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SMAD

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

Vol. No. 3 No. 6.

OCTOBER 4th, 1932.

(Price 3d.)

Aloha.

WITHIN a few days now the lecture rooms will be deserted again, and the long summer vacation begun.

And with the commencement of that vacation many students will be saying farewell to the College.

We cannot say that the 1932 Session has been an extraordinary one. No great College events have taken place during the year, save that V.U.C. has this year been Host in the Annual Inter-University Tournament. Nevertheless, despite ever present talk of depression, it can be said that student activities during the year have been increased rather than curtailed. Several new clubs have sprung into being, and are being successfully carried on by keen and energetic committees, whilst it cannot be said that any of the other clubs have slipped back in their activities during the current year.

We can only hope that next year will see an equal, if not greater, amount of student life in the College. We hope that conditions will not force the curtailment of any Club activities which save V.U.C. from the realms of the Night Schools.

With the coming of Weir House the future should be assured, and the opening of this splendid gift to the College should be a great step ahead.

To all students, both those who are leaving the College for once and for all and those who will be present in the Halls, in the Common Rooms and the Gym. once again next year, we wish Goodluck. To those sitting in November we extend our best wishes. And to the Staff and all Students of the College we reiterate—**Kia Ora!**

Aim of University.

AS the end of the academic year approaches, and the thought of a degree becomes writ large in the minds of many students, the question naturally arises, what mark does a university education leave on a man or a woman? Does the increased amount of knowledge make a graduate more fitted to tackle the problems of life, or does it imbue him with a sense of superiority, and give an excuse to despise, or more mildly pity those members of the community who are supposedly less educated?

Unfortunately, we fear, there is a tendency to rate a university education merely in terms of letters conferred, or by what has been learned by rote. Many of those who pass through an institution of higher learning, fail to realise that the one aim of a university is to teach its students to think. Whether a degree is taken or not, if a man or a woman leaves the portals of college having learned inside to think, then a possession is secured more precious than gold or rubies. If a person thinks, he has secured the very highest that a university can give him. If he thinks he will look upon others not so fortunate as himself with sympathy instead of scorn; he will attempt to better or remedy the wrongs and evils that he sees in the world outside instead of turning them to his own advantage, and, most important of all, he will have the broadness of mind and magnanimity of spirit that go to make up that elusive thing called character.

Kitchen Jurisprudence.

College Cooking.

(OPINION BY MR. JUSTICE GOOD.)

At first sight it would appear obvious that the Cafeteria is liable if food sold by it is not up to the standard set by P. 38 of the Culender, but things are not always what they seem—especially in these matters—and various factor(ies) have to be considered. The general question was the subject of a "Post" editorial on July 16th, 1932, so surely in practical life this matter claims attention—"Post hoc ergo propter hoc."

Public sentiment is, of course, largely with the consumer, but the equities are not as one-sided as they would be if they were. The Caf. is under an obligation to dispose of perishable goods in as short a time as possible, and is thus onerously burdened as compared with the light-headed occasional customer. The goods are perishable in two senses, distinctly separable and quite different, *inter se*. (1) They are of a nature, such that their existence qua goods is ephemeral—to use an euphemistic euphuism; they are here away to-day to-morrow" (to cite Mrs Malaprop.) Their corporate life—as their own—outside the environs of the Caf. is nil, though occasionally they are introduced into lectures to combat epidemics of coughing. (2) The very essence of their being is perishable (*Sic transit—saveloys tu-feedim'*, as the old Equity saw has it.

Sec. 38 of the Fish and Chips Act covers both differences as regards sale of adulterated or defective *Pisces Partesque*: "No fish or part of a fish shall be sold without a certificate in quadruplicate, signed by the party to be charged and sealed by the Local Authority affected, that the said fish has been duly pasteurised by the Milk Dept." and the Innocuous Weds Act extends this to "all food publicly sold for consumption." But since the Caf. does not sell fish and chips, nor does it run a sanatorium, the matter is not affected by legislation, and must be decided by the Common or garden variety of Law.

The doctrine of "laches" leaves no room for doubt. Why should the customer be allowed to delay his purchase and then to complain of the result? It is clearly unjust. If a man waits till July 11th before paying exam. fees he cannot complain of the fine; and similarly any attempt to defeat the ends of justice by deferring purchase until the subject of the contract is objectionable can be predicted as anti-social.

The remedy is in the hands of the consumer himself: he has been cheated by his own dilatoriness. Let him agitate for the fitting of "Zip" fasteners to all saveloys suggested by the "Dominion" (though this would mean a combat with manufacturers anxious to preserve inviolate the secrets of the trade—*Cave canem!*); or else let him shop early and avoid the crust.

(Fee: Half up to £20).

—M. B.



NANCY WEBBER, for her Gym. show. Those girls ARE good, Nance!

"BUBBLES" THOMPSON, for his clinking run in the Shaw Baton Race.

NEVILLE HISLOP, for gaining a place in the Wellington Rugby Touring Team.

THE LAW CLUB, for that dance—the Law Ball.

CARNS, for his run in the Provincial Harrier Championships.

JACK RURU, for making the Wellington Colts' Representative Rugby Touring Team.

BAGNALL, for being the first Harrier Champion of V.U.C.

JOCK McCARTHY, for gaining a position on the Wellington Lawn Tennis Ranking List.

MR. PETER FULTON, for his coaching of the Cricket Club last season—greatly appreciated by all.

The Female of the Species.

Now, the lad from Wikitoria may be horrible and sleek,

For some are really truly fierce, while some are queerly meek.

But the female of the species on the slightest provocation

Gets so awfully hot and bothered that she burns her insulation.

Now the lad from Wikitoria in the heat of his debating

May pass remarks that no one else would think were elevating.

But the female of the species, in her frenzied oratory

Will say a lot that goes beyond the bounds of common story.

Now the guys I knew at 'Varsity, when they dined "au cafeteria,"

Quite often wished the meal was just a little bit more "beerier."

But the female of the species when she felt a little frisky,

Could be heard complaining loudly that there wasn't any whisky.

The sturdy men from "up the hill" who play for Senior A

May in a heated moment indulge in bloody fray.

But the female of the species uses claws and tooth and nail.

For the Female of the Species is more deadly than the Male.

—BARNACLE BILL, "THE BACHELOR."

I LEAVE IT TO YOU?

I had this story told me in the smoking-room of that most palatial of palatial liners, the "Empress of Antaretica," the day before we reached the Spanish coast, and the man who told it vouched absolutely for its truth. He was a big man, with a red face, and a perfectly vile cigar, but withal a friendly soul, and a rich man, too, I had heard.

