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Victoria University College Review

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We are oppressed and limited by the present. It is to the Greeks that we owe the conception of the unities of time, place and action. In their dramas they presented before their audience a main point of interest (the unity of action), which was to take place within the few hours that the chorus was viewing the play (unity of time), and the scene was to be laid in the same place throughout (unity of place). These two latter unities, of time and place, were only more or less unavoidable conditions of the Greek way of treating drama, which later thought elaborated into principles buttressing the unity of action, which alone is essential to all art. Following the Greek rules, then, only the crisis of the action may be presented. By means of the chorus, however, the audience are enabled to look before and after, for the chorus gives the spiritual interpretation of outward action rather than actual outward action, inviting our own interpretation. And who is better able to point out the motives that impel action than the dramatist himself? It is due to his study and observation that he is able to build out of the particular, the general; from the multitude of ever-recurring, yet ever-varying human actions, he can point out what is most fixed, absolute and fundamental in human life. The principles applied by the Greek masters to dramatic representation of life are the same that are needed for forming true judgment in all human affairs: (1) To concentrate the attention on the most material, fundamental point at issue or in debate, and to focus it clearly, stripped of all incidentals; (2) to view human action in harmony with past and future (i.e., not apart from causes and effects). The unity of action does the first. The chorus does the second. In our national and political life we lose sight of both principles. We have gradually emerged from feudalism to the present stage. We are now a democracy, yet we are still inclined either to rely blindly on the conclusions arrived at by
the dramatist of an age gone-by, or, as blindly, to reject them. We have gained privileges, but we have not shouldered the responsibilities that these privileges entail. We refuse to carry out efficiently even those comparatively unimportant decisions that we, as students, are called upon from time to time to make—I say "comparatively unimportant," because as we fit ourselves to vote intelligently on small issues, so do we make ourselves more capable of voting on the larger issues. The way to fit ourselves for our responsibilities is to take a keen interest in the welfare of the students as a whole, and this will, by a gradual process, lead us on to take a wider interest in the country, in the Empire, in humanity. We should go to a general meeting with as definite a knowledge of the subjects to be discussed at it and of our own ideas on those subjects, as we should to the November examinations. It is only by this method of thorough preparation that we can hope for or expect the best results from such meetings. The low standard in the leaders is a result of unintelligent voting and lack of interest on the part of the led.

We see exactly the same thing occurring in the Government. The leaders are blinded by the present; to them the future is so dimly defined that they are unable to provide for it. They endeavor to find the easiest way of dealing with difficulties and, apparently, unlike the dramatist, are unable to interpret the present with reference to the past for the better solution of the future.

This lack of harmonious development will remain until we have as a leader one whose chief aim is service to the community—one to whom Ministerial salary, position or influence offers no intrinsic inducement—in a word, a true educationalist.

Dowden, in his "Puritan and Anglican," discusses Milton's views on civil liberty. He says that:

"Milton declared himself in favor of a free commonwealth, without a 'single person,' whether named King or Protector, and without a chamber of peers. Yet he is no democrat of the modern type. A mere majority, whether in Parliament or of the people, did not suffice, in Milton's views, to settle anything. A majority may be corrupt, 'there is little virtue,' he says, 'in number.' A licentious and unbridled democracy he abhorred; he honored what Burke afterwards called 'a natural aristocracy,' and he would distinguish them not by trappings or titles, but by grave duties and laborious tasks performed for the public welfare. 'What government,' he asks, 'comes nearer to the concept of Christ than a free commonwealth wherein they who are the greatest are perpetual servants and drudges to the public at their own cost and charges, neglect their own affairs, yet are not elevated above their brethren; walk the street as other men, may be spoken to freely, familiarly, friendly, without adoration?' Milton desired after so many vicissitudes of divided rule, a continuity of order and a continuity of progress; this he believed, could be attained only in one way—by an oligarchy of wisdom and virtue resting upon a popular basis. The choice of these rulers of the people could not be entrusted to 'the noise and shouting of a rude multitude.' Duly-qualified electors might nominate a body of men, from whom by their own votes a smaller body might be selected, until perhaps 'by a third or fourth sitting and refining of exactest choice, they only be left chosen who are the due number and seem by most voices the worthiest.' At the same time, Milton desired to quicken the vigilance and zeal of the whole people; this, he believed, could be accomplished by the delegation of power in local matters to local authorities. In recent years and at the present moment the need of a supreme Imperial authority working in harmony with a subordinate system of decentralisation—such a system as can enter into no rivalry with the central power—has been, and is, recognized as in no previous period."

Milton takes us thus far and no further. In the ideal commonwealth there should be no multitude who delight in "noise and
shouting," but each individual should be worthy of exercising a vote.

This Miltonic franchise suggests comparison with the franchise in vogue in Belgium and in Prussia before the war. But the type of leaders in Prussia, rewarded as they are by power, influence and money, would be very different from those leaders who, presumably, would accept office in Milton’s free commonwealth. It would be the first duty of these leaders to unite the Empire in a common aim whence comes harmony and power—that this is necessarily so, can be proved again by reference to Germany. To ensure getting the ideal common aim, we must get ideal leaders, or, rather, the closer we approximate to the ideal in the latter, the nearer do we draw to a realization of the ideal in the former.

To return now from fancy to fact. Is it not true that we individually are responsible in a measure for the evils around us? No democratic organization of society can relieve the individual of the responsibilities of the whole. We must fit ourselves for the task of the dramatist. All are called but few will be chosen. The efficient man will always be higher up than the incompetent.

"The ten-talent man and the two-talent man are not equal, and no system of society can make them so. To be weighed in an even balance is all that the true democrat does or should expect."

