and it evidently does so claim, let it do so without frills. Those who desire the higher type of University education will always seek it without the impetus given by an unwelcome prong.—Yours disgustedly.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

The Cult of the Rapier

By A. JABBER

Since Coming Events cast their shadows before,
It seems V.U.C. is preparing for war;
No bayonets or guns or powder and shot,
Or footing Field Marshals and that kind of rot.
No, dammit, we've shown our most valiant sense
By taking to rapiers and learning to fence—
Which doesn't mean mucking about in the mire
With shovels and post-holes and posts and barbed-wire,

which everyone knows already, and hopes won't be facetiously explained, but it is the traditional jest, mark you, and moreover shows the writer to be a plain fighter, and not one of the intelligensia.

For all that this theme is steeped in strife and bloodshed, it does not refer exclusively to the bristly sex; nay rather, in these days of he-mancipated women—but come along and see for yourselves, you civilian students, come along any Monday night and watch our doughty damsels fight like Homeric heroes and strike terror into the hearts of the (alas!) obsolescent Male of the Species. You couldn't tell them the quickest way to the heart of Man is through where the pudding makes him ache! Let them but clutch a rapier, and they'll show you what can be done with a wicked little thrust between the third and fourth ribs! Look out for yourself if the button comes off the point of the foil when you're in the midst of a duel—it's even more risky than when a button comes off unexpectedly in civil life.

Yet, despite the implacable feuds that rage throughout the evening, many are the sociable "smokos" that are interspersed between killings. It is quite good form to run a colleague through with a rapier, if so it be done with due observance of the proprieties, but to do so with an idle cigarette drooping from one's mouth brands one as a most discourteous Knight or Knightess.

Of course you could never fence with the masterly aplomb which is the hall-mark of the virtuoso

without swotting up a swarm of eerie cabalistic terms, like sorcerers use to work strange spells withal—

For when your foe is waxing fierce,
You've got to fend his thrust in Tierce.
And make a lightning lunge beyond
His tardy parry in Seconde,
The which is almost sure to bluff
Anyone but John MacDuff,
and he's got to be a deal slicker than anyone else,
because of the more extensive coast-line he has to guard.

But if thine adversary is a Downy Bird, and hasn't been playing wag o' Monday nights, he's likely to survive your feint in Seconde; and,

If his Quatre has got you licked
And his antics have you tricked,
This is just about the stage
To try a Double-disengage,
Which like as not will catch him out.
And end a grim and gory bout.

Then, when you've taken your foot off his throat, and folded his hands across his breast, and wiped your trusty blade on his shirt and ordered floral emblems, you go to the top of the class, feeling valorous as Mussolini, with de Duce streaming out of every pore after such a hot and stirring tussle, while the band plays "The Dying Gladiator" and "The Conquering Hero" all in one blast. So why visit Kaiwarra for a thrill when we have an abattoir within our gates? And now that the casualties have been carried off the field, let's call it a night.

W.C.R.H.C. Field Notes

Members of the Women's Common Room Hunt Club are notified that the statement made in last month's Sinful Story to the effect that Mr. Cochrane had been captured, is definitely known to have been based on incorrect information. Mr. Cochrane has since been observed in the vicinity of No Woman's Land, and is obviously still in full flight. Operations in respect of this desirable creature will recommence immediately (or sooner, if possible), and members are urged to spare no effort in making a kill. In accordance with custom, each member will faithfully observe her own rules, but is at liberty to alter them from time to time as occasion requires or circumstances appear to warrant.

SOME SUGGESTED PLUNKET MEDAL SUBJECTS

Mr. M. Riske on J. Pierpont Morgan.
Miss Z. Henderson on Al Jolson.
Mr. A. E. Hurley on Aimee Semple MacPherson.
Mr. W. J. Moundjoy on Sir Galahad.
Mr. D. G. Edwards on Mr. W. P. Rollings.
Mr. W. P. Rollings on T. G. MacCarthy.

Saturday, October 10th, at 8 p.m. Popular prices.

THE FRESHER WHO CAME TO THE HAREMAI CLUB'S SAVELOY NIGHT IN A DINNER SUIT



Dr. Henning heaves a weighted "bouquet for Victoria." See "Spike."

