WHAT AILS COLLEGE DANCES?

The Floor’s fair enough;
The Girls are fair enough;
The Supper’s fair enough.

Then why do the Dances vary
in their Quality and Liveliness?

We’ll tell you—
IT’S ALL IN THE BAND
A GOOD BAND—A GOOD DANCE
Which is the Best Band? Of course

The Star Orchestra.

Make your next Dance a real live
success—Communicate with:

R. BOTHOMLEY,
C/o. Henry Berry & Co.
Wellington.

The man who puts the XOP in Saxophone

IMPRONTTU DEBATES.
COLLEGE HALL, FRIDAY, 26th SEPT.
Winners of Debating Society’s
Prizes Announced.
The best night’s fun of the year.
Try yourself as an impromptu debater.

Thanks be for October 11th!
WHY?

1. It is the Last Day of the Term.
2. It is the night of the Climax to the Social Year—
THE CRICKET AND SWIMMING CLUBS’ DANCE.
Bowl Along! Crawl Along!
The Last Dance before the Final Exams!!
THE CATCHERS AND DIVERS HOP!
Double Ticket 5/-, Single 3/-

Come up to the Gym next Saturday Week!

Three plays will be presented by the Dramatic Society:
“The House with the Twisty Windows.”
Drama of the Bolshevik Revolution.
“Suppressed Desires,” by Susan Glasfell.

Act I. of “Lilies of the Field,” a charming

You have enjoyed the readings and you will
like these presentations.

OCTOBER 4th in the COLLEGE HALL
Admission 1/-.

Students!
ON SALE AT

(1) THE CAFETERIA when open.
(2) MR. BROOK’S ROOM while Mr. Brook
is in attendance.
(3) THE EXECUTIVE ROOM between 5
p.m. and 8 p.m.

College Pennants ............... 3/6
V.U.C. Badges .................. 2/6
College Writing Pads .......... 9d.
College Notepaper, 25 sheets for .... 1/-
College Envelopes (for Pads), 25 for ... 6d.
College Envelopes (for Notepaper) 25 for 1/-
College Ties reduced from 4/6) .... 4/-
“The Old Clay Patch” ............ 2/6
“Spike” ........................ 2/6

Wallace & Gibson for College Blazers

Miss Molly Gillespie wishes to thank the
gentleman who borrowed her car from the
College but left it reposing in town at midnight.
It had been ninety miles in the interim.
As the gentleman displayed such honesty by
leaving intact all her text books, cigarettes,
apples, gloves and shoes she rather wonders
why he didn’t leave two gallons of juice for
running expenses.
PUNCH AND JUDY.

In another part of this paper a member of the Staff crosses swords with the Committee of the Debating Society. The question at issue is whether "The Lucky One," recently produced by the Club, was, or was not, a play of sufficient merit to warrant its selection. This paper feels that if sufficient stress is placed on the lack of initiative displayed in the past by the Dramatic Club, then we hope that in some idealistic future we may see an improvement in the standard of play chosen for production.

The Club has defended its choice on a number of grounds. The first of these is that it "provides a pleasant relief from the cruel brilliance of the sexual problem play of to-day and the crude emotions of the O'Neill type." The same remark might, with far more justice, be applied to a score of modern plays. If relief is wanted, why go to the other extreme and choose something that has not even the interest of these others. Milne excels himself in this play as a drawing-room trifler. Has the play a serious motive or is it humorous? Sometimes it seems quite farcical, and yet the curtain rings down on a scene intended, we thought, to be tragic. The maudlin pessimist is bad enough, but the maudlin nothing is worse. In plain English, the play "pervades miserably in its indecision."

Again we are told, "It is a pleasure to listen to the sparkling dialogue of Milne." The sparkling dialogue of Milne occurs so seldom that one is inclined to think that sparkles must be a rather precious and rare virtue with the playwright. Take this for example:—

Miss Farringdon: Smoke, Bob, and tell me how horrible the city is.
Bob (lighting a pipe and sitting down): It's damnable, Aunt Harriet.
Miss F.: More damnable than usual?
Bob: Yes.
Miss F.: Any particular reason why?
Bob: No.
At the very grave risk of driving the reader to utter boredom we give another example:—

Miss F.: How is Mrs. Wentworth?
Wentworth: Wonderfully well, thank you, considering her age.
Miss F.: Dear me, we first met in 1850.
Gerald: All frills and lavender.
Miss F.: And now here's Gerald engaged. Have you seen Pamela yet?
Wentworth: Not yet. I have been hearing about her from Tommy. He classes her with the absolute rippers.
Gerald: Good old Tommy.
Mises F.: Yes, she's much too good for Gerald. It might be wiser after this to move on to another point submitted by the Dramatic Committee. Sparkling dialogue! The null and dull prattlings of a notoriously null and dull middle class.

The third head of favour is that "the play is enriched by the serious ideas which are introduced into the comedy." As we have earlier remarked, it was impossible to decide whether comedy or tragedy was meant. The only real comic scene was Gerald proposing ways and means to his brother of spending with profit a jail sentence. Listen to this:—

Gerald: Well, there'd be SOME book there anyway. If it's a Bible, read it. When you've read it, count the letters in it; have little bets with yourself as to which man's name is mentioned most times in it; put your money on Moses and see if you win, etc., ad nauseam.

Can anyone imagine a brother talking in this fashion and in such circumstances? And a member of the Diplomatic Corp to boot. Comic, perhaps, but very sad for Mr. Milne's reputation.

Now we learn that "The principals are all young people and the play is well within the scope of the Society." There is not even the vestige of an argument here. Most plays contain young principals who rise above the level of machine puppets. Well within the scope of the Society is merely a lamentable admission—which, to our mind, is quite untrue. The Society is quite capable of doing better work than this.

The final point made is that "The characters are exceedingly well drawn." At least four of the said characters are absolutely unnecessary, and in our humble opinion the play would be of much greater merit if written as a one-act comedy with three characters. As it stands, who can say that either Gerald or Bob are satisfactory? Their characters vary from act to act. For Pamela, she remains a greater mystery at the final curtain than any woman has the right to be.

In minor matters, criticism might be offered until further orders. Of the arrangement of entrances and exits it may well be said that they
were farcical. One person went off and it was quite easy to know who was coming on next. Everything works so smoothly and so artificially in Mr. Milne's dramatic technique.

In their reply the Committee assures us that "The author regards it as his best work." The only authority for this statement we can find is contained in the Introduction to the volume, "First Plays." The author says:—

"The Lucky One" was doomed from the start with a name like that. And the girl marries the wrong man. I see no hope of its being produced. But if any critic wishes to endeavour himself to me (though I don't see why he should) he will agree that it is the best play of the five."

