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Licensed Shorthand Reporter
of Supreme Court, Melbourne
(formerly Parliamentary and Law
Courts Reporter, N.Y., sub-Editor
"N.Y. Graphic"; Editor-Manager "To
Aroha News").

'Phone 42-274.

21 BRANDON STREET,
(Next D.L.C.—North side),
WELLINGTON.
EHEU! Having overcome the temptation to editorialise on either Phar Lap or the Tournament, we find ourselves confronted with the College Spirit, which, like the peregrine hawk, at this season, is ever with us.

This will never do! So, in self-defence, we are driven to expatiate upon the sportsmanship and aesthetic abstractions dear to collegiate hearts, and feel our choice is a graceful gesture to both the original temptations which we ruthlessly rejected.

Well, here is a subject for everyone, since everyone assumes this attribute as his or her fundamental virtue. Sportsmanship! Is there a word more often used with less understanding of its true significance? What does "Is a sport!" mean? Too often it means "He's a good fellow!" or, occasionally, "Come, forget those scruples!" What does "She's a good sport" mean?

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

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

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

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

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

Does this mean that we think games are not important, after all, in the building of sportsmanlike character? It does not. Would that encouragement and opportunities for our youth both—men and women—to throw themselves heart and soul into vigorous sport were more general! Would also that the spirit of camaraderie and teamwork engendered on the field of sport were carried more zealously into the greater game of all—the game of life?

Then we should always know, when it is said of any man "He plays games" that he is one who would not forsake friend or principle though the heavens fall.

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

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

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

With much glee and unbridled enthusiasm, the student athletes and athletes who lately so gloriously contested for divers trophies and cups and spoons and suchlike culinary utensils, now claim Allah's blessing thrown in to boot. But let it not be imagined that only those are deserving of praise in the Halls of the Mighty. Why, even while in paddock and pond they were engaging the grasshopper and goldfish or chug-chugging down the straight to break the tape in the name of decency—down in the Refectory something stirred!

Did ye not hear it? Sounds like a Bells in a china shop, didn't it? Not far wrong; just a faithful crew of Tailors of the Ten, plucking a Matinee and the nightly Rendezvous provender. Uncannily they tallied up to their elbows in shiniest silver and gold and grime and gruts and pongs that the Tournament might be fed and that the wild cries of hunger from hundreds of yearning throats might be stilled.

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

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

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

There's Helen, Queen of the Seven Seas of Coffee—"You miss the first that launched a thousand cups"—Why not a Divine Cup for her? And Eileen, who used her weight and her brawny strength and routed a horde of hungry brawny invaders of the pantry and drove them helter skelter forth, why not a Policeman's baton for her? And Mary and Evelyn, who washed and dried many cubic yards of cups and plates with very few spoons of lukewarm water and very few square inches of humid teatowel—why not a stately Cup of chaste design for them—no, that would be cruel, something to take their minds off their interminable tasks would be better—how about a Dish running away with a Spoon? Not only was every Rendezvous in the gym handsomely fed like fighting cocks, but these same inspired caterers whose praises are being sung fed the Tournament Bell to such repletion that it is no wonder the dancers waded fat and in the fullness of bread, like Jeshurun, waggled a wicked hoof.

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

"SMAD," SIR?

What will it cost? Nay, hold! A very little. Sir, I will be told. Threesome—Alas!—Horace "Satires."

TOURNAMENTITIS.

Four little Colleges
Think of Tournament
Until one acknowledges
That it is dissolving,
Three little Colleges
Talk of persevering
Till another College is
Showing signs of veering.
Two lone Alma Mater
Said, "Te gods, how sickle
We're the only starters,
What a sorry pickle!"

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

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

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

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

ECHOES OF PRE-TOURNAMENT WEEK.

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

Hugh Williams: "To-morrow's Wednesday, isn't it?"
Doug, Burns: "You mean to-day?"
Hugh (dubbed): "Well, what day are we at, anyway?"

Another example—
Hugh: "Shout for the Basham Shield to-morrow, don't they?"
Doug (always precise): "You mean to-day?"
Ray Reardon (with a grim smile, in his seat at the desk): "The blighters'll be out cleaning their guns in 30 minutes!"

WHOA!

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

AUCKLAND'S AMAZEMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(II) THE FEUD.

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

Well, it happened like this:

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

Glaring as through a glass darkly and muttering with a mutter too utterly utter to utter, he ranged the College envoys, arching his neck and pawing the turf as he varied his step with restless sympathisation from Goose-step to hand-gallop, Rubbish, hubbards—syn and synthetic crawl to match the mood of the moment.

