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SMAD

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

Vol. No. 5. No. 3

MAY, 1934.

(Price 3d.)

COLLEGE ELECTIONS

At 8 p.m. on June 28th. the whole world will be straining in suspense. Foreign correspondents will be waiting, furiously impatient to dispatch their cables; all international notes will be held temporarily in abeyance and situations, crises, armaments, all will be as a mere nothing, when the great news of the V.U.C. Students Association elections breaks on the serried ranks of the world population.

Will the result mean a real war—not the childish playtime our ancestors held between 1914 and 1918; will it mean the disruption of the whole planetary system into caecophonous confusion?

This is for you to decide! Cast aside the Shavian dictum that "he once cast a vote just to see what it felt like" and take an interest in the future of College affairs; consider the candidates carefully and choose in the interests of the whole 'Varsity. You will marvel at their amazing effrontery and be sickened by their staggering hypocrisy, but you will love their appalling hebetude and their nauseating pusillanimity!

Already rumour is picking some starters. Dick

Nankervis may be standing for the Presidency again; previous knowledge of the course may stand him in good stead. He is reported to be in capable hands and is an even-headed horse that will not baulk at the fences. R. C. Bradshaw is another probable candidate who comes along very quietly and steadily, but may need some working up at the last. As Treasurer he has kept his nose very close to the hay and done very good work for the Association.

A. H. (Bonc.) Scotney is a friskier horse who may be a trifle hard on the bit; he is reported to be in excellent health after the vituperations and praise hurled at him in the last "Smad" and has plenty of dash—an excellent horse unless you play bridge with him. There will probably be numerous candidates for the Vice-Presidencies, and it is impossible to pick them at this distance. Doug. Burns may stand for the V.Presidency, and he may stand for the Secretaryship again. At the moment the Treasurership is very open, as neither Bradshaw nor Desborough are intending to stand again.

COMING EVENTS.

- May 30th, Wednesday.—Mr. G. A. Peddie's lecture to Science Society.
- June 1st.—Inter-'Varsity Hockey Tournament.
- June 2nd, Saturday night.—Hockey Dance.
- June 4th, Monday.—Weir House v. Rolleston House, at Christchurch.
- June 8th, Friday.—Debate.
- June 13th, Wednesday.—Mr. L. C. King's lecture to the Science Society.
- June 16th.—Tennis Club's Coster Ball.
- June 23rd.—Plunket Medal Contest.
- June 25th, 26th, and 27th.—Elections for Students' Association.
- July 4th.—Prof. H. B. Kirk's lecture to Science Society.

**SHE WONDERS WHEN YOU'LL ASK HER.
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.**

Smad Has Increased in Size

WILL YOU INCREASE ITS CIRCULATION?

The bigger our circulation the more novelties we can obtain. Every student can help by asking old Wikitorians to subscribe and keep abreast with College affairs. The editors have endeavoured to make one step forward but we want the help of every student, to keep on progressing.

FIND US SUBSCRIBERS and leave a note for the BUSINESS MANAGER.—9d. for the rest of the year.

THE S. C. M. HAS

(Continued on next page)

"S. M. A. D."

Editor : C. M. P. Brown.

Sub-Editors : R. S. Odell, J. Aimers.

Sports Sub-Editor : J. White.

Reporters : Miss Gwenda Norman-Jones, K.

Tahiwi, H. O. Wansborough.

Business : R. Bradshaw and L. O. Desborough.

What Smad Hears

We congratulate PROFESSOR CORNISH on his appointment to the position of Solicitor-General ; we all regret that we are losing the benefit of his professorial services, but we know that he will keep up his keen interest in College activities, including "SMAD."

Congratulations are certainly due to all those who were chiefly responsible for the enormous success that Cappcade turned out,

REDMOND PHILLIPS for his two plays and his Medea impersonation,

P. J. SMITH for his "Sheba,"

W. J. MOUNTJOY, DOROTHEA TOSSMAN, DON PRIESTLEY, the hard-worked producers,

DON STEELE, CEDRIC WRIGHT, the stage managers,

CARL WATSON; for that Capping Book.

Two more engagements have been announced in the Varsity world, JOY ST. JOHN and TOM BIRKES. Also MARY LINE and KEITH GAVIN. Mary is leaving shortly to join him in England.

TONY CHORLTON and IAN MILNER are setting off on a debating crusade of America. Tony has forsaken the pun as a precautionary measure, fearful lest this more virile nation should "put him on the spot" for perpetrating such atrocities.

Rolleston He-Men once went hairy, and now Weir stalwarts are adopting the strong silent technique of misogynation. The result of this deadly feud will be a fight to the death at Christchurch on June 4th. A football will be in attendance.

The Blues Committee has been selected as follows :—

R. NANKERVIS (Chairman)

MISS J. DUNN

H. R. C. WILD

C. B. ALLEN

D. BURNS

T. G. HISLOP

The Fencing Club still flutters on Monday evenings. The lunges the parrys, the disengaging, "en garde en sixte," the repostes, have a flavour of their own, mixed with gym-dust and lost fragments from the men's ballet.

**THE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE
WAS THE BIGGEST AND BRIGHTEST IN 1932.**

Ban-(g)

You may state a theme emphatic,

In a juvenile ecstatic,

Or repeat the saws of Professorial chatter.

You may chime a prosy chorus,

Of the Platitudes that bore us,

You may fret about the things that never matter.

You may squander all your reason,

You may wander—out of season,

On cauliflowers, or melons, or a dahlia.

You may e'en approve the antics

Of the Russian Corybantics,

And believe that cash and credit's all a failure.

But what e'er your fleshly moulding

There's a journalistic scolding,

If your mind should turn to anything that's serious.

Should an elemental pringle

Set your backbone all a-tingle,

That you crush and quite discount it is imperious.

And tho' rites Evangelistic

Sate your urges Atavistic

You must shun them though it makes life melancholy.

For the Gods have all decreed

That there is no crying need

To examine what is **HOT** and what is **HOLY**.

—BAYARD.

Corpus Juris

"Smad" spent a charming five minutes interviewing Miss Geraldine Gallagher, the bright, young secretary of the Law Faculty Club.

"About this thesis and a prize of two guineas," we began, "we trust you have approached the Attorney-General to act as judge?"

"As he would undoubtedly refer it to a Royal Commission, we have approached an authority instead, and Mr. Claude Weston, K.C., has kindly consented to judge." Miss Gallagher was particularly bright that evening!

"And the subject? Untwisted teaching, or some remarks on legal education, we suppose?"

But Miss Gallagher became as evasive as the Welfare League.

"It may be on any subject taken from any branch of law, the length is to be 2,000 words (Smad here sympathised with Mr. Weston), and only law students taking lectures are eligible. If you require further information, see the notice board or kom ahp und see me sum tahme!"

STAGED DANCES IN THE

(Continued on next page)

Farrago Explains the Melbourne Embroglio

Academic Freedom in Australia

Mention was made in our last issue to the banning of "Farrago." In reply to an enquiry by "Smad," the present editors of "Farrago" explain that the paper was not banned, but that the editors of the number which caused the offence were dismissed.

THE "FARRAGO" INCIDENT.

Melbourne, May 4th.

The first issue of "Farrago" was distributed among freshmen at a special welcome to them a few days before the term began. The expression of the sentiments was not of the choicest, though the actual ideas were sound, if unoriginal. The issue roused not the slightest interest among those who had passed the fresher stage, but several weeks later, like a bolt from the blue, a Melbourne daily suddenly burst forth with a gratuitous and particularly violent attack on the whole article.

END BALLYHOO!

Babbit being thus aroused, was not easily laid to sleep again. The controversy, or rather the attack (for University opinion was given little expression in the press) raged for several weeks. Eventually the Professorial Board withdrew its approval of the editors, who consequently lost control of the paper. Naturally enough, there had been a petition for their removal drawn up in the University itself, but there had also been a strong counter-petition.

