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SMAD

AN ORGAN OF STUDENT OPINION

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Vol. VI—No. 8.

Wellington. May 8, 1935.

Price: Twopence.

White Men in Red Russia.

A Local Visitor to the Land of Vodka.

The famous case of Capitalism (plaintiff) versus Socialism and Communism (defendants) was taken a stage further on Thursday evening last, when the evidence of Mr. Max Riske, M.A., described as an evangelist, was taken before his Honour Mr. Justice Scotney and a common jury at the Labour Club tribunal.

As far as can be ascertained at present, the jury is strongly divided over Max Riske's testimony, some accepting it at its face value, and others "declining to accept the risk" (as the foreman remarked with a chuckle) and accusing the witness of "Satanic plausibility."

Max Riske opened his remarks by reminding the jury that he had for some time been out of touch with "that indescribable, indefinable something known as the student mind," and asking for leniency on that account. At all events, he was left entirely unhampered throughout the evening, save for the detonations from the inevitable football practice on the higher slopes of Olympus.

No Utopia.

The witness pointed out, to begin with, that he was in Russia from December to February, that is to say, from mid-winter to early spring, and that at such a time, with monotonous scenery, frigid temperatures, and nature at its lowest ebb, there was no misleading gloss in the natural surroundings. He saw things in the worst months of the year and under the least favourable conditions.

He declared that he had been given absolute freedom to see what he liked in Russia, from the best schools to the worst, from the newest factories to the most tumble-down. In fact there was much more honesty about Russia's difficulties within the country itself, he said, than among many Friends of the Soviet Union in this and other lands. Russia was no Utopia either of human beings or of material environment, but the people were facing their problems realistically, openly and frankly, and had achieved and were bound to achieve amazing success.

Enthusiasm and Progress.

Living conditions were described in detail, especially with regard to housing and meals. In particular, the running of a student hostel—one of Peter the Great's barracks, now a self-contained student world—was fully described. Its only resemblance to Weir House was that it contained people of student age. For the rest, its organisation was democratic, politically directed, and closely bound up with the entire labour system.

The general life of the city people was outlined. In a short but in-

teresting survey the witness testified to the enthusiasm and vitality of students and workers in general, the complete security against unemployment, the socialised system of medicine, the insurance and super-annuation schemes, the interest in art and the theatre, the insatiable demand for books, the camaraderie of the whole people. The speaker's principal difficulty was, in fact, that he had too much information to impart.

Convincing Facts.

Cross-examined at first on more technical and economic matters, Mr. Riske gave direct, and for the most part convincing, replies. He did not fence. All the fencing was done before the meeting—in an exhibition bout upon which the Labour Club rudely intruded.

Thereafter the questioning turned to questions of morality. "Now that we are on the question of morality," said Guy Bliss, with (we thought) a disarming lack of logic, "what is the position of the Church in Russia?" It appeared that the Church was free except . . .

Mr. Barker opined that human nature would out, but Max Riske replied that capitalism had not existed five generations ago and therefore could not be taken as "human nature." On the figures of priests sent to Siberia being quoted at 3000, Max Riske expressed surprise at this reduction from the usual quotation of 300,000, till he was told that the latter was reckoned with interest.

We were told of freedom of speech, the Red Army of Peace, and the relations of the Soviet Government and the Communist Internationale.

In proposing a vote of thanks to the witness, who had been kept talking till twenty minutes to eleven, Mr. P. J. Smith, foreman of the jury, congratulated him on his ideals, sincerity, and "Satanic plausibility." Max Riske, he said, would go on making such speeches till he was shot, hanged, or made one of Mr. Coates' commissars.

One is bound to admit that the witness gave a factual account of his experiences, and did not merely plead "the case for Russia." He spoke not with the hysteria of sudden conversion, but with the force of calm and reasoned conviction. The jury had not returned with a verdict when we went to press.

Capping Fixtures.

The Procession—May 30.

This year's procession should be the greatest within living memory—and about time, too. The route for the royal progress has been planned and will be twice as long as usual. Here's to the Exec. for making an extra grant, and it now lies with the organisers to do their stuff.

