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SMAD

AN ORGAN OF STUDENT OPINION

AT VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

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Wellington. April 17, 1935.

Price: Twopence.

Sometime Plunket Medal Winner Makes Good.

Alfie Knows His Stuff.

"Smad" went to the first ordinary meeting of the Free Discussions Club last Wednesday with sad memories of the club's long-gone glamour, and came away rejoicing. A large gap in Victoria University College life was being filled—the F.D.C. was coming into its own.

With the engrossing subject of "Race Prejudice" before it and the inevitable Mr. Brown in the chair, a rather asymmetrical Mr. Katz beside him, and an enthusiastic assemblage of about sixty, each provided with notepaper, the meeting opened. Mr. Brown explained the new system of discussing—a speaker presents a case for about a half-hour, then the people present divide into groups of eight to ten for further discussion and illumination; the speaker of the evening and the chairman going from group to group, then for the final ten minutes the spokesman of each group asks questions (of the speaker) and the speaker winds up.

To say that the experiment was proved to perfection would be too much, but one felt that the spirit of discussion was more free and that the students were thinking about the subject.

Mr. Katz, with his known methodological skill, divided his thesis into three parts. Firstly he endeavoured to show that there is no justification for a belief in racial superiority, demonstrating this by three contentions: (1) That there is no such thing as a pure race; (2) that even in so far as there is racial differentiation, no hierarchy of relative superiority can be established; (3) that all races are equipotential in intelligence.

Then the speaker gave some of

the rationalisations that are made to justify racial prejudice—physical characteristics, language, clothes, customs, morals—as showing differences upon which one or other race claims superiority.

One was struck by the aptness of illustration used by Mr. Katz. "As blonde as Hitler, as tall as Goebbels, as moral as Goering;" staple-shooting niggers in Alabama; negroes in tramcars; Maori marriage; Livingstone's horror of the white man's paleness, shaking hands with Hindus, a blackboard illustration of some point—all now remain as highlights of the presentation of an intensely practical issue.

Finally, the speaker endeavoured to show the fundamental reasons for racial hatred—that they were economic and cultural—irrational, due to the stereotypes of race prejudice which found emotional release in hatred of one's enemies.

Then the students broke up into some five or six groups and "got going." "Smad" was present in one of these circles—some women and men and a lot of hot air—but doing something—endeavouring to understand the issue and see its practical significance. It was truly heartening. As one great thinker has said, "It doesn't matter where you're going, provided that you go hard."

The ubiquitous Brook made a break in the handying off—think of word—No; well, he did, and with the students reassembled and Mr. Katz just having got under way, the meeting had to close.

Yes; it was a good meeting, and "Smad" hopes that the Club can produce some more like it, for its own sake and for the sake of the College.

Economic Drive To War.

Eric Cook's Vivid Address.

On April 8 an address was delivered by Mr. Eric Cook at the annual meeting of the V.U.C. Anti-War Movement. The formal business was quickly disposed of and the speaker introduced.

In a forceful address, Mr. Cook outlined his interpretation of the development of modern society, which occurred in two phases. The rise of the Modern State began with the decay of the Feudal System in the 14th and 15th centuries, when merchants and moneylenders, the controllers of mercantile capital, increased in status and importance. The Industrial Revolution marked a further stage, when inventions increased the productivity of labour and appalling conditions resulted from the growth of industrial districts. In the 1880's, assisted by the joint-stock system, mercantile capital agglomerated into the modern form of finance capital. Now we have reached the point where units of capital such as Standard Oil and Steel Trust can completely dominate a country like America.

To-day we have the second phase, five great States under the sway of big units of capital are competing for the control of this gradually contracting world.

If these Trusts are to live they must expand. This must bring them first into commercial conflict and, later, war. Mr. Cook said that history moved in great cycles and that we were now rushing down the slope of the eighth. Our only hope was to fly off at a tangent, to abandon this fatal profit-taking system; else we must fall as Rome and Egypt did. The dictators of to-day had rolled the whole life of their nations into one bomb ready to be hurled in the face of the first comer. Yet Hitler and Mussolini, we were told, are but puppets, who feebly foreshadow the terrors that are to come. The present drift is now so rapid that war is inevitable within two years.

The understanding of the present economic drive towards Fascism and war is the A.B.C. of political economy. Every diplomatic movement has its underlying cause, which we must understand if we are to control its effect.