STILL ENJOY FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

This, however, may have given you a completely false idea of academic freedom in Melbourne Uni-

versity. We do, in fact, enjoy freedom of speech to quite a remarkable extent. There is a Labour Club which is frankly Communistic, and a strong Anti-War Council, which is certainly self-communistic, the remainder being at least strongly anti-capitalist.

There is not the least restriction placed upon the utterances of members of these societies, either in their own meetings or in public.

Moreover, the Labour Club publishes a magazine, "Proletariat," which is completely communistic, and is eagerly read by a much wider circle than mere members of the Communist Party.

"FARRAGO'S" TRUE PURPOSE.

The action of the Professorial Board simply means that "Farrago," which exists to represent all students, has no right to assume dictatorship. To use it for dissemination of one's own pet theories, whether they be concerned with revolution or T. S. Eliot, has the ruinous effect of limiting its appeal to a smaller circle.

We trust that you do not interpret the dismissal of the former editors as a ban on freedom of speech. It is definitely not so!

Two Faculties Exposed

In the Middle Ages the business man was held to be a crook. To fit a student for business would have meant to fit him for hell. In other words, there was no commerce course.

—Professor Stephen Leacock.

The profession of the law does not imply large ownership; but since no taint of usefulness for other than the competitive purpose attaches to the lawyer's trade, it grades high in the conventional scheme. The lawyer is exclusively occupied with the details of predatory fraud, either in achieving or check-mating chicane, and succession to the profession is accepted as marking a large endowment of that barbarian astuteness which has always commanded men's respect and fear.—Veblen Leisure Class.

ENTERTAIN THE VISITORS AT THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

Exec. Whispers

DISCIPLINARY POWERS.

The Exec. has accepted a memorandum from the Prof. Board giving it more clearly defined disciplinary powers over any student club or society for conduct, subversive of discipline, or which brings discredit on the College, or which is a breach of the rules of the Association. The Exec. may reprimand, impose a fine up to £1, or suspend from the Association, subject to appeal to the Professorial Board.

LABOUR CLUB.

The Labour Club has been granted affiliation subject to a restriction on its dealings with bodies outside the University.

PAST. THE LAW SOCIETY ALSO RAN

(Continued on next page)

Murphy or Marx

Was Question at Labour Club

In contrast to the noisy opposition at the meeting at which the V.U.C. Labour Club was formed, the first public meeting of the Club held last week, was astonishingly quiet—in fact, we might almost describe it as awed—the paper took over an hour to read. This was not for lack of attendance, for close on fifty students turned up to hear Mr. H. I. Forde on "Karl Marx and the Crisis." Perhaps the hushed quiet was due to the startling discovery that the social and economic theories, so often dismissed contemptuously as "the fallacies of Karl Marx," were capable of intelligent exposition, that the terms "capitalist," "bourgeoisie," "proletariat," and "exploitation" were not vague terms of abuse, but exactly defined scientific terms to describe a particular system of social relationships, and that perhaps the final word on the subject of Marxism had not been written in the "Outlines of Economics." This was perhaps the biggest surprise of all.

An unkind wit has suggested that perhaps the lecture might have been better called "Murphy or Marx?" Mr. Forde admitted the full justice of the phrases in which Professor Murphy so sweepingly disposed of Marx, but claimed that the Professor was merely having a glorious time knocking down straw men which exist only in his own imagination.

Mr. Forde had some witty things to say on the subject of "democracy." He claimed that in America the rich and poor were equal—they both got ice—but the rich got theirs in the summer and the poor got theirs in the winter. One of the possible ways out of the crisis appeared to be resorting to manual labour. Germany was introducing this, and there they were abandoning the guillotine for the axe.

Dr. Sutherland was the first speaker from the floor and he introduced a very intricate discussion on dialectics by asking the question, "Is the dialectic a closed system of thought?" This had the Marxists slightly at variance. Mr. Forde replied; Mr. Riske counter-replied and Mr. Watson not being satisfied with either, endeavoured to correct both. Dr. Sutherland was still not satisfied, relentlessly pinning them down to the problem he had set and this had the effect of bringing Dr. Sutch into the arena. He suggested that the question might be solved by getting the librarian to buy more books on Marx.

Unfortunately the intervention of Mr. Brooks brought the meeting to an end before a really intricate discussion on "dialectics" and the theory of surplus value" was able to develop. The chair-

SEE N.Z.U. BLUES AWARDED AT THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

Massey College

About a year ago Massey College approached the N.Z.U. Tournament Committee for permission to compete at the Easter Tournament. The proposal was rejected on the following main grounds:—

1. That Massey College at present could compete in only Athletics and Shooting and the men's sections of Swimming and Tennis, and that difficulties would arise over points to be secured for the Tournament Shield and other trophies.
2. That the billeting list would be seriously increased.
3. That Massey College would not at present be able to take its turn with the other Colleges in organising a Tournament.

The V.U.C. Students' Association has now been approached with the proposal that outstanding athletes, etc., from Massey College should compete at the V.U.C. Tournament trials, and, if successful, take their place as members of the V.U.C. Tournament Team.

The present position of Massey College students is an unfortunate one. Although they are members of a University College which has the same status as the other University Colleges, they are debarred from competing in Tournament and gaining N.Z.U. Blues in these particular sports.

The only alternative to this proposal appears to be the suggestion that Massey College students should be admitted as members of the teams from the College nearest to which they reside. With such a system, however, it is probable that further difficulties would be experienced in arranging trials.

The question is being considered by the V.U.C. Executive, but it is proposed to give students the opportunity of discussing the proposals at the next General Meeting of the Students' Association.

man, Mr. C. G. Watson brought in a quotation from Lenin to the effect that "Our theory is not a dogma but a guide to action" to exhort those present to join the Labour Club.

We feel that the Labour Club is to be congratulated on bringing before the students at its first meeting a paper of such a high standard, and agree with Dr. Sutherland that it was one of the best addresses given before students in recent years.

In a recent debate, birth control was urged as an argument for checking Japanese expansion.

"Smad's" office-boy thinks this is a silly argument; it is ridiculous to expect the Japanese to change their habits over-night.

EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL ONES IN THE

(Continued on next page)

Fig Leaves and Felt Hats

Knowledge expresses itself in strange ways. Take that peaceful, happy evening scene in the Garden of Eden. It is midsummer in the year 1. Adam and Eve are reclining lazily under the trees basking in the rays of the setting sun. The Bible tells us they are naked and unashamed. Suddenly the apple acts. The effect is indeed a moving one. As the consciousness of her condition bursts upon her, Eve ejaculates "Gee Whiz," and dashes behind a bush. Adam yells "Oh, by Jove," and does likewise. History does not tell us whether both patronised the same bush, but subsequent events would suggest that they did. Anyhow, I do not approve of Adam's action in thus starting a fashion which has ended as it has. The scene rapidly changes now from Eden in the year 1 to Wellington in the year 1934. I am walking sedately down the street, the cooing breezes gently caressing my nether limbs while I reflect on the state of Shikina's excruciated face after Wong Buk Cheung, the Chinese catman, had settled up the Manchurian situation by planting his King Foo stopper on it. Suddenly the air is rent with a fearful din. I glance round in terror, and there, ferociously bearing down on me, the hirsute members of his physiognomy erect and straining full ahead, his greying tresses streaming behind in the wind, a blue halo of vexation all about him, comes Professor Rankine Brown. A few yards in front, darting hither and thither among the traffic is a brown object which I know to be his hat. What am I to do? I can stand aside to give him a free run, stifling my feelings of sympathy under a brave smile of encouragement, or I can myself corner the errant one under the wheels of some lorry, being later rewarded with posthumous terms in Latin I., or I can miss it altogether, in which case my terms are not posthumous, because I don't get terms at all. The best way out, however, is to lead the exhausted and now docile professor to a ladies' outfitters and there fit him out with a beret. If it were Professor McKenzie I would get him a tam-o-shanter. Anyway, it is all Adam's fault. If he had not tumbled to it that day in Eden, we would not be troubled with any kind of clothes to-day. I am displeased with Adam.