Revue—May 30, 31, and June 1.

After some procrastination, preparations for "Peccadillo," Redmond Phillip's latest effort, are at last under way. We hesitate to comment on the result as yet, but the play is splendid and should meet with just as much success as the reviews of recent years.

Undergrads' Supper—June 3.

A new departure this year, the Undergrads' Supper is to be held in the Gym. This should meet with general approval, as it is more fitting that the graduates should eat their last supper as undergraduates in the good old barn.

This function is always very popular. The hall may be a little expensive unless you are a graduate, but the supper is only 2/6, and this year toasts will be drunk in claret cup!

The Capping Ceremony—June 4.

We are unable to divulge the names of the speakers, but no doubt the speeches will be as brief and interesting as usual. Anyway everybody should be there to sing the songs and applaud our more worthy brethren as they march past.

The Ball—June 4.

"Truth" reporters will be forcibly removed from the precincts of St. Francis Hall, and only "Smad" will report on the "whoopie." So no one need be afraid. This is the concluding item in the Capping Programme, but we do not know when it will conclude. It begins at 9.30, and tickets are to be 10/- double for students, graduates, of course, being the guests of the evening. (W)hoops, boys, (w)hoops!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Capping Controller—Dick Nankervis.

Undergrads' Supper—Bob Bradshaw.

Peccadillo—Reg. Larkin and Carl Watson.

Peccadillo Producer—Anon.

Ticketeer and Racketeer—Doug Burns and Dick Wild.

Rag Hags—Hilda Hurley and K. Hoby.

Floral Tributes—Nora McLaren.

Chorus Trainer—Nancy Webber. Business Managers—Dick Morpeth and H. M. McIntosh.

Varsity Newspaper Conference.

On Good Friday evening representatives from "The Critic" (O.U.), "Canta" (U.C.) and "Smad," and Lester Moller and Reg Larkin, met to discuss weighty matters. Made possible by Otago, this meeting was the first of its kind, and although nothing very much was done, the main thing was the meeting itself. It is hoped to have regular meetings at every Tournament, in order to exchange ideas and to build up an official news service. As co-operation is most necessary, it was decided to this end that the various executives be asked to send at least one representative from the College newspaper with the Tournament teams and that the Tournament Committee be asked to give such representatives Tournament privileges—a recommendation which was later carried by the N.Z.U.S.A., on the motion of Lester Moller.

Mere Meanderings.

Friday.—A harassed reporter is unable to concentrate on one particular subject. Grant him your indulgence for half a column or so, let him meander. Easter was too much for him.

Buy a Brick!

Once again we suppose we will soon be hearing the voice which cries once a year and then shuts up—the voice of the Students' Union Building. "Buy a brick!" we will be told at Capping. Yes, and let us hurl it at someone's head! Why is this Building Fund being neglected? Is there no organisation? Why do canvass old students, hundreds of old students, who would be willing to subscribe to their old Alma Mater? Profits, paltry profits, from the Revue each year are not enough. Somebody is lamentably slow and conservative in this respect. Can you guess who? We guess so! Nothing more than usual is being done. Shame!

What is the Matter?

Which leads us to consider what is the matter. Why all this dissatisfaction? Why should we be complaining? There must be something wrong somewhere, and we are rapidly coming to the conclusion that it must be us. All of us. The whole trouble appears to be that we have lost the great old men of four and five years ago. We are all too young, too inexperienced. Some of us criticise too much; some not enough. Some develop an exaggerated sense of importance, and some just don't develop at all. By the way, do you know what business is?—the art of getting a quid without getting into quod! See Gillie Potter. Which leads us to get another topic. But why bother? Herewith my resignation.

More Tournament! A Woman's View.

Did you hear about Sir Lindo's hat? You see, Sir L. and Lady Ferguson billeted some students, and somebody fell on Sir Lindo's hat on the station. Never has he seen such a badly-organised Tournament! Otago's President and band did what they could for the hat, but too late, too late. The organisation was lost!