Someone had said, I know not who, that the age of romance was dead, and that dollars, francs and the pound sterling ruled in its stead. This the big man indignantly denied, and told this story in support of his view, which I give in his very words:—

The morals of Donna Luelita would probably not have passed in your more intolerant island, but in El Torero, which slumbers amidst the Spanish hills, they went without comment or censure.

For Donna Luelita had been mistress of too many men. Following the call of her warm and changeable heart, she had played fast and loose with anyone sufficiently young and desirous, at the time keeping a weather eye open to see if any rich senor would stray into her gossamer web.

Until one day the well-known Senor Dalvarez, fat, old and ugly, it is true, but the only banker El Torero knew, chanced to meet her. Immediately Luelita began to beguile this tempting catch, and to paint to him the very numerous virtues of marriage with such a charming senorita as—well, Donna Luelita herself.

That she was bound to succeed seemed obvious. Unfortunate Senor Dalvarez, who had hoarded up his money all these years, was almost assuredly lost. That charming spider, Donna Luelita, had him caught hard and fast.

But there was a dashing young Toreador for whom Donna Luelita had much admiration. He was her constant attendant and her devoted slave. Poor young Escamildo saw in her the idol of his dreams, his dream woman who would mother his children and make for him a home. He had read Donna Luelita very wrong indeed.

And one day, when he was at her apartments, she told him very gently, as she lay in his arms, that she was going to marry Senor Dalvarez.

"But he is old and fat," said young Escamildo.

"He has much money," said Donna Luelita. "Now kiss me, my Escamildo."

Escamildo kissed her, and for the moment forgot everything else.

* But he did not forget it for long, since Donna Luelita began to be seen increasingly in public with fat old Dalvarez.

And as old Dalvarez had so much money that it would be foolish to risk losing so big a catch by playing with so insignificant a being as Escamildo, she dropped him altogether.

Donna Luelita was very sorry to do that, for Escamildo was a dear, but fat old Dalvarez was a very rich man, which was more than being just a dear.

Escamildo was more persistent than Donna Luelita would have liked. He still paid her very embarrassing visits at her rooms at nights; not embarrassing in so far as reflecting on her morals, but because it might cause a calamity.

Should old Senor Dalvarez meet young Escamildo at her rooms, that would be enough to break the fine and carefully set web she spun for him.

It was here that Fate took a hand in the affairs of Donna Luelita.

Young Escamildo rushed into her rooms one night. "Dearest, apple of my heart," said he, "I cannot stay away any longer. Give up that fat and stupid old Dalvarez and be my own dearest. You need not marry me unless you like," he finished, showing, I am afraid, that young Escamildo's morals were also not of the strictest.

But Donna Luelita liked Dalvarez's money-bags better than Escamildo's caresses.

"Ah! Escamildo," she said, "would that I could, but my hands are tied; I need Dalvarez's money very badly. If I do not get it my creditors will put me out of my lovely apartments, and that I could not stand Escamildo" which was an awful falsehood, for Donna Luelita had quite sufficient money to keep her in plenty for a long time—many men had helped to fill Donna Luelita's coffers.

"Well, said Escamildo, bitterly, "if you will discard me thus I will leave you for ever. I will let the bull kill me in the bull-ring to-morrow. It would be a fitting end for poor Escamildo.

He laughed and left the room, and as he went down the stairs never saw the portly gentleman he half bumped into as he descended. That portly gentleman had seen him, however, and also where he had come from, and was just doing some hard thinking, which was all to the detriment of Donna Luelita.

Donna Luelita was very surprised next day when fat old Senor Dalvarez told her that he was going to marry a widow as fat and ugly as himself, as he was in dire financial distress, that only her fortune could relieve, which was a lie, but he had to make some excuse; and the sight of young Escamildo descending the stairs was enough to scare him off—he was known as a very moral man.

It was not the only surprise that day for Donna Luelita, for that afternoon, soon after siesta hour, they brought in to her rooms—Escamildo, and he was dead. Very dead, for the bull had made no mistake with poor Escamildo, and he had not wanted it to. Dying, he had said, "Take my body to Donna Luelita, the cold-hearted, and tell her that Escamildo died because he loved her."

They did as he asked, and when they came to examine his small estate they found that he had left all his small fortune to Donna Luelita, so that she should never be turned out her attractive apartments. As if Donna Luelita ever should have been?

* * * * *

By chance I visited this very town of El Torero, not more than three weeks later, and I was somewhat surprised.

LEAVE IT TO YOU—Continued.

In the first place, El Torero is one of the most modern and noisy towns I have seen. Amidst the roar of buses, the scurry of cars, the thunder of heavily-laden lorries, my taxi conveyed me to my hotel. It was evening, and I saw the gaudily lit theatres, each with its crowd in the foyer. The bills announcing a current attraction at one of the theatres bore a name strangely familiar to me, and I recollected that it was the name of the big man on the boat who had told me the story, and remembered that he was President of the Eclat Films Inc., a very influential combine.

As I was ruminating, my taxi drew up at the kerb, and I entered my hotel. It was quite a modern hotel, run on American lines.

Out of curiosity I asked the bell-hop if he went to the bull-ring much, but he said he thought the sport too professional, and that he preferred football. This rather deterred me, but nevertheless I looked up the telephone directory to see if any Donna Luelita happened to dwell in El Torero. I found, unfortunately, that many probably quite respectable matrons rejoiced in that Christian name, for there was quite a half-column of them.

So I left it at that, and wended my way to the bar.

J. A. C.

Let's Imagine.**Victoria College Fifty Years Hence.**

Scene: A Room in V.U.C., New America. A Law Class is about to commence.

First Student: Fellow Students, I guess we're due for a sock in the jaw. Brookie gave me the glad eye as I came up. Wal, it's either that or the Prof.'s car has done it again.

Second Student: Sounds like a Song and Dance to me, but mebbe you're right . . . (A newcomer enters). Oh, Helloah Bill, fill that up. (They shake hands) . . . an' who was that lil' cutie you had out last . . . (The Prof. enters).

Prof.: Guys, Order! Gimme an Inkslinger . . . (He marks the Roll).

First Student: Say, Old Timer, do we get tortured this week?

Prof.: No, not just this once, Boys, but if ever you should miss getting an exercise you know what to expect.

First Student: O.K. Chief.

Third Student (Who has been sitting down slumped in his seat with a look reminiscent of that worn by Al Jolson in the Singing Fool, or comparable to that of Napoleon on Elba): Professor . . .

Prof.: W-h-a-t . . . Am I actually addressed as Professor! Jumping Geegees . . .