PSHAW.

IF SHE DOESN'T, THEN SHE MIGHT AT THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

TWO DAYS AFTER PAY-DAY IS THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

Unveiling of Foundation Professors' Portraits

This year, for once in its history, Capping week did not end on a flat note. Late on the Saturday morning, after the night before, a thin sprinkling of this year's academic robes conducted an agreeably large number of returned prodigals up the familiar steps. "Wouldn't I like a penny for every time I'd been up these!" quote one. And deeply sensitive to such affection Wikitoria really rose to the occasion.

The ceremony of the unveiling of the Portraits of Foundation Professors was one which all those present will remember with definite pleasure and yet with a sense of something deeper which can only be described as having "got there." Mr. G. F. Dixon must have felt amply rewarded for his personal enterprise and unsparing effort in bringing the scheme to fruition. The College will always be his debtor. A certain widow of fifty who expressed no regrets for her lost youth and beauty was not, however, we feel, the source of that solemnity, nor even the two veterans who were present to see themselves as posterity would see them. It may have been the excellent and apposite speech of Mr. A. H. Johnson, K.C., or Mrs. H. C. Mackenzie's recitation of the ode, or, possibly, it was but the simple gesture to "Absent Friends"; in any case, we feel that this ceremony evoked as few others have done that spirit of our Alma Mater which inspired Mr. Seaforth Mackenzie's fine tribute to the men who made Victoria. It was, in short, a ceremony worthy of them and of the occasion.

How They Do it in America

(NSFA). Something new in football.—At Ohio State University there is a twelfth position on the football team. The extra man is called the "humorist." He wears a uniform at all practices and sits on the bench during the games. His job is to keep the team in good humour and prevent them from getting nervous before a big game.

John Hopkins News-Letter.

(NSFA). There was a rule in the early days at Oklahoma A. and M. that guns were to be left outside the classrooms.

Isn't the Professor just as dangerous?

Haverford News.

(NSFA). Dish-washing and book-repairing are some of the jobs which have been given to students at the University of Kansas under the Federal grant for student employment.

K. U. News Bureau.

ARCHIVES OF THE PAST BUT THESE WILL

(Continued on next page)

DICTATORSHIP DEBUNKED

Democracy Dished

Nothing was more evident at the debate than the belief in the Great Man theory. Speaker after speaker, whether casting brickbats or salvos at dictatorship, tried to sell a credulous audience the idea that modern dictatorships are One Man Shows, that Il Duce, the Thunderer, the Best-Beloved of Allah (Mussolini, A. Hitler and Kemal Pasha to you and me) are the big noises, the whole works in fact, what they say goes, and as for the State, it's them. Despite Carlyle, this is the naivest of delusions. Christopher Robin was righter than he knew when he lamented, "There aren't any heroes nowadays." In fact, not since chivalrous days—when the notion sprang up that the feudal robber-barons were knights in shining armour—has the will of a single individual, superman or subhuman, been of such stuff as to make history by controlling social forces. Society moulds men, not men society. And this is most easily seen in modern dictatorships.

The man on horseback, the "hero," the romantic Dictator in Germany, in Italy, in Poland as in Japan, is a figurehead and no more. So long as he remains wooden and dense and merely ornamental, as any good figurehead must be, so long he can play at being God. Capital pipes the tune to which the Fascist rats of Hamelin dance. This is easy enough to see in Germany. Hitler financed and placed in power by the coal and steel interests of the Ruhr, went in on a catch-ery promise of socialising the German banks. But that, of course, would have meant the horse double-crossing its backers—breaking with the power behind the throne. So Hitler socialised no German banks—because Hit-

ler, like every puppet, had to dance the way the strings were pulled. And we know that in this case the strings indicated the crushing of the splendid German trade-union movement to prepare the way for further exploitation. And likewise Mussolini. Dare he try to dictate to Italian capitalists for one moment, he'd be seeking a new job. The true rulers, then in modern dictatorships accompanied by so-called Fascist "national revolutions" are simply the same old capitalist dictators putting on a new, and particularly brutal show. When under the democratic forms of parliamentary government there seems a possibility that an elected government actually might legislate for the real interests of the exploited as against those of the exploiters, when working class agitation from all sides grows so strong as to threaten the maintenance of the profit system, democratic forms are swept away, and a figurehead installed—the dictatorship of capital becomes more open, more terrorist, more reactionary than through a "democratic" state. The democratic republic in which ultimate power rests not in the political rights of the great mass of the people but in the organised economic strength of capital, passes in times of social unrest into the Fascist dictatorship proclaiming the hollow bluff of a "Corporate State" in the basis of mythical national unity.

Hitler got in constitutionally according to the provisions of Weimar—the most "democratic" constitution in the world. The window-dressing of political forms varies, the fact of a dictatorship remains. So the old contrast between democracy and dictatorship that broken-down parsons, professors and labour leaders make so much of, is false. Each expresses the interests of the minority capitalist class; choice lies not that way.—PILATE.

MEICESTER

The naughty old Bishop of Leicester
Took a choir-girl away and careicester.
When the frightened young dear
Bit the lobe off his ear,
He dropped her and piously bleicester.

NEEDN'T WAIT TILL THE 16th FOR THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT.

The Hockey Tournament will be held here next week-end. The first round will be played on Friday and the finals on Saturday morning. On Monday a game will be played between an N.Z.U. and a Wellington representative team.

Saturday night will be celebrated by a dinner at the Duke of Edinburgh and a dance in the gym

RANK POORLY WHEN THE STORY OF V.U.C.
(Continued on next page)

'Varsity Rugby Shows Great Improvement

FIRST XV IN REVIEW.

Faced with the loss of five of last year's forward line the prospects of the first fifteen at the start of the season looked anything but bright. However after five games in which the fifteen's line has been crossed but once, it certainly seems that there is a great deal in the contention of those who maintained that the added keenness on the part of the young forwards who are playing for the first time in the pack, would more than make up for the loss of those players who left the Club.

In the games played the pack has performed very creditably, although the team, both back and forward, did not show up in too favourable light in the Miramar game. Burke, the centre hook, has been a real find, whilst Elliott has been playing splendidly. Diederich is again in fine form, and Blacker and Middlebrook make a solid pair of locks. MacKenzie, playing in the back row of the scrum, has also been seen in favourable light.

Except in the Miramar game, when the backs showed an unwillingness to go up to their opponents when they had the ball, the rearguard have handled and run with determination and success this season. In McElwain the Club has discovered a wing of distinct promise, and one who has the makings of a wing of championship class. He should remember, however, not to overrun his passes. Rae, the N.Z. University half-back, has been a tower of strength in all the games, as also has Ruru, whilst MacKenzie, who has been tried at first five-eighths, looks to be getting an understanding of his position, and should strengthen the team by his inclusion. Wild has been good, especially in the Onslow game. However, the defence of the inside backs has in a few games left something to be desired, and a sterner defence by the five-eighths must be cultivated if the team proceeds to the first division, where the opposition will be of a stronger nature. Hislop was showing his old form until injured. Both full-backs tried, Cormack and Tricklebank, have been very safe.

The team seems certain to win its way into the first division, and should it do so, there is no reason why it should not win games there.

(Not so certain now that the Johnsonville game has been played, but we can expect a great effort against St. Pats.—Best of luck to the Team on the King's Birthday.—Ed.)

**MAKE IT UP AGAIN AT THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.**

Vera Obita Dicta

1. THE BICKERTON CASE.

The action of the Japanese authorities in arresting Mr. Bickerton on a charge alleging his penchant for Communism has led to an interesting situation which should be carefully noted by all observers of the international horizon.