We Must Have a Band.

Talking of the band, weren't their costumes cute and cold? Enough to make any animal, let alone student, grow a winter coat. But could they play?—at the station, in the street, at the boxing, rowing, tennis, loudly, softly, not at all.

Those Penny Sections.

Otago's tram rides—a penny a section! It's a snare and a delusion. I went everywhere by tram, for the joy of paying a penny—and lived on credit for the last six days of Tournament. No wonder Otago's tramways pay—the biggest bluff of all is giving the public what it wants—it becomes self-indulgent at once.

Tennis' Saving Grace.

It was great to hear appreciation, male, female and senile, of the Victoria girls' tennis costumes. In comparison with the ankle-flapping nightgowns worn by the majority of the women players, it was refreshing to see such neat, attractive and sensible costumes. It was remarked on upon all sides, the girls being complimented on their initiative no less than their good sense.

"Wild Whopee"—N.Z. Truth.

Tournament Ball was tame and tired until the parties afterward made us forget lack of sleep and of voice and the pending departure. Then a little or no sleep, hectic packing, fevered farewells, and we were away, and, except for the deadness and heaviness, Tournament might never have been. It was so perfectly rounded, with its welcome and farewell, that it seemed to belong to another existence—a completeness in itself exciting, satisfying and active.

SCHOZZLETIPPET.

As readers may have noticed, the above non-de-plume was that adopted by the writer of the Boxing Report. This report being the only one that has not been adversely criticised, we feel we must publicly express our warmest thanks to Lester Moller for it. Next year we hope to receive some vivid reports on Oxford from this electric personality.

"Soap as used by the King and Queen at Balmoral or wherever the King and Queen do use soap."

"At Rongotea, where all the influential men are Plymouth Rocks."

## Cappicade.

Five thousand copies will be too few for the demand if we are to judge by the advance proofs of the 1935 "Cappicade," which have kept us in helpless hysterics ever since we read them. "Cappicade" last year was good enough, but this year—is it any good or is it? More pages, cram full of topicalities, and then the illustrations — (w)hoops, boys (w)hoops! We are sure many of the latter will be framed—they're worth it.

The "Cappicade" staff have certainly done their part and it is now up to us all to do ours. Distribution Manager Bob Bradshaw has promises from 70 people to sell a dozen or more each, apart of course from sales on Procession Day. "Cappicade" will be out on the 20th May, so leave your name with Bob Bradshaw before Friday next, and don't forget to order a dozen for sale. You'll need them all.

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## Long Live The King!

The British Monarchy stands apart from politics and consequently, despite the fact that the Dominions are self-governing, the King, as the head of each, is the most powerful force in the maintenance of unity in the British Commonwealth of nations. The great importance of this function is clear, but His Majesty is more than the focal point of a nation's loyalty. His life of service and devotion to duty and his quiet charm have won for him an honoured place in the affections of his people, while he has set a standard of public and private life which is an example and inspiration to the nation. It is with pride, therefore, that we join with our kith and kin from every clime in paying homage to him who has ruled over us with ability and success during the most momentous years in the history of the world.

## Patriotism at the Jubilee.

Once again the British populace is deriving emotional pleasure from Royal celebrations; many join in the festivities, think perhaps of the Spanish Armada and thrill at the sight of a cordon of bonfires, rejoice in the splendour and harmony of a well-planned procession (though with a joy clearly different from that of our Capping festivities) and revel in newspaper sentiment, feeling that the occasion is not only a triumph for a temperate and successful ruler but also one for themselves on their continued existence as a great nation.

Yet few stop to analyse the mass of conflict and contradiction in the patriotism that is given expression in this way. In the name of patriotism both great and dastardly things have been done. It is at a time of rejoicing, like the present particularly appropriate, that we should pause to consider what Edith Cavell meant by her famous phrase: "Patriotism is not enough."

We must realise that there are two types of patriot; there is first the jingoistic hysterical flag-waving brand, which in its supreme egoism places itself and country before any considerations of national justice—the type for which Nietzsche spoke: "Some say it is the good cause which halloweth war but I say it is the good war that halloweth any cause." For them our Empire is a place on which the sun never sets, which is inevitably right.