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Davies, C. A. R.
Dawson, T. H.
Dean, H. H.
de la Mare, F. A.
Delamore, A. W.
*Dempsey, S. W.
Devine, L. G. J.
Dickson, B. C. B.
Dobble, I.
*Dodson, R. H.
Downdar, —.
Drow, D. A.
Dudson, W.
Duigan, W. F.
Duncan, A. T.
*Dundon, W. T.
Eager, R. F.
East, A. F. D.
Edmondson, L. J.
Egley, B.
Elder, K. A.
*Ellis, S. R.
Ewart, H. M.
Fa'ir, A.
Fanning, J.
Fathers, H. T. M.
*Fawcett, T.
*Fell, G. H.
Fitt, W. H.
Foden, N. A.
Fossett, W. E.
Foster, L. D.
Foster, F. W.
*Freyburg, P. M.
Freyburg, B. C.
Fullerton-Smith, K. W.
Fulton, J. B.
Gamble, C.
Gaze, F. J.
George, A. J.
Gibson, E. A.
Gifford, E. J.
*Girling-Butcher, W. L.
Glasgow, W. B.
*Goodhewe, F. W. B.
*Goulding, J. H.
Gow, I. B.
*Gowdy, H.
Graham, A. J.
Gray, A.
Gresson, K. M.
*Grey, J.
Greville, R. H.
Griffiths, H. L.
Grigg, H.
*Hall, V. J. B.
Hall, T. D. H.
*Hall, L. W. B.
Hall-Jones, F. C.
Hamiltion, A.
Hampson, A. E.
Hayden, G. S.
*Harle, D. A.
Harland, —.
Harley, W. C.
Harper, G. C.
Harston, E. S.
Hawkins, B. G.
Henderson, K. A.
Hendry, J.
Henington, G.
Hercus, E. O.
Higgs, S. H.
Hill, R. B.
Hodson, F. S.
*Hogben, G. Mc. L.
*Hogben, J. McL.
*Hogg, N.
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Hogg, T. B.
Holdaway, H. R.
Holmden, T. N.
Holmes, C. H.
Hopkirk, C. F.
Hosking, J. R.
Hosick, J. B.
Houston, C. A.
*Howard, F. D.
Howe, G.
Hudson, A.
Huston, H. E.
Inder, E. W.
*Jackson, G. C.
Jacobs, B. J.
*Jameson, I. D.
Jenkins, —.
Johnson, N. S.
Johnson, J.
Johnston, A. S.
Johnstone, A. M.
Johnstone, C. G.
Jones, E. G.
Jones, S. I.
Jowett, H.
Joyce, R. F.
Keily, F. R.
Kennedy, R.
Kerr, H. W.
Kibblewhite, B. M.
Kibblewhite, F. G.
King, W. J.
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*Kirk, E. R.
*Knapp, R. H.
Krefft, C. R.
Lanksheal, B. R.
Lanksheal, W.
Larsen, A. J.
Lawson, H.
Lawburn, E. T.
Leary, L. P.
Lees, E. C.
Le Grove, E. E.
Le Petit, M. T. V.
*Liardet, L. M.
Lichfield, E.
Little, N. F.
*Long, A. T. D'A.
Longhurst, W. T.
*Luke, K. E.
Lyes, J. W.
*Lyonis, T.
*Lynch, H. K.
Macalister, S.
*Macarthur, A. A.
*MacDougall, A.
*MacKay, D. E. C.
Mackenzie, H. A.
Mackersay, E. M.
Mackie, H.
McNab, A. A.
Malone, B.
Malthy, G. C.
Mansfield, S.
Maraden, Professor
*Maraden, J. S.
Martin, F. M.
Mason, J.
Mason, S. R.
Mason, —.
*Matheson, G. G.
Matheson, N. M.
Matthews, F. C.
Matthews, W. N.
Maule, L. J.
*McCarty, M.
*McCaw, P. R.
McCaw, W. T.
McCullag, D.
McCormick, C. A.
McCormick, H.
McDonald, F. E.
McDonald, S. J.
McEldowney, W. J.
McKay, C. H.
McKenzie, F. J.
McKenzie, F. E.
*McNiven, C. A.
Meldrum, A. F.
Middlemass, N. A.
Miller, A.
*Mills, J. E.
Morison, B. H.
Morison, D. G. B.
*Morris, W. H.
Morris, J. E.
Mothes, F. W.
Mousley, E. O.
Muir, R. M.
*Munro, R.
Nash, J. W.
Nathan, A. C.
Neylon, W.
Nicholls, G. H.
Nicholson, D. H.
O'Leary, J. F.
Ongley, P. A.
Organ, W. J.
O'Shea, T.
O'Sullivan, L. D.
O'Sullivan, P. J.
Paisley, A.
*Pallant, D. K.
Park, A. J.
Parker, J. B.
Parker, A. F.
Paterson, B.
Military Awards and Distinctions

Lieut.-Col. A. B. Charters, C.M.G., D.S.O.
Capt. D. C. Bowler, M.C.
Capt. T. F. Corkill, M.C., Cross of the Order of Leopold.
Sergt. A. East, M.M.
Brigr.-General B. C. Freyburg, V.C., D.S.O.
Capt. T. N. Holmden, M.C.
Lieut. C. H. Holmes, M.C.
Capt. L. P. Leary, M.C.
Lieut. N. Little, M.C.
Major J. Pow, D.S.O.

Lieut. F. E. Mackenzie, M.C.
Capt. B. H. Morison, M.C.
Capt. S. Natusch, M.C.
Major J. M. Richmond, D.S.O.
Capt. K. Saxon, M.C.
Capt. S. T. Seddon, M.C.
Corpl. H. D. Skinner, D.C.M.
Capt. M. W. C. Sprott, M.C.
Capt. W. H. Stanton, M.C.
Lieut. C. H. Taylor, M.C.
Major F. Turnbull, D.S.O.
Lieut. T. L. Ward, M.C.
Sapper J. A. Wilson, M.M.
Soldiers' Letters

No. 3 Brit. Gen. Hospital,
Le Treport,
17/4/17.

To the Editor, "Spike."

Dear "Spike,"—Just a line to thank you for your last issue, which I received about a month ago. Shortly after receiving it I had a brief but not uninteresting meeting with the wily Hun, since then I have been in the land of the V.A.D., seemingly as a semi-permanent picture.

Poor old Dan Bowler went West the day I was hit, and Karl Strack about a week before.

They broke my leg rather successfully, so since then I have been out of the game. Previous to that we had a busy time round the battle area, helping to make history and trying to dodge bombs.

Dodging bombs is a thing to which much interest attaches—for in that lies the difference between the quick and the dead. We listen with envy to the tales of fellows back from leave who have acted the gallant hero to fainting maidens and the like. One of our fellows who happens to have one or two bits of ribbon on his coat tells us that he was at a dance when the Goths came one night. One or two of the Cuthberts suffered from the wind vertical; this chap swore he was quite cool and all the girls in room rushed him for protection. He had to deliver lectures on bombs till the raid was over. This story may be true, but—

Our own method of meeting these attacks is different. If Fritz comes over with bombs in the daylight your dignity stays where it is, while the rest of you takes a flying leap into the nearest or best hole. Bombs have a sound peculiarly of their own—the best place to hear them from, being with your ear to the ground and the rest of you in line. In wet weather one usually stands up for the first shot, but not if it's near.

We were living in tents in this area—this being considered more picturesque—but we had a nice earth-bank all round the sides. The arrival of an aeroplane at night is heralded by three whistles, when every light for miles around goes out, and if he's visiting you, you lie down flat on the floor. Next morning you rise, count the holes in your tent, and then go and swap lies with your neighbors.

Curiosity is a bad thing here. A new arrival got up to look at the planes one night, and we buried him next day.

I have seen only one bomb burst near me—this was not my fault as I was searching for a better 'ole at the time. I heard the next one, but did not see it—having found the hole.

Father Barclay arrived here the other day—I felt as if I hadn't done my Latin when I saw him. I remember he used to be considered a very useful member of society—or at any rate of the Latin class.

By the way, I was in Paris last August—ah! but I forgot "The Spike" is still a family magazine, so I will close with best wishes and a discreet tongue.—Yours sincerely,

HUBERT H. DANIELL.

* * * * *

No. 1 N.Z. Gen. Hospital,
Brockenhurst,
22nd January, 1916.

Dear "Spike,"—There is a din of many voices, raised in expostulation, in argument of I know not what, and by some curious twist, my memory turns to you. Have you ever heard hospital auction bridge played? It is divided into three stages—"before," "during," and "after." "During" is played along the lines of ordinary auction, "before" is mainly advisory, "after" ABUSIVE. There are two games going on at present, so you can imagine what the noise is like. Over in France it was comparatively peaceful playing even close to the line, but in hospital—

You will gather by this that I am still in the land of the V.A.D.

Talking of V.A.D.'s, one sees almost as many varieties here as one sees at the "March past" at the notice boards during the first week. In one hospital in France there were two V.A.D.'s, who, in the language of our brothers in Egypt, "stood about sixteen hands." They handled me like a babe in arms. One of them was Scotch and had a red nose and a cheerful
disposition—she was the hard-hearted brigand who woke me remorselessly every morning and washed me long before even the early bird had got busy. Her comrades in arms (I speak metaphorically) was English, but was really quite decent when we became better acquainted. There is a misconception prevalent in some circles that V.A.D. stands for voluntary and delightful—but this is not necessarily correct. I remember one that hailed from the North of Ireland and had red hair—she would make a splendid librarian. It seemed to us she knew all the rules of the hospital by heart, especially those beginning: “Patients will not ———.” In justice to them I must say that they carried out their work in an excellent manner, but if one read the magazines it would seem that hospitals were a sort of subalterns’ Heaven with the V.A.D.’s filling the angels’ rôle.