It is true, he has not yet (as far as we know) been actually brought to trial; and in such circumstances the principles of *ATTORNEY-GENERAL v. "N.Z. TRUTH"* apply, viz., that comment on the position should be guarded, and that the course of justice should not be perverted by the publication of premature conclusions.

This first principle of British justice is, however, subject to the rule in *IN RE THE VICKERS ENGINEERS* (Moscow, 1933, S.C.), which may be stated as follows:—

"Every British subject, whether on the High Seas or in Foreign Parts (especially the latter), is presumed innocent until the Board of Trade considers him guilty."

As a corollary to this rule, if a White Paper be issued, the presumption of innocence may become absolute and irrefutable.

By virtue of this old prerogative, known as the Inviolability of British Trade, any amount of comment, public discussion, press propaganda, diplomatic terseness and national odium may be employed at any time before or after the conclusion of a trial in a foreign country.

We are accordingly at liberty, in the present case, to present our uninhibited conclusions. Though he is a member of the Empire on which the sun shines several hours each day, Mr. Bickerton, as the foreign correspondent of the Welfare League has pointed out, has forfeited his right to a White Paper in that he has allowed himself to be charged with Communism in a Capitalist country, instead of with Capitalism in a Communist country. But at the same time we would strongly recommend leniency on account of the prisoner's troubled lineage: not only was he stricken with a plurality of step-mothers, but, worse than that, he claimed for alma mater, that ever-prolific mother of discontent, VICTORIA.

—CATO.

CAPPICADE FINANCES.

The receipts this year were up by about £90 on last year's Xtrav; last year's profit was about £10, so that this year will show a profit of from £90 to £100.

The Capping Book has also shown a profit of £30 approx. The total profit should come very close to £130. No wonder wrinkles have been disappearing as if by magic from the Executive Brow.

IS COMPILED. THE MOST OUTSTANDING
(Continued on next page)

PROF. VON ZEDLITZ REVIEWS CAPPICADE

A Letter to Smad

I hope you can make space for an appreciation of Cappicade ; I should be glad of the opportunity of telling your readers what an excellent impression the show created in one who is a confirmed laudator temporis acti, and who remembers the first-rate extravaganzas of a generation ago. Even now I am not prepared to say that the versification was as sparkingly Gilbertian, or the dialogue as witty as those of say, the Munchums. Also the choreography of Cappicade, with the exception of the old men's dance, was decidedly banal. It opens up the question of whether it would not pay to have our burlesque entirely for men performers—an artistic success it would be, but not without its own dangers for students anxious to conciliate a public whose mind has been prejudiced by mud-slinging. However that may be, I don't see how Medea's part could have been acted with greater brilliance ; the general average of the other parts was admirable throughout ; in fact the evenness of so numerous a cast in three plays, and the excellence of the casting, were outstanding features. Then the political hits were so shrewdly given and showed so much inner knowledge that I rather wondered how much of it, some obvious strokes apart, could be within range of that crowded audience. Finally I come to what delighted me most of all ; the tone of "Murder in the Common Room." Like every loyal Salamancan, I have felt indignant at the meanly mischievous attacks recently made on the College, and rather sore that the authorities failed to squash the aggressors heavily. But I also know that the College authorities can act like men on occasion. As an eye-witness I have seen two crises in which the ardor civium prava iuventium had no terrors for the Council, nor the vultus instantis tyranni for the professorial staff. This time, too, Professor Kirk and Professor Gould came into the open and hit back ; and the Wellington graduates—blessings on them—men with positions to guard and reputations to lose—took an honourable stand. And how about the maligned and badgered students? They steered between Scylla and Charybdis, avoiding both the danger of Juvenalian indignation, and the boredom of a vermine-dissecting objectivity ; light allusions at most to show that

the author knew his Genealogy of Morals. It has been observed truly that if the jobs of professors depended on an annual plebiscite of their classes, no professor would ever get the sack ; students are so fundamentally good-natured. Never did that good nature come out more happily than in Cappicade. Self-restraint, dignity, good humoured hits. Castigation, of course—was it not asked for?—but neither jeers nor condescension. Judging by newspaper correspondence, the Wellington public is already coming round. It reminds me of a remark I overheard from one of the leaders of our social world, who had stayed in the same hotel with Bernard Shaw, and was defending his reputation here. "My dear, he's not as awful as people say. I saw him open a door for a lady once." So with the students ; a few more Cappicades, and the stigma of political and moral hooliganism will have disappeared. Good-humoured ridicule and ready wit are still the best of weapons against obscurantism and canting malevolence.

A last word of praise for the programme. Your advertising agent ought to have an easy proposition seeking space next year. I shall not try to write my own advertisement if I can get the same writer to do it for me.

Very Sincerely Yours,

G. W. Von Zedlitz

Our Correspondent Views Sheba

Played first, "Sheba," by "Hern N.Z. Goodz," the 1934 pen-name for one we know as the author of last year's success, "Great Caesar," and such former successes as "G.G." and "Kyd," was good in spots. Starting with great snap, this play stumbled badly in the middle, recovered itself, and ended rather tamely. It seemed as if the fault lay in the manner of presentation rather than in the play itself. As always, the author had much sparkling dialogue and many clever allusions, and had it been pruned judiciously, might have been another "Great Caesar." It was, however, quite well received, and served as an effective opening to the show.

**SHE'S SEEN THE POSTERS FOR THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.**

SUCCESS TO BE CHRONICLED WILL BE
(Continued on next page)

CAPPING WEEK

PROCESSION

This year there was more public interest in the Capping. The fact that the procession was held on the Friday before Cappicade had much to do with it, and the organised sales of Capping books, too, were a great help. The organising members deserve much credit this year.

The Capping Procession was well planned and organised, but it lacked the numbers that are necessary to a really good show. More enthusiasm round the College must be worked up for this feature. The speeches in the Post Office Square were an exceptionally bright entertainment.

CAPPING

The Capping Ceremony, after a somewhat checkered career, now appears to have achieved that happy medium of staid respectability and youthful irresponsibility which pleases all concerned.

After Professor Easterfield, one of the foundation Professors of V.U.C., had indulged in a few reminiscences, the Haeremai Club became somewhat restive with a consequent and ostentatious display of newspaper. The Professor ploughed gamely on, undeterred by broad hints to speak up.

TOCSIN.

The flutter of a wild bell

In the thronged Hall

Does it sound the knell

Of that indescribable hell—

Nights of long cramming in the early hours?

Ah, who can tell? Perhaps we shall

In later time recall

Memories of mocking notes.

Ushering long years of post-graduate grind!

Hark how the clangour floats

From where the robed staff sits resigned

To student folly—till one of mind

A little more discerning than the rest

Darts forth and throttles the alarm with zest;

And the Ceremony still drones on. . . .

and proceeded to a peaceful finish after the Haeremai Club had risen as one man with the right hand clapped to their ear and an expression of agonised entreaty, or, should we say enquiry?, on their collective face.

Then came the conferring of degrees.

The women graduates received an impartial contribution of applause from the audience, and bouquets from their sisters, cousins, and others. The males were sometimes greeted with remarks not quite calculated to put them at their ease—but the most

joyous welcome was reserved for Bob Bradshaw, who received half the contents of a green grocer's shop, much to the consternation of Mr. Robison, who expressed his disapproval of the proceedings by firmly ejecting the large deputation of Weir House students who had invaded the sanctity of his particular section of the platform. Joyous shouts of "arrest the Registrar" greeted his frantic efforts to dislodge the invaders, but, as one scientist has since remarked, "he had the advantage of position," and virtue remained triumphant, although somewhat dishevelled, and the stage resumed its pristine state of glorious imbecility until the arrival of Messrs Birks and Wild, who were treated in somewhat similar fashion.