There are the more sober patriots who admit love of country as but one in an intricate maze of conflicting loyalties, who can look for something higher than national supremacy. For them the Empire is a thing of pleasure because it is in some measure an example of what can develop, an example of equal nations co-operating. They are sad to see this co-operation due solely to the common stock of the peoples but they hope that it may extend until differences of race and creed are obliterated. "The little we have done vanishes as mist before the eyes of him who looks forward to what remains."

## Smadisms.

Our smile for this week:  
"As green as a Truth Reporter."

A correspondent writes asking  
"Did Nan Welch walk out again?"  
(Vide last "Smad.") We certainly  
understand she was not thrown out.

Also, "Did the Caf pies 'settle'  
Morpeth for distance running?" It  
is a novelty for them to settle at  
all.

Clippings from this week's lec-  
tures "How Te Rauparaha cooked  
the kumara, or any other of these  
interesting philosophical works."

## THE FALLEN ROSE.

A gentle rustle from the sweet rose  
tree  
Intrudes upon my musing reverie,  
In silent shock the shattered blossom  
lay  
Like dying love that fading fleets  
away.

The pink-white petals in confusion  
spread  
As the soft rose her Summer gar-  
ment shed,  
In twilight shadows ebbing, melts  
away,  
A heaped mass in mild perfumed  
decay.

## Short Shrift.

By D. Bunker.

With a mighty effort, your corre-  
spondent roused his tardy pen, shed  
the lethargy of the Easter after-  
math, and prepared to inscribe his  
customary message of comfort and  
congratulation on your recent issue.  
Carefully he viewed the words Cato,  
Sophus Sapiens, Schnozzletippet,  
Punz, Profundus, Pericles, and  
others of the Wise. Summoning an  
attitude of muscular tension and  
omniscient cynicism, he made ready  
to tear your writers limb from limb,  
and verb from noun. He sought out  
his most witty vehicles of expression,  
his most sparkling metaphors, his  
most streamlined prose.

Alas! it was in vain.  
Ere pen touched paper, the calam-  
ity befel—the Light shone—"Truth"  
arrived.

Humbled into the dust by this  
master of our English tongue, whose  
imagination so far outsoared your  
correspondent's wildest ventures,  
whose uprightness was so infinitely  
more upright than the vertical, how  
could your critic dare again to soil  
your pages? to offer such paltry wit,  
such witless prose, such prosaic com-  
mentary?

Shamed and humiliated, he asks  
your gracious leave to abandon  
wholly (though pro tem, solely) his  
erstwhile role of critic, and to leave  
those "abler pens than mine" the  
literary work of this generation.

In lieu, he offers you only this a  
short extract from a letter from our  
wandering boy, Tony Chorlton.

Tony writes: "I was at a Debate  
at the University of Manchester a  
few days ago. Talk about Religion  
and Sex!!! The subject was 'That  
Polyandry is Preferable to Poly-  
gamy,' or vice versa. (There was vice,  
I remember, somewhere in it.) An  
amendment was moved: 'That Pro-  
miscuity is preferable to Both.' The  
mover of the amendment drew from  
the Darwinian theory of Sexual Se-  
lection quite an elaborate argument  
in its favour. I might add that the  
audience was mixed (very) and that  
the advantages and attractions of  
Polyandry were expounded by two  
ladies from the Women's Union.  
Am beginning to think that we were  
not such a lot of Big Bad Wolves  
at V.U.C. after all."

: o :

## Malice Aforethought.

With Apologies to Nobody.

We are unconvinced by Mr. Mas-  
son's strenuous denials that he is the  
original of the Glaxo baby.

In a recent geology lecture Mar-  
garet Pilcher snored so loudly that  
she woke up the rest of the class.  
(True story.)

A certain venerable professor re-  
cently started to lecture to the  
wrong class. All went well until,  
after 10 minutes or so, one of the  
girls who molest this world laughed  
so loudly that he came to and fled  
from the room. Having quite lost  
his dash, he murmured feebly to the  
advanced class for a few minutes,  
and they, too, vanquished him.