Bullard is in the same ward with me here, and the Frog and Salmond are next door. Fulton is the X-ray artist and takes photos of those parts of us that the doctor is most interested in for the time being. Dan Bowler was killed the day I was hit. Any information I can give of V.U.C. students would appear under the "Accidents and Fatalities" column, I’m afraid, and most of it you may have heard. S. A. Atkinson was in our battalion when he was killed last year. I had been with him a couple of hours before he was hit. Colonel R. St. J. Bere was also in the same battalion. This battalion had, at one time and another, quite a number of our ex-students. Those I can remember are: Colonel Bere, Capt. Bennett, Lieut. (now Major) R. Caldwell (all wounded at various times), Lieuts. Larder (killed), Castle (killed), Norman Hogg (killed), Atkinson (killed), Bowler (killed). J. B. Parker (returned through illness), B. J. Jacobs (wounded), G. Morris (wounded), J. D. Vernon, W. F. Hogg, and H. M. Keesslag. In the ranks were Nevill Wright, and possibly others. As you know, the bulk of these were law students, so Professor Garrow would have been able to conduct a class with us. The better half [better half—that portion of the college that wears skirts] of College is also represented “here in England now,” as Blanche of the "Bystander" has it. Last year I met Miss Larry Mac., and the Frog tells me that he met “Mary” recently—but, perhaps, dear “Spike,” another generation has arisen that knows not—well, shall I say, that does not remember—the "hop floor on the top floor."

If I don’t get on I’ll be firing Omar and “the moving finger” at you.

The November number of "The Spike" has arrived in due course. One noticed a slight increase in the verse published, but I was sorry to see that most of the initials were still familiar. I’m not complaining of their longevity, but of the absence of new ones. If I may add a further criticism, the first number is better than the second, from which one would infer that exams. are still held at the end of the second term. Has the football team, that faded dream, quite lost its dash—or was the secretary late with his reports?

I see there is a proposal to erect a Memorial Building. It is a good idea, but I hope it originated with the students, as it sounds a little utilitarian to come from higher up. I know that we have a crying need for more room, but it would be a pity if we used the needs of a memorial as a sentimental appeal to the Government (which must, sooner or later, provide the room) for immediate cash.

Well, I seem to have written rather much; but you can put that down as a phase of my illness. Please address my next “Spike” to me at Mathon Lodge, Masterton, as I hope to be there by that time. Please thank the Students’ Association for a pair of socks which duly arrived. They should last some time, as I will be able to wear only one at a time for another six months.

With best wishes for your next issue.—I am, yours sincerely,

HUBERT H. DANIELL.

"JERRY."

* * * *

Belgium,
18th February, 1918.

To the Hon Sec., Students’ Association.

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank your Association for its kindness in forwarding me a pair of socks and a copy of “The Spike.” I received both about a week ago, and I don’t know which was the more welcome. While one was a comfort materially, the other was a spiritual solace, especially "Laconic Jenny." I would express my feelings at greater length, but I am
somewhat handicapped by two things—time, and my inability to spell “sex”—I fancy “cks,” but you will find somewhere about the year 1910 a capping song entitled “Sex”! and the good Lord only knows which is right.

By the way, it has occurred to me that “The Spike” people might run a competition, inviting its readers to send in guesses as to the date of the conclusion of the war, the nearest guesser to be given a prize only if he comes within twenty years of the true time. There is plenty of scope for the unruly undergraduate here, and it might prevent those numberless discussions which take place in odd corners of the College corridors to the greater disturbance of the serenity of one, Mr. Jas. Brooke. If you yourself happen to know when the war is going to end, I should be greatly obliged if you would send me a cable. I would willingly defray the expense. With many thanks again for the so(x) (cks) and “The Spike,” and with the kindest regards to such of my contemporaries as may remember me.—Yours, sincerely,

P. A. BROAD.

[I should like the students at the front to know how we welcome letters from them. It is our only method of hearing of the doings of many of the wandering sons of V.U.C. The more you write the better pleased we are, and you can give us much advice and as many suggestions as you like. We need it and them.—Ed.]

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### Roll of Honour

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Purvis Ford Armstrong</th>
<th>Edward Richmond Kirk</th>
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<tr>
<td>S. Arnold Atkinson</td>
<td>Russell Harvey Knapp</td>
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<td>Gerald Innes Atkinson</td>
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<td>Herman Stewart Baddeley</td>
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<td>Henry Barnard</td>
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<td>Robert Greenleys Blaikie</td>
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<td>Valentine Blake</td>
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<td>Daniel Cornelius Bowler</td>
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<td>Vivian Russell Britten</td>
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<td>Archibald Geoffrey Brockett</td>
<td>Alan Miller</td>
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<td>Noel Fletcher Burnett</td>
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<td>Sydney William Dempsey</td>
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<td>Reginald Henry Dodson</td>
<td>Helger Bro. Randrup</td>
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<td>Paul Milton Freyburg</td>
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<td>Archibald Taylor</td>
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<td>Athol Hudson</td>
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<td>George C. Jackson</td>
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<td>Ian Douglas Jameson</td>
<td>James Alexander Wilson</td>
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<td>Herbert W. King</td>
<td>Douglas D. M. Yeats</td>
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<td>Albert Victor Young</td>
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In Memoriam

Just before the beginning of the first session—on February 25th, 1916, we heard with great sadness of the death of Mrs. Macphail at Port Chalmers.

Mrs. Macphail had been spending the long vacation with her cousin, Mrs. D. L. K. Walker, and, though her health was uncertain, and she was under the care of the doctor, yet up till the very last, she was at work on the lectures that she hoped to give her classes this year.

To those of us who knew and loved her, Mrs. Macphail was a constant reminder of that high sense of duty that counts for so much. She did her work well and most faithfully, although she was never really strong and often so frail that there seemed little but her will left. She told one of us that she was never happier than when she was feeling fairly well and was standing in front of her class, and every member of that class must have known and benefited by the keen interest that she took in each one of them. She never spared her time nor her slender reserve of strength when it was a question of helping one of her students either by encouragement or by admonition. “My students are my family” was a phrase which she was wont to use, and it is symbolic of what she considered the high seriousness of her duty towards her students. It is the students who did repeat and honors work with Mrs. Macphail who, perhaps, knew and appreciated her best, for none knew better the spirit of untiring devotion to her ideals which she showed throughout, in spite of ill-health.

---

Wainui-o-mata
(Moore’s Valley.)

Wainui has a valley that is full of peace and quiet,
There’s a golden stream within it and many a clear, deep pool;
There’s all the charm of Ireland when twilight comes a-creeping,
And you hear the sheep a-calling thro’ the ev’n’ing dim and cool.

There is ti-tree on the hillsides and bracken on the banks,
There are fox-gloves in the paddocks with their bells of pink and white,
’Tis a happy, drowsy valley, when dreaming ’neath the sun—
’Tis a sad and wistful valley in the coming-on of night.

You count the stars out-peeping and the road is shadow-dark,
And the soft scent from the bushy hills is sweet upon the air;
A peace then comes enfolding, like the peace of Innisfree
And you feel its tender comfort, and the blessing that is there.

M.L.N.
Examination Results

HONORS IN ARTS
Eileen M. Duggan ........................................ 1st class History
Robert B. Ryder ......................................... 2nd-class Economics
Constance H. Shields .................................... 2nd-class English and French
Annie C. W. S. Mackenzie ............................. 3rd-class English and French

MASTER OF ARTS
Frank E. Mackenzie ................................. Carrie P. Wallace
George M. Henderson

MASTER OF LAWS
Patrick E. E. Dromgoole

BACHELOR OF ARTS
Louisa J. Chapman ................................. Winifred E. G. Knight
Lilian L. Crabb ....................................... Dorothy McCartney
Edith R. Davies ....................................... Dorothy B. Maclean
Jessie S. Dunn ......................................... Nora P. Norman
Cecelia M. Dwyer. .................................... Olive R. Salmon
Michael Gilfedder ..................................... Edythe G. Waddington
Oliver L. Hunt ......................................... Iris H. Woodhouse
Thomas Kane ........................................... Irene K. Wyllie
Eleanor Kidston ......................................