V.U.C. Dramatic Club

As "Rope" has been reviewed elsewhere, little remains to be said about it except to thank the persons who so willingly assisted to make the production a success. Special mention of the work done by Messrs. Wright and Steele would be endorsed by everyone who saw the play.

"Tons of Money" was read on Friday, 4th September and was enjoyed by everyone present. Both Miss Cooley and Miss Murray read excellently, it being indeed a pleasure to see the leading lady of the Dramatic Club in the reading.

The last productions of the year will be presented on October 3rd, and are as follows: "The New Wing at Elsinore" (Hankin); "Elegant Edward" (Jennings); "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," and "Square Pegs" (Bax). It is to be hoped that the students will give the Club their support by rolling up and making the last show of the year a success, financially.

GROWLING ABOUT THE COLLEGE

A wet day—no doubt it will be wet for a week, and a cold in the head—quite enough to make a fellow miserable and bad tempered, without mentioning the proximity of the exams. Why not have a "piece" of everything in true Reardonian style?

I will start with the Exec.—past and present. What right have they to a private sitting room over in the Gym? I am told it was once just a room, and then a committee room, and last year that illustrious body, the Executive Committee of the Victoria University College Students' Association, incorporated, made a regulation that it should be for their own use, and for the storage of junk that used to be kept locked upstairs in the now empty lockers of the locker-room.

The balcony upstairs seems to have degenerated since its alteration into a workshop for producing futile constitutions and for the cold storage of Club Committees. In the day-time the place is kept locked up in case the windows get broken. Another question for the Exec.: Where are the two Morris chairs from the common Common Room? Why have two chairs been taken from the Men's Common Room, which is, we admit, a comfortable enough room for those who have the knack of chucking someone else out of a chair? Why can't the Secretary tell off one of the Committee to clean out the letter-rack of some of the letters that have been there for the last six months, if he hasn't time to do it himself? Why not fix up the roof of the telephone cabinet in the corridor? It leaks sound.

I should like to ask the powers that be how Brookey gets so many miles out of his roller-towels in a week. Why not change them on Wednesdays and Saturdays? Why not repair the spring on the back door of the men's robing room? This is windy Wellington. Don't rub it in.

Another thing that gets my goat is the S.C.M.

mob with their smug air and their "You're bound for Hell" look, meeting you round every corner. They are worse than the Tramping Club, who do have the decency to stick to one corner of the hall, and don't try to sugar the pill with mouth-organs, nor do they advertise themselves on every available nook and cranny on all the notice-boards. When the debaters want to advertise themselves they get up on a platform, where you can throw something at them. Why did "Rope" and the Haeremal Smoke-oh clash? Why does everyone turn up to a 'Varsity dance toggled up to kill in a breast-plate? The dances are held in the Gym., not at Government House. What about the Caf.? It's all right except that there are never any pies left after 5 p.m. Do the Profs. have them for afternoon tea? Why are the Exec. the only people who are allowed to use the Profs.' table in the evening? They are the voice of the mob, and should mix with the mob. I should like to suggest that this privilege of sitting at the Profs.' table be transferred to the S.C.M. Now to get personal: Why do both Aileen Davidson and Doctor Sutherland both wear a red tie? It looks fishy. Why do some of the best-looking girls up here—and there are a few—chew gum? It wrecks a chap's ideals. Even the Science students and some of the Law students have a few. What a noise the Assistant Librarian makes as she patrols up and down the Library! It's all waste energy. Aren't the tennis courts in a mess? But I suppose it cuts both ways—and Charlie's dream in green concrete may yet come true—and even I might get through Roman Law if I stop squirting futile ink at the blots on the "Old Clay Patch."

LESSER KNOWN ACTIVITIES

I—WOMEN'S FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.