But the prize goes to Dr. Wild-  
man, who started describing on his  
waistcoat the position of the ovaries  
of the liverfluke. That little experi-  
ment also failed.

Miss Eva Irwin is emphatic that  
she is not a member of the F.S.U.  
Her hair, then, is the only thing red  
about her.

## LINDSAY WATSON.

At the end of a life well-spent  
Death comes as a fitting climax;  
far more grievous is the Death  
that strikes suddenly, and as a  
man is all but entering on the  
phase of the struggle we call  
Life.

On Sunday last, Lindsay Wat-  
son died of injuries sustained  
while playing for a University  
team the day before. He had  
passed through Te Aute College  
and spent several years among  
us as a law student, being well-  
known to many. We all mourn  
his passing deeply, drawing per-  
haps, some slight consolation  
from the fact that he died as a  
result of playing the game he  
loved so well. Our sincerest  
sympathy goes to his parents  
and relatives.

## Air—"Coming Thru the Rye."

Gin a body lose a puppy,  
Dont' sit down and cry!  
Just go round to the Cafeteria  
And buy a threepenny pie.  
Put the pie upon a table,  
Whistle till you're dry,  
And then you'll see that puppy's  
nose  
Coming through the pie.

# THE COCKPIT

## CHRISTIANITY FAILS.

Dear "Smad"—  
Christians are funny people. In the same breath they deplore the irreligion of the age, they protest that Christianity "lives on" with its lustre and influence undimmed. Your correspondent, F.C., falls into this contradiction. Deploping the apathy of students to a "definite attempt to interest students in the search for spiritual truth," F.C. falls back on the merely historical fact that Christianity has struggled through 2000 years of existence, drawing the inference that "what was good enough for our fathers is good enough," etc. This, of course is black reaction.

F.C. labours the point that all young social reformers should consider Christianity. The answer to this is easy: most have. Most of these people, he will find, have gone through a religious phase, or at least been familiarised with religious teachings. For them, the solemn hocus-focus of God-seeking no longer suffices. The reason for "this unrest" is plain. If we are at all thoughtful, our attentions are to-day riveted on the social problem. We are in need of a clear lead, Christianity—or any other religion—fails in its treatment of social problems, fails to give such a lead, because it is shot through with the point of view of subjective idealism, which denies or minimises the existence of material (and therefore) social problems in favour of the existence of God and the individual religious experience.

Despite its 2000 years, the current ineffectuality of Christianity in the face of the social problem, to say nothing of its influence as a social narcotic, force the conclusion that Christianity has outlived its time and usefulness. "We no longer need that hypothesis"—it constricts and misleads us. It results in the futile confusion of social and political naïveté typified in the fantastic Christian attitude that the conflicts between capital and labour will disappear through the growth of love and mutual understanding. One would like to carry this theme further—to show how a religious view of things always results in a perilous mis-interpretation of social issues.

The statement of the former Commissar of the Soviet Union is interesting. One wonders by whom and in what circumstances the statement was made, and from what source the quotation was gleaned. Because all other observers, among them Max Riske, inform us that religion is a dead force in Russia—dead because it no longer has the active support of the State and its propaganda machine.

—LAZARUS.

## RIME

(Dedicated to the author of "Time.")

Often  
On Friday nights  
"Smad" is short a few inches—

So I  
Write a punne  
On Life and Death  
Or Art and the Absoloute  
—anyway Something Big—

Good vague stuff  
High-flown and capitalised—  
A few dots—splashed here and there—

It fills the space—  
—Old Mother Aitch.