Third Student (treating his grave error): Sorry, Chief. But are we expected to know all this matter, Sir? I've tried to learn it all week, and can't do it. Why, I'm only at page 66½, and the rest of the bozos are at Page 132½.

The Prof.: Wal, ain't that just too bad. . . . Just too bad . . . 'Fraid I can't do anything though . . .

Third Student: But, Sir.

Assembled Class (in chorus): LAY OFF, BIG BOY, LAY OFF!!

Knock on door. A fair member of the College enters.

Prof.: Come in, Baby. . . . Lill' late to-night?

Fair Member: The Boy Friend couldn't park his car, Sir. . . .

Prof.: You mean with one hand engaged?

Assembled Class (again in chorus): One to you, Chief!!

Fair Member: Anyway, he's a nice boy. He sure can pet.

Assembled Class (yet again in chorus): TRY US ON, GIRLIE. . . .

Prof.: Enough! Let us to our work!

The Class sets to . . .

(CURTAIN).

CHILDREN'S CORNER.**A Foolish Fairy Tale.**

There Was Once a Learned Law Lecturer Who Practised in the Law Courts. He was once Called Upon to Appear for One of his Students who had been Arraigned on a Charge of being in Charge of a Car while in a State of Inebriation. Now, the Learned Law Lecturer Worked Hard at the Case and made a Strenuous Appeal to the Magistrate. The evidence of the Policeman, However, was so Conclusive that He failed to Remove his Client from the Clutches of the Law. The Student was Fined Fifty Pounds (£50) and Had His License Cancelled for Two Years. Now The Student being a Law Clerk could not Afford to Pay even the Fine and the Learned Law Lecturer's Fees Had to go by the Board. The Time came when the Student had to sit an Examination But Despite many Hours' Hard Work he Failed and had to Pay Another Five Guineas to Sit the Next Year.

MORAL: PICK YOUR COUNSEL.

THIS MONTH'S FAIRY TALE.

There was once a University Hostel, sweet and nobly built, in whose halls stood a notice-board on which was writ in a fayre and goodly hand this inscription: "No Student of Letters, who shall imbibe in, think to imbibe in, hope to imbibe in, or attempt to imbibe in alcoholic liquors of any of the divers kinds, shall be admitted to this Hostel." And the Hostel flourished exceedingly.

LINES WRITTEN IN SYDNEY ST. CEMETERY.

NOVEMBER, 1931.

Here the dead rot
While the living
Swot.
Swot?
Swöt!
Swot what?
Swot Rot.

JACQUELIN SHANE.

Let Us Help You !

"Smad's" Special Service

PERTINENT PROBLEM.

"WHIZZ-BANG" writes: "What should I do if I have a flat tyre on a lonely country road?"

ANSWER:—Make him walk home.

A BOOKISH QUERY.

"LITERARY" asks me: "Do still waters run deep?"

ANSWER:—Do they have water in stills?

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"WASHED-UP" complains:—"There are seven in our family, and only one bathroom. How can we avoid crowding on Saturday nights?"

ANSWER—Easy. How about allowing only one in at a time.

ARTISTIC WORRIES.

"SADDENED" writes: "I am an artist, and my wife objects to me going out, doing paintings of other models. What should I do?"

ANSWER:—Stay at home and do home work.

Notes and Jottings.

AN ADVENTURER SAILS.

We wish best luck to Mr. Herb Dixon, who, as a friend of several Victoria College students, has been a guest at many University functions this year. Mr. Dixon is leaving New Zealand as Radio Operator on the yacht "Aotea-Roa," which is sailing on a two-year cruise of the world.

Good luck, Herb—and Godspeed!

* * * *

To all those members of the College who have assisted us in various ways during our short term of office in bringing out this magazine, we offer sincere thanks. Those who have been game enough to submit articles to us for publication we especially thank, and hope that next year will see them more energetic than ever.

THIS YEAR'S PRIZE LIMERICK.

There was an old woman whose name was Gin,
She hammered her spouse with a rolling-pin,
So he said to the barmaid "That woman I'll throttle,
If I have to be stunned, I'll be stunned by a bottle."

—"A Freshette Dancer and Swimmer."

1932. Events of the Year in Review

Unveiling of portrait of late Sir Robert Stout in College Library.

Wellington scene of the Annual inter-University Tournament. Haslam Shield for shooting won by Victoria College . . .

V.U.C. won the annual Speight Trophy cricket match with Auckland University College by 10 wickets at Easter. The match was played at Kilbirnie.

Annual Inter-University Hockey Tournament, held in Wellington, and won by this College.

H. F. Bollard, Captain of the College Hockey Team, selected as a member of the All Black Hockey side for Australia.

A Victoria College Fifteen, chosen from the lower grades, beaten by Massey Agricultural College in the annual game.

H. R. Bannister and W. J. Mountjoy, jnr., won the Annual Joynt Scroll debating contest for Victoria.

Victoria College defeated Canterbury University College in the first Rugby game between these Colleges held in Wellington for several years.

Annual Rugby game against Te Ante College saw the Victoria College Team of selected young players beaten in a splendid match.

Miss C. Forde won the Plunket Medal for 1932 with an oration on "Booker T. Washington."

New V.U.C. Harrier Club won Shaw Baton B Grade Relay.

H. R. Bannister won the Union Prize for Debating, for highest points scored during the year.

Proposed Subjects.

NEXT YEAR'S PLUNKET MEDAL CONTEST.

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------|---------------------------|
| Mr. F. Chorlton | | Te Rururorororororopo. |
| Mr. G. Crossley | | Mr. G. Crossley. |
| Miss C. S. Forde | | Steve Donoghue. |
| Mr. C. G. Watson | | Rev. Blanchard. |
| Mr. H. R. Bannister | | Winner of Next Art Union. |
| Mr. W. P. Rollings | | Pussyfoot Johnson. |
| Mr. M. Riske | | Trotsky. |
| Miss Z. Henderson | | Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Junr. |

She was only a watch-maker's daughter, but she had her moments.

* * * *

First Woman Student: Yes! You see I'm going to the next S.C.M. week-end mixed camp.

Second ditto: WHOOPEE!!



A LITTLE GIRL PROTESTS.