By the ashes of his fore-fathers and fore-mothers he swore a terrible oath to visit sharpest vengeance on the first luckless being to cross his path—he if fish or flesh or form, but who is this frisking and curvetting off the greenwood singing a merry catch? Signor Planca, by golly! And what mean these villainous foils tucked under her spare arm—is it peace, or war to the innards?

Plunging the foils crosswise on the level green in front of the College, she swung into a lissom sword dance, clashing in her clear mezzotint voice have ballots of knighthood chivalry.

Unluckily, Signor Alstono was vehemently cake-walking by just as she was loud-peddling into the thick of a particularly stirring lay. Something in the wild words and wild refrain twanged a bellrose arpeggio in Alstono's rugged bosom: thumping his leg he started up the steps and wrenched an oaken bean from the College portico and clapped it on his shoulder.

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

With that they grabbed the foils with non-skid clutches and stomped into the Common Common-room, loudly invoking their Tutelary Deities while the neutrals and camp followers yelled "Fools for two, coffee and waffles for me!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now then, young man!" admonished Brooke, rushing out for a ladie. Here a point of order arose as to whether she should shin up the ladie and kick him off, or whether he should punce down like a panther on its prey.

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

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

Up the straight they came, neck to neck, thows and shews cracking like whips and safety valves whistling apprehensively!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Swimming.—Miss N. Webber.

Rowing.—F. M. Bell and W. J. Kemp.

Boxing.—J. B. Kent.

Tennis.—Miss C. Longmore.

Basketball.—Miss L. B. Kenner.

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

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

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

EXECUTIVE LETTER.

To the Editor "SMAD."

Dear Sir,—

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

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

2. Mr. E. C. Russell has been appointed Editor of "SMAD" for 1932.

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

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

Yours faithfully,

C. S. PLANK, Vice-President.

THANKS.

On behalf of the Executive of the Students' Association and of the Tournament Committees, it is my privilege to express our thanks to the many friends of the College who so willingly came to our assistance prior to and during Tournament.

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

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

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

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

BENEDICTION.

ANTHEA v. ARTHUR.

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

Hui Marae.

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

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

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

The Committee sincerely thank all members who so admirably assisted with the Tournament catering. Without their co-operation the task would have been too colossal. Keep it up, Girls!
Tournament 1932

Tournament, in retrospect, seems mainly to consist of "might have been". In fact, at one stage Tournament itself seemed as good as gone to be a "might have been." From 18th March onwards students and former students throughout New Zealand were in fear of a postponed Tournament, but fortunately, we can truly say that we have no regrets Tournament was held.

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

In the College itself everybody rose to the occasion splendidly. From the member of the College Council who gave the Packer, a bell, to the youngest fresher who danced a haka on the roof of the Ferry Wharf shed on Good Friday morning to the secretariat of the Union officials, everybody gave of his or her best to make the Tournament a success. The Tournament Delegates, Messrs C. S. Plank (Chairman) and W. S. Harris (Secretary-Treasurer) laboured with unrivalled colour for months before and during Tournament. The Executive, we believe, set up a record for the number and duration of their meetings. However, the credit for running the Tournament is shared by the Delegates with the various Tournament Committees. Miss Helen Dunn and her fellow-workers on the Catering Committee provided the food for all throughout Tournament, and hunger was unknown. Those girls received little satisfaction and, indeed, did not wish it, but we should be generous if we do not proclaim their good work from the rooftops. The Billeting Committee, with Mr. Rollings in charge, and Miss Helen Dunn and Mr. Readson as able henchmen, functioned admirably, and the inevitable fog-laden sheep were shepherded to their respective homes in quick time.

DRIVE

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

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

The hectic ten days prior to Tournament may be summed up as follows: C.U.C. raised the question of abandoning Tournament, O.U. definitely withdrew, but then agreed to allow between the various events, the full Tournament was held. Otago pluckily coming up with a much weakened representation.

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

NUDE GUARD

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

Press photographers fought each other for pride of place, and "the Maoris," led by Whitcombe, pranced up and down and regaled Wellington Harbour dwellers and passengers on the Rangatira with a series of dazed haka renditions of the new haka. The bitterly cold morning could not damp hakaers who pranced around amidst world-beat billetere and billettes and distributors of "lucky packets," chairing Charlie Plank and embracing blushing damsels. Later, at Thornton Station, proceedings were repeated for the enlightenment of the A.U.C. representatives. Congratulations to the Haeremi Club on the best organised haka for years!

