



SMAD

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

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The Editor, "SMAD," V.U.C.

Subscriptions:
Price, per copy — — — 2d.
Yearly subscription
(18 copies) — — — 1/6

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Rates on application to
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Vol VI—No. 9. Wellington, June 12, 1935. Price Twopence.

Bright Procession Opens Capping Celebrations. Faults Yet to be Remedied.

Thousands lined the streets at noon on Thursday of Capping week, when the Procession made its way through the city; and to the great majority, judging from the comments heard on all sides, the Procession was not only up to standard, but well above it.

Headed by a band, of which at least three musicians could play in tune (easily a record), and featuring a very benign "King" and a most hearty "Queen," followed by some very beefy "Beefeaters," the twenty lorry loads of stunts and gags were well introduced. There is nothing like a good start to any show, and the 1935 Procession had one.

Especially amusing amongst the many topical burlesques were "The Wives of a Bungle Lancer" and "Evangeline Polling Booth" and her merry helpers, not, of course, forgetting the worthy "King's Representative." So many stunts tickled our sense of humour that it would only be boring and perhaps injudicious repetition to mention them here.

Two Faults.

Two major faults alone we noticed. The signs on the lorries would be far more effective if painted on thick cardboard by a qualified signwriter; and also the procession should move more slowly through the streets. Many stunts lost their effectiveness owing to the speed at which the procession moved along Lambton Quay. It is realised, however, that this second trouble may not be able to be rectified, owing to traffic problems in the city.

The Speeches.

The scene in the Post Office Square rivalled those halcyon days just following the war. Thousands were packed into that open space to hear the remarks of the speakers, who were introduced to the crowd by a very earnest "Mayor." Again this year the speeches were good, and for the most part audible. It would be really hard to single out any one of them as the most entertaining.

Suffice it to say that "Her Majesty's" intimate stories on varied topics, the "Governor-General's" impressions of New Zealand, "Miss Booth's" stirring cry to steer straight, and "His Majesty's" reflections on our politicians were equally amusing. And what is more, the public apparently thought so, too, judging by the laughter which greeted each sally.

Troubles of Organisation.

As usual, the Procession this year was produced under the greatest difficulties. In the first place, the

motor-lorries which were used had to be hired for the show, and did not arrive at Varsity until one hour before the procession was due to start.

That such a good display could have been prepared in one hour speaks volumes for those willing workers, several of whom could not even go into the Procession owing to the worry and trouble of organisation. It is a pity that more outside support cannot be gained.

One thing, however, is certain. The 1935 Capping Procession will certainly enhance the interest that will be taken when the next motley cavalcade burlesques its way along the streets once again next May.

Thank You!

The Committee of the Haeremai Club has asked us to mention specially the Rifle Club, Dramatic Club, Anti-war Club, and Law Faculty Club for the stunts they arranged, and to thank them and all others who gave up their time to assist in the preparations. The idea of each club taking on a stunt was good, and it is hoped that more clubs will follow suit next year.

No Dull Moments at Capping Ball.

It was a great Ball which concluded the best Capping week for years. Four hundred and fifty people thoroughly enjoyed themselves, even though they chose different ways of expressing their pleasure. The supper arrangements were as good as any Capping Ball supper arrangements ever are... honi soit qui mal y pense. As "Smad" prohibits a list of "among those present," all that remains to do is to produce some evidence in support of the opening sentence. The matron of the Thorndon Hospital sallied forth at 3 a.m. and complained that so raucous was the students' singing that she was obliged to administer ether to her patients. And now we come to "God Save the King," when Toffee scored the hit of the morning. Aloof from the happy throng, he stood in the middle of St. Francis Hall, and with supreme solemnity and dignity conducted the Anthem as it has never been conducted before!

And so to the Hot Dog

"What did you think of 'Peccadillo'?"
"It wouldn't be fair to say. I saw it under bad conditions: the curtain was up."

Peccadillo Pricked. TIPS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Unlike the daily press, who are willing to damn with faint praise for the sake of the ads, we shall pay the "1935 Revue" the compliment of treating it seriously and critically. If we don't "roast" the show, who will? Let us hope that the powers in charge will finally learn some sense and treat the whole thing seriously.