Darling "Smad,"—

One of the great advantages of having read the world's classics, says a prominent writer (not me), is that it enables one to speak on terms of equality with other bores. But that is not so. One would have to read either tracts and whatnot, or else join the f.o.s.u. (in small type, please. That's all it deserves) to be on an equality with the bores up here at V.U.C. Why MUST the Christians wander round trying to justify themselves, and why can't the communists and the socialists, and all the other -ists leave me in peace. Oh, I WISH they would. And then there are the violent pro-Britishers who WILL persist in having the most AWFUL arguments directly behind me, even in lectures, and simply won't listen to what the lovely professor has to say, and use the most dreadful language to the poor defenceless communists who didn't do anything but gabble idiocy all over the place, and goodness knows THEY can't help it, all Oh yeah's, and sez you's, that's the dinkum oil, and Oh, all sorts of terrible expressions that I'm sure no GOOD girl should hear!!

Oh, won't you use your INFLUENCE to stop it, so that I can have some peace? I know I'm only a woman, but you will, won't you, dearest? If you do I'll kiss you.

I am, etc.,

B.

(Does that promise hold good long, "B"?—Ed.)

EXECUTIVE LETTER.

Dear "Smad,"—

My Executive wishes me to report to the Students matters which have been dealt with recently by the Executive.

BOOKS COMMITTEE.—An effort is now being made to begin a Text-book Supply Scheme, the object of which is to supply to students text-books, both new and second-hand, at English published prices, plus postage. Any student who wishes for any information should apply to Mr. D. M. Burns, who has been appointed convener of the Books Committee.

Students would be well advised to take advantage of this scheme, as a considerable reduction on the price of books can be obtained, and it is hoped that an arrangement will be made to supply not only text-books on these terms.

The following appointments have been made:—
TOURNAMENT DELEGATES, W. S. Harris and R. E. Diederich.

N.U.S. CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, R. E. Diederich.

SUB-EDITOR OF "SPIKE,"—C. N. Watson.

A grant of £93 has been made to the Tennis Club and £50 to the Cricket Club.

I am, etc.,

JULIA M. DUNN,

Hon. Secretary.

A KICK FOR CUPID.

Dear "Smad,"—

I am no puritan. Petting and/or necking have their delights. Even the more robust moments indeed have charm. But there are limits.

The Common-Common Room was put aside for the conversational moments of young men and maidens. It has already fallen on evil days as regards furniture, but now it won't be long before the evil tongues begin. Several of us have been shocked at recent occurrences in this room. Here, with the light on and the blinds up (perish the thought!), was observed only last week a couple indulging in unrestrained osculation and other signs of immature devotion. If two young hearts wish to palpitate as one, I suggest that they in future try it in some more secluded spot. This may be springtime, but evidences of the livelier iris changing on the burnished dove should be carefully excluded from the College buildings.

Is this to continue to be a University College, or is it to become something far worse than the night-school it has already been called? Have we not a cemetery adjacent? I look to you, Sir, for help in stopping this disgraceful conduct. A strong body of student opinion is against doing these things in public, or semi-public, or semi-private, and I hope that the University tradition of freedom of everything will not be sullied by further fractures of the Eleventh Commandment, which, as every student knows, reads: "And the last and most binding Rule of Conduct is this: that ye shall not be found out."

I am, etc.,

FATHER OF SIX.

"BETTY" HITS BACK.

Dear "Smad,"—

As a creature whose "low cunning" enables her to deceive our 'Varsity sheiks, but whose "flaws" are nevertheless apparent to men of the world (i.e. as a 'Varsity girl), I venture to offer a little advice to our eminent connoisseur, "Barnacle Bill, 'The Bachelor.'"

With reference to the statement of our venerable friend: "real equality would be tantamount to devotion," might I suggest a Pocket Oxford as a good investment.

It is, of course, difficult for the 'Varsity girl to act as anything but a foil to the wit and genius of dashing young men. But the prayers of "Barnacle Bill," should he survive "the diseases to which the flesh is heir to," will surely be answered, for "the Lord will preserve him from the 'Varsity woman!"

I am, etc.,

"BETTY BOOP."

(Time, Ladies and Gentlemen, Time!—Ed.)

CONTROL OF DEBATES.

Dear "Smad,"—

As one who regularly attends the 'Varsity debates, I feel that the attitude of the chairmen at recent debates calls for some criticism. So far this year there have been somewhere about two debates managed at all well. Most of us have observed and heard those sheiks or love birds who go along to the debates, settle down comfortably near the heaters, and then proceed to drown the sound of the debaters by their noisy conversations, frequently interspersed with much laughter. And not a word all the time from the chair. Then, again, at a recent debate, after a prolonged and loud argument at the back of the hall, some one succeeded in placing a girl's shoe and beret in the fork at the top of one of the pillars, to the accompaniment of much barracking, and not a word of protest came from the chair, though at the time of the disturbance someone was speaking on the platform.

Now, sir, might I suggest that a man who has sufficient strength of mind to quell such disturbances be appointed as chairman and so give those who go along to hear the debates a reasonable chance of doing so.

I am, etc.,

LAW AND ORDER.

FUTURE LIFE AT WEIR HOUSE.

Dear "Smad,"—

Already the whisper is creeping round the local boarding houses, hostels, pubs, soup kitchens, and dumps of various kinds that the Weir House is soon to fling open its portals—to whom?

There is a disquieting premonition at present disturbing the mental equanimity of the more profound thinkers among those who propose to enter this establishment—is our future home to be dominated by (a) the S.C.M., (b) the law students. We fear that when (c) equals the rest of us (a) and (b) is greater than (c).

Let us make a brief survey of the two great vortices of University life within these intellectual walls—the Common Room, with its more select prototype, the Debating Society—and the Cafeteria. The first group is infected with Law, in its most virulent form. One cannot approach these precincts without becoming nauseated with the babble of legal voices. The discussions promulgated by the noisy habitues are invariably either clamorous decisions on all points of controversy with the sublime assurance of arrogant immaturity, or of such a pornographic nature as to cause the ubiquitous but scandalised S.C.M. members to hide their furtive smirks behind the letter rack. If one ventures to attend a debate one is bathed in the same waves of unbridled verbosity as inundate the Common Room.

Descending to the Cafeteria, through knots of Brothers and Sisters improving the relations of the sexes, one finds that the sanctimonious murmurings of the inevitable Truth-seekers drown even the uproar of mastication.

The unruffled calm of many a University Club has frequently been disturbed by intrusions of both legal peacockery and academic proselytism. On such occasions the mental gymnastics of these invaders is almost as appropriate among the meditative calm of the rest of the members as is the presence of ungulate non-ruminant omnivorous mammals among those lustrous concretions usually associated with the edible bivalve molluscs.

We could tell more of these interested person-

ages, but we never descend to personalities.

We know that it is too much to hope for a mitigation of these evils within this forcing house of learning, but the prospect of residential cohabitation with A and B (see above) is too appalling to be contemplated. We appeal to the submerged but saner students to rescue Weir House from its impending fate.