BACHELOR OF LAWS
Herbert A. Cunningham ............................. Richard A. Howie
Werner Heine .......................................... Frank E. Mackenzie

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
George W. Clinkard

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIP
Iris H. Woodhouse .................................... Mental and Moral Philosophy

FIRST SECTION B.A.
Isabel W. M. Aitken ................................ Lillian G. Keys
Beryl G. Armstrong ................................... Erica M. Matthews
Fanny D. Bingham .................................... Harold G. Miller
Norman A. Byrne ..................................... Muriel A. Moore
Alice Cocker .......................................... Cyril J. R. Price
Nora A. Devlin ....................................... Bernard J. Ryan
Helen M. Hind ......................................... Eric K. Rishworth
Eric C. E. Hogg ...................................... Rubina A. Roy
Hilda R. G. J. Horsley .............................. Eva H. Smith
Albert Jackson ...................................... Ivan L. G. Sutherland
Lily K. V. Keeble ..................................... Gordon S. Troup
Brois Kelsey ..........................................

SECTION LL.B.
Winton C. Brown ..................................... Archibald W. Smyth
William D. P. Kitching ......................... Joseph H. Sheat
William P. Pringle ................................... Sidney A. Wiren
Gordon F. Saunders ................................

SECTION BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
Herbert A. Cunningham ........................... Clinton H. Wynyard

FIRST SECTION B.Sc.
Alfred J. Cullen ..................................... William C. Purdy
Philip P. Lynch ....................................... Irene J. M. Sievwright
"Tich"
And Some Others

The ridge lay in front of the village; to cross over it was, as Tich said, "unhealthy"; but it had to be done again and again as long as any wounded still lay beyond it. And at almost every return to the Advanced Station, the senior bearer sergeant reported to the O.C., "Two more bearer squads gone, sir." From the A.D.S. it certainly looked as if nothing could live crossing the shell-swept slope, over which the infantry had advanced a few hours previously; for now an enemy barrage of five-point-nines fell almost unceasingly on it.

"I'm afraid I have very few men to spare," replied the Colonel. "Five casualties already out of six reinforcement men who arrived an hour ago. They have got their eye on the station here. And we're full with stretcher cases."

Tich, ignoring the fact that the advice or opinion of a private was not asked for, and risking a severe "strafe" from a sorely-tried O.C., interjected, "Why not use some of the Fritzes, sir?"

Tich was one of the company humorists; he was a short, brown-faced, brown-eyed, hardy little man, and stout-hearted withal. His chief failing was an unquenchable thirst; while his experience in flirtation with an astounding variety of women, from fat Madame Pinchon of the "Estaminet au Progres" to the slim, petite, and altogether lovable little Yvonne of the "Chat Noir," was a source of wonder and jealousy to his co-mates in exile. He had an amazing stock of yarns—mostly "recondite and Rabelaisian"—with which he delighted his chums when in billets. In a "stunt" he was as brave as a lion; but he had then one sorrow—at such a time bock was not procurable and the issue of the Army rum was very small. He was an indefatigable collector of Boche souvenirs; but one ambition—the possession of a German watch—was still unsatisfied. Hence his suggestion was not without a sinister and ulterior motive. The day previous to the company's arrival at "Red Post" (as the A.D.S. was officially known) he had questioned one of the sergeants.

"Say, Sarge, the S.M. says you're some stunt on languages. We know you are on bad language, but what's the Fritz for a watch?"

"Eine Uhr," grunted the Sergeant.

"'Ere, 'ere, Sarge, I didn't ask yer for the Scotch. Yer can't kid me. I know blame well the Scotch say "oor." I was at Alloa on leave."

"Right-O," snorted the N.C.O. "Go away and don't ask any more damn-fool questions. But Uhr is the word."

"Don't sound pleasant, though," suggested Tich.

"Oh, go to blazes," said the non-com.

"What a kind-hearted, nice-mannered cove the Sarge is, isn't he?" inquired Tich of his "cobber."

"You'd better leave well alone and imshi," replied the other.

"He's gone very crook because the C.O.'s detailed him for duty at the M.D.S. instead of further up. He's not exactly an angel at any time, but to-day he's got 'em bad."
Off they went together; and that same evening under cover of
dark, the company moved up to "Bed Post" and established an
A.D.S. During the night the stretcher squads were detailed in
readiness and the n.c.o.'s went round to see that every man had his
field dressing pinned inside his tunic and that gas masks and shrap-
nel helmets were ready. They knew that in another twelve hours
the company's numerical strength would be considerably reduced.

At 6 p.m. punctually to the minute every British gun in the
sector opened out, and the batteries dropped their barrage, in front
of the infantry men who were advancing to attack the village.

"The curtain's up for act 1," shouted Tich above the din into
his No. 1's ear. "We come on in Act 2."

"Damned good orchestra," he added, as the larger British shells
whizzed overhead. "Good bass work. Staccato later on when the
typewriters get to work."

Some time afterwards when our barrage had moved steadily
forward, stretcher squads were given the word, "Ready to move.
Each man settled his steel helmet firmly on his head, saw that his gas
mask was at the alert; and patted his tunic to make sure the invalu-
able field-dressing was there. A few faces were white, but the
lips were all firm as, guided by the sergeants and corporals, they
moved off to where the enemy's counter-barrage was falling heavily
near to and on the ridge. One shell passed right overhead before
they started, and snorts and squeals of pain told that the horse-lines
had "stopped it."

Out they went steadily, one squad at a time, as the n.c.o. in
charge directed. One party seemed to hesitate for a second or two,
and then a roar and a geyser of mud and earth not far from it show-
ed where the shell had landed. When the smoke had cleared and
the splinters had ceased falling, one could see the Lance-Corporal
lying motionless in the mud, and two of the bearers bringing back a
third on the stretcher.

"Bob's done in," panted the white-faced, mud-bespattered No.
1. "No," answering the sergeant's question and wiping the blood
from his face, "that's Bob's, not mine. I didn't get a scratch, and
Bill's is only flesh. Jim here," pointing to the man on the stretcher,
"has copped it on the head. He's got a dressing on. We'll drop
him at the Post and come straight back."

The sergeant nodded, gave a curt order to the corporal on his
right, and the squad began to move again. In a short time they
had all cleared the ridge, and, with the loss of a few more men,
reached the R.A.P. Here a short-sleeved, blood-smeared captain of
the N.Z.M.C., assisted by two orderlies, was working at top pressure
with the more seriously wounded. An ambulance corporal and
three men were busy attending to the slightly wounded (known
officially as "walking cases"). These were to walk back to the
A.D.S. assisted by the spare numbers of the stretcher squads—not
that there were many spare numbers just then.

Back and through the barrage went the squads with their
wounded, a more difficult process than coming over, as the bearers
could not now duck or drop for safety owing to the wounded whom
they were carrying, so that occasionally a squad set out with a case
and arrived at the dump without stretcher and patient, or remained
out on the ridge dead or wounded, with the unfortunate casualty.
This went on for some hours until at last the senior sergeant had to ask the C.O. for more men. It was this that gave Tich the opportunity to make his proposal to utilise prisoners, some of whom were already coming back. To his great surprise and secret delight the Colonel, instead of "strafing" him, fell in with the suggestion; and commandeering some Bavarians, handed three of them over to the senior-sergeant. The latter turned to Tich and said:

"You're acting-corporal, vice Bob, and will control squads one, two, and three. Don't move off till I give the word. And watch the movement of that blasted barrage and slip your squads through quickly."