To start with, we must compliment Redmond Phillips on the manuscript. It was potentially the best Extrav. for years. The interlocking of the plots and characters was good, but in future it would be more effective if separated into individual turns. If totally unrelated topics were staged in a series of sketches, the total preparation would be lessened and the whole show less involved and more incisive and direct. Also pre-arrangement by various groups—Weir, Dram. Club, etc.—as in this year's procession would evolve a new and easier form for the revue. For instance, the cricketeers would have made quite a good

A GREAT CAPPING.
NOW
WE LEAVE IT TO
THE CRITICS.

complete turn by themselves. Concerted work is very necessary, and in this the show was entirely missing until the entrance of the mermaids and cricketeers. If women's ballets are to be cut out, the men's ballets must be thoroughly burlesqued, and there must be definite stage business prepared which is not just impromptu fooling. The singing also was bad. When a chorus of eight is singing, it can be supplemented by extras off-stage. The performances of the principals were in general very good, so good that individual mention is undesirable. There was not a weak individual character. The team work was, however, entirely lacking. Mis-cues, delayed entrances, failure of stage noises, bad stage positions and groupings, words lost in sound, poor attack in singing—indeed actual failure to start—were factors which could hardly have repaid the audience for its entrance-money. Let us not over-indulge our criticism. Costumes and orchestra were very good, and deserve the highest commendation. Acting was in most cases good. Lines were difficult to hear, but this was due to bad staging.

The business arrangements were excellent. Advertising, house,

Undergrads' Supper Held in "The Old Barn." CLARET CUP AND SPLENDID SPEECHES.

Some 300 thirsty souls foregathered in the picturesque Students' Union Building (so-called) to test the potency of the claret cup (also so-called) with which his Majesty's 70th birthday was to be celebrated and also, incidentally, the arrival of another Capping. Three hundred thirstier souls emerged with the conviction that a major bottle-labeling error had occurred.

Resplendent Mr. Nankervis at the Patrician table blandly surveyed the Plebs, who consisted, as Mr. Scotney remarked, of "ladies, gentlemen, and boys of the Haeremai Club." A nod from the great man, and "Smad" and the 299 others present set to work. We drew breath at 8.40 p.m. to drink the health of the King and Prof. Board. Prof. Rankine Brown rose to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and thanked the Extrav. producer for showing him that "famous lady," Mae West, for, as he plaintively and by thinly-veiled innuendoes informed us, his better half did not trust him with Mae, even on the screen.

Mr. Tahiwai arose and picked the graduates into very minute pieces. The "boys" sang "Shall We Gather at the River?" and Mr. Tahiwai's face registered a hopeful affirmative.

Mr. Larkin, in reply on behalf of the "graduates, graduands, or graduants," soft-soaped one and all present. He praised the Extrav., lauded the Procession, enthused over the Exec. Even "Smad" felt righteous.

Mr. Aimers used the broadsword: he spoke not in riddles. We saw

an Exec, differing from that depicted by Mr. Larkin. He showed that their work was out of all proportion to the results achieved. He insisted upon a new Students' Union Building for 1937. He demanded a full-time, paid secretary. We drank the toast of the Exec. with inward reservations.

Mr. McGhie attempted to divert us with a few stories. We refused to be amused, but we became more interested when he mentioned putting a new dress upon a basketball player and burbled incoherently about roast spuds in the Caf.

Mr. Wild was modest and self-deprecating. Mr. Wild was apologetic. "Smad" sat up agog, however, when he proceeded to talk about the body and/or the conclusion of his subject. At last a speaker who had a thorough grasp of his subject! We were thrilled to hear of "ladies who could not take a joke and ladies who could take anything at all"; to hear of "something frantic happening to hips"; to hear of ladies "slim stripped for gym," who were "a spectacle for 'Smad' to goggle at." "Smad" in all innocence accepts the experienced Mr. Wild's word for this. Miss Davidson, in replying, turned her back on "Smad." Her speech is not reported.

As usual, the function was one of the most successful events in Capping week. We congratulate Bob Bradshaw for arranging to have the Supper in the Old Barn, which was a splendid idea, fully justified by its results.

Sez Otago!

The average student's conception of Capping, according to the Otago University Critic, is that every one else should "endure his presence in large numbers wherever he cares to consort; minister to his comforts; listen to him and try to laugh; allow him to do as he likes, and then look at him without disgust when he has done it."

finance, programmes, and general supervision were excellent. If next year Redmond Phillips wrote four short revues and various groups put on ballets, choruses, sketches, tableaux, etc., in between, we feel sure that the standard could be very high and that a new high level of production reached, with a public support which would repay the back-stagers for all the difficult and thankless work that was partially wasted on this show.

