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SMAD

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

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EDITORIAL

EHEU! Having overcome the temptation to editorialise on either Phar Lap or the Tournament, we find ourselves confronted with the College Spirit, which, like the poor (and how poor!), is ever with us.

This will never do! So, in self-defence, we are drawn to expatiate free o'er sportsmanship and suchlike abstractions dear to collegiate hearts, and feel our choice is a graceful gesture to both the original temptations which we ruthlessly routed.

Well, here is a subject for everyone, since everyone assumes this attribute as his or her fundamental virtue.

Sportsmanship! Is there a word more often used with less understanding of its true significance? What does "B. a sport!" mean? Too often it means "Be a good, easy fellow!" or, occasionally, "Come, forget those scruples!" What does "She's a good sport" mean?

The biological definition of a sport is something "which varies remarkably from the normal type," and our task as a College is to keep that definition a biological one, though to look around us one would think—

The Latins would undoubtedly have dubbed Sportsmanship a "squinting construction," because it looks both ways, upwards ad astra and downwards to grisly Mammon his lair. Which type of sportsmanship is going to lead Victoria College?

Victoria College will ultimately be led ad astra, and that by her students—we are willing to stake our judgment on that. Real sportsmanship will triumph.

Well, then, to avoid becoming plunged and gravelled in any more airy speculations concerning precise connotations, we shall admit the two-faced fellow to our councils—squire and all.

Albeit so closely and seemingly inextricably associated with performances of physical excellence, true sportsmanship is by no means inseparable from deeds of skill and prowess. He who is but a footling fellow in the field of sport may be without his rival in sportsmanship, for what can it profit a man though he can heave with the elephant and butt with the bull, and though he be the idol of the Olympic Games if "his soul lives in a garret?"

Does this mean that we think games are not so important, after all, in the building of sportsmanlike character? It does not. Would that encouragement and opportunities for our youth both

men and women—to throw themselves heart and soul into vigorous sport were more general! Would also that the spirit of camaraderie and team-work engendered on the field of sport were carried more zealously into the greatest game of all—the game of life! Then we should always know, when it is said of any man "He plays games" that he is one who would not forsake friend or principle though the heavens fall.

But games or no games, every University student should be a sportsman or sportswoman. We are all members of one great team, a team with a destiny to win; for our College is yet young (though approaching the grand climacteric in years of human life) and we, her sons and daughters, are the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." Does that not stir the blood and awake every instinct of sportsmanship? Advisedly, we say "awake," for had there been no sleep to banish this College of ours would be standing higher than she does to-day in the hearts of her sons and daughters and in the eyes of the world; not a lugubrious dictum, though certes not an over-merry one. We cannot expect to reach the goal of our ideals as collegians to-day or to-morrow—but we advance too slowly! We take our ease too oft and too long!

In most universities the students naturally fall into three broad classifications; firstly, the true sportsmen and sportswomen who are in the vanguard of the College militant; then those content to accept the status quo—these are the "good, easy fellows," not unwilling to help, yet doing nothing—merely passers-by; then there are the camp-followers—fortunately but few, yet matchless in their depredations. By them a college is usually known to the world.

We do not attempt a definition; we would rather be like him who could not define an elephant, yet knew one when he saw one. That is how sportsmanship is known and recognised—and there will soon be a splendid opportunity for the sports (in the "ad astra" sense) of the College to be known, if not defined; for the Executive of the Students' Association have given their assurance to the College Council and the Professorial Board that the students whom they represent will not descend to rowdiness and organised interruption of the speakers at the Capping ceremony; we do not take upon ourselves to proffer any advice; we do not even make any suggestion; you are sportsmen!

"Why Not?"

With much clangour resounded in Christendom the praises of the stalwart athletes and athletesses who lately so gloriously contested for divers trophies and cups and spoons and suchlike culinary utensils. So be it, with Allah's blessing thrown in to boot. But let it not be imagined that only these are deserving of seats in the Halls of the Mighty. Why, even while in paddock and pond they were emulating the grasshopper and goldfish or chug-chugging down the straight to break the tape in the name of decency—down in the Refectory something stirred!

Did ye not hear it? Sounded like a Belle in a china shop, didn't it? Not far wrong; just a faithful crew of Toilers of the Tea plotting a Matinee and the nightly Rendezvous provender. Unceasingly they toiled up to their elbows in slush and slime and grease and grime and pots and pans that the Tournament might be fed and that the wild cries of hunger from hundreds of yearning throats might be stilled.

Afternoonly and nightly they sweated—the men, that is—the women merely glowed becomingly, with the dew hanging heavy on brow and cheek, and who is there with palate so dead as to say that their deeds were less valorous than the prowess which made Tournament go with such a bang?

But WHY no trophies for them—WHY no shields—WHY no cups? Not that these noble workers have sought such baubles—indeed, their cry was often heard: "Why so MANY cups—ah, why?"

Still, don't you think duty so nobly done should receive honourable recompense—should be inscribed in the Scroll of Fame?

There's Helen, Queen of the Seven Seas of Coffee—"Was this the face that launched a thousand cups?"—Why not a Grecian Urn for her? And Eileen, who used her weight and by brute strength routed a horde of hungry brawny invaders of the pantry and drove them helter skelter forth, why not a Policeman's baton for her? And Mary and Evelyn, who washed and dried many cubic yards of cups and dishes with very few ferkins of luke-warm water and very few square inches of humid tea-towel—why not a stately Cup of chaste design for them—no, that would be cruel, something to take their minds off their interminable tasks would be better—how about a Dish running away with a Spoon? Not only was every Rendezvous in the Gym lavishly fed like fighting cocks, but these same inspired caterers whose praises are being sung fed the Tournament Ball to such repletion that it is no wonder the dancers waxed fat and in the fullness of bread, like Jeshurun, wagged a wicked hoof!

Many other helpers in this particular sphere might well be mentioned, including an energetic push of men whose names are suppressed on account of a lack of trophies and space—but you get the idea—their performance is no less worthy of appreciation and recognition because it was useful and selfless rather than competitive and spectacular, and in part at least it may be said that, physically, the battles of the Tournament field were fought and won in the Refectory.

"SMAD," SIR?

What will it cost? Nay, hold! A very trifle. Sir, I will be told. Threepence.—Alas!

—Horace "Satires."

TOURNAMENTITIS.

Four little Colleges
Think of Tournamenting
Until one acknowledges
That it is dissenting.

Three little Colleges
Talk of persevering
Till another College is
Showing signs of veering.

Two lone Alma Maters
Said "Ye gods, how fickle
We're the only starters,
What a sorry pickle!"

One little College then
Finds itself relenting;
Enters in the lists again,
Bathos thus preventing.

One University,
Left out in the cold,
Said "Deuce take adversity!"
And rejoined the fold.

Four little College teams
Came and Tournamented;
Who'd have thought FOUR Academes
Would be represented!

P.S.—The Moon, which had put all its money and its shirt as well on No Tourney, got such a shock when the numbers went up that it threw a total eclipse on the very next night.

ECHOES OF PRE-TOURNAMENT WEEK.

Committee-workers preparing for Tournament rather lost count of days when working nightly into the wee 'sma' hours. For instance:

Hugh Williams: "To-morrow's Wednesday, isn't it?"

Doug. Burns: "You mean to-day?"

Hugh (daffled): "Well, what day are we at, anyway."

* * * *

Another example:—

Hugh: "Shoot for the Hasham Shield to-morrow, don't they?"

Doug. (always precise): "You mean to-day!"