A bright moment of the evening was heralded by the arrival of Messrs Laurel and Hardy, who strode unregarding through the audience, now set agape by their unexpected arrival, and so up the steps, with a somewhat haughty nod to the baffled Vice-Chancellor, where they solemnly encircled Ian Campbell's neck with the L.E.I. of assorted vegetables.

BALL

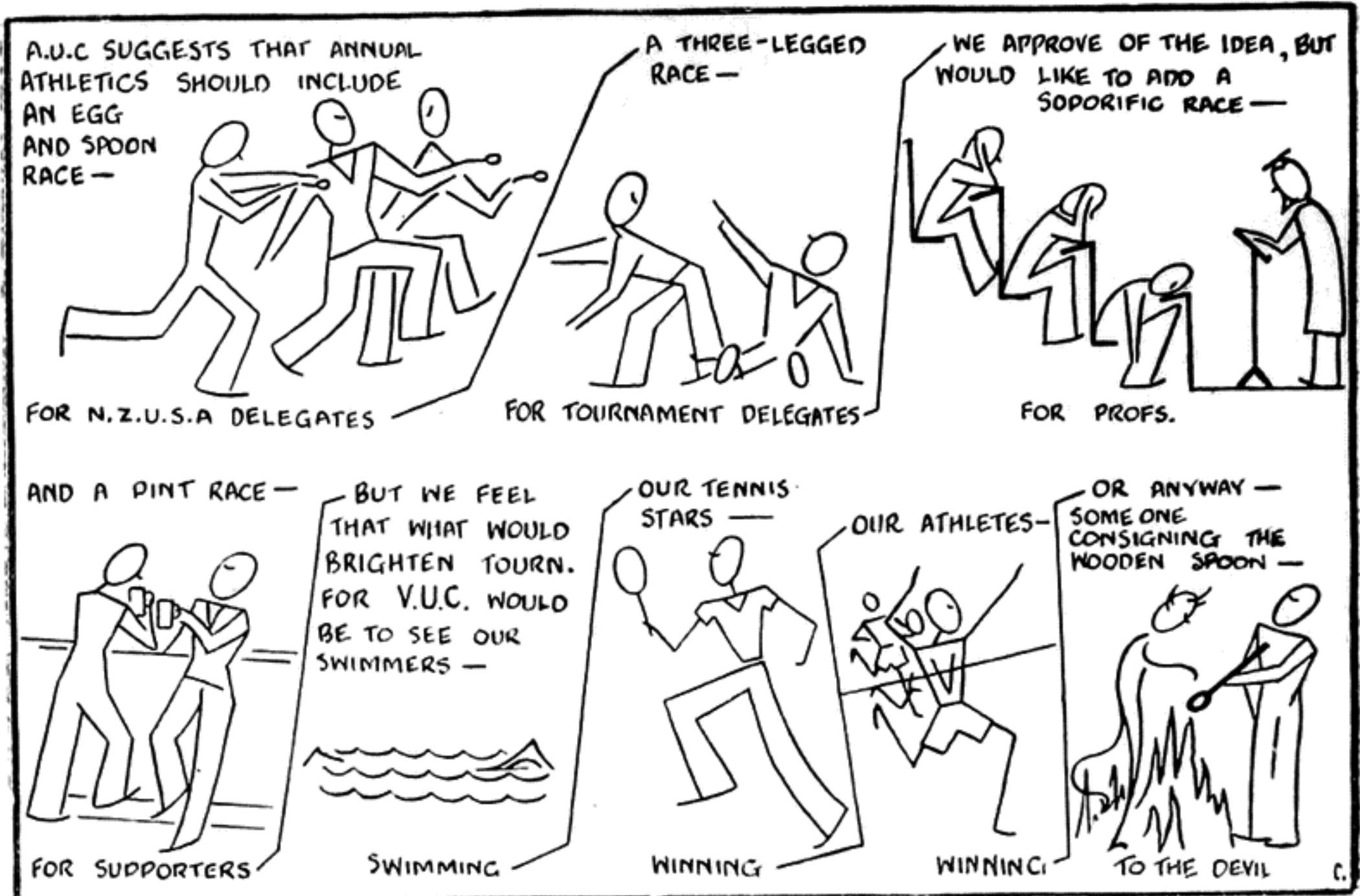
After the photograph had been successfully negotiated, and lubrication achieved, all streamed to the Capping Ball at the Mayfair. Despite the handicap of inclement weather and a crowded floor, with a consequent deterioration of the quality of the air, the Ball proceeded quite merrily to a triumphant finish at the hour of Well, what time did you get in, anyway? The partners were eminently satisfactory, the dresses superb, and, judging by the flow of small talk, strong waters were not particularly lacking. It must be said that our sympathy goes out to those unfortunates who were in the third sitting at supper. We ourselves speak from bitter experience. The sight of a mangled sausage roll, nardby the sticky remains of fruit salad and a dishevelled trifle, with, of course, an entire absence of coffee, is not calculated to make the most hardened seeker after joy over-pleased with himself. But, anyway, the majority seemed to think it was a good show. Why, we do not know. Perhaps it was the partners.

OVERHEARD FROM AN OLD LADY AT CAPPICADE.

It was during the speech of the Scarlet Woman in Sheba. "And they can't even keep their vile propaganda out of a show like th's."

DATED SAT. 16th JUNE, WHEN

(Continued on page 11.)



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Principal

MASONIC CHAMBERS, THE TERRACE - TELEPHONE 44-651

While Parents Sleep

Apparently they do! We didn't think so. Anyhow they did, and what a night. No! We can't tell you. You should have seen it yourself. That back. That kiss. Those black silk sheets. Anyway--

On April 13th. and 14th. in the Gym. was staged the Dram. Club's first show. Written by Anthony Kimmins, produced by Edna Purdie and acted by a cast of sophisticated young people **who knew their lines!** This was one of the best attempts of the Club and was deservedly popular. It was good. Production and stage under Edna Purdie Cedric Wright and Don Steele were splendid when one considers the bench on which they were expected to act.

The play as the name suggests is not in the best tradition of modern drama or of V.U.C. Dram. Club which is the same thing. The plot is thin, the characters are types, and it depends on the lines, some of which are first class. The Club must choose a play with some stomach instead of sawdust for its next performance. Perhaps everybody enjoyed the play because they laughed at the jokes. A mighty poor standard anyway.

The cast was perfectly balanced. The parlour maid, Vincent (Miss J. Powells), Nancy (Miss Nancy Caughly) old, affectionate, dithery and slow; Colonel (Hugh Middlebrook) and Mrs. Hammond (Peggy MacDonald), one bluff, hearty, the other sweet and climbing, acted together and blended perfectly. The two young women, Bubbles (Dorothea Tossman) and Lady Cattering (Geraldine Gallagher) were excellent, the character of each was clear, and the poise of the "Cattering piece" was something to wonder at. Bubbles' hysterical scene was a fine piece of acting.

The honours of the show go to the counter-poised Jerry (Jack Coyle) and Neville (Jack Aimers.) The acting of Neville was polished and controlled, and his change from a priggish young subaltern of the Guards into the enraptured lover was a fine piece of stage work. Jerry had the house rocking time and again with the snappy lines, some of which would make the author himself raise his eyebrows. Few amateurs have his flair for the right moment and expression to drop a wise crack.

Altogether this show will be a great start for the Dramatic Club and the appreciation of the Club is due to Edna Purdy for this effective curtain-riser to the year's activities.

**ASK HER TO-NIGHT TO THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.**

THE TENNIS CLUB PUTS ON ITS

(To be concluded).

Twiddling the Dials

LISTENING IN TO ANZAC DAY.

Lest we forget. Australia, New Zealand Army Corps . . . day of remembrance . . . supreme sacrifice . . . British Empire, barbaric Hun . . . and some there are that have no memorial.