This half-hearted and rather apologetic praise then refers to five plays which are the earlier work of Mr. Milne. This rather derogates from the absolute statement that Mr. Milne regards it as his "best play." It would be absurd to even suggest that it is a better play than, say, "Mr. Pym Passes By."

We are told also that St. John Irvine and Arnold Bennett hail it as "a sheer delight" and "a most charming play." Assuming that these two quotations are slightly more correct than the preceding, all we can say is that St. John Irvine's opinion must always be respected—he is an Irishman of sorts—and, of course, the views of Mr. Arnold Bennett on anything are always interesting.

Let us have no more of these "Lucky Ones." Let us leave Mr. Milne to those delightful trifles such as "The Mouse with the Woffelley Nose."

**Crambe Repetita.**

During the last term of the Session perhaps the most talked of event was the closing of the men's Common Room. Although we feel that the Executive placed a very great burden on students and added to the hardships of University life yet in common justice it is hard to see what other action could have been taken. The Executive issued a notice warning students of the damage that was being done and notifying them that the responsible person would be required in future to meet any breakages. Then followed more damage and another letter requesting the perpetrator to provide "a satisfactory explanation or state his willingness to pay the damage." This seems a perfectly reasonable demand. It is certain that if the person at whose door rested the responsibility had acknowledged the fact the Executive would have listened to any reasonable explanation. The damage was done wantonly then surely the offender should pay. The mere fact of having paid a Students' Association fine does not give a license for wholesale destruction. Contrary to even a schoolboy's code of ethics the culprit failed to put in an appearance. This argues either cowardice or just lack of decency—for neither of which the Executive could be blamed. The Executive was left with the alternative of taking no further steps and therefore condening the offence (and incidentally paying the damage caused by one student out of the general purse of student body) or using the Common Room as a protest. It upheld the dignity of the body at the expense of the discomfort of the body. Harsh perhaps, but at least we have not had the ignominious spectacle of our student Executive rendered helpless by the irresponsible action of a coward or a lout. * * *

We were delighted to welcome back at the College, as judge of a recent Debate, a very good friend of the students in the person of Professor Von Zedlite. We enjoy all too rarely the privilege of "Von's" society, and this is the more regrettable as we have few opportunities of contact with such tradition, culture, and human qualities as his. At the time of going to press, the Free Discussions Club anticipates the pleasure of an address from him, and the students as a whole appreciate his continued interest, and the sacrifice of his time to them.

With the closing of the Men's Common Room a certain degree of hostility has settled on Mr. Plank. It is rather hard to see the reason why the Secretary should receive the greater part of the blame when he is merely carrying out the orders of his Executive. Be that as it may there is a more serious viewpoint. Many of the notices signed by the Secretary and placed on the notice boards have received additions from the hands of a person or persons unknown. Many of these were merely condemning of the action of the Secretary, but a few went further and were positively indecent. We feel that those responsible should call to mind the fact that there are women students in this University and that filthy remarks by men students add nothing to the pleasantness of life. * * *

It is an encouraging sign to see that there has been a response to the Executive's application for the synopsis of an Extravaganza. We understand that no less than three efforts have been submitted. We submit that the Executive in making a choice should seek something which has a College interest and not merely a money-catching production. * * *

In a few days a Special General Meeting will be held to consider amendments to the Constitution. Many of them are of a formal nature consequent on the work of a Revising Committee. Some, however, are of more than usual importance and are worthy of the close attention of the students. After this meeting we are to have the first Assembly of the College of Electors which is to go into conclave in the Council Room, no less. Elsewhere in this issue there is a protest against the paucity of Women's Representatives on the College. This is very true and very deplorable, and must be the subject of a change in the future, but we suggest that the College should be given a chance for one year. It is a new scheme which has very much to commend it. * * *

It is at times hard to understand the attitude of Executives. Take the question of Club Grants. Last year the Executive refused a grant to the Science Society on the ground that it had expended its funds in the purchase of books of a scientific nature for presentation to the College Library. On the other hand the Free Discussions Club applied for and received a grant for the purchase of books of this sort of thing to continue? If the latter Club is given a grant then why not the Science Society or the Mathematical Society or the Law Faculty Club? Have not these organisations claims equal to the Free Discussion Club? After all they cater for the students studying for a definite purpose and are very much in need of additions.
"THE LUCKY ONE."

(The following article was written by a representative of "Smad" and has the unanimous approval and support of the Staff—especially with regard to the criticism of the choice of play.—Ed.)

The Dramatic Club's annual offering to the Philistines of Wellington took the shape of "The Lucky One." On it they lavished some extremely good amateur acting and the attentions of Miss Mary Cooley as producer, but one Philistine at least failed to be impressed. He felt rather as if he had asked for bread and been given a stone, or, more appropriately as if he had asked for meat and been given bread-and-milk. "The Lucky One" is the not too versatile Mr. Milne at his worst. I refuse to call it "charming" or "whimsical" or "delightful" or any of the other half-dozen epithets reserved for Sir James Barrie and Mr. Milne. It was a model of bad play-construction (complete with four perfectly unnecessary characters) which failed to make up its mind as to whether it was going to be Milnesque comedy or a serious play, and perished miserably in its indecision. Gerald proposing to his brother comic methods of spending his time in prison is suitable for "Punch," but we are prevented from accepting the third act as serious drama. Why not something better next time? The acting is strong enough for it. After all, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly, to reiterate Chesterton. It mightn't bring in such a large sum to the pockets of the Dramatic Club but if that is the only aspect why talk about "attempting to do a little to awaken a love and appreciation of the modern drama"?

The acting of the three principals—Mr. Cowan as Gerald, Mr. Cormack as his morose brother Bob, and Miss Zena Jupp as the heroine, Pamela Carey—was very strong indeed. One might cavil at minor points—such as Mr. Cowan's unfortunate habit of clicking his fingers when in need of prompt—but it would be merely cavilling. A feminine neighbour of mine appeared startled at Miss Jupp's appearance in purple in Act II., but then perhaps Miss Jupp had not realised that the Club had procured a green "set" for the Act.

Miss Atkinson gave an excellent performance as a boring and totally unnecessary maiden-aunt and was greeted by an idiotic burst of applause every time she hobble across the stage.

How a certain Henry Wentworth found his way into the play, we do not know, but somebody had to take the part and Mr. Rollings made the attempt. The make-up experts, evidently despairing of that character's arousing interest in any other way, rearranged Mr. Rollings' face so as to give him the appearance of a five-day corpse out of "All Quiet." The effect was certainly startling, but procured, as I think, at the expense of the play. Mr. Cowan, also, had lost the bloom of his youth beneath the hands of the aforesaid experts. Mr. Bradshaw gave a most amusing impersonation of Mr. Bradshaw. In collaboration with Miss Joan Anderson, who was wholly delightful, he gave us the best comedy work of the evening. I fear that Mr. Edward, Sir Jack's Fernando, would have been more in place in a Capping Procession than on the stage. Miss Dorothy Martyn-Roberts gave a much more finished performance as his wife.