Ray Reardon (with a grim smile, in his seat at the desk): "The blighters'll be out cleaning their guns in 10 minutes!"

WHOA !

"There is no truth in the rumour that the Governor-General dedicated a memorial to Phar Lap on Sunday."

AUCKLAND'S AMAZEMENT.

Helen's Stutz, a car with a vista, overwhelmed the Auckland delegates, who were met at the station. Sinking luxuriously into the rear seat, Ralph Grey turned incredulously to Nigel Wilson: "I say, Nigel, are we really in the same car as those two in front?"

Hurly Burly.

"Lord, give us power!" bellowed a brawny evangelist of the old school, so loudly and with such "damnable iteration" that it was a marvel the timbre of his voice wasn't splintered, until an exasperated listener piped up with:—

"Lord, he's got power—give him ideas!"

How many of us, and how oft, have yearned to call upon Jehovah in like fashion when the "ubiquitous interjectors," as Pen euphemistically terms them, reduce the defenceless night to a shuddering pulp with their high-power exhausts!

(Of course, no one wants our official gatherings to be conducted under a pall of fat smugness and squalid gloom—the sort of thing "Smad" would have to report like this:—

"A low murmur of cultured interest softly caressed the air as the Honourable Mr. Muggs, after clearing his throat in that engaging manner of his, began an edifying address to the new graduates; the evening was quite unmarred with unseemly levity, the only blemish—which is deplored—being the dropping of a programme by an irresponsible undergraduate at a particularly solemn juncture.

"After the offender was ejected"

No! A hoot for that sort of sodden sledge—no one outside a Home for the Tame could think of wanting it—but, as you chaps will all agree, there is a happy and witty medium between the silence and sedateness of a middle-aged slug and the blood-enrilling yells of the Hounds of Hell; so what about a little cleverness and brightness of wit at our College gatherings instead of the stereotyped and now, alas, conventional boos! yahs! and cat-calls and roundings-out that are chuckled about indiscriminately with how prodigal a hand!

None of us want it to be thought that the Man with the Muck Rake must have dumped his spoils into the Old Clay Patch.

No speaker with any sense of humour and good-fellowship minds a few bright interjections—in fact, most seem to like it—so long as they are treated as men by men and are given a chance to sneak a word in now and then. But no one is going to be bluffed twice into standing dumb like a damned fool in front of a congealed mass of squealing pork. Doubtless the first wag to boo and yell at a public gathering was voted a great wit, and the delightful irrelevancy and naivete of the notion must have tweaked the fancies of all—but it soon palls, doesn't it? After all, when you've heard one boo you've heard the lot, and yearn for fresh woods and pastures new—and it does seem as if these uninspired jungle noises are the blustering self-expression of minds too timid to grapple with coherency.

It would be a good thing, and also a memorable one, if interjectors as a body would only adopt "Speak, but hear!" as their slogan, and treasure it in their lusty, gusty bosoms.

A TEST OF SOBRIETY.

How's this—it was heard after the Tournament Ball:—

"You're tight!"

"Sezh-hic-you!"

"Well, see if you can say Are you copper-bottoming the boat, No Mum, I'm aluminiuming it."

"Are you—hic—No Mum I'm aluminu—minu—hic—minu—mumming it."

"Boy, you're tight!"

Meet the Executive.

PEN ROLLINGS.—President. Has acted in many capacities for the College. Is a first-rate Chairman and a brilliant speaker, formidable in debate. Studies: Law and Arts. Hobbies: Yachting and Baby Austin. No bridge—thinks it a waste of time.

C. S. PLANK.—Vice-President. Has served capably as Secretary. Is a tiger for work, and has been called aptly a human dynamo. Is also Secretary of the Tennis Club and father of "Charlie's Tennis Courts." Studies: Science and Commerce. Hobbies: Tennis—College Blue; and Hockey College and N.Z. University Blue.

HELEN DUNN.—Women's Vice-President. She is an indefatigable Students' Association worker, and is also President of Hui Marae. Studies: Social Science. Hobby: Hockey and Basketball and a Dachshund car.

JULIA DUNN.—A new member of the Executive. Studies Law, and has recently been admitted to the Bar. Is a clever interior decorator—her artistic work for the Tournament Ball and several Capping Balls does her much credit. We hope her secretarial duties will allow her enough leisure to make the Executive Room a thing of beauty.

ARTHUR CRISP.—Treasurer. A recent appointment. Has done excellent work as Business Manager of "Spike." Studies: Commerce. Soon to join the ranks of the Benedicts. (Congrats, Arthur!) Hobbies not known, but we suggest kitchen gardening and lawn mowing.

KATHLEEN FORDE, who is also member of the Debating Society. Holds the Union Prize for debating—the first woman student to achieve that honour. Has also been runner-up for the Plunket Medal on several occasions. Best wishes for next time!

MILDRED BRIGGS.—A good worker and a good player. Hobbies: Tennis, hockey, and knitting (working on a green jumper just now; hope to see you in it soon, Mildred!) Is an enthusiastic fencing exponent. She is a tennis Blue. Studies Art.

EILEEN PLANK.—Another recent appointment. She is a member of Hui Marae. Studies Science, and is Jacob Joseph Scholar. Hobby: Fencing; very dangerous with the foils! Is an intrepid tamer of caterpillars and other monsters.

S. H. PERRY.—Recently appointed. Is the Cafeteria expert, and "the proof of the pudding." Studies: Commerce. Hobby: Shooting—is a hot shot, and represented the College at Tournament. Is an active member of the S.C.M.

DOUG. BURNS.—Just arrived on the Exec. Studies: Science. A tireless and thorough worker, and a good fellow to boot—though we wouldn't recommend anyone to try, he's pretty hefty! Hobbies: Bridge, tennis, and golf. So that explains the plus fours, Doug; we were wondering!

"My endeavours have ever come too short of my desires."—Plaintive wail of an unsuccessful candidate on reading the Examination results.

Tangleword Tales.

(1) THE FEUD.

Everybody's wondering why a fencing bout was featured on the Tournament boxing programme—it seemed an anachronism somehow.

Well, it happened like this:

One Mad March day Signor Alstono was wroth; why, no one knows; but wroth he was, and his wrath was as the wrath of Achilles, quenchless by anything short of an Obituary Notice.

Glares as through a glass darkly and muttering with a mutter too utterly utter to utter, he ranged the College environs, arching his neck and pawing the turf as he varied his step with restless synecopation from Goose-step to hand-gallop, Bob-hop, hobble-de-hoy and synthetic crawl to match the mood of the moment.

By the ashes of his fore-fathers and fore-mothers he swore a terrible oath to visit stark carnage on the first luckless being to cross his path—he it fish or flesh or fowl. But who is this frisking and curvetting o'er the greensward troling a merry catch? Signora Planca, by gar! And what mean those villainous foils tucked under her spare arm—is it peace, or war to the innards?

Plinging the foils crosswise on the level green in front of the College, she swung into a lisson sword dance, chanting in her clear mezzotint voice brave ballads of knightly chivalry.

Unluckily, Signor Alstono was vehemently cake-walking by just as she was loud-peddalling into the thick of a particularly stirring lay. Something in the wild words and wild wild refrain twanged a bellicose arpeggio in Alstono's rugged bosom; barking like a sea cow he waltzed up the steps and wrenched an oaken beam from the College portico and clapped it on his shoulder.