We Must Snap into the Building Fund!

"The fund for the Student Union Building is increasing so rapidly that tenders will be called for it about 2000 A.D. Surely we must realise the futility of relying on the profits of the Extrav.! We should change our tactics and start now by canvassing the old students and by interesting the public and the press, so that we can have a building by 1937. Let 'The Building Fund' be your watchword." So spake Mr. Aimers, alias Evangeline Booth, alias Lady Flyers, at the Undergrads' Supper.

"What did you think of 'Cappingade'?"
"I don't know. I have only seen it."

2X-ERS.

Short Shrift.

By D. Bunker.

Blithely indeed would one now take pen in hand, were it to review with caustic comment the gay farago of the past few weeks, and not merely the last issue of your all-too-periodical. What material in the helter-skelter claptrap of a Capping! The Extravaganza (Phillips, but less of them), the songs (Histeddfodder), the Capping Ceremony, and the "flour of our youth" beneath the arches (belfry simily seething with hats), and the Ship of State in its ebriated corner-turning itinerary at that same function (or was it the chariot of Boadicea?). Or again the Proceash, or the Ball, or "Cappicade" itself—that journal which the bard has aptly described in the lines—

"So full of vice
As leaves no place
For virtue to inhabit."

I could tell of the urehin selling this insubstantial rag on Lambton Quay, using for his "Excellior" the woful refrain, "Truth—Cavaleade—Truth—Cavaleade . . ."; or else of the "upon strange journalistic ripples" in the course of a "vorticism," when the "Domidion" excised from an Extrav. advertisement the words "Infalible Medals we accepted." But now I must return (as the French would have it) to our very nearest duties, forswearing all but the divine mission of expostulating against "Smad."

Well, shuffling aside the dust from your last issue, what do we find? And the answer is, in the words of the us-huist, your last issue. And within? An editorial upon the text, "Britons never (to the power of the sea) will be slaves"; an antisepic letter from S.W. on a still more ancient copy of "Smad" known as the F.O.B. issue (the Tournament or "full-of-beer" edition). And apart from this, the issue leaves one cold like boarding-house bathwater. Which reminds me, why no news from the Hush House? Why no pearls from this, the incarnation of the College Spirit and S. Faculty? Why not some original extracts from the antique library? Or bags of barrow-birds and gull-eggs that may have been the same as those of the Hush House? You must have standards, some traditional, some new, under the banner of the College. And why no "other" matter? Of free verse—or worse—a Pome of the communications I select. But

one—that from William Shakespeare, a regular reader of "Smad." He makes some deplorable comments in a parnassagram which I give you as it left his own hand:

"I was recently reading a lyric found in Noah's Ark or Plut Ark or somewhere. It is probably well known to freshers, but may be new to others:

There's a wonderful family named Stein—
There's Gert and there's Ep and there's Ein.

Gert's novels are bunk,
Ep's statues are junk,
And no one can understand Ein.

"Now, that's what I call edifying, educative, and edulcorative—edible, even, alongside the tadpoles that have lately come to us from the bogs in the vicinity (but outside the three-mile limit) of the Pierian spring. One's taste for Communism, in literature at least, cools somewhat when one observes the field of Poess, in so far as their boundaries coincide with the perimeter of this paper, expropriated by cuckoos who, after plucking the primrose from the river bank, replace it head first and then chortle—

"Side up
This
With . . .
Care!"

"The latest thing of the sort was entitled 'Rime.' It was a frost, all right.

"My heart goes out to old Don Marquis, who, after an effort to take the first of these ventures into neo-Anarchism seriously, made the following remark:

"So much free verse has kept me up at night

Scratching my head beneath the pale lamplight:

I often wonder what vers-librists read

One half so rotten as the stuff they write!"

"But the Staff print it, presumably on the principle that this is a Changeling World."

You hit the mark, William, when you wrote "There's a pleasure in being mad that only madmen know."

Perhaps there is something in the staff-talent wrapped in a napkin, for instance:

What do you say to taking a paragraph from a "Dedication" editorial for the College Calendar, and chopping it up into free verse—or worse—a Pome of the communications I select. But

Palomir?

College Council.