Mr. U. Williams set some of the other char-
acters in the play an excellent example by taking a silent part.

And of course, we were all glad to see Miss Xenocrates Henderson. For one thing we've solved the mystery of the Z.

—C.G.W.

[The above criticism was submitted to the Chairman of the Dramatic Club, who replied as follows—Ed.]:—

By his whole-hearted condemnation of the choice of "The Lucky One" for production, C.G.W. has slavishly followed the V.U.C. tradition. Unfortunately he finds himself in total disagreement with the other great critics of to-day. "Smad's" reporter proclaims "The Lucky One" to be "Milne at his worst" and "a model of bad play construction." The author regards it as his best work, while St. John Irvine and Arnold Bennett hail it as "a sheer delight" and "a most charming play."

The Dramatic Club Committee (whose knowledge of plays is infinitely wider than C.G.W.'s) consider it a most suitable play for production since:

(a) It provides a pleasant relief from the cruel brilliance of the sex-problem play of to-day, and the crude emotions of the O'Neill type.

(b) It is a pleasure to listen to the sparkling dialogue of Milne.

(c) The play is enriched by the serious ideas which are introduced into the comedy.

(d) The principals are all young people and the play is well within the scope of the society.

(e) The characters are exceedingly well drawn.

Undoubtedly the person with least experience makes the most glib critic by reason of his not being hampered by the difficulties to be overcome, but would it not be better to get some older and more capable person, on whose judgment we could rely, to review such college performances?

"THE BLIND CROWDER."

The above is the title of a slim volume that has recently been published by the father of Eric Lee Palmer, one of Victoria's most gifted sons. The booklet contains the one-act play from which the title is taken, some few songs, appreciations of the poet and his work written by people with whom he was connected, and a portrait.

A Palmer Memorial Library has already been established at Victoria College, and eventually it is hoped that some of his greater works—"The Black Ship," "The Peasant," and "The Zeitgliste"—will be published.

The following is an extract from a critical article on the poet:—"This ('The Black Ship') is undoubtedly the greatest poetical work yet produced in New Zealand; one might venture to prophesy that its author, had he lived another twenty years, would have established himself as the greatest English-writing poet outside Great Britain."

Any students or friends of E. L. Palmer who would like a copy of "The Blind Crowder" please leave a note in the rack addressed to E. H. McCormick.

* * *

Buy a "Spike." Packed with good things.
UNIVERSITY BURSARIES.

New Regulations.

The bursary regulations at present in force were framed at a time when the first section of a degree could not be taken till the end of the second year of the candidate's course. Experience has shown that the regulations have become defective in some important respects and the new regulations aim at removing these defects. The object of the regulations is to ensure the greatest possible freedom to the student who is making good use of his opportunities and to terminate at once the bursary of anyone who has shown that he is not equal to the work or that he is not alive to the responsibilities of a bursar. The following points in the new regulations should be carefully noted by all bursars:

(1) Award of the bursary may be made at any time within two and a half years after the qualification has been obtained, but bursars should not apply till they are ready to attend the University. Sec 5 (a).

(2) A bursary may be postponed or suspended for one year, but no longer.

(4) The bursary may be held for three years, with a possible extension to a fourth year, but this period includes the years during which the holder has had the advantages of free university education under any other scholarship or studentship.

(4) The bursary may be used for only one university course and, without the consent of the Professorial Board, no bursar will be allowed to change his course from one university degree to another.

(5) Every bursar must—

(a) Within three months of the award of the bursary enter a university college;

(b) in each year attend the lectures of his course and make satisfactory progress therein;

(c) in each year pass the university examinations in the minimum number of subjects required for a section in his course; provided that he shall not lose the bursary for failure to comply with (b) and (c) if the Professorial Board certifies that the failure was due to illness or other sufficient cause.

Note for Bursars.—Under the old regulations the student kept his bursary unless the Board recommended its termination; under the new regulations failure in work automatically terminates the bursary unless the Board reports against termination.

GRADUALLY, as the years have passed, as the links which bound one to the school have gradually been severed, that title—interesting fossil of a superseded slang—has gained increasingly numerous associations. The row of “Spikes” on the bookshelves has now become the storehouse of a thousand memories—it enshrines for ever the idiosyncrasies of all those Gilbertian College figures, it has immortalised a hundred priceless tit-bits of College scandal; it has recorded—not unkindly—one’s splutterings at debates or one’s efforts on the football field. And if one has become exceeding patriotic, one has certainly delved into older “Spikes” or into “The Old Clay Patch,” one has lollied to the lilt of Seaford Mackenzie and S. Eichelbaum, one has chuckled over May Joyce’s caricatures and Harold Miller’s accompanying verses, one has read with appreciation the early victory of Eileen Duggan, one has gloved to read the defiant, courageous editorials of the giants of years ago.

Yet one fears that with the growth of our College there has come a very real danger that “Spike” may lose the prestige it naturally enjoyed in an institution of closer contacts and less diverse interests. Young students, yours is the task of supporting your magazine, to you has been entrusted the charge of a richly-dowered heirloom—no less. Without your literary and financial aid “Spike” must become merely a dull official publication draining the resources of the Association. Better complete extinction than that fate! October will see the publication of the last bi-annual “Spike.” Students, a long line of predecessors look to you expectantly. Your future life beechees you, implores some memento of your College days. The Past and the Future, fail them not!

REMARKS WE DO NOT EXPECT TO HEAR IN 1940.

Mr. Elliott: I am extremely pleased to be able to state that the examination papers of this year’s Latin I exceed in brilliance any which it has ever been my good fortune to read. I can only compliment you most sincerely on a remarkable display of erudition.

H. R. Bannister: I have no views on the matter at all.

Sheila Marshall: Sunsets bore me.

Wyame Mason: Of course she didn’t know who I was.

Prof. Mackenzie: You will not find it in Jooones.

G. Crossley: On that occasion I made a mistake.

R. J. Beardon: I think that history will blame this generation for the neglect it has accorded to that truly great woman, Dr. Marie Stopes.

Aileen Davidson: Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—

Ilona Levy: I am so fond of Mr. Librarian Miller.

W. P. Rolings: Come and have a drink.

J. L. Macauff: No thanks.

Mary Line: I’m not interested in bargains.

M. Risker: The Collection to-night is in aid of the Foreign Mission.

Nancy Galpin: Words fail me.

Lew Williams: How indelicate!