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

WELCOME

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

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

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

Much of the smooth running of the Boxing was due to the Boxing Association, who, besides presenting the medal, gave us most generous terms for the use of the ring and equipment, and much assistance in the matter of officiating. Among the deserving of thanks are Mr. A. H. Stewart (referee), E. Perry, A. Cartlyne, E. Woods (judges), G. A. Broad, and T. Mackay (timekeepers) for their splendid help.

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

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

ROWING.

The Rowing, held on the Oriental Bay course, drew a tremendous crowd of supporters, who followed proceedings from the “Janie Seddon” and wharves. The start was somewhat delayed, but shortly after the crews got away, C.U.C., who were rowing a great race, took the lead from both V.U.C. and A.U.C. The two latter could not pull up, and C.U.C. went in a lead of 24 lengths from V.U.C., a light crew, who finished very well. Our crew finished, sadly, third. The wild excitement of the C.U.C. delegates, who had climbed the foremost of the “Janie Seddon,” almost caused them to fall, pennants and all. Funny how excitement affects some chaps, isn’t it? It is said that Hareau, who, were watching proceedings with their customary calm from a crane on the Taranaki Street Wharf, had initiated the policemen with them into the sacred rites of their club.

RENDEZVOUS.

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

On Sunday morning there was the Church Service for students, in the afternoon the drive, and in the evening the “S.C.M.” — a CM. tea — a successful tea in Women’s Common Room. After this all present adjourned to a most successful performance of the morality play, “Eager Heart,” at the Congregational Church.

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

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

BASKETBALL.

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

ATHLETICS.

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

SWIMMING.

The swimming was notable for A.U.C.’s win from C.U.C., although D. H. Symes, C.U.C., won the 100 yards, 229 yards, and 440 yards’ titles, winning a heat of the latter in the N.Z.U. record time of 2min 41 4-5Secs. A.U.C. were fortunate in possessing Misses Thomson and Steele, who, with G. A. Rix-Trott, provided yeoman service towards winning the Shield. Lightburn was added to the proceedings by the antics of the Whitemans, and the splendid diving of the Wellington Diving Troop under the leadership of Mr. John Neuman, and an exhibition swim by Mr. K. Spry provided an interesting interlude.

Miss N. Wehr, the driving force of our team, deserved her N.Z.U. Blue for her magnificent swimming in the 90-25 yards’ Breast-stroke Championship.

TENNIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In addition, it was decided at the same meeting of the Executive, to recommend to the Professorial Board that cars should never be allowed within the College grounds during any dance. This is felt to be the only method of ensuring a practice that may possibly lead to scandal if it is allowed to continue, and it is fully justified by the gravity of the circumstances.

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

For the Executive,

W. P. ROLLINGS, President.
TELENOUS.

Rejoice! After a quarter of a century, Victoria has once again a share in the Tournament Tennis Cup. Congratulations to our own team who, between them, won twelve matches and tied with Canterbury for the Cup. Heartiest congratulations to Mary Line and Clare Longmore on winning the women's doubles and their N.Z.U. Blues, and ultra-beauty ones to Mary on her spot-blue in tennis and basketball. (Please note the effect of a Canterbury diet). The last time Victoria saw the Cup was in 1937, when we won every championship after having held the Cup since 1905. Was this year's effort the result of the new courts or extensive practice on grass at Miramar? We wonder!

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

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

Colonel Heere won from G. Simpson, 11–9.
Professor F. P. Wilson lost to W. Harris, 3–9.
Mr. A. Fair lost to C. S. Plank, 4–9.
Mr. S. Elchelbaum lost to J. L. MacDuff, 7–9.
Colonel Heere and Professor Wilson lost to Plank and Harris, 2–6, 4–6.
Fair and Elchelbaum won from MacDuff and Simpson, 6–4, 6–4, 3–1.

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

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

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

TRAMPING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For future trips watch the Notice Board.

WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM CLUB.

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

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

Women, come and remove the hollowness from your jocks and improve your posture.

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

Never mind, girls! You'll soon be as light as a gosamer!
RIFLE CLUB.