Squad No. 1 consisted of three Bavarians, who seemed quite willing to do the work. Not that it would have made much difference had they not been.

Tich armed himself with a thick stick.

"What's that for?" demanded the sergeant.

"In case Fritz tries to get a strang-hold on to me."

"Rats," said the n.c.o. "Lead off, Tich," and the squads moved forward.

Once clear of the ridge, Tich ordered his No. 1 squad into a shell-hole, or, rather, pushed them in, and followed them.

"Let's see what's in your pockets," he said. Then, to the first Bavarian, "No compree English?" The German regarded him stolidly and a little apprehensively, as the lithe little man flourished his bludgeon in alarming proximity to the prisoner's nose.

Then, remembering the bad-tempered sergeant's advice, Tich said, quickly:

"You got oor, eh? Compre oor? Oh, damn, I'm talking French."

The German showed little signs of comprehension, and Tich said with great fervor, "That blasted sergeant's a swanker. He don't know no blurry German."

After much pantomimic show of twisting his wrist and scanning it carefully and drawing an imaginary watch from his pocket, he succeeded in making the second German understand a little. This Boche, a slim young man of about 25 years of age and totally different to his two hoghish fellow-captives, drew a large time-piece from one of his pockets and said, "Drei Viertel ouf drei."

"Cut it out," commanded the corporal. "Of course I'm dry, but I want that oor. Believe the sarge was right after all."

He grabbed the watch and put it into his tunic pocket.

"Come on, you blighters," then said the little man, urging the three out of the shell-hole with the aid of his stick.

In an hour they were on their way back to the A.D.S. with a wounded N.Z. rifleman on the stretcher.

"How do you like being carried by brother Boche," demanded Tich.

"S'all right," replied the other. "Got a fag?" he asked. "My leg's giving me hell. Reckon its Blighty for keeps or good old New Zealand. Bone's smashed just above the ankle.

By good luck they reached the A.D.S. safely and Tich at once went back with his squad. As they neared the ridge the usual ominous whizzing of an approaching shell made Tich drop quickly to earth.

"Down," he yelled to his three Germans. "On yer gots, quick."
The shell seemed to land almost simultaneously with his words. When the falling pieces had cleared away, Tich picked himself up and looked round. One German was dead, the second was bleeding from face, arm, and leg. The third, the youngest of the three, was evidently unharmed. Tich applied field dressings to the wounded Boche, and, with the assistance of the third, managed to make him understand that he was to go back to Red Post. Then he and the remaining Hun each grasped an end of the stretcher and went on to the R.A.P.

Together they commenced to carry back a badly-wounded lieutenant of the 14th Tararua Company. The ridge and its neighborhood were receiving the usual amount of attention, and for one moment Tich hesitated.

"Not that I care a curse," he explained to the officer, "but you don't want another. You've got enough to take you to Blighty."

"Carry on," said the sub. "I want to get out of this and damn quick."

As they cleared the ridge a belated five-nine landed rather close to be pleasant. Tich's calf was cut by a flying splinter.

"What rotten luck," he said, "three bar eighteen thousand and one, slightly wounded; remaining with unit. All right, Fritz," he added, "go right ahead."

They reached Red Post in safety, and the wounded man was handed over to the Major.

"By God, sir," said Tich, "there's no unsterilised insects on this Hun. He's game as hell."

The Major detailed an orderly to dress Tich's wound and to give him A.T.S. 500 units. This latter, Tich averred, was worse than the scratch he had received.

"Turn in now," said the Major, "and lie down for a few hours."

"No damn fear, sir," answered Tich. "They're short-handed as it is, and my leg'll get stiff if I don't keep going."

The Major grinned broadly and turned away.

"Where's my bloody Fritz?" Tich yelled, as he emerged into the light.

"Fritz" was finishing a mug of bovril.

"Cripes, he's earned it," said the little man. "'Ere, Fritz, come 'ere." He pushed and pulled him into a position of attention. Then he took the watch from his pocket and looked at it lovingly.

"Now, Fritz, I'm Alex. Oh, hell! no!! not him. I'm Dug Haig. 'Shun. Private Fritz Lager Beer, Number umpteen hundred and one. Let me see how does the next go? It doesn't matter. My own way's best. For gallant and distinguished conduct in the field—assisting at the risk of his own life to evacuate wounded under heavy shell fire. I can't pin it on and I'm not going to kiss you on both cheeks like Madamoiselle from Amentieres. You're not a bad sort though you are a blooming Hun; so here's your watch instead of the Military Medal or the Crox de Curr."

The bewildered German, with wonder and astonishment depicted on his face, put the watch back in his pocket without a word.

"Smile, damn you, smile," yelled Tich.

Then, in answer to a sergeant, who was making mysterious signs with his right arm,
"Right O, sarge, I'm coming; and I'm as dry as hell. Hope you've got enough.
He disappeared into the quartermaster's dug-out, and as he went the sergeant-major smiled and murmured:
"Yes, rough as ———; but he'll do me."

GLOSSARY:
A.D.S.: Advanced dressing station.
M.D.S.: Main dressing station.
R.A.P.: Regimental aid post.
Compree: Army French—to understand.
Imshi: To go away—an Egyptian borrowing, 20th century; to go crook, to become angry or annoyed, to lose one's temper.
Crox dee Gurr: Probably Croix de Guerre.
A strafe: Something or anything unpleasant received by soldiers, whether it be a reprimand from a superior or a bombardment by minenwerfer or by big guns.
A stunt: An affair with the enemy. Though usually applied to a big offensive, it may also be used when referring to raids, night patrols, etc.
A.T.S.: Anti-tetanus serum— injected into all men wounded.
Type-writers: Machine guns.

Though Inland Far We Be
Like flakes of snow when April sun laughs out,
Like leaves caught up and dancing in the breeze,
Behind the plough they throng, a careless route
Of jolly pirates that have quit the seas
And turned inland, to smell the broken earth
And catch what booty lies in that brown wake;
Or, circling on ahead, to ring with mirth
The ploughman's path, till he his way must take
Through clouds of flashing wings, as though there sped
A heavenly robber-band around his head.

Mary E. Pumphrey, Scotland, 1917.

Chanson
Thy hair is dyed with yellow gold
Of waving corn before the breeze.
Thine eyes are blue, the blue of old,
Of distant skies, of summer seas.
Dream laden poppies are thy lips,
And softer than the crimson rose,
Sweet as the dew the violet sips,
At even in the garden close.
The wind-flower's gracefulness is thine,
And thine the song the linnet sings,
The splendour of its swaying pine,
The mystery of its murmurings.
Thy face the petal of a rose,
Pale in a frame of woven gold,
Thy hands twin butterflies that close
Their wings in flowers upon the wold.—W.E.L.
A More Excellent Way

What's the goal of all this striving,
Gain for hollow cheek and eye,
What for our contriving
In the heart and home of central peace surviving
By-and-by?

See the shrivelled lips of learning
'Peck the rose-red cheek of Love;
Intellect discerning
Curious things, and looking earthward, never turning
Up above.

As the stars in darkness shining
Give us promise of the day,
To the day resigning
Each its single brightness, knowledge needs inclining
To Love's way.

H.M.

On the Fitness of Things

"Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin."—Henry VI.

Have you ever considered the fitness of things? I doubt it. This is the euphemistic way of saying that you have never done so unless perhaps it was on that wonderful night when SHE promised to meet you at the Post Office—no! I refuse to be poetical—and at home, disconsolately on a chair, you sat wondering whether or not you would wear your purple hose. But revenons à nos moutons.