Dorothy Spence-Sales: After all, I am only a weak, frail defenseless woman.
To Pr. F. R.B. TS.N.

Dear Sir,
We regret
That untimely upset
Which appeared on your innocent ceiling,
We admit we have erred,
So don't think it occurred
Through a fit of malicious ill-feeling.
We were very remiss,
But it happened like this;
A consignment of lively Crustacea
Had arrived on that day
From the sea—Island Bay—
All rattling about in a case, sir.
Before we could pass
Them on to our class
We found it essential to slaughter
These crayfish marine
In an oblong tureen
Of formal diluted with water.
Our action was rash—
There's a terrible splash
When crayfish are placed in a mixture
As repugnant as that
Which we poured in the vat,
Though of course once they're in they're a fixture.
They could only deplore
The chance to explore
Their misty Crustacean future
On the final death three
They expose, as you know,
The Thoracic abdominal suture.
Their struggles were vain,
Though we hope without pain,
But each splashed with so boisterous a claw
That he managed to spill
Rather more than a Gill
Of formalin on to the floor.
So we hope you're not peevish,
Or even aggrieved,
But if you're still feeling that way, Sir,
Just remember that you
Are not innocent too,
A fact which you prove every day, Sir.
For the times that we've been
Overwhelmed with chlorine
Are really too countless to mention;
I'm sure you'll confess
That the gas H2S
May involve most severe mental tension.
So if the cap fits
We'd better cry quits,
And each do our utmost to muzzle
The horrible smells
Our profession impels,
Though how we'll succeed is a puzzle.
—Colonel.

Birds of Paradise Lost.

I am no hot gospeller but I threaten to become one under the smart of the latest injury done to fellow inmates of this institution.

At 5 p.m. on the 13th day of August, 1930, some ight was y-—pinning notices and other sheets extolling the Law Dance to be held on the 30th day of August, 1930, which notices had been duly intituled as provided for by XIII. Eliz., Cap. 5, subsection 3H of "Instructions"—Pinnors up of Notices for the use of"

These notices were of a rare beauty and power and their message found favour with such as pressed around the better to see; among these pressers was myself, but suddenly there was a cracking of fingers and I slunk away.

I was passing later when lo! the notice board had resumed its usual state of decorous imbecility—some thief in the night had snatched those glorious notices. It seems that at last V.U.C. is developing something new, but I could wish that she had developed less noxiously. We have pests who deface walls and things in schools and other public places, pinchers of magazines from libraries, nay, even Plank's Potted Platitudes are not free from the filthy imaginings of Prurient Peters—but the doings of this Hategood stamp him as the king of antisocial pests.

This scullion, in his selfish desire to gloat over those unexpurgated works of art in the sly security of his den, has not dared to complete his full purpose when fellow inmates are around—the amoeba must sneak to the board while others are sent about their business, and bear off his fearful joys unseen.

By so doing he has delivered himself into the hands of Authority—the fiat has gone forth that none may dare hop, skip, jump, loiter or even walk in or around the corridors of this institution or any part thereof except at stated times.

This Edict has been defied, and loyal observers of the aforesaid Edict have a right to demand that the offender shall be punished for his contumelious conduct.

I admit that—
"Man like a pebble on a glacier moves imperceptibly but always down"* but the cheap skate has slid too far and should pay the penalty.

Let him take heed—Authority has been flattened, and what is even worse, inmates have suffered an injury from a quarter least expected.

However I am certain no purchaser of "Smad" could be guilty of such pusillanimous conduct, so I would urge it on the Students' Association and the Professorial Board that they should wage a holy war on this Philistine and devise some suitable form of punishment for him—perhaps they might suggest that he use his snuffling talents to provide crackers for the next Professorial Guy Fawkes Party.

* See also "Plank on Pinspicking".

** Ask A.B.C. if this was written by Shakespeare.

—Ajax.

* * *

Very few weeks remain before the commencement of examinations. The first week of November will see hundreds of unfortunates more or less crammed with more or less useful information doing their best to impart that information to mysterious examiners. Doubtless we shall see the usual batch of blunders on the part of the officials who conduct examinations. Of a certainty there will be numbers who obtain their pass only after resort to a recant. Courage—better times are coming—or so we are told. Until then, good luck to all of us—we need it.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. Whitcombe has consented to record his laugh for H.M.V.
Prince Charming Contest.

We are pleased to announce the result of this enthralling contest. First place was gained by that paragon of good breeding, Prince Henry, who will be crowned King Henry IX., with due matrimonial honours, some time or other.

In compliance with the precedent set by the First Schedule of the Stud. Ass. Constitution, only the winner's voting will be published. One Mickey Myer's Prize........... 10 votes (As Law Students only are eligible, this was unavoidably given to Henry.) Sixty-three banned posters........... 2520 votes (The Prince's brother in arms, My Lord Plank, contributed these.) Nineteen punts College Spirit........... 850 votes (Supplied in a hogshead marked J. L. MacD.)

Total .................................. 3380 votes

We regret the absence of cash votes. But lawyers are notoriously tight.

Bardell v. Pickwick is as nothing to "Smad" v. Executive. See "Spike." New books include "How to Diet for a Degree." The author is Sheila Marshall.

For Brooks may come and Brooks may go, but WE BROOKS go on forever.

The Last Bi-Annual "Spike." Copies must eventually command fabulous prices. Secure yours early and avoid disappointment.

We acknowledge the N.U.S. Handbook. Although we agree with the Union in principle, we suggest that if there were fewer irons in the fire some of them might grow warm. At present we cannot see the fire for the irons.

Our heartiest congratulations to Anthea Hefford and to Audrey Blacklock on their being selected to represent Wellington in the "K" Cup. Also to Doug. Mackay on his play during Wellington's recent successful Rugby tour.

"The Misses McKee and Miss King, V.U.C. students, are on a geographical exploration of the Wairarapa." (Wairarapa daily.) Another example of metamorphosis.

Things that could not have been better expressed:—A student, when asked by Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jun., to address the Chair: "Mr. Chairman, you're an asa." Why doesn't someone give that fellow Hefford a decent pipe. There are limits.

We beg to announce that, contrary to all rumours, Mr. A. Eaton Hurley is NOT engaged. Courage, Girls.
Our Interjectors.