In its apathy towards the very urgent question of more adequate student control in the management of College affairs Victoria College is luckier than it deserves to be. At a meeting of the District Court of Convocation last week, after a very interesting debate it was decided to press further for student representation on the College Council. Dr. Sutch, in moving the motion, pointed to the present anomalous constitution of the Council. Obviously the framers of the Act had cast round for bodies that might be interested enough to appoint representatives, but had entirely neglected the body most vitally concerned—the students—thus violating any attempt to follow the principles of Democracy.

There were substantially but two arguments against the idea. It was suggested that the transactions of the Council were entirely business matters with which a student would not have the ability to deal, but this was countered by a reference to the recent issue of Freedom of Speech, to the fact that the annual Students' Association balance works out well over £1000, and to the undoubted ability of all past-presidents of the Students' Association, who would in all probability have been the selected representatives. It was also suggested that the idea was superfluous, as the students could send deputations—entirely neglecting the clumsiness and inefficiency of this method of representation, which can only act after a matter has already been decided one way or the other.

Here is a chance for active constructive work on the part of our Executive in co-operating with the Court of Convocation on this matter. At the Undergraduates' Supper we heard much of the work of the Executive being confined to time-stealing detail. Here is the chance for broader activity that seems to have a reasonable chance of reaching success; here is the opening for really important work.

We owe the Court of Convocation our gratitude and thanks for this sign of renewed interest in our College. What they would appreciate still more, and what we also owe, is active support in this campaign.

Capping.

We look back once again on a hectic Capping week which will take an honoured place among the Capping celebrations of other years.

Doubtless Proceash was patchy and the progress through the streets too hurried, but it was as well organised as time would allow, and it was the longest for many years. Furthermore, the speeches in the Post Office Square were excellent and well received by a very large crowd. The Revue was, as Prof. Rankine Brown described it, very good in parts—like the curate's egg. We have no hesitation in saying that the majority opinion is in favour of a return to the short plays. The Undergrads' Supper was possibly the best on record, and both the "sedate" functions, the Ceremony and Ball, were well organised and most successful.

The most important aspect of Capping, 1935, was the spirit and enthusiasm which were shown by a large body of the undergraduates, headed by the Haeremai Club and Weir House, who certainly deserved all the fun they had in the revelry. The flour-bomb hooley at the Ceremony was very well disciplined, though a trifle monotonous after the third outburst; while, with one or two exceptions, the stunts which were arranged for each night of the Extrav. certainly merited the praise they have received. They succeeded in amusing both themselves and the public, which has been rightly suggested as the duty of students at Capping.

Some justifiable criticism has been levelled at this year's Capping, and a number of examples appear in this issue. Outside criticism has, generally speaking, been fair, but one observation on Proceash requires an answer. We were told in the press that it should be better prepared and organised. Our reply is that it is not keenness which is lacking nor organisation, but lack of time and facilities. If, for instance, all employers allowed those taking part a longer time off, if we could obtain lorries more cheaply, if we were not hurried through the streets, then Proceash would be one hundred per cent. better. Some of our city fathers and some of our employers should see a Capping Procession in Dunedin, where the students receive the Freedom of the City for the day and where they receive co-operation from every branch of the community.

Prof. von Zedlitz

PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO COLLEGE.

Christopher Perkins' fine portrait of Professor von Zedlitz now hangs in our library, nearly completing our gallery of early professors. Mr. S. Eichelbaum made the presentation on behalf of the donor, an old student who wished to remain anonymous. In a letter which was read, the donor expressed pleasure that the University could have a record of the pioneer days. The inspiring teaching and ever-ready friendship and helpfulness of Professor von Zedlitz was remembered by all his old students. Mr. Eichelbaum added that it was a further honour to have as the artist Christopher Perkins, who had portrayed the professor's character so skilfully, showing his wit, his suaveness and his kindly courtesy. The map forming a background to the portrait symbolised truthfully his vast worldly knowledge. "It is fitting that Professor von Zedlitz's portrait should have a permanent place on the walls of this college, which he served so faithfully, and for which he gave his unselfish devotion," concluded Mr. Eichelbaum.

Professor Rankine Brown paid a tribute to Professor von Zedlitz, sketching his early career. He said that he could be compared to Socrates, in that his answers to any question were always provocative of thought, and concluded by saying that he had the genius of friendship.