We are, etc.,

"BLOODY BUT UNBOWED."—(Shakespeare).

LET'S GO PURITAN.

Dear "Smad,"—

A notice in the Men's Common Room prompts me to send you one or two suggestions. I see that our worthy committee has decreed it, in its wisdom, necessary to suppress the playing of that innocent of the innocentest of games, shovel—oh, I mean poker—and, mark you, that any game, no matter its origin, genre or sophistication must be played at the tables (?) provided.

This, sir, I consider very proper and praiseworthy. But why stop at that? Surely the committee is not going to permit that disgusting habit, smoking, to be continued? And the discussing and arguing and yarning that goes on? Cannot we make the room a place of meditation, a place where we can think of some of the higher things.

I would suggest:

(1) That before entering the sacred precincts, each man should remove his shoes, so as not to defile the floor with footwear that has come into contact with things of the world.

(2) That a photograph of Mr. J. Paterson be hung on the wall, and that on entering, each student make humble obeisance, by touching his head on the floor. This is in recognition of J. P.'s services on the Common Room Committee, and

(3) That upon entering, each student should sit akimbo on the floor, with his head bowed, and engage in silent meditation during his stay in the said room.

Hope you'll pass these suggestions on.

Yours dejectedly,

"MORBIDIUS."

MOCK DEMOCRACY?

Dear "Smad,"—

The writer at the end of last year was approached by a number of persons who described themselves as the Men's Common Room Committee with the aims of improving and beautifying the M.C.R., and requested a donation towards a fund for such purpose. The writer, in a rash moment, promised to donate a certain sum, and also in an excess of enthusiasm spent several half-days in applying paint to the walls and roof of such Common Room.

It has come to the writer's notice that this M.C.R.C. was self-elected, and it now has the pleasure (?) of electing a committee to elect the next year's committee. When inquiries were made as to the reason for this unusual procedure, the information was vouchsafed that the Professorial Board had refused to have a committee elected by popular vote.

Who will support a M.C.R. Vigilance Committee to see that this M.C.R.C. does not become too autocratic?

I am, etc.,

—ONE FOR ALL.

A HAND-CLAP FOR "THE SHIP."

Dear "Smad,"

Miss Webber, in her criticism of "The Ship," supports the claims of comedy as against more serious dramatic effort. Apparently she believes that comedy would help to alleviate the atmosphere of depression which has engulfed us by making people laugh. Now, without denying comedy its undoubted place in our lives I would suggest to Miss Webber that a far more worthy and a far more difficult objective to attain is to make people think. Of course it is possible we may laugh our way out of this disastrous depression—and doubtless find ourselves in exactly the same position when a similar catastrophe surprises the world once again. I submit, sir, that if people give more time to thinking and less to laughing a permanent solution to our problems might be a little nearer.

I do not, of course, suggest that "The Ship" offers a solution to our present difficulties; but it is undeniably a thought-provoking play. Here I again, perhaps, differ from Miss Webber in that I believe a University should lead, encourage and inspire the community in serious and progressive thought.

The fact that "The Ship" did not prove a great "draw" with the public is, probably, rather a compliment than the reverse—a reflection not on the play, but on those that stayed away—the best rarely draws a crowd. Low comedy would doubtless have produced bumper houses—so why not low comedy, Miss Webber?

Perhaps Miss Webber is thinking of the box-office receipts; but I wonder does she appreciate or even understand fully the significance of these words which, I trust, are no strangers to her—*Sapientia magis auro desideranda.*

Finally, Miss Webber ventures into actual dramatic criticism. Apart from the fact that she is here quite at variance with the greatest recognised authorities on the drama in regard to suitability or choice of plays for amateur production, I should like to ask what claims Miss Webber has which justify her launching forth as dramatic critic. Is it her erudition, her wide knowledge of play-reading, experience as an actress, ability as producer, or—well, what is it?

I should suggest to Miss Webber that she might find much that would help her future criticisms in Pope's "Essay on Criticism," where, amongst other things, she may read:

"In Poets as true genius is but rare,"
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share."

Sir, I should like to congratulate the Dramatic Club on its production of "The Ship," for which, with this isolated exception, I have heard nothing but praise and appreciation.

I am, etc.,

C. MACKENZIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B.B. the B."—Try a new subject next time. You have the knack.

M.B.—Do something with the legal aspect missing. A bit of variety helps.

"A Not so very Ancient Story"—Contributions should be accompanied by the name of the contributor.

D.B.—We didn't like the subject. Have another shot during the Christmas Holidays.

"Kaire."—Unsuitable for "Smad." Will communicate with you.

Literary Society.

On Tuesday, July 5th, Mr. R. J. Larkin read a paper on "Parodies and Parodists." Beginning with "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," he cited various parodists up to Chesterton, Squire, and Bradde, touching en route upon Sir John Phillips' "Splendid Shilling," Shelley's parody on "Peter Bell," and Cowper's apt definition of parody—"a stiff dose, sweetened with humour."

Mr. Larkin's own definition was: "Something that the author might have written while drunk," and in conclusion he said that parody was a literary form much used in youth and abandoned in middle age, just when the critical powers were maturing. Perhaps this was the reason why it did not occupy a more honoured place in literature.

Mr. Larkin illustrated his remarks with readings. These his audience found most amusing. "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" became—

"I must go back to a vest again"

"And walk about in a damn, loud kilt."

while Wordsworth was made to say—

"I want to hear the porter's cry

"Change here for Ennesdale."

A particularly interesting discussion followed. Mr. Katz told us that America was able to laugh at herself. We turned to the characteristics of this age which, according to Mr Phillips, was destructive and decadent. Mr. Reardon had the last word—"An Age that could produce 'Hatter's Castle' must be decadent."

The next meeting was of a somewhat different character. Miss Peggy Macdonald gave her impressions of two great Australian novelists—Henry Handel Richardson and Katharine Susannah Prichard—contrasting their interpretations of Australia.

"The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" was, she said, the story of a stranger. This, the greatest of Australian novels, dealt with character set in an unsympathetic environment, and had for its motif the Latin line: "The heavens may change but not the mind of those who cross the seas."

The greatest interpretation of typical Australian life was—she suggested—Katherine Prichard's "Working Bullocks." This was a novel of life in the jarrah forests of West Australia, and laid stress on the factors of fertility and fecundity in the lives of those who were like labouring bullocks.