The quality of interjections at our debates is apt to vary very considerably. For instance, the remarks (or interjects) of the gentleman who vociferates "Hear! Hear!" at indiscriminate intervals tend to monotony. It is all very well for Mr. Mountjoy when he says "that the past is not only inherent in, but, indeed, is the very spirit and life-blood of the future to which we of the present are directing our efforts," but the idea of detonating "Hear! Hear!" by him accepts it—but we feel that the same remark as applied to Mr. Hurley's statement that "the number of beds supplied to the poor by the Salvation Army in 1924 was 8,883,536"—is lacking in sincerity. Another interjection which has lost its first fine rapture is the inquiry, Who is this Mr. Coates? Who is this George Bernard Shaw? For one thing, who are the speaker at attempt to give the interjectors any useful biographical details concerning Mr. Coates or Mr. Shaw, he would probably be told to address his remarks to the chairman. What the procedure is in such a case seems doubtful. It would possibly run like this:

Speaker: Mr. Shaw is a Fabian Socialist. Mr. Chairman, a playwright, notelist, economist, theologian and journalist-critic. He was born in . . . etc.

Chairman: "I have to inform the interjector, on behalf of the speaker, that Mr. Shaw is a Fabian Socialist, a playwright . . . etc."

Interjector: "Thank you, Mr. Chairman" (possibly). I know such a situation doesn't take place, but how else can a speaker have a chat with his hecklers while being told to address the chair? Another disadvantage of this form of interjection is the amount of information it expects the speaker to display. It is tantamount to a demand that a debater should know something. Suppose our Mr. Bannister were to quote Dewey and some indiscreet interjector were to request for information as to who Mr. Dewey is. The situation is unthinkable.

Still more interesting are the reactions of the speakers, orators, debaters or mud-slingers to heckling. Mr. Mountjoy pursues his majestic course, solemnly countenancing remarks like these on him. "Such a policy, if once adopted, would affect not only the moral and mental susceptibilities of the nation, but would cripple the very—" suitable pause for questions, cat-calls, applause and groans—"noblest of our thought and actions." Hecklers may shout themselves hoarse, but Mr. Mountjoy's punctuation is shattered never. He deftly works his way through a net of brackets, semi-colons and exclamation marks to a goal where the hecklers cease from heckling and the jeers jier no more. Mr. Crosley and Mr. Bishop, on the other hand, revel in interjectors, while Miss Davidson gives one the impression that she would be glad to chat to friends in the audience all night. Most debaters, however, regard the interjector as a necessary evil and are glad not to encourage him. If Miss Forde is sketching for us the relations between biology and education, does she want to be requested by a bored voice to "tell us the one about the judge and the three milliners?" If Mr. Riske is telling us just where Mr. Reardon goes wrong in relation to religion (or vice versa), is he pleased by a pleading attempt at a rude joke to Mr. Reardon (or Mr. Riske)? If Mr. Hurley has risen on a crest of oratory to "Why should such an abuse be allowed in a civilised country?" does he really like to hear a brightly intelligent request, "I'll be the mug. Why?" I submit, no. He curses the interjector to himself and tries to recollect whether he is on page three or four of his notes.

Nevertheless, the common or garden heckler serves a useful purpose. Only those who suffered in silent agony during the interminable hours of the Joyce Scholl can realise to what debating may sink without intelligent interjecting. It was a truly terrible experience, and one which no one would willingly undergo twice.

MASQUERADE.

Lured by the gaudy posters which for months past had been blasting the minds of aesthetically-minded students, we wandered into the Haeremi Club Fancy Dress Ball. Inside we were greeted by the usual crowd of sedate revellers. What we had been led to believe was to be a Babylonian orgy was strangely enough merely a Fancy Dress Ball. Comus's band of revelers may have been more Bacchantean, but certainly not more varied. They ranged from a towering Mephistopheles, who wound his serpentine way around the hall, to a hairy Baby Bliss of the football type.

We noticed many of our guests in unaccustomed guise. Our sedeate President, with an English imported shirt, fell very easily for the charms of a dark Spanish Signorita. Valda Wilson and her friend the Cook risked the dangerous balcony—for a breath of fresh air. Prance Plop, fresh from her conquests in Roving and Property, pierreotted gracefully. Aileen Davidson was there as a species of dream. Mr. Dowling had a corner in oil. Harry Reed presented himself as one of Epstein's less orthodox conceptions. By the way, is it true that Harry is in love? A bespectacled Red Shadow added a romantic touch, which we believe was appreciated in certain quarters. Finally, Mr. East was just too sweet.

* * *

It was something of a change—certainly a very pleasant change—to find a member of the College Staff with his wife acting as hosts at the recent Law Faculty Dance. We have often thought it a matter for regret that the members of the College Staff take such little part in the social life of the College. After all, if the students were given the opportunity of meeting their teachers in some more pleasant atmosphere than that of the class room a little would be done to bridge that gap in thought and ideals that at present exists in our educational system.

* * *

"PROBLEMS WHICH CONFRONT PARENTS."

No. 1: "The Boy—Knowing, Understanding, and Influencing Him." Speaker, Mr. A. E. Campbell, M.A., Dip., Ed. (Assistant Lecturer in Education, Victoria University College).—Adv., "Evening Post." A good idea, letting the boy give his own point of view.

* * *

Joan Anderson is said to be enjoying her science course. So stimulating these days.

* * *

Mr. Maskell—Let not the Lamprey come between You.
THE 5TH TEST.

Towards the end of the last term the Chemistry-Biology Department played the Physics-Mathematics-Geology Department at football. This is an annual fixture organised by the Science Society, and creates a great deal of interest each year.

The first match was held in 1928 and resulted in a win for Chemistry, but last year Physics won, and so all was excitement this year. As usual, Mr. Monro played the incidental music. He was tastily attired in a cream jumper (too small) and cream pants (too short), and tramping boots. The line umpires were Miss Gibbs on one side, and Miss Galpin, assisted by Roger Marshall and numerous other small boys on the other side. The side lines were charmingly decorated with all the ladies taking the Science course. They made a pleasant (talkie) picture.

On somebody winning the toss somebody else kicked off. Physics made a determined opening and had Chemistry pressed. However, Chem. soon asserted themselves and finally won. It was unfortunate for Physics that this game was played just before 'Varsity had their memorable encounter with Wellington, and Arch. Irwin was doing his utmost to get fit. This versatile little chap played in both backs and forwards and it was mostly due to his efforts that Chem. won. He was sometimes assisted by Earle Reid, whose long legs proved useful. Caughley, at full-back and elsewhere, played the best game of his career—he has played once before. In the forwards, Buck Steele played with one boot on and one off at wing-forward, and came in for a lot of barrack from the crowd, who would yell, "Off-side, Porter!" But after the game the small boys mobbed him for his autograph.