The ruling classes of to-day are dependent upon the brains and technical ability of the intelligentsia. They are therefore prepared to bid high for the brains they want, and they find men ready to prostitute their minds. In Germany anthropologists seriously uphold the Nordic myth which is ridiculed by all experts outside that country. Students must decide whether they are ready to use their abilities to uphold a system which breeds Fascism and war.

Mr Cook was warmly applauded on the conclusion of his address and

Tournament Prospects Improve. Strong But Not Brilliant.

High Hopes in Basketball, Boxing and Tennis.

A general review of the Tournament team as finally selected allows us to be more confident than was at first expected. With the exception of the Swimming team, V.U.C. representatives form a strong though not brilliant combination. The standard of the other Universities is lower than usual in many departments, and we can therefore expect a good bid for victory in basketball, boxing, rowing and tennis.

ROWING.

Bad weather and physical accidents have severely handicapped the eight. The coach was very satisfied with their form some time ago, but a trial run last Sunday was the first time they had been able to get out in the boat for at least ten days. Gibbons is at present nursing his arm; Barnes has a broken rib, and McIntosh has been suffering for some time as a result of teeth extraction. The rest of the crew are very fit, and if these three are in form by Saturday at zero hour (11 a.m.), our boat should be well up with the leaders. Last Sunday, despite a heavy wind, there was plenty of pace and run on the boat.

And they needn't be afraid of rough water after the dramatic run some Sundays ago, when they swamped off Pipitea wharf, forcing the cox to play with the fishes for a few moments and waggle a watery crawl.

Whenever a lusty "Hidap" is heard round Dunedin, run for shelter, as it is the sign of a V.U.C. oarsman working himself up. This is their war cry, bequeathed by a fierce and tireless coach.

BASKETBALL.

The Basketball team has lost two of its probable Tournament representatives in Miss Brose and Miss Graham. This has definitely weakened the team, though the introduction of new blood in Miss Phillips will be of assistance. The team is very keen and is confident that it will give a good account of itself. We are sorry to observe that the Tennis Club have been so reluctant to extend a helping hand to the Basketball Club. Offers of help between clubs should be spontaneous at this stage, and the Tennis Club cannot be said to have taken the broader outlook.

THE SPIKED SHOE.

At first glance we can see but little hope of outstanding success for the athletic team, and there is some foreboding that the magnificent wooden spoon in the little glass

case will become for another year an adornment of Victoria's halls.

It is a youngish team, however, and with Bowie and Eade to make a start for points, may do far better than one might at first expect.

Black ran brilliantly at times last season and will make the half very willing. Holderness as second string in the hurdles should make those races doubly sure. The walks would seem to resolve themselves into an Eade-Birks contest, unless Cabot of Otago returns to form. Tom's advance in this mode of progression has been outstanding. In the distance events Morpeth may pull it off—he has had little racing these last two months, but the tournament may bring his best out.

Our sprinters seem to be of no comparison with other colleges, the inter-faculty meeting being particularly disappointing; but things often happen.

The relay team looks poor, but may do well if there is some more practice in the difficult American method of baton-changing.

TENNIS.

In the men's division, we can expect most success, as all members have had plenty of match experience and are all good on the hard court. Jock McCarthy's return to Tournament will be a big asset, and he should win the event if he reproduces his best form. The doubles also will be good, and both pairs will be hard to beat.

The women are a more or less untried combination, as usual, but both Dorothy Briggs and Stella Phillips are capable of extending the best players and are good on the hard court. Altogether our hopes for the tennis team are high.

SWIMMING.

Swimming will provide a wonderful night's entertainment at Tournament—for Victoria supporters we suggest that beer brings forgetfulness. We hope for the best, but unfortunately we have nothing on which to ground those hopes.

Dirty Work In The Fifties.

Students almost filled A2 on Tuesday night, when Mr Miller addressed them on the overthrow of a Maori King.

How to treat the Maoris in a fatherly and Christian manner appeared to be the chief concern of Mr Whitaker and Mr Fox, two early pioneers. The problem was solved by confiscating their native lands. Naturally the Maoris became annoyed, whereupon the pakeha accused them of invading Auckland. This accusation provided the whites with a satisfactory excuse for confiscating more land, having more wars, and creating more heroes.