"Knock that off!" he challenged, with a belligerent twitch of his starboard nostril, and Planca, game dame! snicked it off into the slips with as sweet a flick of the wrist as anyone could wish to see. At this Alstono was sore grieved, for he had hoped she would shun the contest and leave him free to engage some fierce Knight of the Round Table or some fabulous Giant—but he had to abide by the oath to his fore-mothers, so he cried "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war!

With that they grabbed the foils with non-skid clutch and stampeded into the Common Common-Room, loudly invoking their Tutelary Deities while the neutrals and camp followers yelled "Fails for two, coffee and waffles for one!"

Briskly they measured weapons, and Alstono, seeing his had a slight advantage in length, said prettily, "Tush, let it pass!"

"Notabitofit!" snorted Planca, who was all for lopping an inch or two of serag end off his thewy arm; but "Out of order!" yelped the referee, so she compromised by gnashing a bit off his foil. How her teeth sang through the tempered steel! What a woman!

With that she unexpectedly opened the bout with a clever defence in tierce which for a vulgar fraction of a second quite nonplussed Alstono, who happened to be adjusting his gauntlet at the moment and had intended attacking in quarte; but he soon regained his aplomb, and took a neat header through Planca's guard. She only escaped an awful doom by shouting "Up, guards and at 'im!" Alstono upped with his guard, and she got under and atted 'im.

This is known as the "psycho-galvanic reflex" mode of attack.

Alstono retaliated by lunging with a vigour that made his muscles stand out like Scare Headlines, and secured a very palpable hit, but his coat of mail, not being of the quality of Mercy, was strained, and down hurtled a shower of buttons; so his respectability, like the Sword of Damocles, hung on a single thread, seconded by an all but severed but still faithful button.

"Another such victory," quoth he, "and I am undone."

Planca, who by this time had recovered from the thrust, renewed the offensive with a shout that made the Welkin ring, but Alstono, mistaking it for the gong, pounced back to his corner, leaving her stabbing the air, which she wounded in four places before she discovered her error.

His modesty reinforced by the Damsels-in-Waiting, who, with many ecstatic shrieks, repaired the rifts in his raiment, Alstono fought as one possessed, but the wily Planca was too many for him, and through his cunningly-devised defence sneaked a thrust which sank deep, deep into his quivering vitals.

Down went Alstono for the count, but just as Planca began to surge and billow with conquest the astonishing fellow recovered with a back handspring which landed him on the picture rail, where he hung like a two-toed Sloth.

"Now then, young man!" admonished Brookie, clashing out for a ladder. Here a point of order arose as to whether she should shin up the ladder and finish him off, or whether he should pounce down like a panther on its prey.

After a stormy debate, during which both were fined for contempt of Court, it was referred to the Council, who promised to bring it up at the next meeting and transmit the solution in duplicate by first mail. Meantime both would have been vanquished by dint of aggressive inaction had not Alstono lost his grip and crashed in the very act of hawling for buckets of boiling pitch to pour on his fair foe; and when all the King's horses and all the King's Men had put him together again he tore into the fray with all the fury of a bridegroom going to meet his bride.

So from morn till dewy eve the noise of battle raged, with little advantage on either side, and the latest bulletin showed them to be all square at the 19th hole, and still going strong.

Up the straight they came, neck to neck, thews and sinews cracking like whips and safety valves whimpering apprehensively!

Look out, Alstono!—too late—he's foot-faulted, and Planca has gained half a nose, only to lose it on a revoke at a crucial moment! They're all square again! Hold it, me hearties, hold it!—but, alas! just as the imbroglio was beginning to look like a sanguinary hash of haricot steak—"Ting-a-ling!" went the 9.30 p.m. curfew, and Brookie got restive and started ordering everyone out of the arena.

TIME! . . . and the bout was adjudged a dead-heat, and both were disqualified for sitting down when the Rubber Band struck up the Michelin Anthem—until it was discovered that the resourceful fellows had their fingers crossed all the time—so the King's dignity was saved, and, with a flourish, of funfares the Heralds proclaimed "Coffee and Waffles for two!" after all.

But that wasn't the end of it, not by a long

thrust. The feud was carried into the thick of the Tournament, and after a few boxing bouts which served as a curtain-raiser, our famous duo leapt into the ring amid wild yells of applause; and it wasn't till they had settled their differences before the assembled hosts of all the Universities that the dauntless pair were content to beat their foils into ploughshares. So that was how it came to pass that for the first time in Tournament history a damsel came to joust in the Boxing Ring with much glory and renown withal.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The Tournament Delegates have much pleasure in announcing distinctions won at Tournament by V.U.C. representatives. The following students were awarded N.Z.U. Blues.

Double Blue in Tennis and Basketball.—Miss M. Line.

Athletic Blues.—D. Barker, F. H. Stephenson, J. B. Stephenson.

Swimming.—Miss N. Webber.

Rowing.—F. M. Bell and W. J. Kemp.

Boxing.—J. B. Kent.

Tennis.—Miss C. Longmore.

Basketball.—Miss L. B. Renner.

The College was also successful in tying for the Tennis Cup, and in winning the Haslam Shield for shooting.

Mr. J. B. Kent was awarded the medal for the most scientific boxer.

To these students and to the clubs concerned we extend congratulations.

EXECUTIVE LETTER.

To the Editor "Smad."

Dear Sir,—

My Executive desires me to report to the students through your columns the following matters:—

1. Due to the resignations of Mr. R. J. Reardon and Mr. D. G. Steele, it became necessary to appoint two new members of the Executive. Miss J. Dunn now occupies the secretarial position, and Mr. D. M. Burns has been appointed to the Committee of the Executive.

2. Mr. E. C. Fussell has been appointed Editor of "Smad" for 1932.

3. Three revues have been accepted for production at Capping. These are "Souled," by A. Helion, "Dry Rot," by C. Watson and C. Geere-Watson, and "Coax and Hoax," by Redmond B. Phillips.

4. The first hour of each Executive meeting, held on Tuesday evenings at 7 p.m., is open to all students desirous of addressing the Executive, and everyone is entitled to come along with either complaint, criticism, or suggestion. Remember that neither a good idea nor a legitimate grievance can best be vented by discussion in private. The Executive is there to hear what the students want. The remaining portion of the meeting is open to the students, excepting during any period the Executive is in committee.

Yours faithfully,

C. S. PLANK, Vice-President.

THANKS.

On behalf of the Executive of the Students' Association and of the Tournament Committees, it is my privilege to express our thanks to the many friends

of the College who so willingly came to our assistance prior to and during Tournament.

The members of the College Council, the Teaching Staff, and well-wishers of the College assisted us very materially by providing billets, loaning us their cars, giving donations, and encouraging our teams by attending the various social functions and sporting events.

We must especially thank all those kind people who offered and provided billets. So generous was the response to our appeal that in one day, only three days before Tournament, when it was heard that Otago was sending representation, forty billets were obtained. It was not possible to avail ourselves of all these, but none the less we greatly appreciate the offers.

In the matter of transport, too, both from the boats and trains to the billets and for the motor drive on Easter Sunday, we are very grateful for the generous way car-owners came forward and permitted us to use their cars for the entertainment of our guests.

I should also like to thank very sincerely each and every member of the Victoria College Tournament Committee and those other students and helpers who assisted on the various committees so that the whole Tournament went off so smoothly and successfully.

BENEDICTORY.

ANTHEA v. ARTHUR.

Anthea Hefford and Arthur Crisp are to wed early in May, and we are very proud of them. It is not often that the Executive marries (it is married to the College already!), though the other night Arthur dreamt he married the whole lot of them—Charlie and all! We hope they will always live in Arcadia (not the hotel), and that Anthea will let Arthur come to the Executive meetings sometimes. If we come across any really good recipes, we will publish them. Kia ora!