## COWARDLY KILLING.

Dear "Smad"—  
Without questioning the right of students to form any sort of club they please so long as it is interested in something, may I express my horror and disgust at witnessing during Tournament time the emergence from some mouse-hole in the College of a clique which calls itself the Rifle Club? Apart from the gross spirit of professionalism which this so-called sport has acquired from the pot-hunting notoriously associated with it, shooting does not appear to be a fitting pastime for any but military trainees and those private citizens who are physically disabled from taking part in any more violent form of recreation. The thought of healthy men neglecting healthy exercise to spend their Saturday afternoons lying on their stomachs among the crocks and cripples in order to practise the most cowardly among the arts of killing is no less than nauseating especially at a time like the present, when hope for the future is bound up with the eradicating, or at least the discouragement, of the warlike spirit. How can we dispose the ape and tiger to inanition if, while giving lip-service to the principle "mens sana in corpore sano," we suffer this form of sadism to fasten parasitically upon the student body and stand complacently by while little knots sneak away into remote places where they can practise with impunity a technique proper to the gangster, the assassin, and that cold-blooded killer, the sniper? Rifle-shooting as an amusement is brainless; as a recreation it is useless. In no way does it foster the corporate interests of students. As a preparation for war of the modern kind, in which men move in vast numbers, it is negligible. If any student thinks fit to waste his time in this silly, futile, hole-in-the-corner method of shirking, it is his private affair. But the queenie business does not merit inclusion among the officially-recognised sports of the College.

—I. M. DISGUSTED.

## DRUNKENNESS A VIRTUE?

Dear "Smad"—  
In the last number of "Smad" an appeal was voiced to the Executive to give this paper more support, lest the "undoubted talent" of subscribers to its columns should be turned to "baser issues." May I state that if the Tournament number of "Smad" is representative of this talent I can scarcely conceive of its being turned to baser issues? Judging from the general tenor of the articles on Tournament—more especially of the social side—drunkenness is a virtue of which to be proud. Does it not strike you that there is something radically wrong in the make-up of a man who can cheerfully brag of his college's prowess in drinking bouts?

As an admirer of all that is clean and straight in our College life, I cannot refrain from voicing a protest against the general spirit of coarseness expressed in these articles. Had the remarks even been witty, it might not have been so bad; but for sheer brawling beastliness I find these articles hard to bear.

"Smad" may consider itself representative of student opinion in such matters, but I assure you, Mr. Editor, that there is no small number of students who are ashamed to

think that such lewd, public-house humour as appeared in the last number of "Smad" could for a moment be considered to express the general tone of the College. The profoundest need of the world to-day is for clean, strong personality, and yet "Smad" would have us believe that the poverty of character exemplified in the Tournament articles is typical of the best talent we have in our universities. I for one cannot let such an implication go unchallenged, because I consider it not only unjust but also inadvisable that the general estimation of our universities should be biased by such a belief.

—SYBIL WILLIAMS.

## SOCIAL EDITOR REPLIES.

Dear "Smad"—  
I regret that our gentle reader, Miss S. Williams, should have been caused pain by what she has been pleased to call "the general spirit of coarseness" in last week's "Smad."

But perhaps, had Miss Williams been able, as we were able, to experience the marvellous hospitality, the prevailing goodfellowship, the extraordinary kindness of Otago, her fainty reserve, her acute sense of decorum, and conservative (some would say, narrow) judgment of tournamenting students would have been quite unequal to the task of writing the harsh, though harmless, article which appears over her name. For the mention of taverns, of alcoholic consumption (institutions not necessarily wicked), and for the mention of hilarious excitement in "Smad," we cannot and do not make apologies. But we would refer Miss Williams—God bless her—to all those other souls who, with us, enjoyed the Otago Tournament.

They will forgive her, and treat her gently, for "she knows not what what she does."

—Social Reporter.

## CONCERNING CONVENTION.

Dear "Smad,"—  
I see we still have at least one narrow-minded mid-Victorian among us. I see no reason for the outburst of indignation by "Shocked" in a recent issue of "Smad" because some people decide to break away from the ties of convention and wear shorts on the tennis court.

I expect "Shocked" has been to athletic meetings, football matches, hockey matches, bathing resorts and the like, but so far I have not seen any outbursts on the subject of displays of "angular limbs" on the football field or hockey ground.