Sir George Grey was politely acknowledged to be a great man, but was then subjected to some criticism. It seems likely that he may have been the real villain of the piece.

Cappicade.

"Cappicade" proofs are out!"

"Cappicade" staff are to be highly commended on their efficiency, and their example should serve as a prod to the others in charge of Capping. Five thousand copies will be on sale a week before capping begins. Our reporter has seen some of the proofs, and it was his opinion that at least 10,000 people will try to buy them! Stout work, "Cappicade" editors!

Bob Bradshaw has been doing great work with the sales organisation, too. If you haven't already promised to sell them to your sisters, cousins and aunts, get in touch with Bradshaw immediately. Remember, it will be out on the 20th, so get busy!

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COMING EVENTS.

Wednesday, 17th—

Farewell to Tournament Team
on wharf.

Thursday, 18th to 24th April—

Easter Vacation.

Thursday, 25th—

Anzac Day.

Sunday, 28th—

S.C.M.

Tuesday, 30th—

Commerce Society Annual
Meeting and Lecture.

Wednesday, 1st May—

"Smad" out again.

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Heading South.

Tournament! the word rings like a bell—but much more pleasantly than our heads will in a few days time.

Dunedin—the home of Speights, the greatest benefactor the world has ever known (incidentally they have a University down there too).

Put the 2 together and boil over. The result is what we are looking forward to, an orgy to be remembered throughout the ages. "And what did you do at the great Tourney, Daddy?" "Why, sonny, I don't rightly remember after the first bit."

To-night, ninety Wikitorians—under the command of Delegates Burns and Wild—will join forces with the Auckland contingent and embark on the good ship "Rangitira" for the invasion of Dunedin. The active members number 54, but the "Smad" reporters, haka specialists, oilers, greasers, towel wavers and thirteen beautiful ladies are not to be counted as mere umbrae, for the battle of Bannockburn was won by the camp followers—and our supporters will be expected to go and do likewise.

The delegation carries with it two spoons of intricate and cunning workmanship. Delegates Burns and Wild will probably consume their porridge with them to-morrow morning—we hope for the last time. These spoons are to be handed over to some more deserving brethren, while we prepare for the return of other trophies which have too long been absent from the noble halls of Victoria. That is the aim of our representatives and the hope of those who stay behind.

Tournament week is much besides being a trial of physical prowess, but this is its primary and most important concern. Physical fitness, therefore, comes first, and although any suggestion of diet regulation or special bed-time savours of the College match, these things are not to be dismissed as childish. Concentration is essential to success in every branch of sport, and it is a duty every member owes to his University until the race is run, ten has been counted, or the boat has sunk. There need be no fear that there will not be time for a good time and a full measure of hooleys. Talking of the time for hooleys: neither the boxing nor the swimming champs. are suitable occasions. In recent years both these events have been marred by constant uproar which seriously affected many of the more highly strung competitors, not to mention the vocal chords of the announcers.

For the rest, assuming our representatives are not pushed off the train before the Waitaki River, they will be in the good hands of the people of Otago, who appreciate their University and will probably forgive them if they feed meringues to Bobbie Burns, or come in by the fire escape or on a stretcher the morning after the Tournament Ball. It may rain and it may snow down there (it is almost sure to do one or other), but they will still have a wonderful time and return with many happy memories of Tournament 1935.

On behalf of everybody at V.U.C., we wish the team bon voyage and good luck. May they carry the Green and Gold to victory in many of the coming encounters.

Short Shrift.

(By D. Bunker.)

As the product of a staff of 27 and an ill-assorted batch of independent contributors, the last "Smad" seemed to D. Bunker to be quite the poorest effort yet on record. As when the mountain (in classical times) brought forth "ridiculous mus," so now in these far-from-classical days the greater the array of godfathers and midwives, the feebler the progeny.

It is all very interesting for the McPhersons to wrestle with the Fallas, for Katz to tussle with eMily, for Miller to be mauled by Kabush from the mountains of Nuba. But why then bother with a staff of twenty-seven?

The prosy article on Blazers would give anyone the Blues. "Down Eros" Mars the next column. Further to the right is Prof. Murphy's fairy tale, hot from the first term lectures of 1914. To the left, a notice by funeral directors (day or night service), appropriately handy to the "Smad" staff directory.