Some evenings ago I had occasion to visit the women's common room. Entering this spacious Gothic room with its handsome black furniture and its glitteringly polished floor, that provided an aesthetic contrast to the snowy white walls, I discovered the inmates of the inner sanctum gathered about the hot pipe piled high on one of the luxurious couches. Unfortunately the absence of some of the lights resulted in a mystic glow which fell kindly on the feminine touches about the room. I fell into conversation with A—n D—n, the new secretary, who bemoaned the prevalence of flower thieves and the untidiness of the inmates, but rejoiced that M—H—gins had been prevailed upon by moral suasion to house her books in one of the lockers provided by the authorities. Tony McG— and Peggy MacD— were deep in an interminable wrangle on love and marriage, Ina Tr—p and Ailsa P—s were spotting examination winners, Pat B—ley and Doris P— were deep in the momentous topic as to whether Swinburne was Marlowe, Peggy Sp—S—s and Helen D— demonstrated methods of negotiating mud pools at hockey. Phyl Pr—ville, dressed

Are you one of the Not-Quite-Egoists of the College? See "Spike"

with her usual taste, was gracefully attempting to blow smoke rings amid an admiring crowd. Jean Cathie, with her snow goggles gleaming, was giving her expert demonstration of mountaineering on the shoulders of her friends in order to get nearer the hot pipes. Jessie Dunc— somewhat precariously perched on the corner of the sofa was screaming above the tumult her views on the lecturing staff and the S.C.M., while Julia D— endeavoured to stem the torrent of oaths and denunciations. Amongst the churning bodies, he sprinkled with ash Ilma L—y was calmly sleeping on.

Giving one last, lingering look at the bowls of daffodils, the exhortation on the notice board to use the wastepaper basket and the earnest group of happy New Zealand girlhood I wended my weary way towards the Cafeteria and the S.C.M. bun-
flight.

Tramping Club Notes

Among the recent activities of the Club, one of the most successful trips was the Tararua winter crossing on August 15 and 16. The party left Pakurāhī at 2.15 p.m. on Saturday and started the long climb up to Alpha Hut, stopping an hour at Dobsons for tea. About nine o'clock from the top of Omega the Wellington and Hutt Valley lights were showing brightly while on the other side the clusters of lights indicated the various towns in the Wairarapa. At 10.30 p.m. after seven hours' tramping the party arrived at the hut.

During the night the weather had changed and in spite of the wind and mist a start was made shortly after seven next morning. From Alpha the route to Kime Hut entailed several hours tramping through snow above the bush line. Owing to the strong wind and steep slopes in places it was necessary to straddle the knife edge ridge or proceed on hands and knees. On one steep descent on a hard ice surface an involuntary glissade almost resulted in an accident and at this stage it was necessary to rope the party together and cut steps. After a short stop at Kime Hut the party continued to Field Hut and had dinner. From there an hour and a-half brought them to the end of the road from Otaki where a lorry was waiting.

The trip was interesting in that it provided alpine conditions, instructive because it showed the risk attached to trips of this nature, and successful since the club has not done it under snow conditions for a number of years and further no woman tramping had done it for several years. The success of the trip was largely due to the experience and capable organisation of the leader, Mr. T. R. Smith.

At Christmas, Prof. Boyd-Wilson will lead a trip to Mt. Tapuanuku in the Inner Kalkoura Range. The party will travel by boat to Picton and then by lorry to Kekerangu. From there the food will be packed in, and it will be a day's tramp to the Dee Hut where a base camp will be established. From the camp there will be plenty of opportunity for climbing since there are twenty peaks over 6,000 feet, including eight over 8,000 and two over 9,000, all within about fifteen miles of the hut. Besides the

mountains the locality is noted for the excellent bush and the abundance and variety of the wild life, including pigs, goats, sheep, rabbits and even Amoebae. In such a setting the trip should provide an excellent holiday for the most active and the most lazy. The party will probably leave on Christmas Eve and return a fortnight later and the estimated cost is £5.

There will be another Christmas trip which will be more expensive but very comprehensive. It will be down the West Coast of the South Island over the Southern Alps via the Haast Pass to Dunedin and back to Christchurch. Those interested should obtain full particulars from the leader, Mr. W. K. McGavin.

The syllabus of tramps for the third term is on the notice board and further details for the various trips will be put up later.