Hui Marae.

The customary calm of the Women's Common Room was a trifle ruffled on the night of the 8th March. Men who were listening curiously and enviously—from the outside, of course—said "ruffled" was not the word, "shattered" was more like it. Sour grapes, laddies! This evening was the welcome gathering to Freshettes, which was brief, bright and thoroughly enjoyed. We heartily thank Dr. Platts-Mills, who delivered the welcome address, which was as interesting and simulating to the Old 'Uns as to the New 'Uns.

In response to the order, "Oh, turn some of the girls out of the easy chairs to make room for the guests," a zealous helper turned out one of the youngest and cheeriest of our honoured guests—the wife of a member of our teaching staff! The sincerity of the compliment could not fail to bring its own forgiveness.

The presence of the wives of so many of the teaching staff was appreciated by all Hui Maraeites. These ladies helped greatly to make the evening the jolly affair it was.

The Committee sincerely thank all members who so admirably assisted with the Tournament catering. Without their co-operation the task would have been too colossal. Keep it up, Girls!

Tournament 1932.

Tournament, in retrospect, seems mainly to consist of "Might have beens"; in fact, at one stage Tournament itself looked as if it were going to be a "Might have been." From the 14th March onwards students and former students throughout New Zealand were put in fear of a postponed Tournament, but, fortunately, we can truly say that we have no regrets Tournament was held.

The whole complicated business of Tournament went off like clock-work, and even before we congratulate the successful representatives and their College we must place on record the deep debt of gratitude all taking part in Tournament owe to those who brought about so successful a result. First of all, those who so generously came to our assistance by offering the hospitality of their homes and by providing cars for the visiting representatives, deserve the special thanks of the Executive. To those who could not help in these directions, but who contributed in other ways towards the expenses of running the Tournament, we extend our sincere thanks.

In the College itself everybody rose to the occasion splendidly. From the member of the College Council who gave Barker, of A.U.C., a bed full of bells, down to the youngest fresher who danced a haka on the roof of the Ferry Wharf shed on Good Friday morning to the scandal of the Union Company officials, everybody gave of his or her best to make the Tournament a success. The Tournament Delegates, Messrs C. S. Plank (Chairman) and W. S. Harris (Secretary-Treasurer) laboured with unrivalled valour for months before and during Tournament. The Executive, we believe, set up a record for the number and duration of their meetings. However, the credit for running the Tournament is shared by the Delegates with the various Tournament Committees. Miss Helen Dunn and her fellow-workers on the Catering Committee provided cats for all throughout Tournament, and hunger was unknown. These girls received little limelight, and, indeed, did not wish it, but we should be scurvy knaves did we not proclaim their good work from the housetops. The Billetting Committee, with Mr. Rollings in charge, and Miss Helen Dunn and Mr. Reardon as able lieutenants, functioned admirably, and the inevitable few lost sheep were shepherd to their respective folds in quick time.

DRIVE.

The drive was an unqualified success, even if the present holder of the N.Z.U. record for the mile was caught at Upper Hut by an unsympathetic cop who wouldn't believe that the ancient Lizzie with an exhaust like a Gatling gun couldn't exceed the speed-limit even if she tried. Mr Harris was responsible for this success—the drive part of it, that is, and Helen Dunn was responsible for the excellent tea at the Brown Owl. We are thinking of constituting Doug Burns as official Keeper of Records and Engraver of Shields, so efficiently did he perform this section of his tasks. Good biz, Doug., old thing!

The world was kept aware of our activities by the excellent advertising, which was controlled by A. J. Crisp, with H. N. Hannah as assistant. The other Colleges were amazed at the accuracy of our programmes. We are keeping the fact that R. F. East was responsible for this from Cop. Morrison. We should hate to see East accused of speeding.

The hectic ten days prior to Tournament may be summed up as follows: C.U.C. first raised the question of abandoning Tournament, O.U. definitely withdrew, but after many conferences at and between the various centres, the full Tournament was held, Otago pluckily coming up with a much-weakened representation.

Good Friday dawned very cold at the Executive room when the last billeting list was put in the last "lucky packet"—incidentally, the names "Zinzan," of A.U.C., "Young," of C.U.C., and "Miss D. Thicket," of O.U., proved very popular with those in charge of "lucky packets," as they were the last on the lists. After a short, sharp sleep, various broken wrecks were hurtled down to the Ferry Wharf, where sunshine was brought again to their lives by the Haeremai Club's magnificent salvos in reply to the defiant hakas from the Rangatira.

NUDE GUARD.

The wharf episode was a capital rag. First appeared the Nude Guard, led by Doug. Burns as Captain Big Root, and Sergeant-Major Ike Williams. The Nude Guard, a heterogeneous conglomeration of Boy Scouts, Highlanders and Soldiers, were heralded by an appalling collection of would-be musicians. The Guard, formed with anything but military precision, were not a bit disconcerted when one lone policeman drove the whole imposing army away from their chosen position to another spot on the wharf. When the strains of hakas became more distinct from the Rangatira, the Guard presented arms and exploded into song. At about this time the wharf was invaded by a horde of "Maoris," sketchily clad in sack-cloth and bedaubed with ochre.

Press photographers fought each other for pride of place, and "the Maoris," led by Whitcombe, pranced up and down and regaled Wellington Harbour dwellers and passengers on the Rangatira with a series of deuced fine renderings of the new haka. The bitterly cold morning could not daunt hakaitees who pranced around amid would-be billetees and billetees and distributors of "lucky packets," chairing Charlie Plank and embracing blushing damsels. Later, at Thorndon Station, proceedings were repeated for the edification of the A.U.C. representatives. Congratulators to the Haeremai Club on the best organised hooley for years!

Meantime, after a hectic drive, Charlie Plank and portion of the Tournament Ball Committee, landed at Paekakariki by car a bare two minutes before the Auckland Express arrived. "Lucky Packets" were efficiently distributed on the train, Tournament Ball chits were garnered in.

WELCOME.

The official welcome was held in the Gymnasium in the afternoon. It was quite funny to see the old Gym. preening itself at the idea of posing as a real Union Hall; but it did very well, and few guessed that it wasn't the real mackay. The cold afternoon and the paralysed period under the stern eye of the photographer caused the representatives to fall with gusto on the excellent tea provided by the Hui Marae.

Tournament began in earnest on Saturday with the preliminaries of the boxing, and the tennis in the morning, rowing in the afternoon, and the boxing finals at night.

BOXING.

After the morning session at the Boxing, V.U.C. supporters could be distinguished by their snug and happy smiles, since all the men entered had won through to the finals; but in the evening our hopes were dashed, since, after some splendid fighting, A.U.C. triumphed for the Shield. However, our light-weight, J. B. Kent, won the title for his weight, and was adjudged the most scientific boxer at the Tournament. Our hearty congratulations to him.

Much of the smooth running of the Boxing was due to the Boxing Association, who, besides presenting the medal, gave us most generous terms for the use of the ring and equipment, and much assistance in the matter of officials. We thank Messrs Earl Stewart (referee), E. Perry, A. Curlyne, E. Woods (judges), G. A. Broad, and T. Mackay (timekeepers) for their splendid help.

In contrast to the rather gory bouts of boxing, a fencing interlude was staged. This was first in the English style, the grand salute and a bout between the "Two Muscatels," Miss E. Plank and D. V. Alston, V.U.C., and then in the French style, between D. V. Alston and "J.D.K.Z." Ward, C.U.C. Both bouts were extremely interesting. Fencing isn't quite such a messy way of outing an opponent as boxing.