Must we leave everything to our Correspondents and Advertisers? Cannot our great and glorious Staff produce something original for a change?

There is only one article in the last issue which seemed to me to be wholly beyond cavil. You will remember it well—it was quite the most distinguished and brilliant contribution, and, though short, was easily the cream of the issue. I refer, of course to the witty, smoothly-flowing commentary of D. Bunker.

these intellectuals

us a pity
they'll have to be shot
the preservation of the group in time of stress depends upon its homogeneity—that's the reason for race prejudice

intellectuals are often such as a compensation for social inability—an emotional drive that finds expression in radicalism and individualism.

yes—the debating society the labour club the free discussions club the anti-war movement—largely the same people—all seeking expression—

they're mostly intellectuals
when war comes
they'll have to be shot

its a pity

—sophus

POME HYPER-POLEMIC.

The uterine cognate of the negroid lass—
Oh ass!

Kabush from Nuba
(Smokier than Cuba
And a spot
By Geography and God forgot)
Is undoubtedly
All-outedly

A dinge
On a bing—
A Tar Baby
(I don't mean maybe)—
An inky squib
By post and pen
By nib and fib
'Gainst what and when.
No acumen—
Just bitumen.

—Punz.

Your Ear, My Lord!

The new Governor-General has arrived. Our contributor Pericles here presents for the assistance of his Excellency a draft Speech of Greeting which may possibly be found suitable as a reply to the Address of Welcome he will receive on arrival.

"Workers of New Zealand and Others.—It is with extreme good pleasure that I set feet upon your shores and hear your words of welcome. It is true, your shores are somewhat heavily mortgaged, but your words of welcome at all events (judging from their volume) are free of charge.

I face you to-day with no little hesitancy and trepidation; for great reports have reached me regarding the unique qualities of my predecessor, many of whose utterances, I am told, have now been inscribed and bound together, to replace the lost volumes of the Sybil of Cumae. I feel it is unhappy chance that places upon me the arduous task of sustaining so high a level in the discharge of the vice-regal duties. But I shall nevertheless meet this obligation to the best of my ability, in the knowledge that I will have your warm co-operation on all public holidays.

I am directed by His Majesty the King to convey to you his hearty greetings at this time and his congratulations on the hardihood with which you have withstood the depression, the 25 per cent. exchange, and the present Government.

It is my great fortune to arrive here in the year of the King's Jubilee. While reluctant to be absent from the United Kingdom at such a time, yet I am extremely happy to be able to represent His Majesty on this great occasion, especially in this most patriotic of his Dominions. It will be my happy duty to be present at this country's celebrations of the reaching of this milestone, which will be another rock on which the foundations of the ship of State are built. I trust your Army, Navy and Air Force will have (if you will forgive the jest) a royal time in these celebrations, just as we know they will at Home. And in passing permit me to say that I know of no happier way in which to combine entertainment within the country with the inculcation of a proper respect abroad.

While I can hardly hope to emulate the last Governor-General in his expert knowledge of farming and pig-culture, nevertheless I hope I shall not fail to show the keenest interest in everything on which the welfare of this country depends. Especially I have it in mind to do all I can to encourage the excellent sport of polo—a pastime extremely suitable for a country in which there are so many Government clerks in sedentary occupations.

Finally, I trust my stay will be as happy for all of us as your politicians, when it is over, will undoubtedly declare it was. I thank you."

—O:—

COMMON ROOM TAXATION.

The Executive wishes to make public to Students the fact that it has agreed to the Council creating a fund from which the cost of repairing wilful damage to Common Room furniture will be drawn. This is being done by retaining 1/- out of each Student's Association fee, to be held in trust, the balance at the end of each year to be refunded to the Association. Persons causing damage to furniture will therefore be spending not only their own but also other students' money.

THE COCKPIT

CAPPICADE.

LOCKER ROOM.

Dear "Smad,"—

May I, through your columns, draw the attention of all students to the proposed **Capping Procession**, which we hope to stage early next month.

At present the Haeremai Club has a scheme afoot which will provide a job for every available student at Victoria College, irrespective of size, sex, sobriety, or social enthusiasms. This club has been laden with the job of organising the procession, but every club in the 'Varsity should endeavour either to enter a stunt of its own or to see that its club is well represented in the general disturbance.