For Physics, the outstanding back was "Brownie" (Mr. Peddie), who made many spirited dashes up the side line in his nice little chocolate jersey. He did useful work throwing the ball in at line-outs. Falloon proved himself exceptionally fit—he kept up a running conversation throughout. Lambert played about centre three-quarter. He looked too dangerous to knock him down, but made his nose bleed. Heford and McGavin played really good games in the forwards, but they introduced some foul tactics in the scrums, and appealing only made Mr. Monro laugh harder. The Chem. forwards could never catch the little blighters to retaliate. They quite outwaited the opposing hookers, who, however, did get the ball once, but then it shot out so unexpectedly that Toney Keys (the Chemical equivalent of Corner) let it go through his legs and Physics scored. There were several other players on both sides. One of the features of the game was the nice goal-kicking of the Chemistry team—Irwin, Reid, Buck Steele (still with his boot off) and even Sykes kicked goals—they were all just in front of the posts, but still.

When Chemistry had scored about 28 and Physics about 14, Mr. Monro said he was tired, so everybody had afternoon tea and returned to 'Varsity, to refight their fights, rescue their tries, and re-kick their goals over their beakers, galvanometers and microscopes.

Note: We want somebody to present a cup for this contest.

—P. H. L.

THE EXEC.'S NIGHT OUT

"Much disturbance was created in the Gods throughout the evening."—"Evening Post."

Read, my friends, the awful plight of some of our students one Sunday night. On the tenth day of August, upstairs in Saint James, sat some of our number—you'll all know their names. There were Mountjoy and Rollings and Miss Cathie Forde, together with others, and they had a little chat over tea by the friendly C.U., where at tea they'd been feted—were naturally feeling unduly elated. The Band of the Tramways, about to commence, was surveying the audience, aesthetic and tense. The Conductor appeared, bent his baton to seize—when Rollings called lastly, "All tickets, please!" The lights went up and all could see the lawless debaters of V.U.C. Cathie and Rollings were caught by surprise working their way through steaming hot pies. While Joseph was munching with rapturous joy fresh roasted peanuts and red savaloy. Things moved quickly, it's since been said—Rollings, the quickest, going out on his head. Cathie went quietly, avoiding the rush. She had eaten the meat and was then on the crust.) Mountjoy attempted an earnest appeal—was led to the spirit—went down even keel. And then Miss West-Watson, from Canterbury College, attempted resistance without expert knowledge—merely because she was not known in town—caught and passed Joey, not half the way down. Out on the kerb saw the end of it act one, which was only, we find, the mere start of the fun. Act two, at the Ritz, was presented, we hear, and what happened there we shall tell you next year.

THE NEW WOMAN

With the triumphs of Amy Johnson and Janet Gaynor fresh in our minds, we felt that there must be in our midst many roses not born to blush unseen. We decided that the policy of this paper must be to give that publicity to our notable women which is accorded to the giantesses of the air and the silver screen. Therefore we make no apology in recording these interviews, at the same time offering our thanks to those who have unwittingly consented to be interviewed.

No. 1—MISS ILMA LEVY: Or "O.D.T.A.A."

"No, I only like about five people altogether up here. Why? Oh, the rest are such a wretched lot. No, I don't like any of the men at all. Oh, perhaps there are two or three exceptions. No, I certainly do not like Mr. Reardon. I did once, but a strange dislike has been growing during the last few weeks. I'm beginning to know him better. I don't care if Dorothy Roberts does like Mr. Reardon. One woman's meat may be another woman's poison. Mr. Plank? Oh, I don't think about him at all. Why don't I like Mr. Miller? Ask Mr. Miller. No, I don't like having to write about the women students in 'Spyke' and 'Smad,' but someone has to do it, and people shouldn't be so sensitive about things like that. No, I'm not insensitive—except perhaps sometimes. It depends upon the people concerned. But you're not to say anything like that about me in 'Smad.' I take long steps when I walk because I find I arrive there much earlier in this way. I call that the "Jumbo System of logic. I once took Logic. Anyway, Mr. Reardon trots about just like a spaniel, and I think that's a far worse mode of progress. I must really go. I'm feeling so tired, and, besides, I want to talk to..."
someone else. Oh, yes, it is true about the day I entered for the examinations. They handed me ten shillings and sixpence change and I said I thought I'd better take another subject as well. I don't think that's a scrap funny. Besides, Helen was far worse than I. She took her 10/6 and spent it. Oh, well, I'm going now. Good-bye."

Among those who have promised us interviews next year are Julia Dunn, Dorothy Spence-Sales and Sheila Marshall.

Margaret Gibbs.—Sorry we have nothing to tell you about this interesting young lady this month. But she is sure to do something worth recording during the holidays.

A distinguished member of the Staff, giving evidence before the Education Commission: "I am, as you are probably aware, Vice-Chancellor of the New Zealand University."

A really good musical monologue could be made out of this, entitled "The Horn of the Hunter is Heard on the Hill."

The Editor, "Smad."

Dear Sir,—The following Students' Association activities are recorded:

(1) The College Council have declined to permit the raising of the Students' Association levy at present.

(2) Permission has been granted for the use by the College of Electors of the Council room.

(3) The Professorial Board declined to permit student representation on that Board when the Rhodes Scholarship nominations were being considered.

(4) The Professorial Board has been requested to revive the welcome to new students which has not been held for some years.

(5) Permission has been granted, subject to certain conditions, for the furniture from the men's common room to be used on the occasion of big dances.

(6) The Executive have recommended to the other three colleges that the activities of the N.U.S. should be limited to external activities, and that a new organisation, provisionally called "The New Zealand Students' Association," be formed to govern internal affairs.

(7) The glassing-in of the gymnasium balcony and alterations to the kitchen are under way.

(8) The Executive have decided to issue "blue" certificates for "blues" gained prior to 1929. These may be obtained at a cost of one shilling per certificate, by making written application to the Secretary of the Students' Association, giving sport and date of award.

C. S. PLANK, Hon. Secretary, V.U.C.S.A.

The Editor, "Smad."

Dear Sir.—Your staff displays admirable college spirit in its choice of a coloured cover for the official organ of the Society of Victorian Bean Spillers.

The presence of the scintillating green of the last issue would surely have cheered the feelings of all wild Irishmen, Springboks, American drought sufferers, and loyal students of Wiktoria.

However, I venture to suggest the use of a more sombre shade for the outside wrapper of the next issue. As your fashion critic must know, black is to be the favourite spring colour for Westport coal, dark nights, boot polish and police vans.

We have had a Black Budget. Why not a Black "Smad"?

My chief reason, however, for suggesting the use of this shade is, Mr. Editor, that then, and only then, would the paper look remarkably like the so-called notebooks in which students make sketches or write limericks during lecture hours.

At the present time, many of our more virtuous fellows say that even now the sight of green peas serves but to remind them of the irate glances of distracted lecturers during the hours that immediately followed the appearance of the last "Smad."

However, if the suggestion made above is considered, these conscience-stricken individuals could then read their copies in peace instead of furiously endeavouring to hide that disturbing green from the eyes of the professors, of which statistics unfortunately prove, that 4 per cent. only suffer from red-green blindness.