The whole question appears to be one of petty convention. Because flannels and stockings have been worn in the years past, "Shocked" thinks they should always be worn. However, this does not mean that this is the best attire or the healthiest. As a matter of fact, from the point of view of health, shorts are by far the best. Long flannels to a large extent prevent the pores of the skin from exuding moisture as is natural after violent exertion.

Where, may I ask, is the offensiveness in legs? You see plenty of them at the beach, so why condemn them on the tennis court? Furthermore, there are very few of these "angular limbs" about now; in fact, most of those I have seen were far from angular.

The only probable drawback against the practice on the Sabbath is that wives may have some difficulty in getting their husbands to church.

GANDHI

## Where to go! How to go!

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# Star Modes.

The style of the Film Stars are most modern but practical, they typify the 'Varsity spirit of youthful freedom. Mrs. Whelean will make up any gown you select from the wardrobe of your screen favourite. She will also make to your measure smart practical sports suits at the most modest prices.



(ABOVE): Sylvia Sidney (Paramount Star) wearing an evening gown of crinkly white crepe embroidered with flower design in red and yellow, red velvet buttons down the front and sash of same material.

(RIGHT): Ida Lupino (Paramount Star) wears a smart ensemble frock of figured crepe, with taffeta bow at neck and long black coat with bell sleeves of heavy matt silk.

Mrs. Whelean  
23 Manners Street (next Beggs')

### Seniors Give Lifeless Exhibition.

### Harriers and Trampers on Move.

#### GAME AGAINST JOHNSONVILLE.

On Monday the Seniors played Johnsonville, at Athletic Park. The standard of football was very low and the game was most uninteresting with very few bright patches. The forwards played well individually but did not function as a team. Amongst the backs Tricklebank was very sound at full-back and made many splendid saves. At first five-eighths Simpson was very shaky, being responsible for many wild passes. Harpur would be far more use to the team if he would learn to run straight and to get out of Tricklebank's way. Several good runs were made by McElwain, who unfortunately does not appear to possess any swiftness or side-step. In one of the weaknesses lay in the backs who lacked initiative and resource. The handling by the backs should be made more decisive, and they should learn to run straight and to tackle with vigour. In this respect they should have learnt a lot from the Old Boys' seniors in the game which they played.

As we watched with considerable difficulty that we venture on a report of the game which was seldom relieved by any excitement, and failed to stir a pulse. It is only a keen southerly.

#### The Game.

Varsity won the toss and kicked off with the goal. Forward play followed and from a penalty, Lee, full-back, scored a try. Desultory play followed and Tricklebank, full-back, scored a goal from a penalty. A Johnsonville rush carried the ball into Varsity territory but McElwain saved with a good kick. From a scrum the ball went to O'Regan who kicked, but Harpur following through was unable to score. Play continued to Varsity twenty-five and Harpur foolishly sent a well-kicked ball to Tricklebank which went astray and a Johnsonville forward set out for a try. The kick was successful 3-5. A number of penalties were given against Varsity forwards at this stage. Johnsonville again carried the ball into Varsity territory twenty-five but could not get possession and to bring up the line, centre-kicked. Slow following up however, earned a good chance to be missed. Despite the fact that Varsity were playing with the wind most of the play was in their favour. A good try was made by Johnsonville nearly resulted in a try five minutes before the end of the first half. Loose play followed and from a scrum the ball set from O'Regan to O'Regan who kicked and handed to McElwain. McElwain by a fine man hit his in-pass to O'Regan who was a runner and was dropped. At half-time the score was nil-3-5.

#### Second Spell.

We looked to this spell for the excitement required to warm our rambling, nervous bodies but were disappointed. Play began with a good run by the Johnsonville backs. Then McElwain made a run and centre-kicked. Breakley and back followed up fast and Eade was collared on the line while "walking over" for a try. A good run by Johnsonville nearly resulted in a try but McElwain tackled and Tricklebank sent the ball back with a good kick. Solid forward play followed until a high kick went over the line for a Johnsonville forward to score. Kick unsuccessful 3-8.