The money available to run this ceremony is small compared with that available to other Colleges, but your help will more than make up for this.

If you have a vehicle, velocipede, V8, or anything from a pram to a tram, which would be available for the procession, or if you have an idea for a stunt, please leave a note in the rack for the secretary, Haeremai Club, or seek him out and pour the thing into his expansive ear.

Keep your eye on the Notice Board for the date of a general meeting to discuss this question and bring along your bright ideas. Come along and hear our scheme and let's have your criticisms.

Let's show the citizens of our fair city that their night school is not so benighted after all.

R. K. KEATING,
Chairman, Haeremai Club.

UNEMPLOYMENT RESEARCH.

Dear "Smad,"

A few weeks ago there was formed in Wellington an Unemployment Research Association, with the object of collecting facts in regard to the many aspects of unemployment and of publishing these facts throughout the country. "For the time being," so runs their statement of aims, "the complicated questions of causes and final remedies must be left. If we can shock the public opinion out of its present state of lethargy, people will then seek the causes and remedies for themselves!"

Since the inaugural meeting the movement has been organised and small committees are being set up to carry out different sections of the investigation. The organisers are mainly graduates, including many well-known V.U.C. graduates, and it is suggested that students with sufficient interest in this vital problem might be anxious to help with some part of the investigations, without becoming actual financial members of the association. Such students may get in touch with the association through me or by letter direct to Mr. A. Blair, assistant honorary secretary, P.O. Box 31, Te Aro, C2.

C. M. P. BROWN

BAKED SPUDS.

Dear "Smad,"—

Please forward to "Complaints Cafeteria Committee" When my meal at the Caf. was placed before me to-night my mind immediately turned to "Journey's End."

Trotter: What, Mason, no baked potatoes?

Mason: No, sir!

Trotter: Well, this dinner with baked potatoes is bad enough, but without baked potatoes, it's bloody awful.

—TROTTER

Dear "Smad,"—

I desire, through your columns, to make a suggestion for the institution of a locker-room in this College.

At the present time there are several dilapidated lockers in an out-of-the-way corner of the Gymnasium. To the privileged lessees of these mystery boxes comes an annual account for the healthy exercise required whenever anything is needed from the lockers. As Mr. Brook presents an impregnable barrier to those who seek to use his sanctuary as a safe-deposit, the student's only alternative is to carry all his goods and chattels home every evening.

I suggest that the room which passes under the name of the "Common Common Room" should be used for housing of lockers. A little energy on somebody's part should easily remove the various spiders, old clothes, dead leaves and religious fanatics who assemble there.

How about it, Stud. Ass.?

In hope,

LOCKLESS.

BRIGHT EYES.

Dear "Smad,"—

I would like to suggest at risk of losing advertisement from theatre proprietors, that a frank review of current films, supplied by students in a few lines, be inserted in "Smad." Suggest that as an inducement the best review of a film each week receive as a prize one free ticket to any Shirley Temple film and the worst review receive two free tickets.

D.G.E.

Dear "Smad,"—

Enjoyed Prof. Murphy's true story. In fact I liked it better this year than I did in 1927

—D.G.E.

[Students should not stay about this place so long as to make the professor's job so difficult!]

REVIEW.

"Nigger Heaven"—Carl van Vechten

An astounding story of negro life in Harlem. A book which is completely sincere and even intense.

It throbs to a wild jungle rhythm moving as an undercurrent through everything. The whole life of the negro is laid bare as if one had lifted a trap-door disclosing a completely new world somewhere below. There is a tremendous range of personality owing to the varying intensity of white infusions. The main characters are ordinary normal people until they fall in love, and then, when their mental equilibrium is disturbed, the negro heritage of emotions is let loose. It drives Lasca Sarto to interesting depths of sensuality which with her is very close to Sadism. There are simpletons, labourers, negro artists, nouveaux riches, and sophists who are incredibly evil. The emotions of the jilted hero of the tale are often stupid but they are never commonplace. Compared with the bulldozers, hootchie-pops, and professional boy-friends, he is a very normal negro indeed. The emotions and feeling of the "Black Room" are warmly purple. The book is forceful and vivid. It is the cry of one who tells of those who are lost in wilderness, where there is no hope and no lasting happiness—a wilderness of prejudice.

R.G.T.