Miss Macdonald spoke of the other works of this author—"Black Opal"—somewhat immature, but with a rare quality of excitement, a dark passion akin to "Wuthering Heights" and yet lit up by the ideals of service and sacrifice—"Coonardoo," the saddest of her books, and "Haxby's Circus," the most cynical. Katharine Prichard was the great interpreter of the Australian soil, whether it was the hot, arid plains of the North-West, the opal mining camps in New South Wales, or the rich wine and corn lands through which Haxby's circus passed.

In closing, Miss Macdonald touched on two important questions: Why these, Australia's two greatest novelists, were women, and why New Zealand had produced no great novel. She suggested that Colonial women came closer to the realities of life than their sisters in the Old World. As to New Zealand, two small islands, isolated from the centres of thought, Australia had the advantage of being a continent, more cruel, less obviously beautiful. Katharine Mansfield, with her delicate portrayal of nuances of mood, was the genius of insular New Zealand.

Sporting Clubs.

HOCKEY TEAM DRAWS WITH MANAWATU.

GOOD GAME AGAINST MASSEY.

On 10th September, two teams travelled by road to Palmerston North, when the Senior A Team played the Manawatu Representatives (at an invitation from the latter), and a Junior team played Massey College. The first game resulted in a draw—two goals all. Goals were scored for Victoria College by Simpson and Stewart. Massey College defeated the Junior Team by three goals to nil. A feature of the game was the splendid condition of the grounds.

Both teams had an enjoyable time, and were well entertained by the Massey College students. Eleven of the touring players stayed in Palmerston North on Saturday night, and a bright time was spent at Massey College, where the "boys from up the hill," in their inimitable style, soon took charge of the situation. It was an inspiring sight to see the Masseyites standing in open-mouthed approbation followed by vociferous applause at a perfect rendering by Harry Bishop of his latest recitation. As an encore Mr. Bishop recounted the incident of Mr. Bury (pronounced as in jury).

After smashing a ping-pong table in the common room and flooding the lecture room with a fire hose, the Victoria College gentlemen returned to their quarters at the Club Hotel, where they found that the "sons of the soil" were their equals in the art of "ragging." With the help of the maids (already won over by Les Davis' charming personality) the rooms were soon put straight, and one and all spent a night of refreshing slumber, not even being disturbed by cats.

Nicolle, who last year played with the Junior B eleven, is a bowler of distinct promise. For the past three seasons he has bagged over 50 wickets for the year, and as he has risen a grade each of these seasons, it can be seen that real ability is there. Last year he was played for Victoria College in the Annual Speight Trophy match with Auckland, and he bowled very steadily to take four wickets for 54 off 22 overs, two of which were maidens.

SPORT OF KINGS.

College Wrestlers

A new club has been formed. Whom does it cater for? All those interested in Running, Football, Hockey, Boxing, Tennis, Rowing—in fact any branch of Athletics.

What is this wonderful Club? Let me tell you, it is a Wrestling Club.

The sport of all the greatest nations of the past. The method by which these two great nations developed the youth of their countries. The oldest athletic sport in the world, modernised, speeded up, and taught

by one whose knowledge and skill is perhaps unrivalled in the world to-day.

This is the chance you have been waiting for. Develop yourself by wrestling. As an all-round training ground for any branch of athletics, this sport is unrivalled.

In Anton Koolman, Middle-weight Champion of the Southern Hemisphere, the club has secured an instructor whose skill and ability are unquestioned. He had defeated all the leading amateurs of his class before turning professional, whilst as an instructor his success has been amazing. He has at present nearly all the leading amateur wrestlers in Wellington under his charge. It is this man whom the pressmen have described as the sawn off Hercules who will initiate you into the mysteries of the fascinating sport.

Roll up to the Gym, any Wednesday night and find out for yourself.

All information willingly given by F. W. Ongley, Hon. Secretary, who will be only too pleased to answer any queries relating to the club.

CHRISTMAS TRIPS FOR TRAMPERS.

COMING ARRANGEMENTS.

Definite information is now to hand regarding the locality of the respective Christmas trips, and intending participants are requested to hand their names to the secretary. More complete details will be posted on the notice-board later.

1.—Central North Island. Two alternatives: 1. Five days across country from Mangapehi, south of Te Kuiti to Lake Taupo, via Pukemako bush tramway and thickly-wooded Mokai track, which will be followed either to Tokaanu direct, or to Taupo there from lorry to launch to Tokaanu. Rest of available time will be spent in a leisurely stroll through National Park, via Lake Roto-Aira. A splendid opportunity to traverse the known and the little known over the most diverse scenery in the country. Approximate cost, £3. 2. For those not desiring the through trip a base camp will be established at Tokaanu, and from there excursions to places of interest will be staged till arrival of the party. Cost approximately £4.

2.—South Island; Otira. Great chance for climbers to scale hitherto unclimbed peaks. Daily excursions from Otira Base Camp for all tastes, while two or three-day trips for more energetic members. Magnificent alpine and bush scenery. Party returns 2nd January. Approximate cost, £4.

Since the climax of the winter crossing, the activities of the club have diminished slightly, though weather and thin pockets may account for the comparatively small V.U.C. representation in the official trips. A small party ignored the weather report of August 27th, only to appreciate the advantages of a hut on the Wainui side of the Orongorongo river. As the Sunday outlook was not encouraging, they paddled home the same route as they tramped the pre-

SIDE - LIGHTS ON ALL

CHRISTMAS TRIPS FOR TRAMPERS—Continued.

vious afternoon.

A varied and learned party journeyed the following week-end to Levin Pipe Bridge and Waiiopehu. Although conditions were not ideal, the facilities for discussion, meditation, and sleep afforded by the long lorry ride, were appreciated by all.

The Sunday trip of September 11th along the Nai Nai hills was given the usual good patronage, while the unauthorised diversion added interest to an enjoyable round trip.

The attention of members is drawn to the Labour Day trip to Mount Holdsworth, followed by the retreat to Kaitoke via the Waiohine and Tauherenikau valleys. Those who are strictly honest regarding the matter of week-end swot, along with the fortunates who have no scholastic conscience to appease or deceive, are asked to notify the leader, Mr. A. R. Offwood.

BLANDFORD PACEY AND CALDWELL, NUCLEUS OF BATTING SIDE.

FRANCIS A BOWLING PROSPECT.

With very few of last year's players pulling out from the game, the Cricket Club should be able to field a good side in the Senior grade this year. J. A. R. Blandford, who last year topped the batting averages of the side, will be playing again, and with L. M. Pacey should see that the side gets a good start in the majority of its innings. Peter Caldwell, who last year showed considerable promise, should also be amongst the runs, whilst A. R. Cramond, who scored a good 87 against Auckland University College in the Speight Trophy match, will it is hoped, also be there, though there is some doubt as to his availability.