The boxers as usual, showed great gameness and pluck. Hartnell, O.U., the defending title-holder, had not entered in the Boxing lists, but, though he had not boxed for some time, and was not in fighting trim, gallantly came to the rescue to make up a quorum. Though he put up a particularly game fight against Barker, V.U.C., he was defeated after a close fight.

ROWING.

The Rowing, held on the Oriental Bay course, drew a tremendous crowd of supporters, who followed proceedings from the "Janie Seddon" and wharves. The start was somewhat delayed, but shortly after the crews got away, C.U.C., who were rowing a great race, took the lead from both V.U.C. and A.U.C. The two latter could not pull up, and C.U.C. won by 2½ lengths from A.U.C., a light crew, who finished very well. Our crew finished, sadly, third. The wild excitement of the C.U.C. delegates, who had climbed the foremast of the "Janie Seddon," almost caused them to fall, pennants and all. Funny how excitement affects some chaps, isn't it? It is said that Haeremai, who were watching proceedings with their customary calm from a crane on the Taranaki Street Wharf, had initiated the policeman with them into the sacred rites of their club.

RENDEZVOUS.

The Rendezvous on both nights was well attended, and well enjoyed. Of course, one cannot blame the catering committee for the shortage of coffee on the Monday night. Who told Ike Williams that boiling coffee is good for the texture of the skin on the feet? It's asses' milk, Ike, not coffee!

On Sunday morning there was the Church Service for students, in the afternoon the drive, and in the evening the S.C.M. turned on a highly-successful tea in Women's Common Room. Afterwards all present adjourned to a most successful performance of the morality play, "Eager Heart," at the Congregational Church.

Easter Monday was another busy day, the Basketball finishing in time for us to rush down from the Winter Show to see most of the Athletics at the Basin Reserve after the luncheon interval.

Swimming drew a crowded attendance at the Tepid Baths in the evening.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball match between A.U.C. and V.U.C. was one of the most exciting events in the Tournament. Since both teams had won by approximately the same margin from C.U.C. and O.U., and the fate of the Basketball Ball Shield was in the balance, they were keyed up to a high pitch. For 40 minutes, each side strove desperately for the lead. Immediately one side scored, the other levelled the score with an equally good goal at the other end. Finally, A.U.C. scored a splendid victory by 27 goals to 26 with a magnificent long goal thrown by Miss G. Gardner on the stroke of time. Misses Mary Line and Lorna Renner won their N.Z.U. Blues. Heartiest greetings to both!

ATHLETICS.

The Athletics were well run before a large attendance, A. T. Anderson, 440 yds' hurdles, and J. B. Stephenson, 440 yds., winning their respective events in record time. F. H. Stephenson is also to be congratulated on winning the Ladies' Cup with his double victory in the sprints and on a particularly good win in the 100 yards, his time of 10 secs, equaling the N.Z.U. Record. Unfortunately this time was not allowed as officially equaling the record on account of a following wind—too bad, F.H.S.! The V.U.C. winners of N.Z.U. Athletic Blues were D. Barker and F. H. and J. B. Stephenson, but the whole Athletic team provided stout resistance to the redoubtable C.U.C. team, who won the Athletic Shield for the third time.

SWIMMING.

The swimming was notable for A.U.C.'s win from C.U.C., although D. H. Symes, C.U.C., won the 100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards' titles, winning a heat of the latter in the N.Z.U. record time of 2min 41.45secs. A.U.C. were fortunate in possessing Misses Thomson and Steele, who, with G. A. Rix-Trott, rendered yeoman—or, rather, yeowoman—service towards winning the Shield. Lightness was added to the proceedings by the antics of the Whitcombes, and the splendid diving of the Wellington Diving Troupe under the leadership of Mr. John Penman, and an exhibition swim by Mr. K. Spry provided an interesting interlude.

Miss N. Webber, the driving force of our team, deserved her N.Z.U. Blue for her magnificent swimming in the 66 2-3 yards' Breast-stroke Championship.

TENNIS.

The tennis finals on Tuesday decided the fate of the Tournament Shield. V.U.C. put up a close fight for the Shield and the Tennis Cup. However, Miss L. Robertson, A.U.C., beat Miss M. Line, V.U.C., A. H. Barnett, C.U.C., beat R. Ferkins, V.U.C., in the respective singles, and the steadiness of B. A. Barrer and Miss G. Rankin, C.U.C., in the combined doubles completed V.U.C.'s rout by winning this final from Ferkins and Miss V. Dyer. However, Misses M. Line and C. Longmore won the Women's Doubles from Misses L. Robertson and R. Taylor, A.U.C. The glamour of victory was somewhat marred by an unfortunate accident to Miss Taylor on Easter Saturday which prevented her from giving of her best. By this win Mary Line won her double N.Z.U. Blue—for Basketball and Tennis a rare occurrence for a V.U.C. girl. We congratulate her on being, if not the first, certainly the first V.U.C. girl for very many years to win her N.Z.U. Blue in two sports at one Tournament. Miss

G. Rankin did splendidly to win, with Barrer, the doubles titles and her N.Z.U. Blue. Who would realise that she had only a brief period before performed doughty deeds at Basketball and Swimming?

The fact that the fate of the Tennis Cup was decided by the Women's Doubles Final, the last event in the Tournament, kept excitement at fever pitch to the last minute. However, the win of V.U.C. lets us share the Tennis Cup with C.U.C., which College also carried the Tournament Shield away in triumph. Our Tennis Club can feel justly proud of its representatives, particularly the girls who have brought back the Cup—no matter that it is not the whole cup—which we have not seen for the last 25 years, except when it was being presented to other Colleges. We had it for three years in the Good Old Days, 1901, 1906, and 1907. May we keep it even longer now!

THE BALL.

A great success—many congratulations to R. J. Beardon, who was in charge—was officially opened on Tuesday night—queer how it flowed over to Wednesday morning! One A.U.C. representative found the excitement too great, and was still sleeping, hours after his team-mates had left for the North. Some young people can't stand late nights, can they?

Beyond stating that a Tournament advertisement sign was mysteriously transplanted from the Central Hotel to the middle of a hooley at the Ball, and that it is said a policeman was arrested by certain Aucklanders, we will not attempt to describe the carnival scene. We must say our girls would get jobs anywhere as caterers. The supper was top hole.

Our congratulations once more to C.U.C. the winners of the Tournament. Rowing and Athletic Shields, A.U.C. the winners of the Basketball Shield—N.B.: This is for the sixth successive time—a bit greedy, don't you think?—and the Swimming and Boxing Shields. Ottago carried home our lovely wooden spoon, the Tournament consolation prize. Of course, we didn't want the spoon, but it would have looked well in the Hall. Anyway, we've got the Haskam Shield for shooting again.

O.U. have this consolation, that the Tournament Wooden Spoon is a handsome trophy, the Athletic Wooden Spoon, which they have gained for the first time, is historic, and that their representatives made history in other fields and taught their rivals "Periwinkle" a vital contribution to student song and story.

Tournament has gone, and though it left us all rather weary and flat for a few days, it was well worth while. The improvement in inter-collegiate relations has more than justified our work, and certainly we have cheered the old town up. Glengarrys at a rakish angle have a very stimulating effect.

VALE.

The farewells at the wharf and station, well attended by our redoubtable Haeremaites were as warm as the Welcome, though a bit heart-achey in parts. However, let's cheer up. We'll all be together again next year at Tournament.