A Capitalist Reflects Upon The Proletariat.

Vain hopes, vain prophecies! They shall not rise

Save in some strange hereafter when we're dead.

Another world, perhaps, beyond the skies

May find them equal with the rest of men.

Of that I wash my hands. But until then

This world stands as it is, not on its head.

Their talk! How wild, fantastic and absurd!

Do all my pains, my savings, count for nought

And leave me reckoned with the common herd

Some other time some other place, maybe

(Who knows?), we may embrace equality—

Just now we're not so dumb as to be caught.

It's clear, I say, that credit must attach

To the achievement of the business man.

It stands to reason all men aren't a match

For brains, intelligence and industry.

I doubt if things would run successfully

In Heaven itself on any other plan.

This "proletariat" they rant about—I vow I see no signs of one to-day.

Some poor there'll always be. You cannot flout

The economic law. Some men will climb

Above the common ruck, but all the time

The rest will plough ineptly through the clay.

This Proletariat they bracket with Their "class war" theory of history—

A curious incomparable myth, Less real and less substantial than the air

That blew through Quixote's windmills when that pair

Of misty venturers were on the spree.

But facts are facts, my friends. We are secure

So long as people sensibly avoid The Communist or Douglas-Credit lure.

Trade moves first up, then downwards, in succession

There'd be no boom if there were no depression.

(We'll have to tell that to the unemployed.)

If we can save the populace from fools

Who spread their evil vapourings abroad;

If we control the colleges and schools

And use that skill in which we're unsurpassed.

Why, then we'll know that we can rest at last

And sleep the sleep that is our just reward.

There is no proletariat to dread, Good friends, we know our strength. They shall not rise

Save in some strange hereafter, when we're dead.

—CATO.

—DO—

High heels, according to Christopher Marlowe, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

Will power—the ability to eat one salted peanut.

Where to go! How to go!

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

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



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



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

Mrs. Whelean
23 Manners Street (next Beggs')

Can Can Canterbury? Cricketers Declare Season Closed.

(From our special correspondent).

From Canterbury College is reported fierce activity in preparation for Tournament. The Stud. Ass. has decreed a levy of 1/- per head to assist the team to reach Dunedin and numerous other projects for raising funds are being exploited.

There is a note of optimism in the College with regard to possibilities at Tournament. In athletics, as usual, C.C.C. will be very hard to beat. There is a plenitude of good runners, and the field events, it seems likely, will be better contested than was expected earlier. Recently, College records were established by Andersen (572, for the 440 hurdles) and Boor (200m. for the 880). Housell broke the N.Z.U. record for the 100m. throw with 172ft. 7ins. and O'Connell and Oldfield are a very strong pair for the 220 and 440 respectively. Boor, who is really good, is a strong hope for the half-mile and mile, and may possibly take both of these titles. As far as present knowledge goes, it looks as if C.C.C. will outgun the Athletic Society this year.

Canterbury's team is rather underdog, but from all accounts the other colleges are weak in this department. The new records were established by the Athletics, but on the whole the outlook is not bright.

The College ought to be training hard, and to be able to assess their chances. It is certain, though, that the College will fight them well, and that they will be in a race.

Change has come to the standard of living. It has been for some time, and it would not be surprising if the C.C.C. lose their standard of living. With Bazaar, the College and Young men competing for the same section of the market, and also the new standard of living.

There is a lot of talk about the College's standard of living. It is a lot of talk, but it is not a lot of money. It is a lot of talk, but it is not a lot of money.

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OTAGO.

One of the most interesting features of the Otago is the fact that the Otago is a very interesting place. It is a very interesting place, and it is a very interesting place.

Oiler Willis.

We have mentioned that Mrs. Willis has the handi-crafting situation well in hand. Although this is a very interesting story, it is a very interesting story.

This is the effect that the Rowing team has managed to muster eight handles for training purposes. The quota at the moment is being kept down to the astonishing low figure of two per day, but it is said that this starvation of our rowing representatives will have the effect of spurring them on in anticipation of "Mine's a long one" from early in the day till far into the night.