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

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

A perusal of the results of the Haslam Shield is rather interesting. Although Victoria, by receiving the highest aggregate of points, won the Haslam Shield, we managed to win only one of the four practices—the rapid. Otago, by winning the snap and application (306.9½), gained 2 points towards the Tournament Shield. We contributed two points also, which was somewhat disappointing after gaining the aggregate. We were second in the three remaining practices.

The Saturday before Easter was made a "field-day" for new members. The shooting was well above the average, and much enthusiasm was displayed all round. They have turned out well on the last two Saturdays. This augurs well for the Club's future. It remains to be seen whether these first efforts will bear fruit in the coming years. The officers, who are quite disappointed with 25'5 with open sights, older members, freed of Haslam Shield cares, are concentrating on aperture work. The Imperial University's Match is being kept steadily in view.

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB.

"Whatever is, is wrong" is one of the most obvious of all axioms. For if any of our existing institutions was not wrong, it would be perfect. That, as we know, is not in the nature of things. And so it comes about that the critical and destructive impulse is of the utmost importance in a really vital evolving society. It is particularly from the young that the spirit of criticism should come. The old are too weary, and many of them have given their lives to build to question the justice and wisdom of these institutions; the revolutionary impulse must come from the next generation. This is true of any age, but especially in this year of grace are current institutions in question. The world is faced by an economic breakdown so serious that the dour is freely expressed whether civilization itself will survive. Is this simply due to a faulty monetary system? or is it something more vital, the collapse of a whole system of society: Reconstruction is necessary, anyhow. Do we want a society built on the base of an enlightened capitalism, with a stabilized currency and high wages for workers, or something far more radically different, the system of Communism? This is only one of the questions that crowd in on one's calling for immediate answer. What is the position of the Churches in the modern world? Are they simply curious reminders of dying superstitions? Or do they represent the possible source of a great ethical revival of the world? Religion is most emphatically one of the subjects in which a revaluation is essential today. And when the questions assail us, thick and fast, a fierce controversy rages around sex morality. Is Christian marriage morality really right? Can human emotions be bound by any rigid institution? and so on. Internationalism, the need for a censorship, imperialism, state-planning, liberty versus security, and a hundred other questions all need reconsideration in the light of modern thought. The Free Discussions Club is the only club in the College which will give you a chance to get your mind clear on these subjects and to express your own views. Once a fortnight a paper is given in which the subject is opened, and it is then thrown open to general discussion. Come along, then! You will certainly be interested, and you will get something to help you make up your mind about three curiously insistent questions which have caused our epoch to be nicknamed the "Age of Intercracy."

—G.W.

BASKETBALL.

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

We intend meeting a basketball court at the Winter Show Buildings from 8.30 p.m. on Thursdays, so that we may practice on a full-sized ground. All players should come every week, and, if possible, be in time to commence play at 8 o'clock, as we will have to be away at 9 p.m. Any girls having lectures from 7.30 p.m. can join in later.

At Tournament our team beat Canterbury (25-9), and Otago (32-11). Neither of the southern teams looked like winning, although Victoria took some time to settle down in the Canterbury match. At the Auckland game a very even fight took place. It was a touch and go as to which team would shoot a goal at time, and Auckland, after a quick rush, managed to score, winning the match, 27-26.

For the first time Wellington managed to secure N.Z. University Basketball Blues. Mary Line (last gasp-thrown) and Lorne Renner (best delivered) both won their Blues. Both players were outstanding, and well deserved the distinction.

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

HOCKEY CLUB.

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

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

It is hoped that the inter-Varsity Tournament
will be held as usual this year and all members will have an opportunity of rendering practical assistance in the matter of ticketing and the general entertainment of visiting players.

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

CAPPING.

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

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

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

C. S. PLANK, Vice-President.

UNT0 THIS LAST.

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

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

Though the circlot of laurel and hay
Crows the Shield-winner's brow it is true,
Yet the "Last though not Least" has its day,
For it's name's also write in "Who's Who."

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

GENTS, PLEASE!

We understand that Mary Line protested in the Caf. that the "Lady's order" for joints costs the same as a "Gent's order," but was not nearly as substantial. We certainly think her "Double N.Z.1" Blue should entitle her to a "Gent's" helping. Give it a try, Mary!

Correspondence.

MODERN WOMAN REPLIES.

Dear "Smad."

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, etc.,

MAID MILITANT.

THAT ROOM AGAIN!

Dear "Smad."

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, etc.

"SENEX."

OFF WITH 'EM!

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

"The new grip on the doorknobs by the hares—otherwise your fingers may be amputated. Use the handles provided for this purpose."

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