Dress Reform

(To the Editor)

Sir.—I notice that two gentlemen have seen fit to wipe the dust of the Students' Association from their feet and have retired into private life in high dudgeon. The reason apparently is that this dashing young couple are incensed with the Tory-minded students who have refused to sanction a novel and progressive measure propounded by the aforesaid couple. Now I feel that these two gentlemen, Messrs. C. S. Plank and J. L. MacDuff, are hardly consistent in their attitude to reform. Surely they cannot be die-hards and advanced thinkers at the same time. They cannot advocate reform in one place and crush it in another. Yet this would seem to be the case.

Recently a young gentleman of this College, after due consideration, came to the conclusion that much could be done in the matter of dress reform, and especially dress reform on the tennis court. This harbinger of the new era felt (1) that long trousers are more of a hindrance than an aid; (2) that trousers are not as beautiful as legs bare and unadorned; (3) that tennis can and should be played in those clothes which experience has shown to be the most suitable for strenuous outdoor sport, i.e., shorts and shirt and something on top. Serene in his convictions, the hero set forth in brave array. But alas and alack a roar of bull-like volume burst from the verandah. It was the great J.L. The apostle of reform was dragged from the courts and dressed down by the heads that be. The moral is, of course, that we should never believe that a true reformer is given the credit which is his due. Only the solid reformers of the Plank-MacDuff type are looked on as the saviours of their country, and even these are heroes only until they are found out. The writer has interviewed various celebrities regarding the matter of short trousers for tennis players, with the following results:—

D. Priestly: No good. I didn't think of it first.

P. Spence-Sales: Gorgeous!

M. Risk: Yes, they wear shorts in Russia. Give the wolves a chance.

I am, etc.,

KILTS.

Who is your favourite film star? See "Spike."

"All Skate"

Calling to his aid the full powers of his Miltonian eloquence Professor M—K—nz—e delivered a rousing address recently under the auspices of the Astronomical Society on the topic of "How to Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion While Skating."

To the delight of the audience the Professor intimated that he had brought with him his own pair of skates with which he would illustrate his address—as he himself aptly put it—"from the jump."

"Skating is really quite easy," said the speaker. With wildly waving arms he added: "QUITE easy, so long as you keep the rollers rolling and yourself upright." The faux pas was to be totally shunned and avoided. The secret of the art, he asserted, lay in the correct synchronisation of one's steps with the music. He thereupon borrowed an accordion from his colleague, Professor Ad—n—n, and proceeded to give an exhibition of a straight skate to the tune of "Oh for the wings of a dove." Encored to the echo, the speaker bowed and gave as a further number "I have a feeling I'm falling." After the exertions of this last effort the Professor gratefully subsided into the arms of Dr. H—nn—g, assisted by Dr. H—ne.

Having been duly reinstated he addressed a few remarks to the women students present and exhorted them to follow the maxim—"Roll 'em, girls." The professor then draped himself effectively in his gown and gave an example of a delicate and modest step which he particularly recommended. So enthusiastically was this received that the Professor was persuaded to lengthen his strides and embark upon "The Whirlwind of Death."

The next branch of the subject to receive consideration was the art of stunting on skates. Those present were shown an extremely effective Immelman turn of a novel kind. The Professor naively explained that he had perfected this turn after observing the procedure of a colleague's Aberdeen terrier in the hall when over its tail was imperilled. "After all," he said, "one good turn deserves another."

The next stunt was another original production of the Professor's, which he called "The Mortar-board Moratorium." The movements are so highly complicated that we regret we cannot fully state the nature of this fascinating stunt. However, at the conclusion the performer, on one foot, with arms outstretched, eyes uplifted and toga flying, utters in a sombre monotone the cryptic caption—"Skatentia magna sapientia desideranda."

This constituted a brilliant climax to the Professor's address. As the meeting broke up the Chairman intimated that at the next meeting the Professor would be assisted by Mr. M—nro, who had kindly consented to join in an exhibition of the latest pas de deux.—OCEIDAH.

We would again remind readers that our advertisers make the issue of this paper possible by their loyal support. If students when purchasing the goods advertised in this number, mention "Smad," they will be doing themselves a good turn.

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A Doctor comes from festive France.
The students eye him all askance;
But their suspicions he allays
By handing handfuls of Bouquets.

There is another Doctor, too.
Who stirs the economic stew.

A former student, Riske by name.
Ascended to immortal fame;
And now we've lost our little Max,
We hope he's happy with the Quacks.