Cricketers applied the closure to the season on Saturday last at a Smoke Concert in the Legion Rooms in Victoria Street. Patron Cornish presided over a good attendance of members. Dick Wild, in replying to the toast of the club, reviewed the year's performances in a fatherly sort of way. Once he got going, Umpire Toomath told stories alternately with all other speakers whenever they could not get a word in. He started by calling us "My boys," went on to explain this, uncovered Mac West in the process, and just incidentally referred to cricket. During the evening Jim Blandford was presented with a hat in recognition of his services to the club both on the field and in connection with indoor cricching, and all too modestly replied "Charterist" Arnold, replying to the toast "Our Opponents," referred to a suggestion from the Solicitor-General that we take the hat round, hoping that it would not be taken round so heartily if it was generally understood it was solicited. Over the conclusion we must draw a veil. Suffice it to say that a respectable citizen of Wellington, particularly sustained a barrage of "slogans" with a high officer of the Students' Association led a raid on the remaining refreshments, while the rest overflowed into the Science Society's Jolly-hoop, with what effect may be read elsewhere.

STOP PRESS.

WEIR(D) ELECTION RESULTS.

President—M. J. Mason.
Secretary—R. S. V. Simpson.
Treasurer—E. B. Sandford.
Committee—H. Baker, C. M. P. Brown and R. W. Edgley.

We understand that candidates with names beginning with the lower letters of the alphabet had no chance in the selection of the committee.

FROM THE V.U.C. CALENDAR.

1. "Three crowns, or a canton azure charged with four estoiles argent"—There is a beer.
2. The College provides the necessary teaching for the following B.A. M.A. etc. (page 22).—We always wondered what the professors were up to.
3. Any person so reported, if found guilty of any breach of the regulations, shall be "reprimanded" (Page 11). We should like to hear Professor Rankine Brown and Adamson sing the duet, "Naughty, Naughty."
4. "Students wishing to pay in instalments must interview the Registrar personally" (Page 10). We rather hear those ill-fated men due to others that we could not face.
5. "We like exercises set in Latin verse and such translation and lectures are delivered at intervals" (Page 10). Why not at random?

NOTICE

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

Rationalism Routed.

Both members attended the address by Rev. Brian Kilroy, M.A., to the S.C.M. on Wednesday last. In apologising for the third member, the president, Mr. J. D. Froud, supposed that the same was away looking for the fourth ditto. In replying, Mr. Kilroy congratulated the absentees.

Logical thought is evidently an innate quality possessed by the reverend gentleman, since, despite his assertion that he would present a few ideas as they came to his mind; in reality an extremely concise and well-formulated survey of the significance of the Cross in Christian morality was presented.

Why so Potent.

Mr. Kilroy discussed possible rationalist theories as to the reason for the distinction in religion awarded by Christian society to the Passion. That pity for the sufferer would establish this, suggests that the symbol might better be a cup of hemlock. That fancy was over-powerful in the minds of the saddened disciples is plausible but scarcely watertight. The impressiveness of the Cross is a miracle in itself. The Crucifixion, the symbol of degradation in the contemporary mind, becomes the symbol of triumph. Some potency, some clue (not necessarily rational), is inevitable.

The speaker illustrated how, through the warp and woof of social advancement, runs the red thread of suffering and sacrifice. In the Supreme Example, God offered these for the good of humanity—not a degenerate static, but a vital dynamic!

Pitfalls For The Unwary.

Mr. Callan, K.C., addressed twenty members of the Students' Law Society recently on some of the pitfalls in making wills.

"If you fail to give effect to the wishes of a testator, the consequences are irremedial," said Mr. Callan, when comparing inter vivos transactions with the more serious duty of will-making. Opening a volume of Halsbury's Laws of England, he pointed out that there were 200 pages dealing with rules for the interpretation of wills.

The need for careful description was illustrated by a case where a large sum had been left to the orphanages in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin. In Dunedin it was found that one orphanage was half within the city boundary and half outside. Another case showed what will happen unless every possible contingency is considered. A man by his will forgave a debt, but the person who benefited from the generosity was a person whom the testator had always hated like poison.

Many other questions, including the Family Protection Act, testamentary capacity and undue influence were dealt with in an interesting and entertaining manner.

We are relieved to be able to explain satisfactorily the abnormal development of Mr. Brook's right elbow by the fact that in his spare moments he does a little carpentry.

Said a prominent Socialist: "Mr. Gandhi is no saint. He and the capitalists are tarred with the same brush." We submit, however, that a proper job was made of Gandhi.

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