Memo for the Boxing Club:

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him after."

Our Problem.

There is a serious problem that every few years shows its ugly head above the current of our College life. It has occasioned much trouble to past Executives, but fortunately has never reached the extent of a public scandal, as it has in other universities. It is the problem of intoxicating liquor, and the Executive regrets to have to make public complaints that have been made to the members of the College Staff.

It is well known to students that there is a rule prohibiting liquor within the Gymnasium Building, and that action has been taken from time to time by the present Executive to enforce this rule. Unfortunately, a practice has commenced and grown, of resorting to cars in the grounds, or to a secluded corner for the purpose of drinking, and this is much more difficult to deal with. During the Easter Tournament an epidemic of drinking seemed to seize some students, and one of the complaints referred to above relates to this period. All complaints, by the way, are from persons unconnected with the College except as parents. The Chairman of the Professorial Board has authorised publication of this statement, as the Board intend to set up a Committee of investigation and enquiry.

A special meeting of the Executive considered the position on Thursday, 14th April, and the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

"That, on the occasion of the Capping Ball, as at other Students' Association functions, no intoxicating liquors may be brought to or consumed within the hall or its precincts, and no person whose conduct indicates that he has consumed liquor will be admitted. Any person who, in the opinion of the Executive, attempts to violate this rule shall be required to forthwith leave the hall."

We take this occasion of warning students that the strictest compliance with this rule will be an essential condition of attendance at the Capping Ball, which it is intended to hold in the Masonic Hall, on The Terrace, on Friday, 6th May, and stern measures will be taken to deal with any breach of the rule. Any student who cannot enjoy a dance divorced from liquor may as well stay at home.

In addition, it was decided at the same meeting of the Executive, to recommend to the Professorial Board that cars should not be allowed within the College grounds during any dance. This is felt to be the only method of checking a practice that may possibly lead to scandal if it is allowed to continue, and it is fully justified by the gravity of the circumstances.

Students, we appeal to those of you who support the Executive in its action to say so in the common rooms and the corridors, where this matter is discussed. We appeal to those of you who oppose us, and we challenge you, to oppose us in the open and state your reasons publicly. We have never met the student who will stand up in a meeting and defend his right to become intoxicated, although he may have a lot to say about "vowzers" and "the Purity League" when we are not listening. We are straight and open about this matter, and are giving a fair warning to all concerned. We have a right to expect our critics to be equally candid; all ordinary Executive meetings are open to all students. It is our considered opinion that unless the liquor menace can be cut out of College functions, then we should cut out the functions themselves.

For the Executive,

W. P. ROLLINGS,

President.

CLUB NOTES.

TENNIS.

Rejoice! After a quarter of a century, Victoria has once again a share in the Tournament Tennis Cup. Congratulations to our own team who, between them, won twelve matches and tied with Canterbury for the Cup. Hearty congratulations to Mary Line and Clare Longmore on winning the women's doubles and their N.Z.U. Blues, and ultra-hearty ones to Mary on her double blue in tennis and basketball. (Please note the effect of a Cafeteria diet). The last time Victoria saw the Cup was in 1907, when we won every championship after having held the Cup since 1905. Was this year's effort the result of the new courts or extensive practice on grass at Miramar? We wonder!

Progress report of the Club Championships: The Mary Line-Clare Longmore combination again emerged unbeaten, defeating Misses Briggs and Briggs in the final of the women's doubles. Black and Webb beat the McCarthy brothers in the men's doubles final, and the mixed doubles will be fought out between Harris and Miss Dyer and Gosnell and Miss Line. The singles are still in a doubtful state.

Last Saturday, a team of four old boys, who were students at V.U.C. in that glorious year 1907 (see above), met a team of present-day members of the Club. Contest was keen, youth emerging victorious by four matches to two. Detailed results were:—

Colonel Beere won from G. Simpson, 11-9.
Professor F. P. Wilson lost to W. Harris, 3-9.
Mr. A. Fair lost to C. S. Plank, 4-9.
Mr. S. Eichelbaum lost to J. L. MacDuff, 3-9.
Colonel Beere and Professor Wilson lost to Plank and Harris, 2-6, 4-6.
Fair and Eichelbaum won from MacDuff and Simpson, 1-6, 6-4, 3-1.

Afternoon tea provided a welcome break, especially to members of the Old Boys' team, none having played serious tennis recently. Altogether, the function was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and we hope it may be repeated.

Money towards the debt on the courts is coming in slowly. A Jumble Sale at St. Thomas' Hall brought in a healthy contribution, thanks to willing helpers and those who came nobly forward with their left-offs. Other sources are being judiciously tapped, but any spare pence or bright suggestions for raising money will be thankfully received.

Next year we want to win the Tennis Cup outright. In next month's "Smad" you will be shown how you can help; but in the meantime don't put away your racquets. The courts are open all through the winter, and concrete dries very quickly.

TRAMPING.

Anybody can tramp. That is, anybody with average physique and determination. Although the first trip may make you ache a little and wonder a great deal, very soon you will find these phases disappear in a glowing enthusiasm for the activity, the freedom, the beauty of the sport.

If you feel you would like to tramp, but are afraid or shy, my advice to you is—tramp! No one has met his death on his first tramp, as far as I can gather. Give it a go! Should you manage to stand up to it, beg, borrow, steal, or, as a last resort, buy some gear. Here it is: First you need a pair of

large, comfortable boots, not too heavily nailed. Two or three pairs of socks should be able to fit into them for comfort's sake. Good boots can be bought anywhere, priced from 15s. to 25s.

Next, a pack; borrow this from an old trumper, if you can, or otherwise try Savage's, Hutcheson and Wilson's, or the Army Stores. They have variously-priced packs. Buy your fancy. It needn't be so very large if you pack it shrewdly.

If you intend tramping regularly, obtain a wind and waterproof coat and a sou'-wester. Tamarua tramping is impossible without these. It is better to be warm than well-fed, and there's nothing like the oil-skin coat for warmth. On most trips camp is made in a hut, so waterproof sleeping-bags are usual, but by no means essential. An eiderdown or blanket, sewn up like an open potato bag, and some woollen garments are adequate for the most rigorous nights in a hut. Buy an oiled-silk bag if you can afford it. Gloves, scarf, and other minor impedimenta you can accumulate gradually. And there's all your gear, except shorts and shirt for actual day work. Inexpensive if carefully obtained; durable beyond all other sport's gear; a never-ending source of joy for years.

The first tramp this year, a Sunday trip on March 13th, to Kamunga, near Tawa Flat, enlisted 18 trampers, of whom half were "new-chums." In spite of cloudy weather, all enjoyed the climb over Colonial Knob and the swim at Open Bay.

As is invariably the case with trips to the Tāherenikau Valley, that on March 19th-20th was voted a great success. The commodious accommodation at the Chateau is superb; the scenery beggars description.

During the week-end, April 2nd-3rd, twenty-five stalwarts, including numerous women and new trampers, journeyed to the picturesque Eastern Hutt River. On Sunday they divided into track-cutters and others. These latter spent an enjoyable day admiring the grandeur of the virgin forest along the river-banks, whilst the former helped clear and cut the track up to Mount Quoin. The Club is indebted to those members who assisted in this work. This ridge now presents a rapid route off the Hector track alternative to the infamous Marchant Ridge.

For future trips watch the Notice Board.

WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM CLUB.