This batsman, a free, fast-scoring cricketer, should not attempt to play a game which is foreign to him, but should hit the ball—whatever the state of the game.

With Harry Bailey, last year's skipper, B. A. Paetz, H. W. Osborn, and A. S. Cutler, the Country Rep. player who had several games with the side last year, and J. R. Stevens, who should have a better year with the bat this season, available, the batting should be quite up to the mark.

Of last year's bowlers, J. R. Stevens, who took six for 63 in the Speight Trophy match, C. S. Harrison, who captured 37 wickets during the season, and one of the most successful bowlers in the City, and A. S. Cutler will be turning out. P. Caldwell should also have more success with his leg-breaks.

The absence of a good fast bowler has been severely felt by the team, and Francis, Junior B bowler, should fill the gap.

Last year, in the Speight trophy match, he captured six wickets for 30 in the first innings, and bowled with success for his team, which finished runners-up in the Junior B Grade.

The Junior A team should be again a good side, and will have most of last year's players to pick from,

whilst the Junior B side, which performed so well last season, will be as strong as ever.

It is hoped to be able to place Junior C and D teams in the field also, and indications are that they will be stronger than usual.

In Campbell, the young wicket-keeper who also played in the Auckland match at Easter, the College has another young keeper who shows decided promise.

Information as to the doings of the Club can be obtained from any member of the committee, or by leaving a letter in the College rack.

THE GUN CLUB.

"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS 'SHOOT TO KILL'."—CAPONE.

NEWS ITEM.

WELLINGTON, THIS DAY.

An official communique from a source which we are not at liberty to disclose is regarded as serious by the City Fathers. It states that a certain section of the community is rapidly arming.

LATER.

There is no change in the general situation. Everyone is asked to face whatever may happen with the true, indomitable British courage.

STOP PRESS.

WELLINGTON, THIS DAY.

All members of Cabinet, the City Council, the Navy League, and the Volunteers left by the Monowai this afternoon for Honolulu.

LATER.

The entire Police Force and the Aero Club gave what assistance they could to the S.C.M. in an intensive patrol of metropolitan Wellington. The City was searched from N1. to S.5. In a statement to the press the President said: "The 'boys' did great work. We left no house unturned. The trouble arose through members of a certain Rifle Club being seen cleaning their rifles. This was misinterpreted as an indication of a Spring offensive against the Blacklegs of Capitalism. We are glad to have been able to clean this matter up.

LATER.

A wireless message states that the Monowai is returning to port to-night. Urgent business has rendered it necessary for Cabinet, the City Council, and the Navy League to return immediately.

Questioned as to whether the V.U.C. Rifle Club was responsible for this terrifying rumour, the chairman of the College Council stated, "while wild stories of civil disorder have been chilling the hearts of young and old, no rumour of disruption has been permitted to ruffle the even flow of College routine." We leave it to readers to appreciate the true significance of this statement. We can't

A member of the aforesaid Rifle Club was asked the same question. "Of course, every member of the Club is cleaning his gun. The season is due to open,

BLACK HOCKEY TOUR.

and the first essential of good marksmanship is a clean rifle. We specialise in good shooting. What about joining up with us—Absolutely the liveliest Club in College." Our special reporter joined, being a live man. His Stud. Ass. fee was paid in the twinkling of an eye.

All information regarding the Rifle Club—and there is much that should be known—will gladly be given to anyone desiring same. Just leave a note in the rack for the Secretary. Don't let the lack of a rifle deter you. The Club has now quite a number which will be available for members.

Club Outlook Bright.

'VARSITY TENNIS PLAYERS PREPARING.

Although concrete courts dry quickly, all ideas of a successful opening-day on Saturday, September 17th, were completely dashed by the copious quantities of rain which fell on Friday and Saturday. It was therefore necessary to postpone the Yankee Tournament and the Bridge Evening which had been arranged for this date, but by the time these notes appear in print we hope that the season will have been opened.

In spite of this unfortunate false start, however, the coming season shows considerable signs of promise. With an early start and Tournament away from Wellington, it should be possible to finalise the Club Championships, particularly if the weather in the summer remains as pleasant as it has been throughout most of the winter. In the inter-club matches we hope to have R. McL. Perkins, J. J. McCarthy, and W. B. Gosnell with us again, and Mary Line and Clare Longmore among the women. A notice calling for applications for positions in the teams will be posted early in the season, and members should not be bashful in pushing their claims to inclusion in the teams, as any fresh talent among the younger members is always welcomed by the committee. It is also expected that there will be several vacancies in the Tournament team next Easter, due to the fact that some members of last year's team will not be eligible, and willingness to represent your club in the inter-club competitions is a necessary qualification for the Tournament team and a Blue, apart from the value of the match experience gained at Miramar. Students are particularly urged to support their own club in preference to outside clubs while they are at 'Varsity.

The opening of every new season witnesses the passing on of members who have rendered valuable service to the club, both as players and in an executive capacity. In a University Club this is inevitable, and it remains for those younger members coming on to continue the good work and help the club to retain its position as the most popular club in the College and one of the leading tennis clubs in the city.

The following officers were elected at the annual general meeting of the Club on the 21st September:—Patron, Professor F. P. Wilson; President, Mr. J. L.

McDuff; Chairman, Mr. C. S. Plank; Hon. Secretary, Mr. D. M. Burns; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. R. J. Nankervis; Committee, Misses M. Briggs, E. Ferrar, T. Gill, M. Line, Messrs E. G. Budge, S. Espiner, E. O. Sheild, P. Webb.

ALL BLACK HOCKEY TOUR.

"CHAS." BOLLARD'S STORY.

Your Editor has asked me to write a few lines on the Tour of the New Zealand Hockey Team in Australia, and, above all, to make it interesting. Well—I cannot answer for that, but I hope you may find it so.

The day after our arrival in Sydney found us 500 odd miles up country, at Casino, where two hours after arrival we played the local team, and were introduced to a type of ground unique in our experience. The average New Zealand paddock would have been a billiard table ground in comparison—hard as concrete, uneven, and terribly dusty. The final touch was added by a concrete cricket pitch in the centre. It was a shock, but as the tour progressed we found it not unusual, and we soon got used to it—so much so that when, at Tenterfield, we found a man working on the ground prior to the match filling in the rabbit-holes with sand, and we expressed no surprise. They played football on these grounds, too—a solemn thought.