Goddam these dirty buttons—what time's the parade? Poppies sixpence, sixpence. Company quick march! Damned lot of nonsense. Will somebody pray for rain . . . Idonwanterparade! Four flags on Mt. Victoria . . . Station 2YA Wellington we have been advised that owing to the rain, the parade this afternoon has been cancelled. Lest we forget. Yet our men had four years in filth and mud-holes. Lest we forget. We are gathered together here today—not to commemorate the glorious deeds of our boys at Gallipoli, but to pay our tribute to all who made the supreme sacrifice for King and country . . . relief allocations reduced, and returned soldiers starving . . . and when the boys come back again, New Zealand will be there. Lest we forget! Ramsay MacDonald says Disarmament problems must be tackled vigourously . . . lest we forget. . . . Burgess Watson will now address the school on the significance of Anzac Day—it is essential that we keep up our naval strength . . . God defend New Zealand. . . . Bramwell Scott says Christ was not a Pacifist . . . Peace on earth and good-will towards men . . . I say, will Extrav. rehearsal last all day? I have to go to a bridge party to-night . . . lest we forget . . . O Euripedes! . . . lest we forget . . . we've got science, we've got news! . . . lest we forget . . . we few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget, lest we forget.

"DIOGENES."

MISSIONARY APPEAL.

Nesbitt Sellars has been cold! But some of his friends are forming a 4YA Peggy Square League. All sympathisers are asked to send bits of string or broken bottles or even Peggy Squares to the Convenors, C. G. Camp, W. M. Willis, Misses G. W. Jones, and E. Goble to be stitched together for the comfort of the aforesaid Nesbitt's body and soul. His friends up here, it seems, still believe in him!

In luscious limpid lolling
We spent the eve, we twain
The hours they flew.
The danger grew.
We knew not who
Would interrupt our ecstasy.
For Brook could never interview
The Common Common Room.

Afterthoughts of a Dud Debater

Coloured Debate: That action should be taken by the League of Nations to provide for Japanese expansion.

This was an interesting example of debate as an instrument for arriving at truth. The truth still necessary to be arrived at is which side was telling it. One speaker instanced the use of debate very neatly when he asked, "Why shouldn't I use statistics to prove anything at all?"

For the purposes of debate, facts are obviously very abstract conceptions. Look at these "facts" given! Japan is overpopulated. Japan is not overpopulated. The Japanese are capable of settling anywhere. Japan's difficulties are due to religion. Japan's difficulties are due to industrialism. Japan's difficulties are due to imperialism. Birth control is encouraged in Japan. Birth control is not encouraged in Japan.

Curiously enough, both sides agreed, as if on a matter beyond question, that artificial limitation of population (formerly known as Race Suicide) would provide an effective solution. This shows how advertising can give a patent medicine a vogue. Fortunately (for us) the vogue is recent. In 1916 (or thereabouts—the date can be verified in the local Hansard) a New Zealand socialist wrote a poem containing the following:

"Over the Orient Sea

Rank upon rank of pitiless eyes watch us unceasingly;

Patient, stolid, immutable; quiet as passionless Fate,

Why should they leap at our rifles' mouths who have only to crouch and wait?"

This antediluvian versifier saw peril because—

"Here in the Childless Land

Life sits high in the Chair of Fools, twisting her ropes of sand."

O tempores! O mores! The modern fashion in Ideas takes a different angle. We have taught the Jap some Western tricks. Let us teach him another.

For his own sake? The blighter is intent on inheriting the earth, says Pro. No, says Con, he is content to stay at home. But, says Quidam, he sends his goods abroad, e.g., radio sets at ten shillings each. We are not going to stand for that! An Englishman's shop is his castle. We don't mind harikiri, but trade is a sacred matter.

What is Japan after—expansion of the coast-line or of the waist-line? Never mind, call in the League of Nations. The League is a literary and

Tony has Gone to the Land of Mae West

Our brave young forensic ventriloquist has led Ian Milner out into the Great Unknown. Together these two are going to sit like Colossi (or Colossuses) astride the American Continent; the world is but an oyster at their feet, yet there is a danger that they may tread on it, slip, and meet the American equivalent of Mother Earth, à la William the Conqueror.

"Smad" (carefully concealing the onion), wept tears of sorrow, but Tony comforted us, "I may be back soon or I may not," he said.

"Are you going to pun in America?" we asked.

"Nothing so puny," replied Tony. "I would not punish American audiences like that." We gasped out the routine question:

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Not yet—not till after the first sight of love. But there are strong arguments. . . ." We presumed he didn't. That seems to make his trip safer, at least for the American womanhood. And so we can bid him a cheery farewell, all the good luck and favourable audiences!

debating society which was instituted mainly through the efforts of the poor pedagogue who conceived that other equally successful idea, the Fourteen Points. The home of the League is at Geneva (famous for gin), in Switzerland (famous for tinned milk and yodelling, in Europe (famous for, inter alia, its literature). True to its environment, the League dispenses gin, milk, yodels, and tons and tons of literature.

Nietzsche's dictum seems applicable: "To scholars who become politicians the comic role is usually assigned; they have to be the good conscience of a state policy."

The difficulty with Japan is that the brown race will not take the interests of the pink race to heart. They selfishly put their own interests first—an idea most abhorrent to the West.

Let the Japs be warned in time. One banzai and the League will break into a yodel. At the first report of a rifle the League will (after a decent interval) set to work on an exhaustive report. A move towards expansion and the League will arrange some very good dinners and some excellent speeches and perhaps a little gin.

I refer, of course, to the Secretariat. The nations which form the League may be expected to do the usual thing. We, for one, are ready (almost). As the Japs say, what has been the fashion once will come into fashion again.

KING'S BIRTHDAY WEEK-END:
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

COSTER BALL

More Sex—Less Religion

Give me a soul to call my own,
Give me a pen that's free,
We will pull Satan from his throne
To banish misery.

Are we qualified to discuss sex and religion? We most certainly are not qualified, in the sense that our discussions on the matter will be of any value or lead to any improvements. Change the question. Are we any less qualified than our elders (bless them) to discuss sex and religion? Most certainly we are not. How did this idea of Christianity, being a matter for "patriarchal parasites" past their dotage, gain currency?

Christ himself was a young man. John Wesley was a student at Oxford when he formed the Holy Club. George Whitfield, at 21, was moving England. Jeremy Taylor, at 18, was holding men spell-bound in St. Paul's, London. And many others. It appears that if anybody is to discuss religion it is the young people; certainly not our elders. Who put into operation the theory of Apostolic Succession which plunged the world into error at the start of Christianity, and nearly made a mess of religion at the outset? As to sex, the late adolescent is more sexually alive I should imagine than any greybeard. Most certainly we are equally qualified to discuss sex and religion.

Can we derive any benefit from discussing sex and religion? Ah, there's the rub. The fact would seem to be that since the present mode of sex control has undoubtedly produced the most intelligent nations, no change is indicated, and discussion is futile. As for religion, since the essence of Christianity is faith in the unseen, an urgent demand for proof seems unreasonable and unfair. A great deal may be done in the way of proof, but that does not make fruitful discussion. Facts never do.

Unfortunately we have reached a position where we stipulate that we are qualified to discuss sex and religion, but no improvement in either can be effected by our discussion. But the result of a debate is not that the Christian becomes an atheist or the atheist a Christian; the invariable result is that the atheist is a more firm atheist, and the Christian is a better Christian. Both have co-ordinated their views and put their mental bric-a-brac in order. Each has sharpened his wits and proved to his own satisfaction that he is correct. Couldn't they do that just as well on some less contentious subject? No, if they are to gain from it, it must be vital to them; otherwise they just won't bother to ponder about it.

I understand it is "Smad's" editorial policy this

OCEANS OF FRUIT SALAD AT THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

Architectural Diarrhoea

WEIR OUTHOUSES.

Weir has been decorated with two "temporary" outhouses. "Smad's" representative has gleaned opinions on them from the aesthetic coterie at Weir House:—

"A splendid example of Neo-Wikitorian architecture."