Professor von Zedlitz, replying, thanked the College Council for all they had done for him in the past. He said that the donor was one of his former students who had achieved some high personal distinction and who, having realised the power of Christopher Perkins' work, commissioned him to paint this portrait. Professor von Zedlitz said what great pleasure he had in being portrayed by such an original and clever artist, who was always so charming, witty, and delightful in character. He ended by saying what pleasure he had had in teaching students here, and the friendship and devotion of his fellow-pupils gave him a permanent source of joy.

Victoria House.

Playing the traditional role of Eve, the girls of Victoria House at the end of last term, under the direction of Eva Irwin, Susie Saunders and Enid Michael, gaily decorated their Common Room with rare camelias and shrubs, prepared a sumptuous supper, and invited their male friends along to dance. Developments soon ensued.

After Tom Bush had overcome his natural shyness and McGhie had introduced himself as umpire, Dick Hutchens got the piano in one corner and gave it "de works" while the rest did the playing (on the light fantastic). And so the ball was on, brightened by novelties and a nursery rhyme competition that must have awakened every baby in the neighbourhood. One word for their supper: with sandwiches whose names were as aristocratic as their middles, it made one long to emulate that old Roman custom of eating, emptying, eating . . . eating. And so we departed wondering whether Schopenhauer was right after all, whether woman is really the natural enemy of man.

The Plunket Medal.

Our embryonic orators will be giving the public the benefit of their laborious researches next Saturday, and, from the list of subjects, the evening should provide a complete survey of world history from Pericles to the present day. Interest will centre on Kingi Tahiwī's management—and perhaps solution—of Henry VIII's matrimonial difficulties; on Bonk Scotney's solo (doloroso, con espressione) on John Brown; and on McGhie's Scottish stories of Robert Burns—and they say he led a very wicked life.

THE SPEAKERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

J. N. SELLERS	ROBERT CLIVE
D. W. McELWAIN	GUSTAV STRESEMANN.
A. H. SCOTNEY	JOHN BROWN.
MISS D. SOUTER	TE KOOTI
A. T. S. MCGHIE	ROBERT BURNS.
C. A. GRIFFITHS	PERICLES
MISS M. SHORTALL	MICHAEL COLLINS
K. TAHIWĪ	HENRY VIII

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DAY OR NIGHT

THE COCKPIT

THE JUBILEE.

Dear Smad,
If your pages are open to those who do not believe in the Divine right of editors, I should like to comment on your last editorial, apropos of the Royal Jubilee.

And first a word of congratulation. When your Editor, dear Smad, though himself resident some thousands of miles from the royal domicile, assumes to speak in such confident appraisal of the "private life" of their Majesties, surely (if he knows the plain meaning of words) he intends to secure D. Bunker's bouquet for the best wisecrack in the issue. And it would be well deserved. The centre and pivot of the British Constitution is surrounded by an entourage of unequalled efficiency, and yet our naïve Editor would have us believe that here at this other end of the globe we are competent to comment on the private lives of royalty.

This of course is trivial enough, but now for a word of criticism. No sixth-standard essay could have been more innocent than the soothing phrases of your Jubilee congratulations. But there are some students who have not prolonged their infancy in this manner, and who realise that there is more in this than the genuine and simple-hearted loyalty of a subject people. These students fully admire the qualities displayed by their Sovereign and his family, but at the same time are sufficiently free of blinkers to see some subtler implications in the Royal Festival. They may believe in the sincerity of their nominal rulers, but are not completely stupefied by the Jubilee incense. Put bluntly, they consider that the extravagance of the celebrations is not solely and exclusively an index of loyal feeling.

Patriotic sentiment is whipped up with especial vigour for at least three reasons which are never acknowledged. First, it welds the community into a homogeneous war machine—whether for defence or not we need not argue. The whole display is militarised from one end of the Empire to the other, but for such minor exceptions as the riotous fourpenn'orth given to school children. Secondly, it diverts attention from present economic distress, by emphasising the achievements of the past, and by giving the "poor but loyal" subjects the thrill of seeing a plutocratic display of magnificence. A royal tour of the slums is appropriately followed by a "white-gloved" ball at the Palace, while the police prevent the wives of unemployed miners from meeting the Prince of Wales with their petition. Thirdly, the opponents of our system of capitalist enterprise are in this way shrewdly herded together to be branded as disloyal. The name of the King is so bracketed with the economic status quo, in some Jubilee orations, that every advocate of Socialism can be no more than a traitor into the bargain.