We found early in the tour that we were to be the recipients of overwhelming hospitality, consisting chiefly of civic receptions, dinners, and dances. In one period of ten days of our travels we played six matches, attended eight dances, and spent the other two nights in travelling distances of about 500 miles each time.

After the Queensland portion of our tour, we returned to Sydney to play Metropolitan, a splendid game, in which our opponents scored the equalising goal less than one minute from time. Next day we started on a 600 mile motor tour in the direction of Canberra, passing over the Blue Mountains, which were unfortunately heavily cloaked with fog. I was disappointed, as I wished to compare them with our own scenery. In Brisbane and Melbourne we had picnics in the bush, but such scenery as we saw was not to be compared with our scenery here. Australia, that is, the parts I saw, seems to be destitute of any trees other than ironbarks, and the eternal blue-gum.

We duly reached Canberra, after playing matches at Orange and Crookwell, and were put up at the Canberra Hotel—a wonderful place. The President of the Canberra Association, on our arrival, gave us the information that we were in for a right royal time. He told us that after the match we would have a dinner, and would then go on to the Albert Hall to a ball in our honour. He informed us that up till 11 o'clock we would have a great time, so great, in fact, that after 11 o'clock we probably wouldn't remember anything more. We arrived at the dinner in a state of expectancy, but our hopes were somewhat dashed. At the commencement of

the dinner the President got up and said something to this effect: "Boys, you can get as much liquor as you like on the premises, provided you pay for it." It put a new complexion on matters, as we had already had experience about the price of drinks in Canberra. The previous night one of our chaps had ordered two shandies in the lounge. He got them, but had to say good-bye to 3/4 for the privilege. From what I could gather, Canberra is supposed to be "dry"—perhaps that explains the price. The ball itself was a wonderful success.

The match at Kenmore provided a humorous incident. It was played on the Mental Hospital ground, which was surrounded by hospital buildings. We were the centre of an admiring crowd, and, as usual, gave our haka before the game commenced. We were about half-way through this performance when a number of the inmate spectators started a few hakas of their own, and during the progress of the game we kept hearing snatches of hakas on all sides.

After the 600 mile motor tour we returned to Sydney to participate in the Inter-State Hockey Carnival. We played South Australia and West Australia, two teams which New Zealand had never played before. South Australia was very weak, which the score, 13 nil, indicates; but they were good sports, as, in fact, were all the teams we met in Australia. On Saturday, the 19th August, we came to the game we had all been looking for—the Test. We had had the opportunity of studying the members of the Australian team when playing in their Inter-State matches, but although we reckoned on a win, we certainly did not expect 7-nil. The game was very fast, and was a sparkling exhibition of clean hockey. Tommy Turbitt—our Canterbury-Otago friend—was at his best, and certainly made his name as a hockey player in Australia.

The Australians were terribly disappointed at the result of the match, but never in my life have I seen better losers. The Australians are great sports, and whether the score be for or against them, always play a clean game. Not once during the tour did I see a single doubtful stroke. It's a pity we cannot say the same about our club hockey.

Whilst in Melbourne I had the honour of receiving an invitation to a most enjoyable dinner given in honour of the visiting University Hockey Teams there for a tournament similar to our own.

The last game of the tour ended in a satisfactory one-all draw, New South Wales fielding a great team. We were glad we were unbeaten, and to know that we had broken all prior New Zealand records. The previous record was held by the last New Zealand team to visit Australia—goals for during tour 109, against 15. Our record was, for 133, against 15. We also put up a record score for a single match, 18-nil.

In conclusion, I would like to mention our hosts, who were great, and did everything they could for us, our manager, Sid. Holland, to whom we willingly give all credit for the tour's success. As to the team itself, I am sure a better crowd of fellows has never travelled before, and know every member of the team who farewells future New Zealand teams for Australia will have a wistful look in his eye, and his one regret will be that he is waving farewell from the wharf instead of from the ship.

TE AUTE WON.

First Student: Did they treat you well at Waipuk?

Second do.: —And often!

SHAW BATON GIVES HARRIERS FIRST WIN.

THOMPSON A REAL FIND.

Not yet a year old, the Varsity Harrier Club has already put up two good performances in inter-club meets. The Club, realising that it does not pay to be too ambitious at the start, entered a team in the B grade Provincial Championships, and finished in fourth place. The team which put up this good performance was Sheard, Cairns, Thompson, Viggers, Shorland, Seats.

Cairns ran a really good race, and finished eleventh in the big field—a highly creditable performance.

Following this performance the Club entered a team in the B grade Shaw Baton event, and in a relay race which, it is reported, caused more interest than the more important "A" event, won after a hard struggle. The team was: Viggers, Thompson, Sheard, Seats, Bagnall, Shorland, and the men ran good races. Thompson put up an outstanding race, and should be a valuable asset to the Club next year.

The Club Championship was won by Bagnall, who thus achieves the distinction of being the first Club Title-holder.

Keenness on the part of the Committee has had a great deal to do with the early success of the Club, and there is every reason to expect that next year further progress will be made.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Patronise the firms who advertise in your magazine, and don't forget to mention "Smad."

Contributors are requested to sign all contributions and indicate if a non-de-plume is to be used.

This is the last issue for the 1932 session. The next issue will be published early after the commencement of the first term next year.

Contributions written over the holidays will be very acceptable, as there is always some difficulty in getting sufficient contributions for the first issue.

Editor: J. A. Carrad. Phone 43-000.

Sub-Editors: D. M. Pitcher. Phone 44-022

A. Wansbrough. Phone 40-227.

"SPIKE."

"Spike" is out this week, and all students should see that they have a copy of the Literary Magazine of the College. This year's number is well up to the standard of the past. So don't miss your chance.

* * * *

After a successful year's working the new V.U.C. Harrier Club concluded the season by running third in the Craig Cup. Good luck for next year, boys!

* * * *

The Law Ball, held recently in the St. Francis' Hall, must be considered one of the events of the season. A hard-working committee saw that this dance was a real success, and deserve to be congratulated.

Does Jack Suit 'er?

* * * *

What Price Marshall?

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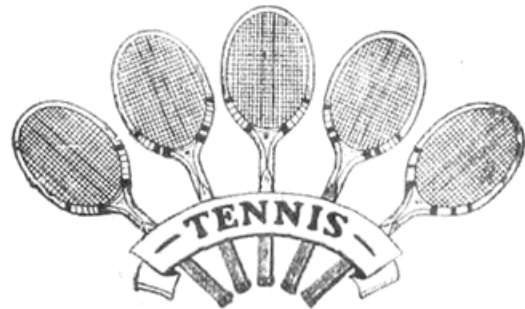
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