"I've seen better cow-sheds."

"Morbidity manifestation of Epstein effrontery..."

"The Hen House and the whare."

"Architectural diarrhoea."

"... and why the final atrocity—a long sinuous, unsightly erotic green water pipe that begins its disgusting career from the guttering above the portal (4 x 2 N.Z. O.B. timber as supplied) dips hideously towards earth, then abruptly changes its mind, and lunges fiercely at the main wall (more O.B. timber) only to change its mind once more, head earthwards in another five feet of filthy verdance, then when almost there, to make a last despairing effort to slither its growing greenness obliquely along the yellow walls and bend with a triumphant two-way corner just below the window to empty its miserable trickle along the fairway.

It is a pity the genius of the plumber was suppressed at all. How much better if the pipe could have been run through the first window, twined four times round the billiard table, then thrust out through the roof and slid in a graceful arch across to the main building, curling gracefully up and down the pillars, insinuating itself through the warden's bedroom, traversing the top floor once, the other floors twice, then led by devious twists across the grounds and finally empty itself with a superior gush into the mouth of the cable-car tunnel.

year to get banned; I shall do my best for you. This infringement on our liberty of speech has gone too far; we must expatiate or bust. . . . I believe Mr Shaw said something about Russians having their milk free. Disgusting as it may sound, puerile as it may be, I consider milk as a beverage infinitely preferable to beer. Free milk in Communist Russia? Long live Russia, Vive Communism, Vive Mark, Vive Anarchy!

Coster Ball bachelor Tax, 2/6d.

Concession to couples, 4/6d.

Come to the Coster Ball

and have no regrets.

THE COCKPIT

Correspondence

The Editor, "Smad."

Dear Sir,

The correspondence columns of your last issue oozed bilge. The main outlets were the many gaping holes in the letters from "One of Four" and "Not Equal To" (who certainly isn't).

(1) "One of Four" speaks of "unrestrained outbursts such as have been perpetrated by members of the society."

He asserts also that "attacks on religion and morality have caused the present ban."

Would your correspondent be good enough to specify the speakers and the debates upon which his statements are based, or else to withdraw?

(2) "One of Four" says it is "ridiculous in the extreme to suggest that licentious and indecent utterances can be justified by reference to the doctrine of "freedom of speech."

Would he tell us (in confidence) either who made the licentious and indecent utterances or who endeavoured to justify these imaginary bogies.

(3) "No subject," he says, "can be dealt with seriously at our debates." "One of Four" is here at variance with the opinions expressed by many of the judges at debates who have been good enough to tell us to the contrary.

"Not Equal To" argues that because freshers were not allowed to vote at the elections, they should not have been allowed to vote on the question of sending a letter of protest to the Prof. Board. What happened was not only constitutionally correct, but was, I submit, merely commonsense. For although most freshers do not understand the problem of academic freedom as well as do many of the older students, they certainly know something of the subject. But the average fresher knows nothing of the qualities of candidates for office he has probably never met.

Moreover, the letter on which the meeting was asked to express its opinion was a self-contained criticism of quoted extracts from correspondence, and as such called for no previous knowledge of what happened last (or any previous) year.

Contrary to "Not Equal To's" statement, there was no "cheap and nasty ridicule of the dissentient voters." The views of "the Four" would have been given a better reception in the meeting (their proper outlet) than they received when they made their

belated and coy debut in your columns.

Your correspondent is in a most unfortunate position. If he was not present at the meeting he had no business to write his wretched letter; if he was present and was one of the "four," he is to be blamed for not having had enough moral courage to speak as his convictions dictated, but only enough to write a scurrilous and belated epistle from behind a hopelessly inadequate nom-de-plume.

You yourself, sir, if not as secretary of the Debating Society, then as a member of the audience at the annual meeting, must have known that parts of N.E.T.'s letter were false and libellous; and yet, as Editor of "Smad," you simply published this tissue of lies without giving those affected a chance of replying in the same issue.

I trust that you will (if time permits) give N.E.T. an opportunity of showing (if he can) that he is equal to the task of substantiating his cheap and nasty libels.

Yours, etc.,

A. H. SCOTNEY,

Chairman V.U.C.D.S.

(Mr. Scotney seems to have made good use of the chance of replying he complains of not having; there was nothing libellous in the letters referred to; "Smad" will publish any reasonable expression of opinion. Mr. Scotney realised that his letter was handed in after closing date, so that there was no time for reply.—Ed.)

The following letter was received by the Exec:—
The Secretary,
Students' Association,
Victoria University College.

Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in communicating to you the following resolution which was passed by the Professorial Board at its meeting on 3rd. instant:—

"That the Board's congratulations be conveyed to the Students' Association on the success of this year's Extravaganza."

I would like to add to this my own personal congratulations. It appeared to me that this year's effort compared more favourably with any of the efforts in the past which I have seen. The humour was clean and the satire delightful.

Yours faithfully,

(Sig.) W. H. GOULD,

Chairman Professorial Board

FIRST DANCE SINCE CAPPING :
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.

See what it's like to be "King for a Day":
Be a Pearly King for a night at the Coster Ball.

Dear Editor,

You may remember, sir, how you used to throw things in your youth—throw stones, throw a dice, throw up drink (not that it ever came down again), and even now you might throw a party or a stink-bomb. But it seems the Haeremai Club have got this throwing complex. They must throw; yet they are too old to throw up drink and too young to throw a party, so what do they do? Why, throw toilet-paper, of course!

Now, toilet-paper is all right in its right place. That I would admit. But as the official missile on each and every occasion it leaves something to be desired. On the first occasion it borders on the humorous, on the second it is at least better than nothing, but as a habit it reveals a paucity of ideas that would delight a "Dominion" critic.

I write this in the hope that the student body will in the future keep its toilet paper to itself and not be so anxious to press it on others, who, after all, have their own.

Yours, etc.,

SODEA.

Zoology or the Mob

First there's the Amoeba,

Looking like the Queen of Sheba,
And a little reptile sometimes called Sphaerella;
Then comes Miss Obilia,
Than whom nothing can be chillier,
For her only garment is an old umbrella.

We all know the yeast,
A lovely little beast,
Who spends his whole existence brewing beer;
And likewise the bacillus,
Who does his best to kill us,
And walks round chewing people in the ear.

Then we have Euglena—
A living vacuum cleaner,
And last of all the good old garden worm;
We would far rather tame him
That cut him up and maim him—
But, alas, that's what we have to do next term.

—D.R.C.

DURING CAPPICADE.

Mr. R. A. Nichol, local secretary of the S.P.C.A., was rung up on Tuesday and told that his informer had definite knowledge that the students were going to throw a kitten on to the stage from the gods. Accordingly Mr. Nichol and his wife took two tickets in the gods to watch proceedings; alas, they found no cat, but they helped to swell our receipts!

**SHE KNOWS YOU KNOW ABOUT THE
HOCKEY TOURNAMENT DANCE, SAT. NEXT.**

A B C of World Affairs

Austria: A country foolish enough to have both Germany and Italy for neighbours.

Ballyhoo: The views held by Nazis, Communists, Tories, Socialists, Patriots, Pacifists, N.Z. Legion, Legion of Frontiersmen.

Chicago: Next to Paris, Moscow, Leningrad, Petrograd, Stalingrad, the worst city in the world.

Douglas: The modern Santa Claus.

Employment: An accident that will occur even in the best regulated cities.

Fascism: A radical movement to relieve the depression in the shirt industry.

Graft: Political horticulture; in N.Z. conspicuous by its concealment.

Hitler: A brilliant exponent of the methods of Mrs. Aimee McPherson.

Inge: "A fool shall not enter Heaven, he he ever so holy."—W. Blake.

Justice: There ain't no such thing.

Kitten: A missile apt to thud sickeningly.

Legion (N.Z.): A union of those tired of the present order, through with reform, afraid of communism, suspicious of Labour, and confident in the Legion.