Patriotism is one of the most powerful weapons for liquidating class antipathy, and to-day it is so used by those whose interests are served by the present order. Without some recognition of this fact, your Editor, I suggest, in common with other sincere and simple-minded subjects (the majority of our people, after all), has been in some degree the dupe of the old device that makes economic capital out of a Royal festival. Such, at all events, is the view of those who, though they may not be red, are at any rate

NOT SO GREEN.

ELECTIONS.

Dear Smad,
Now that the Stud. Ass. elections are drawing near once more, let us prepare in advance and have some active campaigning this year. There are numerous issues that could well be raised, and an active electioneering campaign would do much to create more interest in University affairs. Here are several issues that I would like to see raised:

(1) Should the matter of greater student representation in the control of College affairs be brought up again in a greater effort to secure this end. Everyone must agree on the benefits to be derived, say, from representation on the College Council. Why are we making no effort?

(2) There is next the issue of the proposed Student Union Building. Are we to build a pyramid as ants, each bringing one grain of sand or one brick per annum, or is there to be some more active policy?

(3) A third matter well worth being an election issue is the question whether we should as students take interest in and ex student opinion on outside affairs, or whether, in order to preserve "the dignity and good name of the College," we should remain as students on a lofty pinnacle of impartiality?

Yours,

VOTER.

"SPIKE."

Dear Smad,
I would like to draw the attention of students to the approaching publication of "Spike." As the official magazine of the College, "Spike" aims to reflect current College thought. To be able to do this, it is impossible for the editorial staff to receive too many contributions. If you are politically or whimsically inclined, or can write odesseys or epigrams, honour "Spike" with these products of the urges and surges of the great mind. Too often there is the criticism that "Spike" is either too radical or too reactionary. The remedy lies with the contributors. As a University College organ, "Spike" has a certain literary standard to maintain; so do not hesitate to forward a contribution because it is too perfect. Likewise, if you finish your article to-night, do not be frightened to leave it in the rack to-morrow—it may not get in otherwise, for all contributions have to be received before the end of this term.

O. A. E. HUGHAN,
Editor, "Spike."

CAPPING CEREMONY.

Dear Smad,
I must voice a protest against the unthinking uproar at the Capping ceremony. Humour and brightness we hope for, but when this Haeremai humour descends to obliterating completely a speaker who is making an appeal for funds for a Students' Union Building, then I think it has gone too far. At the Undergrads' supper we cheerfully acclaim a slogan, "A Students' Union Building for 1937." And the first manifestation of this spirit is the drowning of a speaker making such an appeal. May I appeal to the leaders of the Haeremai Club to use a little initiative in making use of their opportunities, so that, having decided to hold a flour-fight, they do not barge straight into it irrespective of whatever else may be happening. We do not want to appear more ridiculous than possible in the eyes of the public.

GRADUATE.

Fools cappicade.

An Arabian proverb says: "Three men united against a town will ruin it." The devoted efforts of the three "editors" of the 1935 Cappicade book ruined Wellington to the extent of something like four thousand sixpences, out of which (it is pleasant to hear) a profit of £50 will be available to the Students' Building Fund. The ruin extended, however, to the last shreds left of the students' reputation for supplying wholesome, original, topical humour. The book is free from the worst features of its predecessor, but even then its mystifying turgidities and negroid facetiae are a strain on the normal reader's patience. A cursory examination gives the impression that the humour is not so much that of the student as of the stew. The topical reference is of the slightest. The main contents of the book appear to be an adaptation or imitation of the moronic imbecilities served up by the twitter press for the honkatoons of Harlem and Hollywood.

Knowing and loving the "editors" as I do, I will not condemn them for more than an error in judging the public taste. They did their best and got into reverse by mistake. Their best was really somebody else's worst. Through accepting imported standards in preference to their own, they flooded the city with clouds of smelly, low-class American gas. The undeveloped no doubt went into raptures over the book. Others were saddened, disappointed, even disgusted; not a few firmly believe that University wit is incurably fescennine.

Student standards may or may not be the exclusive concern of the College. When they are transmuted into articles of sale to the public, they certainly become a matter of business; and it is not good business to sell bad eggs. Cappicade has no mission to define life in its meanest terms. It is simply (in Carl Watson's inspired design) a net to bring in something for a new Students' Building. Why should it specialise in stinking fish? The wower's sixpence is every bit as useful as the yahoo's.