With fervent hopes of seeing the next number tastefully shrouded in black crepe and containing a souvenir photo of the Black Abbot and a free gift packet of black-balls—I am, etc.

"THE MAN IN THE SEAT."

"Spike" spares neither men, women, or children.

The Great Law Case in "Spike!" Witnesses faint beneath the gruelling cross-examination of Professor Cornish. Dish cloths are hurled across the Court. Lord McNaught is more abstruse than usual. Professor Kirk breaks down. Dozens of witnesses. A final scene of indescribable ruin.
FREEDISCUSSIONSCLUB.

Recently the FreeDiscussionsClubmethtear
MissDorothySpence-Salesopenthediscussionon
thequestionof"Canawomanbeagenius?"
Accompaniedbytwo skulls the young lady
opened the discussion, stated her object, and gave
the answerintheaffirmative. Rows of earnest girls
smiled at the few examples of mere man who faced
the storm. Then we learnt that women did not live
up to the angelic ideals credited to them by men;
in fact, they played with them. Men’s coarser signs
of superiority received their need of attention.
Women have less intelligence outside the ordinary
routine—the pale, wan superiors here showed signs
of cheering up, but were soon consigned to titanic
gloom. A graph proved an event. It showed that
there were far more men geniuses than women.
Similarly there were more men idiots. "They are
usually married," a Philistine was heard to murmur.
Women can’t play the piano, or paint pictures; but
some have written novels.

The young lady at the conclusion stood prepared
for the assaults of the lords and masters. Mr.
Niles agreed with everything the speaker had said.
Mr. Barwell agreed with everything the speaker had
said. As for Mr. Keardon, he just sat "glum and dumb and undismayed."

Dropping our tone of gentle levity, may we add
our measure of praise. Surely the shade of
Hypatia must have had a double reason for smiling
upon such a召roachment. More lectures of this type and more
outside visitors to hear them, and this University
would earn a name for intellectual achievement of
which it would have good reason to be proud.
—P.B.E.

HUI MARAE CLUB.

What’s in a name? Certainly there ought to
be sufficient in the name of Hui Marae to arouse
even the most apathetically resigned woman
student to activity. The Women’s Club having died
a natural death, the Hui Marae, armed with noble
ideals and fired with terrific energy, has valiantly
stepped into the breach.

Though yet in its tender infancy, it soon hopes
to have every woman student of this College as an
active member. Women, protect your own property,
fight for your rights, right your wrongs, and join
the Hui Marae Club! The time has now come when
exertion is necessary, and when an intelligent
interest ought to be shown by the women at the
Annual General Meetings. The aim of the Club is
to make itself felt and heard throughout the life
of the College, and this noble aim can only be
achieved by the united strength of the vast number
of women students.

The third term means for all of us nothing but
nerve-racking, endless examinations, so the social
activities of the Club for the remaining year will
be somewhat limited.

The Club wishes to point out that the women of
the College are suffering under a gross injustice
of which the large majority of them are entirely
ignorant. In the forthcoming College of Electors the
women will have three (3) votes and the men a
mere thirty-one (31) votes. This, of course, means
that the women on next year’s Executive will be
placed there by the men of the College. This state
of affairs is preposterous, and the Hui Marae Club
intends to wield the banner of "Women’s Franchise."
If the Club increases its membership the Students’ Association has promised it an extra
vote. We thank them for their generosity, but at
the same time we wonder whether a minority of
four (4) is really more desirable than a minority
of three (3).

Thus, blazing with righteous wrath and burning
with divine energy, we proudly sign ourselves,

—The Hui Marae Club.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the 15th August, "The Society for the Pre-
vention of Fellowship and Mental Culture" (to quote
from the prospectus) was occupied in discussing
the motion that the organised Christian Church is
falling into decay. Mr. Riske opened the case for
affirmative, and contrary to expectations took that
mildly correct view of modern Christianity which
we hear from the lips of even the divine. He
heartily applauded the ideals of the early Christian
Church, with its leanings towards Pacifism and
Communism. He deplored the fact that the Church
had gone on its knees to the God of Victories during
the last war. He hoped that the Christian Church
would cease from straying, would teach Pacifism,
and the doctrine that no man should grow wealthy
at the expense of his fellow-men.

Mr. Taylor then rose and opposed the motion.
The Church, he showed, was mathematically sound,
the attendances were not falling off, and produced
a graph in support of his argument. When the curve
rose higher, he told us, the attendances follow. He
proceeded to explain the method employed, but was
stopped by the obscene hilarity of a miserable
section of the audience. We all sympathised with
the speaker, who was so obviously handicapped by
the presence of a large and noisy audience.

Mr. Benge then rose and confessed that it was
some time since he had been to church—in fact, his
last visit had been on the occasion of his Christen-
ing. He said the Church had passed through two
phases—Inspiration and Polish, and was now in the
process of decay. He was all for ethics, and
baulked at mere Church membership.

Mr. Keardon then addressed the meeting for a
prolonged period. He proceeded, in an effort to
ify home life, to take a Continental excursion to
France. France had until recently banned reli-
genion, but now religion had swept back with
increasing force. The speaker, who was talking
caseless and doggedly, appeared to be borne in
on the sweeping tide, but was immediately carried
to sea again bound for foreign parts. The
Christian missions, he said, illustrated the rigorous
life of the Church. What was the heathen for if
he was not to be converted? Mr. Keardon was
cut off short by the elapse of time, and the motion
was thrown open for discussion. Messrs. Powles,
Hurley, Vickers, Bannister, Moore, Scott, Watson,
Gibson also spoke. Mr. Cousins judged the speakers,
and placed them in the following order:—Messrs.
Mountjoy, Powles, Keardon, Bannister, Hurley and Riske.
THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Owing to the fact that the annual stage production of the Dramatic Club was barely a financial success, in order to obtain plays for reading next year, the Club has been forced to hold a Dramatic Entertainment this term. It will be in the College Hall on October 4th, and the price of admission will be one shilling. The plays being produced— not merely readings— are “Suppressed Desires,” “The House with the Twisty Windows,” and Act I. of “The Lilies of the Field.” In the cast of these plays were included some of the Club’s most talented members, and all are people who have not appeared in any of the Club’s productions this year. They include Misses Cooley, Purdie, Murray, Bennett, and Messrs. Priestly, Larkin and Hannah.

This contribution came from the Dramatic Club. May we ask if the above programme was not arranged before the production of “The Lucky One”? If so, why attribute it solely to the fact that “The Lucky One” was “barely a financial success?”—Ed.

WATER BABIES.