I wish to consider Latin as a compulsory subject in University examinations. In my opinion, not only is it essential to one's career through life, but in some cases it is even necessary. Alonzo Binks, the Soap King, whose son Lancelot has, through his meaningless remarks, a reputable standing for intelligence among members of our circle, attributes his singular success in life to Latin. In his early life he studied it for the law, but it proved such an obstacle that he gave it up and started work in a foundry, where his latent histronic talent reasserted itself, and he discovered that home-made soap in a picturesque wrapper would revolutionise the market. Another instance in which Latin proved very useful I heard of the other day. In a charitable lecture to the inmates of an asylum on "Electrons and How to Handle Them," the lecturer added great point to some of his remarks by quotations from the dead language, and these were appreciated greatly by the lunatics, with the exception of one poor fellow, who was suffering under the delusion that he was Tiberius Flaccus.

That the beauty of our tongue is not appreciated is a subject of much querulous objection in these days. In the study of Latin the remedy lies. To illustrate this I will quote from a copy of Horace which is nearby. The man who wrote the English version calls himself "Translator," whether to satisfy his conscience or to avoid a harsher sounding word which might shock the public, I do not know; but I think that it was probably for the former reason. This is a copy of one passage: "Him like an oak and
tossed in Etrurian waves. Nor did the Echionian Thebes wielding lofty axes abounding in dusky leaves. No longer can I send messengers—May you drink red wine Marcellus—the sun is below the ocean—for Jupiter hurls his bolts with propitious divinity.” Prose seems, after all, to be but poetry with the ideas extracted. Without doubt, you will think that it is a curious phenomenon which makes Latin poetry bring about an appreciation of English prose; but I have been told of many other prodigies, such as teaching the correct pronunciation of French in secondary schools and the tendency in like places to regard the works of Shakespeare as something which could be more fittingly used than as detention or copying books. Still, the fact that I have travelled outside New Zealand seems to give me an unfair advantage over you in these matters.

Thus, when I hear Latin as it is pronounced in the Law Courts, when in the mornings I view our milkman, at peace with the world, jogging along reading the odes of Milton in that expressive language, when, indeed, for want of something better to do, I idly turn over the pages of my doctor’s billet-doux to my chemist, I realise that Latin is of vital importance and that everything is destined for us to perceive or not to perceive. Such is the fitness of things, and to put an end to this argument concerning the utility of Latin, I beg to be allowed to quote Cicero when he says that in every dispute we should have recourse rather to the moments of reason than the weight of authorities. Non enim tam authoritatis in disputando, quam rationis momenta quaerenda sunt.

W.E.L.

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When Day Stands Still

There’s a big rose by my window
Hanging a heavy head,
A golden-yellow, drowsy rose
With not a petal shed,
But full of sweets, and rounded rips,
And dreaming in the noon—
The golden hour, the golden rose .

Why must they waken soon?

M.L.N.

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P.U.

I’m sitting here in the firelight’s gicam
With the bowl of my pipe aglow;
Folk say, “You are lucky to be back home,”
And I answer nor “Yes,” nor “No,”
As the smoke-rings lazily curl
And wreath fantastic shapes,
I see the quick ‘plane’s hurried swirl
And the hill where the crater gapes.
I see it all through the blue-gray smoke
From my old and trusted brier,
The pits where the grim guns’ nozzles poke
Till the word comes through to fire.
And as dull night yields place to day
Johnny reports with joy,
"The forward O.P. says shot's O.K.,
We'll give 'em hell, old boy."
But Johnny who joked while on the guns
Was killed at Bois Grenier.
The Major is buried in Delville Wood
And I—well, I'm sitting here.
And I see them all through the lazy rings,
The Major and Johnny, too.
And the memory of it ever clings
And I know what I always knew,
That my heart is still with my pals "out there"
Who are carrying on with the game.
I can see the lights in the startled air
As the guns burst into flame.
And though I've an eye with a sightless stare
And one of my arms are gone
In my dreams I am seeing the signals flare,
And I whisper the words, "Carry on!—C.

·P.U.—Permanently unfit.  O.P.—Observation Post.

A Glance at the Drama

Is the drama gradually dying out? True enough the bearded satyr no longer wildly revels round the altar of Dionysius; nor does this archetype of man, sublime as a genii of Nature and as a sufferer near to his god, reveal, as once he was wont to do, in words alike beautiful and artistic, the visionary conception of the dramatic art. The voice of Sophocles the euryphæus is lulled, and to that mass before raised to the height of Dionysian enthusiasm, the mockery of Jocasta, the pride of Oedipus, the ravages of Philoctetes, and the sinful scorn of Aias mean nothing but horror upon horror. Yet from the self-inflicted blindness of Oedipus comes to him humility, reverence and contentment; the tortures of the Lernaean hydra, the love-charm that crushed the soul of Heracles, give rise to the filial devotion of Hyllus, his son; and out of the fratricidal strife of Eteocles and Polynices, there rises, in Antigone, the noblest heroism of womanhood that the poets of Greece or Rome have represented—such a type as Shakespeare may well have taken for his Cordelia or Dante for his Beatrice.

The drama, in its present form, has not come to us directly from the Greek, and in its many transitions beginning about the end of the Middle Ages, it has shed more and more of its pristine grandeur. In this age, where everything is ridiculous, and nothing, in the estimation of everybody, really sensible, true enough it is that we are apt to laugh at the old English Miracle Plays in which we have the whole history of silly Eve, the Magi and the comic wife of Noah confused in a style to which even G. K. Chesterton could hardly do justice. Though the plays infringed all unity of time, and the characters passed over a thousand years in a single act, going from heaven to earth, and then down to hell (rarely, strange to say, the
other way) and kings, shepherds, high priests and executioners appeared in a manner truly socialistic—nevertheless, from the liturgical ritual of the Church these mysteries derived solemnity, majesty and dramatic force.

From the germ of these sprang the Moralities in which most of the ethical abstracts received a habitation and a name. Bold Imagination, Stout Perseverance, Vice the Buffoon and Humankind are a few of the representations, the last being always a weak, vacillating kind of creature.

In the Interludes, of which John Heywood was the master, we have the connecting link with the drama proper. A man who could write a good interlude which would amuse the King stood as good a chance of obtaining a title as one who nowadays can make a sufficient number of thousands by abusing the general public. We can never, however, really forgive Heywood for omitting from his work that universal favorite, the Devil. He was the Chaplin of the age. "My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his poor soul!" says good Gossip Tattle, "was wont to say, there was no play without a fool or a devil in't; he was for the Devil still, God bless him! The Devil for his money, would he say, I would faint see the Devil!"

Chief amongst the minor Elizabethan dramatists stands Christopher Marlowe. His poetic genius, his glorious outbursts thrill us with the intensity of his scenes. The lips of his men he touched with a live coal from the altar of his Muse, so that their words fire the heart with their flaming zeal or sear it with their despair. Never to be forgotten is that terrible outcry of Faustus when, at the fatal hour, he comes face to face with the claimant of his soul, or those wonderful lines which Edward II., into whose weak nature he infuses a wonderful personality, says to Winchester:

Now, Sweet God of Heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronised in Heaven!
Come, Death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself.