If the "editors" of the 1935 Cappicade book had devoted half the time and expense to scratching their own wool instead of collecting the scotchings of others, they would have made a wider cast. They should now dump the deadwood (particularly the blocks) of the past two issues and start off on a tack entirely (however peculiarly) their own. They cannot fail to fly higher than the buzzards of the Bowery.

P.J.S.

Wild's Ladies.

Dick Wild, toasting the ladies at the Undergrads' Supper, said: "They ornament the place, and, like Prof. McKenzie's waistcoat, they are a useful ornament." Anyway, Miss Davidson thought Dick's words "sounded true and sincere, as if they came from the heart."

STUDENTS PAPERS SUPPRESSED.

The life of the Canadian editor is precarious, if we can judge from the Toronto "Varsity," which reports the suspension of no less than four student papers for radicalism: "The Varsity," "The Manitoban," "The Ulysses," and "The McGill Daily." The freedom of the Toronto University has been interfered with, so the report says, many times.

Where to go! How to go!

What are you doing for your Holidays and the summer week-ends? The best idea of all is to go touring or picnicking—in your own car! Get one of the thoroughly dependable Used Cars from Ford Sales and Service Ltd., and enjoy trouble-free motoring wherever you go. Owing to the enormous sales of the new 8-cylinder Ford and the Ford 8-h.p. models, we now have an unsurpassed range of high-grade Used Cars. We have just the car that will suit you, and you can have it on the Easiest of Terms.

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DISAPPOINTING RUGBY DURING VACATION. BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY SHOWS PROMISE.

FOOTBALL.

Seniors.

Since the last issue of "Smad" there have been five more Senior games. The results are, briefly, v. Miramar, won, 8-7 v. Oriental, won, 9-6; v. St. Pat's, lost, 11-10; v. Melrose-Selwyn, won, 29-5; v. Berhampore, won, 21-6.

Comments on Form.

Throughout the series the forwards have proved a hardworking pack and have given the backs a fair share of the ball. Amongst the forwards, Barker, Eade and Russell have shown up as hard workers, while Blacker is a fine leader and a good man in the fight. In one game, against Oriental, the club captain replaced Chesterman at half time, and was the best forward on the field.

Amongst the backs, Tricklebank has been outstanding. In every game he has given a good display, his line-kick and handling being excellent. He can kick with both feet and is really essential in a half-back.

The wings, Harpur and McEwan, have been disappointing. Harpur should run straight and hard. He is a strong runner with a useful kick. He is, however, overfond of kicking, and is inclined to hold on too much. McEwan is very fast and usually has no difficulty in running round his man. In his last two games McEwan has shown a distinct improvement and shown up to advantage.

O'Regan at centre has been unreliable and his handling has been weak. He has a good vision, but seems to be unable to finish off the movement. Wild, Overtoun, and Paul have all played in the five-eighth position. Wild has shown a return to form, and his tries against St. Pat's and Berhampore were good efforts although the first was just a bit lucky. His tackling has improved immensely. Overtoun is a plucky and a solid player. He is inclined to cut in too much and should be more steady. Paul has been playing well at first but has been a bit shaky.

Paul has been playing football of a high standard. With momentary exceptions, he has been scoring a spectacular 10 tries per week.

Review of Matches.

When the Varsity team played against Miramar, the forwards played in the best way and the backs backed the work of the forwards. Against Oriental, the forwards were their best at the time, but they made little use of their opportunities. Oriental won the match, but it was a credit to the Varsity forwards, however, a little unlucky on the day. The same result was seen in the game against St. Pat's. In the last quarter of an hour, despite strenuous efforts by Varsity, the St. Pat's defence proved too stubborn, and again the team had to acknowledge defeat.

Against Melrose-Selwyn the team met weaker opponents and scored a runaway victory. Towards the end of the game backs and forwards combined in good scoring rushes. This definite improvement was short-lived. Playing Berhampore a weak team with no backs, Varsity were lucky to win at all, let alone by 21-6. Berhampore played well and with a reliable place-kick should have collected at least another nine points.

Lower Grades.

Amongst the lower grades, Varsity has met with success. The Junior A's have been playing good football and are well placed on the ladder. They have a hard-working set of forwards and enterprising backs. The Junior B's are having a lean time at present. They are a useful team, and with a little more luck should win more games. The Third A's do not seem to be having quite as many wins as one would like, while the Third B's, always the weakest team in the Club, remain so this year. The Third C's, of whom we heard so much last year, are very quiet at present and do not appear quite as keen as last year.