With the march of progress the aversion (vide Bacon) to washing all the body at once seems to be dying a slow but natural death. It is not quite dead yet, for swimming at V.U.C. has not received the support one would be lead to expect. However, there has been a revival of the Swimming Club, and good results are to be expected in the near future. Now swimming does not merely take the place of Palmolive in life. The Varsity Club performs many other useful functions. Let us enumerate:

1. Free vitamins—you get these from the sun.
2. Exercise—this is obtained by cleaving the breakers and running up and down afterwards to get dry.
3. That popular brown colour—how much you get of this depends entirely on the size of your costume.
4. Appetite—at the Club picnics you learn to enjoy anything and everything taken with a pinch of sand.
5. Companionship—there are other people in the Club as nice as you are.

For all these good reasons it behoves one to join the Club. You will not drown, and you can get used to the taste of salt water.

—M.B.

NEXT YEAR’S P.M.

We have it on firsthand information that Aileen Davidson’s next Plunket Medal Oratorical effort will be on Polly Moran, the famous American vaudeville comedienne. Miss Davidson is seriously considering the suggestion that she should present her oration in costume. R. J. Reardon is preparing a declamation on the Rev. Howard Elliott, and G. C. Crossley a rant on Graham Crossley. After much deliberation, Cathie Forde has finally decided that her next effort will deal with Sir Benjamin Fuller, or “Chuckers Out I Have Met.”

At the recent Competitions Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Junior, recited “Home, Sweet Home.” Be it ever so joye there’s no place like home.

We hear that Mr. Bishop excelled himself at the Law Club meeting at blowing up balloons. Of course, nothing else but wind was required.
THIS SPORTING MADNESS.

(This letter was received too late for publication under Correspondence. We publish it here because we feel that it deals with a matter of the gravest importance. —Ed.)

The Editor, "Smad."

Dear Sir,—The Executive of the Students' Association might well be termed the Executive of the Sporting Gods. This body may be excused on the ground that sport is the paramount interest of New Zealand. Nothing matters so long as the All Blacks win, tie, or wrangle. Rutherford may do services to humanity which the world will reap the benefit of for all time, but Mr. Porter must not injure his toe or Ala Pasha break his neck. Young New Zealand grows fat and arrogant on a diet of knobby-kneed heroes of the football field and the boxing ring. Our Executive were born to this sort of thing, and they are unable to lose that King Sport mentality which is the topmost peak of their intellect.

That document of delightful mysticism which some Pickwickian soul christened the Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the Students' Association discloses some interesting figures regarding Club grants. It doesn't disclose much else. Under General Levy Account for 1929 and 1930 we find the sum of £515 devoted to our various sporting clubs, whose wonderful deeds have during the past season filled us poor academic souls with admiration. The various social and intellectual clubs were in the same period solaced with the sum of £256.2s. Ed. And here is a University with a motto that Wisdom is More PREFERABLE than Gold—but Sport is more important than either.

Given a fair chance from our husky-voiced and muscular Executive, the various clubs of this College would find ways of expending money to promote real learning and to help foster the true ideals of a University. As it is the Executive is turning the College into a species of Community Club for the cultivation of bone and muscle. I am a voice crying in a wilderness of goal posts, hockey balls, tennis racquets and bone-heads.

Year after year we will see the same types of men and women sport, repeat to office. There will be the same grants. New Zealand will continue to win the Ashes—and have men ordered off the field. And at the end we will still be a country without a tradition, without any literary achievement, without any cultural life. I can imagine a geography of a future age recording New Zealand as follows:—"A small group of Islands in the South Pacific peopled by semi-barbarians, who worship many gods, the chief of whom are named Porter, Nicholls and Cooke. Happily dying out fast."

In our own small sphere the true University Clubs will continue to cry out for aid, but the reply will ever be, "No, the Tennis Club needs £500, the Cricket Club must have bats to bash around at practice, the Football Club has lost six balls and must be succoured."

A glorious prospect. But why not give up this sham of a University and call the place—let us say, "The Paradise of the Oafs and Pools."—I am, etc.,

NON BRADMAN SED BOLKMAN.

H. R. B.—A complaint. Trip.

C-c-r-n.—Two Sonnets. Cambridge (a) Addition (b) Subtraction. Try again.

Prof. R-k-n Br-w.—First instalment of "Varney the Vampire or Goblets of Gore." Oh! No, No, Professor.

Bar-II.—A novel, "This Corpse," Psychological. Based on that line, "A little soul for a little bear. up this corpse which is man." Slightly incoherent.

D. Sp-n-e Sal.-a.—A treatise, "Should A Woman Marry?" Miss Mary Cooley borrowed this from the Editorial Staff and has not returned it in time for publication.

G. Pow-s.—A Land Survey, "Sections I Have Inspected." A little too intimate we are afraid.


C. E. Drum-nd.—Treats us to "Beauty Secrets." Keep them, Cecilia. They're worth having.

L. Wl-m.—"Nurses I Have Met." If you want to amuse the Editorial Staff, keep writing. But the Censor wouldn't give even an A Cert.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Subscriptions to "Smad." 1931, may be paid to the Business Manager, "Smad," Victoria University College, Wellington. The annual subscription—six monthly numbers—is 1/6, and for posted copies 1/9. We would especially urge ex-students and those leaving College this year to subscribe now to ensure delivery next year.

Our advertising policy is to let you know the people who have the best available goods for sale. These firms are thoroughly reliable. Patronise them and mention "Smad."

The next issue of "Smad" appears during April, 1931. Contributions and suggestions may be sent to the Editor, "Smad," Victoria University College, Wellington, from now onwards. We particularly invite letters from ex-students, besides every type of literary effort. Make the Freshman's Number, 1931, a success!

Our colleague, "Spike," appears early in October. Buy your copy promptly or you will miss. It promises to be the best "Spike" for many years.

The Cricket and Swimming Clubs' Committees are sparing themselves no trouble in order to make the last night of the term a memorable one. October 11th will be a great night—roll up in hundreds—finish the term will.

We sold out the August "Smad" in three hours! Several hundred people were disappointed. Avoid this feeling by subscribing for 1931 NOW.

STAFF.

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STUDENTS—GUARD YOUR HEALTH!
Oft in the stilly night e'er Slumber's Chain has bound me,
I browse beside the fireside with Red Band Ale around me.
I think of beers of boyhood years
The kind I used to gloat on
The brands I drank of lower rank
The beer brands now not spoken.
Thus in the stilly night e'er Slumber's Chain has bound me
I browse beside the fireside with Red Band Ale around me.

DRINK RED BAND ALE.

EDITORIAL NOTA BENE:-
BEER is a frightfully serious subject. Take notice of the moral in the above delicate lines. It is from the poem (slightly adapted) of a man named Moore. More beer if you like but let it be RED BAND