Between Marlowe and Shakespeare, however, there is, at least, one difference. The former makes his villains so vile and so atrocious that we feel, especially in the case of Barabas, Fate has delayed too long. In the latter we are made to feel an almost too human sympathy, and to realise that if it had not been for a father's death or a single act of folly, ambition or jealousy, the tragic careers of Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear and Othello might have had a far different conclusion. Grinniss and awe-inspiring infelicity are not the only aspects of the drama. Its mission is to interpret the beauty of Fate. It seeks, as Aristotle puts it, to purify the emotions by a healthy exercise. It does with human experience what Painting does with external Nature. There are landmarks in which the beauty is obvious to all; but it is the privilege of the artist to reveal the charm that lies in the scenery, until the ideal can be recognised and Nature becomes Art. The Teuton, perhaps plying the way for us, undertakes to make out that Lady Macbeth was a loving spouse, while the Frenchman dwells not on the speeches of Hamlet—the beauty of which he does not comprehend—but on the greatness of his immortal soul, its vivid sympathy, its tenderness
born of sadness, and its potentiality, heightened rather than weak-
ened by horrible punishments and conjectures. No doubt the Eliza-
bethans laughed, and were intended to laugh, at his madness, just
as Molière’s patrons laughed, and were intended to laugh, at the
venomous malice of Tartuffe, the stiff unworldliness of Alceste, and
the terrible sufferings of George Daudin. This objective view of
the drama is compounded of two colors, but it is the tragic which
remains. Comedy can never and will never last. Years hence,
when the world has sobered itself after the orgy of farce-comedy
that now permeates the atmosphere of the stage, the public, brood-
ing over the paucity of its drama, will realise that the comic is but
an incident, while the tragic is an event.

Neitzsche analyses the failure of the modern drama when he
asks: “Why should the artist be under obligations to accommodate
himself to a power whose strength is merely in numbers? And if
by virtue of his endowments and aspirations, he feels himself
superior to everyone of the spectators, how could he feel greater
respect for these collective capacities than for the relatively highest-
endowed spectator.—If this genius, Euripides, had the slightest
reverence for the pandemonium of the public, he would have broken
down long before by the weight of his own failures.” How bit-
terly did Dryden repent, in the closing days of his life, of his wast-
ing his wonderful genius by pandering to the public. He who
sacrifices his soul, his spirit, HIMSELF to the popular demands of
an age is no better than he who escapes temptation by sneezing
into it. More and more, alas, is man merging what little personality
he has into an automaton. For the most part, he speaks in stereo-
typed phrases, seeking to be intelligible rather than intelligent;
he has, in a sense, certain religious and moral views to which all
adhere except those who really think at all about them, and he acts
up to those conventions which give him a standing among mem-
ers of his own class. Our dramatists, if we can call them such,
are clearly a product of the age. Pinero throws his great intellect
and penetrating philosophy to the winds in order that his endings
may be happy; Galsworthy, on the other hand, in striving to be
gruesome, merely conceals art and reveals the artist; and Shaw,
too serious a trumper ever to regard the public as anything but a
mechanical playing-out, uses drama as a medium for his Fabianistic
propaganda just as Browning found in poetry a medium for his
great prose. But Bernard Shaw would be an exception in any age.
He is certainly not a dramatist, and none of his plays are dramas
properly so-called. They are nothing more or less than debates.
Each character has something to say, and the hero and heroine,
being mover and opposer, naturally say the most. His prefaces
either explain his plots or apologise for them.

Our present-day drama is suffering from an artistic miasma—
a distinct tendency towards the unwholesome. “A perfect work
of art,” says Goethe, “is a work of human intellect, and in this sense
a work of Nature.” Art must seek inspiration from Nature. At
the meeting-place of Art and Life stands Drama. It deals with man
in his relation to God and to Humanity. In the Grecian schools
of dramatic art, Life was the supreme tragedy, the situations of
Life being the dramatic possibilities of it. Their greatness lies
in the fact that horror was used not as an illustrative medium for
horror as is exemplified in “Les Avariés” of Brieux or Ibsen’s
H. A. MACKENZIE
Rhodes' Scholar, 1917
"Ghosts," but as a crucible through which the sinners passed before emerging purified with a spirit of good and beauty. Never, in the history of the world, has there been the overwhelming embarrassment of material that is now offered to the dramatist. Let him rift asunder the murky clouds of War, and allow a new light to pour in upon the world. Let him set down to posterity how a nation always great realised that its greatness could never die.

W.E.L.

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**Evening**

Evening—and though the trees
Moon sheds her light.
Spirit why ling’rest thou,
Still in thy night?

Leave thy earth’s cloying bed—
Leave all decay;
Pass where the moon doth shed
Her luring ray.

There where a peace enfolds
In harmony,
All that no finite holds
Of mystery.

E.R.D.

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**N.Z. Rhodes Scholar, 1917**

To most students at College, the most noticeable thing about Hugo Mackenzie was his magnificent physique. At yachting, swimming, boxing, his bearing and endurance were outstanding, yet he hated any form of publicity, and this, while keeping him out of competition, probably also led to his modesty and retiring disposition being taken by some for reserve. Of his ability as a student, the fact that he passed his B.A. and qualified for Senior Scholarships in both Latin and French before his 20th birthday is sufficient testimony. But these successes fail to indicate his outstanding mental qualities of breadth, power, grasp and tolerance. Most promising of all was his critical faculty; this, combined with his devotion to truth, has led some of his friends to express the belief that he will bring honor to New Zealand and to V.U.C. In character and personality he recalls MacDougal and de la Mare. Incidentally, his likeness to the latter was demonstrated to a remarkable extent in camp. For there both of them stood unflinchingly for those high standards of truth, justice and honor that has been characteristic of both in their civilian life. Courteous, gentle, firm and modest, broad-minded and tolerant, fearless and spartan in activity of body, unselfish and ruled by scrupulous honor, our College has good reason to be proud of the man who is New Zealand's Rhodes Scholar, 1917.
Dora

Who is Dora? What is she
Whom you are all so charmed with?
Oh, she's an Act; she is, in fact,
The best and most effective Act*
That Freedom e'er was armed with.

She gags the Press with great success,
And strafes the profit-monger,
Frustrates the neutral's knavish tricks,
And puts the lid on Bolsheviks
From Russia—or Runanga.

She's strong, besides, on camouflage,
And edits every cable,
Lest Hindenburg should get to know
That Brown has taken Jericho
Or Smith the Tower of Babel.

All this she does; yet Wilford says
He cannot share our pleasure:
For why intern the common Hun
And leave the "much-respected" one
To snipe us at his leisure?

The Defence of the Realm Act.

F.

College Notes

Mr. James Thompson (late Captain in the N.Z.E.F.) accepted, at very short notice, the position of Assistant Lecturer in French rendered vacant through the death of Mrs. Macphail. Mr. Thompson is a graduate of Otago University, where he gained his M.A. with first-class honors in Latin and French in 1913. He was a senior National scholar in 1908, and in 1909 gained a junior University scholarship at the Otago Boys' High School, where he was that same year dux of the school. In 1912 he passed his B.A. at Otago University, and gained the senior scholarship in French.

Mr. Thompson has had a fine career also in sport. In 1911 he represented the N.Z. University at football versus Sydney. From 1910-13 he was a member of his University's First Fifteen, and also of the cricket team. In 1914 he was a representative of the North Otago Football Association. He was appointed French Master at the Waitaki Boys' High School in 1914, but in 1915 he resigned to enlist, and left as 2nd-lieutenant with the 5th Reinforcements. Mr. Thompson saw some service on Gallipoli—from there, suffering from enteric fever, he was invalided to England. In 1916 he rejoined the N.Z. Division in Egypt, and went to France with them in April of that year, where he spent some six months.
was wounded at the Somme, and spent three months in England, mostly in hospital. In 1917 he was promoted to be captain in the Otago Company; but being dangerously wounded through the lung at Messines, he was invalided first to England and then back to N.Z. on the Marama, arriving in Dunedin on New Year's day, 1918, and on March 6th he was discharged from the N.Z.E.F.

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For a number of years the lack of suitable recreation grounds attached to the College has been keenly felt by both men and women students. It is when one retires to that indescribable chaos commonly known as the Men's Common Room, to obtain a few moments' respite from "the maddening throng," and hears pandemonium let loose in the shape of thirty or forty footballers on the top floor, that the need of some such playing fields is forcibly brought home to one. Again, the remarks passed by certain frozen men-students who, intent on becoming thawed at the cheery fire in their common room, find it in the possession of some committee meeting, are not always couched in the best Shakespearian English. The only solution, then, to the existing condition seems to be a new college on a new site, in which every department of student life, both instructive and recreative, will be given full scope for its activities.