Manchukuo: Japanese buffer, Russian re-buffer.

Nazi: "Not for nothing were they called Nasties."—Punch.

Ogpu: Russian gangsters, suspected of applying Scotland Yard methods to politics.

Pacifism: A malady prevalent among the young. The 20th. Century "mal du siècle."

Quota: A new and attractive wrapping for dairy produce.

Roosevelt and Ramsay Mac: Two good eggs (vide "Dominion.")

Stavisky and Stalin: Two bad eggs (vide "Evening Post").

Turkey: Once the sick man of Europe. Now just one of the crowd.

U.S.S.R.: Hush, children!

Victoria: "Not a University at all."—G. B. S.

Welfare League, Wellington Chamber of Commerce, Weir House: Three popular old men's homes.

X.Y.Z.: Clearly seditions. See unexpurgated SPIKE 1933.

CATO.

It's not every night you have the chance of a royal feering as you will at the Coster Ball.

We're expecting all the Blue blood of V.U.C.
So YOU'RE expected at the Coster Ball you see.

Sports Shorts



INTER-VARSITY TOURNAMENT AT WELLINGTON IN JUNE.

The annual Hockey Tournament commences here on the 1st. June, and finishes on the 4th. with a match between a N.Z. University team and a Wellington Rep. side. Judging from the social arrangements in hand, a happy time should be had by all.

The Seniors lost two and drew one of their three opening games, but Coach Jacobsen has found some secret tactics which we are told make the other side think there are extra men on the field. The new form of attack was successful against Hutt, when a fine exhibition of combination and short passing was given, and Williams, Struthers and Denby added the finishing touches in brilliant fashion. We understand that Ken Struthers is very displeased at being photographed without his usual beatific smile. ("Dominion" photographer please note).

MT. BANNISTER OR ORONGORONGOS FOR WEEK END STROLLS.

Trampers, where are you going next week-end? There will be two trips, one fairly strenuous to Mt. Bannister, in the North Tararua's, the other more localized is the best round trip in the Orongorongos. See the Notice Board for full particulars.

A GREAT LOSS TO BASKET BALL CLUB.

Miss Mary Line's departure is mentioned elsewhere in this issue, but the Basketball Club will perhaps miss her most. As Club Captain and Captain of the senior team, she has been the personification of energy and enthusiasm, and her place will be hard to fill.

The senior team is very strong, with most of last year's players back again. It is difficult to pick individual talent from an evenly-balanced side, but brilliant play by Miss Mary Line and Miss I Morice in goal deserves mention.

A BRILLIANT GOALIE!

The vacation has interfered with the "A" hockey team's combination, and after a good win against Ramblers the veteran matrons of Hutt United led 'Varsity a merry dance. Miss Nancy Webber, however, saved brilliantly time after time, and in every game this season she has played outstandingly. Miss C. Robertson and Miss M. Gibbons have also caught the eye for brilliant play, and some wins can be expected now that the team is back at full strength.

PRELIMINARY RUNS OF THE HARRIERS.

So far the most popular outing of the season was an invitation run from Island Bay, when Mr. and

Mrs. Shorland gave afternoon tea to all the runners. The Sherwood Cup, Three Mile Sealed Handicap will be run on the 26th.

SUCCESSFUL TENNIS SEASON.

"Smad" congratulates the Senior A team on being runners-up in the Wellington Competition. The Club Championships are completed, except for the finals in the two men's events. Mr. Budge has apparently done even better than Mr. "Efficiency" Burns in hurrying the matches along. The usual Past v. Present match was played recently and an exciting match resulted in a win for the veterans by a narrow margin.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

In the junior grades the 4ths, under Henry Moore's gentle care, and the 3rd. C's have started the season in splendid fashion. The 3rd. C's are composed chiefly of Weir House stalwarts, and so far they have not had their line crossed. They are, of course, VERY modest about this.

On the 4th June, the King's Birthday holiday, the seniors will meet St. Pats. Old Boys in the early game at Athletic Park. This promises to be a great game. Another important fixture for the 4th. is Weir House v. Rolleston (C.U.C.), which is to be played at Christchurch.

Senior Results in a Nutshell

FOOTBALL.

v. Onslow ...	Won 19-0	v. Miramar ...	Won 14-0
v. Melrose ...	Won 29-9	v. Oriental ...	Won 24-3
v. Berhamp'e ...	Won 17-0	v. Johnson's ...	Lost 6-15

MEN'S HOCKEY.

v. Wellington ...	Draw 2-2	v. Hutt ...	Won 4-1
v. Karori II. ...	Lost 1-4	v. Huia ...	Lost 0-3
v. Wesley ...	Lost 4-6		

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

v. Ramblers ...	Won 5-1	v. Technical ...	Lost 0-3
v. Hutt United ...	Lost 1-8	v. Swifts ...	Lost 1-3

BASKETBALL.

v. Wellington ...		v. Technical ...	Won 12-9
East O.G. ...	Lost 16-18	v. Kia Toa ...	Won 14-10
v. Furlor ...	Won 24-8		

(To be replayed).

TENNIS.

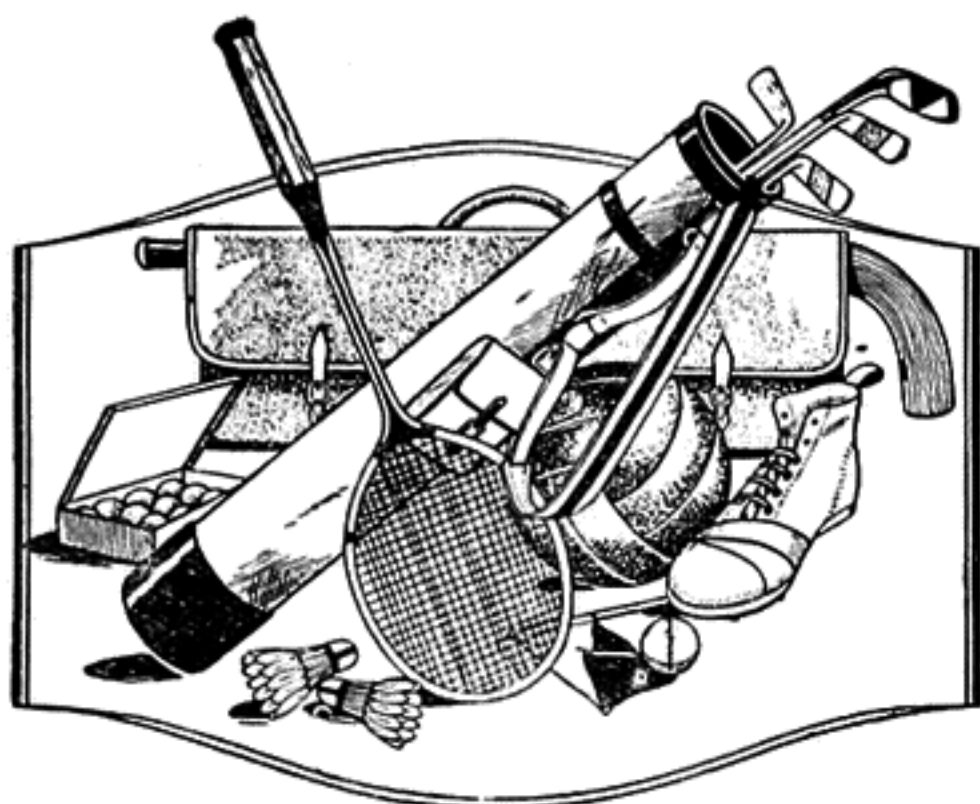
(Club Championships).

Ladies' Singles:	Combined Doubles.
Miss T. Gill.	J. McCarthy and
Ladies' Doubles:	Miss N. Cooper.
Miss S. Phillips and	
Miss M. Briggs.	

HARRIERS.

(Novice Race). Alan Henderson

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