Play took place in the Johnsonville twenty-five and a good run by Overtoun was stifled. A forward

rush by Johnsonville resulted in Mason, their winger, going over the line. Kicked failed. 3-11.

The last few minutes saw hard play by Varsity forwards. A free kick was taken by Tricklebank, who missed. The final score was 3-11.

As we limped half-frozen out of the grandstand we came to the conclusion that the team to improve must definitely look to the following points:—Training, tackling, following up and combination between the backs. If these are taken to heart we think there is still hope.

#### HARRIER CLUB.

The club, this year, has a fairly large entry of new members from whom much is expected when training gets under way. From the racing standpoint the big event is the



The Winning Effort.

R. M. McIntosh wins the High Jump at Tournament.

#### IN THE TARARUAS.

The party of 15 members of the Tramping Club which visited the Waitewaewae district in the Tararua at Easter received a rare gift—four days of fine weather. Under these auspicious conditions this area, probably the most beautiful in the Ranges, was seen to advantage. The Waitewaewae Stream was luxuriantly tranquil, the Otaki River clear and cold, the view from Mt. Crawford comprehensive.

The bush shows few signs, in the lower regions at least, of despoliation by introduced animals, and one could almost feel the restraining hand of Nature when intruding on the peace of such surroundings.

Coming trips are.—  
May 11-12: Lowry Trig. Working party to clear track to Trig. Leader C. Stewart.

May 18-19: Muka-Muka-iti—The Peak—Orongorongo. Leader, Miss I. Eagers.

May 26: Te Kamimaru. Leader, Miss K. Muir.



## Cheap Travel by Train

### CONCESSIONS TO STUDENTS

The Railway Department has a special thought for 'Varsity Students. It makes very convenient arrangements for parties of them travelling together for Sport or other pleasure outings.

Parties of not less than Six may either—

- (1) TRAVEL FIRST CLASS SINGLE at Second Class Ordinary Fare.  
RETURN at Second Class Holiday Excursion Fares, or
- (2) TRAVEL SECOND CLASS SINGLE at three-fourths of the Ordinary Second Class Fare.  
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(The Minimum Charge per Adult Passenger is 2/-)

CERTIFICATES AUTHORIZING THESE CONCESSIONS MAY BE OBTAINED, UPON REASONABLE NOTICE, FROM ANY DISTRICT MANAGER, STATIONMASTER, OR BUSINESS AGENT.

## TRAMPERS!

See the latest in Cooking Outfits. Total weight 18oz. As illustrated.



J. F. GORDON & CO. Ltd.  
Corner Cuba and Wakefield Streets, WELLINGTON.

#### COME AND LEARN.

Come and learn the truth about the English! See what really happens to the frogs? Do you know anything about the interior economy of a rabbit? No? Then come up to the Biology Lab next Friday evening, and we will show you.

See the wonders of the unseen world through the microscope! See the fossilised relics of a bygone age! The Natural History Society has provided you with an opportunity for satisfying your curiosity.

This demonstration evening is being held in conjunction with a similar demonstration to be given by the Institute of Chemistry on May 12.

Do I have to sign this? If so, here is my signature—Nau Welch. It won't appear, will it? I hope not.

#### WANTED.

21 Sandalwood in respect of Wellington advertising "Pecolids" in such hours, May 27-31. Ask the boys who did it last year if it isn't good fun. Masks will be worn. Reply to R. J. Larkin, V.U.C. letter rack.

#### LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary Society held an informal and happy meeting in spite of the cold grey walls and hard desks. Mr. Freeman introduced to the club the musical poems of Iris Tree. Mr. Katz spoke in defence of American poetry and in explanation of its pungency and forceful portrayal of modern life. Mr. Lima gave a personal view of the development and validity of modern poetry, and Miss Williams read from the

"Smad" is on sale in the Hall from 4 o'clock until 8 on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Subscribers and others wishing to procure copies after Thursday night may do so by applying at the Exec. Room.

philosopher poet, Rabindranath Tagore. The final quotation from Tagore "and thy beam of light illumines my path" coincided with Mr. Brooks' famous "lights out"—the meeting broke up.

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