Henry Moore's Fourths are not the team of last year. Perhaps it is due to the vacation, but they have lost the last two games.

Masterton Old Boys v. V.U.C.

On the King's Birthday, a team comprised mainly of senior players visited the Wairarapa to play the Masterton Old Boys' fifteen. The game was arranged by Neville Whiteman, once secretary of the College Football Club, and it is hoped it will become an annual fixture.

Mr Diederich, the manager-organiser of the team, was approached by "Smad" for his impressions of the game.

"It was very enjoyable, and the football was of a good standard."

"Who was outstanding?"

"They all played well," was the non-committal reply.

However, "Smad" discovered that all the forwards played well. Paul played his best game to date, his tackling and straight running being a feature. Overtoun was sound. Mules, at centre, playing his first game senior, was impressive. Tricklebank was, as ever, very safe at full-back. O'Regan blossomed forth as a goal-kicker with good direction but is lacking in power.

V.U.C. won 19-6, and from the various accounts the opinion is unanimous that Masterton treated them well and often. The dinner afterwards was memorable. Reports indicate that one member of the team observed the old custom of "going through the menu," while another, more modest, was content with one half plate of soup.

Heigh, ho! for a dry district.

MEN'S HOCKEY.

The only notable events in which the Hockey Club has played an indispensable part in the last few weeks were the match against Massey College on the King's Birthday and the astonishingly decisive win against Technical on Saturday last.

Massey College are comparatively recent in University hockey, but their progress during the last two years has been very pronounced. This year they number among their members Ken Struthers, who is now resident in Palmerston North, and a brilliant forward from the Auckland district, Lawry.

In addition the team has been strengthened in strategic positions in the backs, and when understanding has been arrived at between the players, a very formidable opposition will be presented to all their opponents.

When Victoria College met them on the 3rd, the Massey team had had only one game together, and concerted effort was lacking as a result.

The V.U.C. team, on the contrary, appeared to play much better than they have done previously this season, and had little difficulty in defeating the Palmerston men by 3 goals to 1.

During the game, possible candidates for the V.U.C. Tournament team were tried out.

Abraham and Webb, forwards, and McEwan, back, all had a run, but satisfactory results cannot be expected from players in such scrappy trials, and it is to be doubted whether the Selection Committee were able to form any definite or valuable opinions of the three players concerned.

McEwan is definitely a classy player and should have been included in the firsts, even at the expense of dropping such a splendid player-trainer-coach as N. R. Jacobsen.

BASKETBALL.

Trembling and weak-kneed after defeats at Tournament, and with four of our number new to Senior A grade, a sorry nine walked on to the field to open the season against Kia Ora, last year's champions. Our narrow win of 15-14 surprised the on-lookers and exhilarated us to such a pitch that we have continued winning.

How long we will continue to win while attendances at practice are so poor is hard to say. The score would indicate that we have improved, but anyone knowing the standard of the teams played will realise that this is not so. Really we have shown no improvement since the beginning of the season, while the two strongest teams remain to be played. Individually the players are good: lack of full practices is the trouble.

Margaret Pilcher is a good acquisition and is playing brilliantly in the centre, while the regularity of Margaret Gibbons' goal-shooting is almost uncanny. Joan Young, Marie Walker and Roma Hore are all playing well among the newcomers to the B team.

The B's have so far this season met with little success, and perhaps would improve if they took as their motto "Adaptation and bias passing."

And a word to both teams: Wake up! Lose our title of "second-spell teams."

FOOTBALLERS' CORNER

It tells to the lot of a Varsity forward after the match between Miramar and the University Senior Team to get "vapping" with a chemist, a man whom the forward in question had procured some "blood-and-lean" time.

The chemist was emphatic that the Varsity backs were to blame for the poor exhibitions of Rugby given this season by the "green and yellow" Seniors. "Yes," he said, "when you have a weak back side it takes the thrust out of your forwards."

PRONE FORWARD.

COMING EVENTS.

Wednesday, June 12—Commerce Society Professor Belshaw on Recent Mortgage Legislation.

Saturday, June 15—Plunket Medal Contest.

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Top—The "Cricketeers" Chorus.
Middle—The Graduates.
Left—Evangeline Polling Booth at P.O. Square.
Right—Their Majesties.