At a meeting of Women Students, held recently, a gymnasium club was formed, the objects of which are to promote and encourage an interest in physical culture among women students.

Classes are held regularly, and all those interested in physical culture are cordially invited to attend. Particulars can be obtained from the secretary.

Women, come and remove the hollows from your backs and improve your posture.

During a recent practice someone in the hall below was heard to remark: "Listen to them! They sound like a pack of wild animals stampeding before a forest fire!"

Never mind, girls! You'll soon be as light as a gossamer!

RIFLE CLUB.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we are able to record our second consecutive victory in the Haslam Shield Competition. The result was the more gratifying in view of the heavy amount of work put into practices during the season. This year the weekly Saturday shoot at Trentham was supplemented by practice on the 300 yards range, conveniently discovered at the fort at Point Halswell. Conditions there left much to be desired, but some useful work was put into those two bag-bears, "snap" and "rapid," on several evenings during the week. The other Colleges have a tremendous advantage over us in that they have a full-size range within easy reach. The C.U.C. Rifle Club, for instance, do a good deal of their shooting before breakfast. An application for the use of Willis Street as a temporary range from dawn to 5.30 a.m. was, rather childishly we thought, turned down by the City Council. Likewise our request to fire at the New Post Office from the D.I.C. roof.

Canterbury College, by the way, sent their two top scorers with their representatives. Oh, glorious idea!!! Can we interest you in a similar idea for next year, Exec. darling? Seriously, though, the idea is sound and really equitable. Even though one only is sent, it must prove a great incentive to shooting in general and, moreover, does much in bringing the rifle clubs of the four Colleges into much-needed collaboration. The clubs are very much out of touch.

A perusal of the results of the Haslam Shield is rather interesting. Although Victoria, by receiving the highest aggregate by some 18 points, won the Haslam Shield, we managed to win only one of the four practices—the rapid. Otago, by winning the snap and application (600yds.), gained 2 points towards the Tournament Shield. We contributed two points also, which was somewhat disappointing after winning the aggregate. We were second in the three remaining practices.

The Saturday before Easter was made a "field-day" for new members. The shooting was well above the average, and much enthusiasm was displayed all round. They have turned out well on the last two Saturdays. This augurs well for the Club's future. It is rather refreshing to find tyros who are quite disappointed with 35's with open sights. Older members, freed of Haslam Shield cares, are concentrating on aperture work. The Imperial Universities' Match is being kept steadily in view.

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB.

"Whatever is, is wrong" is one of the most obvious of all axioms. For if any of our existing institutions was not wrong, it would be perfect. That, as we know, is not in the nature of things. And so it comes about that the critical and destructive impulse is of the utmost importance in a really vital evolving society. It is particularly from the young that the spirit of criticism should come. The old are too busy maintaining the institutions they have given their lives to build to question the justice and wisdom of these institutions; the revolutionary impulse must come from the next generation. This is true of any age, but especially in this year of grace are current institutions in question. The world is faced by an economic breakdown so fearful that the doubt is freely expressed whether civilisation itself will survive. Is this simply due to a faulty monetary system? or is it something more vital, the collapse of a whole system of society? Reconstruction is necessary, anyhow. Do we want a society built on the base of an enlightened capitalism, with a

stabilised currency and high wages for workmen, or something more radically different, the system of Communism? This is only one of the questions that crowd in on us, calling for immediate answer. What is the position of the Churches in the modern world? Are they simply curious reminders of dying superstitions? Or do they represent the possible source of a great ethical revival of the world? Religion is most emphatically one of the subjects in which a revaluation is essential to-day. And when the questions assail us, thick and fast. A fierce controversy rages around sex-morality. Is Christian marriage-morality really right? Can human emotions be bound by any rigid institution? and so on. Internationalism, the need for a censorship, imperialism, state-planning, liberty versus security, and a hundred other questions all need reconsideration in the light of modern thought. The Free Discussions Club is the only club in the College which will give you a chance to get your mind clear on these subjects and to express your own views. Once a fortnight a paper is given in which the subject is opened, and it is then thrown open to general discussion. Come along, then! You will certainly be interested, and you will get something to help you make up your mind about these furiously insistent questionings which have caused our epoch to be nicknamed the "Age of Interrogation."

—C.G.W.

BASKETBALL.

This year we are again entering three teams in the Association.

We intend renting a basketball court; at the Winter Show Buildings from 8-9 p.m. on Thursdays, so that we may practice on a full-sized ground. All players should come every week, and, if possible, be out in time to commence play at 8 o'clock, as we will have to be away at 9 p.m. Any girls having lectures from 7-8 p.m. can join in later.

At Tournament our team beat Canterbury (25-18), and Otago (32-11). Neither of the southern teams looked like winning, although Victoria took some time to settle down in the Canterbury match. In the Auckland game a very even fight took place. It was a touch and go as to which team would shoot a goal at time, and Auckland, after a quick rush, managed to score, winning the match, 27-26.

For the first time Wellington managed to secure N.Z. University Basketball Blues. Mary Line (best goal-thrower) and Lorna Renner (best defence) both won their Blues. Both players were outstanding, and well deserved the distinction.

In view of the high standard of our team, we are looking forward to good results in the Association matches this year (last year we were runners-up), and hope also that the Senior B and Third Grade teams will have a successful year.

HOCKEY CLUB.

The club membership is still increasing, and the indications are that eight teams will be fielded in the grade competitions. All players, new and old, are urged to turn out to the practices being arranged, so that the Selection Committee may get some idea of the form displayed.

All players are strongly recommended to subscribe to the Insurance Fund. This costs but half-a-crown a season and guards against the paying out of fees for medical attention for injuries received during games.

It is hoped that the inter-Varsity Tournament

will be held as usual this year and all members will have an opportunity of rendering practical assistance in the matter of billeting and the general entertainment of visiting players.

On the retirement of Mr. J. L. MacDuff from the position of club captain, we wish to draw attention to the splendid manner in which he has worked during the past few years to bring the club to its present successful position at V.U.C., and trust that his successor, Mr. G. S. Simpson, will carry out his duties as capably and well.

CAPPING.

Although the Council have announced that Capping is to take place on Thursday, May 5th, at 3 in the afternoon, there is a likelihood that, since the Executive have made urgent representations to the College Council and the Professorial Board, we may be granted what we ask, namely, Capping in the evening of Friday, 6th May. The bodies mentioned have only reconsidered the matter after receiving from the Executive an assurance that the speakers at the Ceremony would be given a hearing devoid of organised or discourteous interruption. The Committee of the Haeremai Club have been apprised of the position, and have promised us their full co-operation.

The old students will remember their own Capping Day, which was one of the red-letter days of their lives; the younger students are looking forward to their day of honour.

This year "evening cappings" are on trial, and we look to every student to help the Executive to show the Council and Board that we can have our fun, yet still give those speakers who have come along to honour our graduates, an attentive hearing.

C. S. PLANK, Vice-President.

UNTO THIS LAST.

In the annals of Tournament fame
Mediocrity's reckoned as nought;
If you can't head the list with your name,
Then a place at the foot should be sought.

So the Colleges strove good and hard
To be first or else last in the field—
To accelerate or to retard
In the hopes of a Spoon or a Shield.

Though the circlet of laurel and bay
Crowns the Shield-winner's brow it is true,
Yet the "Last though not Least" has its day,
For it's name's also writ in "Who's Who."

And as one College had to be dished,
Then for sure it was most opportune
And as fitting as could have been wished
That the "Dished" ran away with the Spoon.

GENTS, PLEASE!