Education is a b.,
Spread abroad by A.E.C.
Oh what joy to drop a spanner
On his ancient Roman manner!

Mr. Cochrane's never blue.
Though not a writer of revue,
His botanical collection
Keeps him from the least dejection.

See the scientist Munro,
Lightly tripping heel and toe.
Though his build is ostentatious
He discourses of the gaseous.

If your Latin is gymnastic
Mr. Elliott is drastic;
For his manner can be placid,
But it MAY be prussic acid.

'Neath the library's vaulted ceiling
Student voices softly pealing—
Such a state is non-existent,
Thanks to Miller and assistant.

Ingratiating are the wiles
Of placid pleading Mr. Miles;
His mind it seems is acrobatic—
Half is French, half mathematic.

Wise men to the tune of four
Help expound the tricks of law—
Each one singing in succession
Praises of the Great Profession.

Scrambles in Philosophy
Are now run off by I.L.G.,
Who takes an ample inspiration
From the Russians, in rotation.

A display will be given early in October by Nancy Webber's gymnasium class. Slouching students will there be privileged to see Posture, with a capital P. Imaginative rhythmic dances, gymnastic dances, corrective posture exercises, all performed to music, will be included in the display, which will be the culmination of a year's gratuitous work on Nancy's part with a class of women students.

Your friends and relations will enjoy "Spike."

HUI MARAE

As most activities arranged by the Club received very poor support from its members, the Committee decided to a certain extent to alter the policy of the Club.

Assistance has been given to the Haeremai Club in running their dances and in procuring costumes for the Capping procession, etc. The Committee intends that the activities of the Club should continue along these lines instead of organising separate functions.

A strong effort is being made by the Club to improve the Common Room, and the Committee would be grateful for the co-operation of all members in this work, as it is most discouraging to find that all flowers, etc., are stolen as soon as they are put in the room.

In the last issue of "Smad" some contributor who apparently (and justly) was ashamed to sign it, wrote a letter criticising the Club. There is only one sentence in it that is worth even noticing. They suggest that the Committee should get in touch with other similar Clubs.

This has long ago been done, but it was found that no other College has a Club with purely social aims. In the other centres the Women's Clubs carry out Social Service and Dramatic activities, etc., as at various Colleges separate Clubs for these purposes do not exist.

COMMERCE STUDENTS' SOCIETY

It has been felt for some time that Commerce students at V.U.C. have lacked the unity of feeling and of interest that for so long has characterised the activities of law students and those taking a science course. Recognition of the value of Commerce students to the University life has been long in coming, mainly owing to the fact that a portion of the prescribed course is not included in the University curriculum, and lectures in these subjects must perforce be taken extra-murally. Much and undoubted benefit would, therefore, accrue if Commerce students had a Club or Society within

the Students' Association—a Society which would consider their interests and sustain their enthusiasm for 'Varsity life during those bleak years when a single subject was their temporary connection with V.U.C.

Such a Society could stage debates, arrange lectures, and by working in with the Accountants' Students' Society, keep the aspirant B.Com in touch both with his University and his future profession. In after years such a Society might well be the connecting link between Commerce graduates and their Alma Mater.

With this Society in view, therefore, several of the older Commerce students are making this preliminary announcement in the hope that others may be enthused in the same cause and assist in the work of forming the new Society as soon as 'Varsity commences next year. Suggestions and a measure of active co-operation are invited from all Commerce students.

COMING EVENTS

- Sept. 30.—The best "Spike" for years will be on sale. Price 2/6.
 Oct. 3.—Dramatic Club's productions in Gym. See Dramatic Club's notes.
 Oct. 10.—End-of-Term Dance. Cricket and Swimming Clubs.
 Nov. 1 onwards.—Degree Examinations.
 Nov. 21 (approx.)—Farewell Dance.
 Christmas.—Tramping Club's vacation trips (see Tramping Club's notes). Cricket Club tour.

BUSINESS NOTICES

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 Six issues of "Smad" are published during the session. Reserve next year's issues now by paying 1/6. If you will not be at V.U.C. next year, we will help you to keep in touch with student affairs by posting the six issues to you on payment of 2/-.

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