We understand that Mary Line protested in the Caf. that the "Lady's order" for joints costs the same as a "Gent's order," but was not nearly as substantial. We certainly think her "Double N.Z.U. Blue" should entitle her to a "Gent's" helping. Give it a try, Mary!

Correspondence.

MODERN WOMAN REPLIES.

Dear "Smad,"—

If Magnanimous only knew, much light is thrown on this subject by his playful "Apology" for us in last issue.

Firstly, he seems to think his apology is an act of magnanimity. Well, we are tolerantly grateful for his good intentions, and we are also amused. Does he imagine that the ultimate goal of our bid for full status as human beings is solely and only that we may acquire a few masculine vices? Let me tell him that the facts that women no longer wholly forswear tobacco, and that they sometimes "take a little wine for their stomach's sake" (his baulking at that universal adjunct of genus homo, "stomach" when writing of woman is a tantalisingly Victorian piece of mock modesty) are merely straws which show the way the wind is blowing. Had it not been for the countless generations of mannish prudery where women are concerned, wine and smoke would never have been regarded as masculine prerogatives, nor would the assumption of these sacred "rights" of men have been included as a part (and an episodic part at that) of woman's bid for her fundamental right to equality of status. Equality of status, did I say? Let Magnanimous and his ilk take note that this aim is only the first rung of the ladder; the time will yet come when man will aspire to equality of status with woman, and when some magnanimous woman will be writing to "Smad" apologising for the modern man, and, by heaven, he'll need it!

The advocacy of Magnanimous for wine as a magic potion to extract truth from woman is most irritating. "What is the truth?" said Pilate, but got no answer because he didn't ask a woman. The proverbial jest about our veracity has worn a bit thin, as I hope Magnanimous will appreciate when these home truths penetrate his pericranium.

The present generation is witnessing the most significant revolution in the relativity of status of man and woman since the world began—this generation of ours, out of all the myriads of generations that have gone before! It is difficult for us to realise this to the full, because we are on the spot; but posterity will know and exult; for every woman of this generation, if she only would, is privileged to be the Joan of Arc of the most wonderful crusade of all the ages!

Every woman, at last the Banner is given into your hand! Do not fail your fellow-crusaders, carry it to victory!

Yours, etc.,
MAID MILITANT.

THAT ROOM AGAIN!

Dear "Smad,"—

Thus early in the year, I think it fitting that the attention of your readers should be drawn to the dilapidated and altogether disgraceful condition of what the Executive are pleased to call, the Common Common Room. I understand that this room is set aside for the use of men and women students who wish to enjoy the society of the respective opposite sex.

The only occasion when this room fulfilled its purpose was at such times as when certain animated

young women made dispirited attempts to sell jaded volumes on behalf of the Book of the Month Club (or one of those strictly non-literary societies). Committees are absolutely denied the use of this room—(need I mention the pathetic incident of the Dram-Club)—and even the most conscientious of students may not absorb knowledge in this retiring spot.

We all realize how much the Exec. continues to foster the best interests of the students, and, by mingling with them wherever possible, strive to keep in touch with their immediate wants. We appreciate this. That is why we are so surprised that such an enterprising and zealous body should have failed to make something of this room so pregnant with possibilities. I am sure that the harm done early last year by the Battle of the Sexes (waged by the Debating Society and Miss Davidson) has not been irreparable, and by a little encouragement on the part of the Exec., it might yet be possible to cement friendly relations between the men and the women of this College.

If a team of cleaners could be turned loose in this room, I am sure wonders could be worked, and with the addition of one cigarette stand, the Common Common Room could be rescued from the dishonour into which it has fallen.

I am, dear sir,
"MOTHER OF TEN."

REVIVE THEM!

Dear "Smad,"—

There seems to be a tendency among some of our clubs to depart from the ideas and characteristics which originally marked them out from others. One glaring instance of this has now apparently come under notice, and an attempt is being made to bring about a revival in the Free Discussions Club. But there is another club in the College which has departed from the ways of its fathers—to wit, the Haeremai Club. If one scans the Club's song one finds reference to the eating of pork pies and the wearing of bow ties. Not so many years ago these items were indeed characteristic of the Club—indeed, one could not enter a meeting unless the bow tie was in evidence. If a member were thoughtless and forgot his bow tie, it was necessary for him to convert his ordinary long tie into a bow—of sorts. Wierd and wonderful were the ties that appeared at the Club's functions.

But the second mark of distinction was likewise apparent. For supper, pork pies—not savoyes—were the sole edible, and there are plenty worse things than a pork pie for supper.

These two characteristics have now disappeared entirely, altho' the freshers are still exhorted to perjure their immortal souls by declaring that they still exist. It is time that bow ties and pork pies were revived, or else all reference to them expunged from the Club's song.

Yours, etc.,
"SENEX."

OFF WITH 'EM!

A notice in the elevator of a well-known public building of this city says:—

"Do not grasp or pull the gates by the bars—otherwise your fingers may be amputated. Use the handles provided for this purpose."

The 'Surgeons' Union should take the matter up with the elevator!

A STERLING IDEA.

Dear "Smad,"—

Belloc said "A lost thing could I never find," and hundreds of baffled throats have taken up the cry, so that the walls of this College have echoed with it ever since.

Why? Because we have no Pound for lost and strayed articles. Why are the students so apathetic as not to have had one instituted long ago? They are for ever losing things, but instead of doing something practical about it they just mope about, poking aimlessly into odd corners and bothering Brookie.

Other Colleges have Pounds, so why not we?

It's better to have lost and found
Than never to have had a Pound.

Yours, etc.,

BAD LOSER.

HUH?

Aileen Davidson: "Yes, I'm keeping to the straight and narrow. There's too many in this College who owe me one."

"He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need."

—Contributed by Tournament Billetting Committee.

COMING EVENTS.

22nd April.—Debating Society.

29th April. Dramatic Club.

3rd May.—Mathematical and Physical Society:
Address by Professor Sommerville, "Mathematical Personalities in England."

7th May.—Debating Society.

21st May.—Last day for "Smad" contributions.

27th May.—Dramatic Club.

31st May.—"Smad" out again.

Extravaganza and Capping early in May.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sophomore."—We understand arrangements are already under way for production of an Extrav. programme on the lines you suggest.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

"Smad" is not "a-wearing of the green" this issue, because green covers seem to be out of season—not obtainable anywhere. Another insult to Ireland!

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the kindly assistance given by Ray, Reardon and Reg. Larkin by way of initiation into "Smad" mysteries and technicalities.

"Smad" looks to the students for its continued existence. We want your money only threepence a time, and we want your contributions.

The next issue of "Smad" will appear on 31st May. Closing date for contributions 21st MAY. Club secretaries, please note date; bright, "club-able" stuff, please, and typewritten if possible.

Editor: E. C. Fussell, 'phone 54-820. This issue was produced with the assistance of Miss Eileen Plank. Sub-editorial appointments will be announced later.

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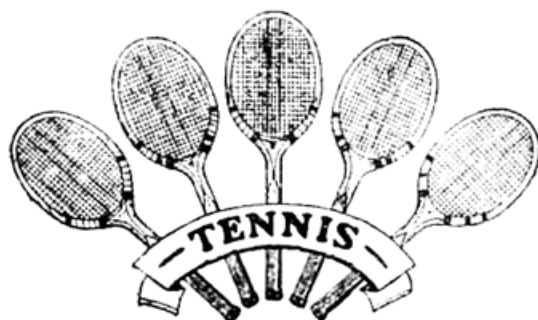
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