Some little while ago a Commission was set up to consider the improvement of that immense clay-patch on which the military barracks now stands and which is commonly known as the Mount Cook site. These gentlemen reported that the site could best be utilised by the formation of a civic centre built up around the present barracks. This was to take the form of a huge rectangular building surrounding the present structure; in it were to be included a Museum, an Art Gallery, a Technical College, Technological Laboratories, while at the southern end connected up with all these other institutions was to be a University College. This scheme would have most certainly improved the Mount Cook site, but we cannot see how the present position of the University would have been in any way improved by such an arrangement. It is highly probable that residential quarters for the students will be attached to any new building of this kind, and when we consider, in addition, our present need of recreation grounds, we fail to see how this scheme would have in any way bettered our present conditions—nay, we fear that our second plight would have been worse than the first. There does not seem, however, to be any immediate prospect of this scheme being carried out.

A number of other suggestions have been made with regard to a new site for a University College, the latest of which seems to be the most practicable. It appears that the residence of the Governor-General is far from being suitable for his needs, and it has been suggested that a new College be built on the site now occupied by Government House. This site is quite a large one, and would, apparently, be admirably suited to our needs; but whether anything will eventuate from this remains to be seen. In the meantime, we must possess ourselves in patience, awaiting that joyful day when the footballers and members of other clubs will be able to practice without weakening the foundations of the gym., and when that poor, down-trodden man-student will have a common room worthy of the name!
Love

A lamp that burns long with remembrance,
A river that rolls again,
Full forests of fruited exuberance,
Sad songs that the Sirens sustain,
A loom for which Life has oft languished,
Charmed cestus that Venus veiled,
Its numberless victors has vanished,
By soft sighs assailed.

Bright beams that are born in our being
And warm the cold earth, wild and wan,
Seek haunts beyond reach of our seeing,
And sink to the West like the swan
Which pours all the sweet from the saddest
Rejoicing in death soon to come.
It draws from the grief of the gladdest,
Mists of Millenium.

W.E.L.

University Reform

A Plea for True Education

In 1910, there was founded the New Zealand University Reform Association, under the Presidency of the present Mr. Justice Herdman. For reasons into which I cannot now enter, this Association has not yet raised a very strong cry in pursuit of its original aim, though it has succeeded in paving a way for others to walk in, if they will. I wish to show cause why the way thus prepared should be eagerly followed by the student body of our College. Space prevents long discussion, but in the hope that the ideal of a true, high and enlightening education is cherished among all students of the College, I am quoting opinions of men whose judgment herein will carry weight. Attention has been directed to the system of awarding degrees, namely, by external examination.

Professor H. S. Foxwell, an examiner of the New Zealand University, writes: "The purely external form of examination has been the curse of the University of London, and the principal reason for the deplorable condition in which that University now finds itself."

Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., L.L.D., D.Sc., Principal of Bristol University, writes: "I have examined for the University of New Zealand for four years; having examined in the London University before its reform, for five years. I have much experience of the system of external examinations, and do not hesitate to condemn it utterly. Its worst consequences are to be seen in the Indian Universities, which are thoroughly rotten, where all the work is examination, and where the results are beneath contempt. The results of my experience in examining for New Zealand have confirmed my conclusions."

Professor Tucker, M.A., Litt.D. (Camb.), of the University of Melbourne, writes: "I should regard the present state of things
in New Zealand as intolerable. It is cumbersome; it is humiliating; and it is educationally a drag."

Professor Arthur Dendy, D.Sc., King's College, London, writes: "... . A man who is not fit to examine his students is not fit to be a professor. I felt this very strongly when I was myself a professor at Christchurch."

Similar opinions were invited and received from one hundred and fifty of the leading educational authorities of the world. With two exceptions, all answers were to the same effect.

I shall now cite some passages from a speech made by the Honorable Sir Robert Stout in the House of Representatives in June, 1886:—"Let me state this: that I think it would be fatal to the system (i.e., our educational system) to imagine that it did not require improvement. As the colony progresses, it must necessarily follow that our system must vary with the change in our conditions... . The main fault in our University system is that it regards examinations as the beginning and the end of the function of a University. . . . Nothing, in my opinion, could be more mischievous." After referring briefly to the trend of University life in higher learning, the learned speaker continued: "Our University has been confined to examinations, degree granting, and providing scholarships, and this higher path of University life has not yet been trodden. Nor do I see any chance of the N.Z. University becoming a real University in this respect so long as it has no permanent abode in the country, and so long as it consists of a mere perpetrate Senate meeting once or twice a year to pass statutes, disburse funds, award scholarships, and grant degrees."

Surely, then, the time is now come when those who are so materially affected by adverse conditions (I mean the students) should ask for fairer treatment. But thereby hangs a tale, and it is rather a sad tale.

GEO. T. SAKER.

Club Reports

Free Discussion Club

"Life is a chase,
And Man the hunter always following on,
With hounds of rushing thought and fiery sense
Some hidden truth or beauty."

—Lewis Morris.

Life is certainly very much of a chase at Victoria College. We chase time up the hill to lectures; we chase examinations by the method vulgarly known as "sweat"; we chase balls round the football field, tennis court, or gymnasium. So that we seem to have very little time for that supreme chase for which Universities are founded—the pursuit of Truth. Now, it is given to very few of us to arrive at truth by ourselves alone; it usually arises from conflict of opinion. Such is the ideal at which our Free Discussion Club strives, and, if we cannot claim to have discovered any great or hidden truth, the very keen interest which continues to be displayed in our meetings shows that the true spirit of the truth-seeker is being kept alive in our College.

There was a large attendance of students at the opening meeting, April 19th. Professor Hunter led the discussion on the question, "What is the chief end of man?" He considered it mainly from the point of view of de-
development. Man has always been from the beginning of time seeking to know his final purpose, i.e., his place in the Universe. His philosophy, or his view of life always determines his answer to this question. The answer of the Shorter Catechism, "To Glorify God and enjoy Him for ever," is capable of different interpretations. To-day its interpretation is usually humanistic. No one's chief end is to follow the highest ideals, of which the promotion of Truth, as he sees it, is all-important. The discussion which followed chiefly centred round the question of self-sacrifice, some speakers strongly upholding Nietzsche's doctrine "love thyself," and others supporting the Christian doctrine, "Love thy neighbour."

The second discussion took place on May 3rd, and was opened by Miss Crabb, who spoke on the "Prison System." She confined herself to a description of the conditions actually prevailing in one of our largest prisons (Mt. Eden Gaol), and maintained that the methods of discipline employed were arbitrary and unjust, and unnecessarily harsh. In the discussion following, two points of view were mainly stressed. On the one side it was urged that less harsh conditions would not serve as a deterrent to crime, while, on the other side, it was held that fear itself was no deterrent, and that more reformatory treatment was necessary.

At the third meeting, May 17th, the replies from the other New Zealand University Colleges re "University Reform," were read, and it was decided to set up a sub-committee to consider the question of further action in the matter. Mr. Jenkins led the discussion on "The Religious Instinct," which he defined as an intuitive desire to do right, and a consciousness of influences external to and greater than ourselves. The way in which this religious instinct develops in the individual, he held, depends largely on environment. So that the reason for adherence to different sects is not so much doctrinal as psychological, and sectarian warfare is not, therefore, justifiable. In the discussion which followed, attempts were made to explicate the true meaning of the word "religion." Defining it from the point of view of development, some considered it originated in fear, others in awe and admiration, others in moral feelings, others in curiosity, and others in attempts to explain the causes of things. One view was expressed that religion implied a personal God, while other views were put forward widening its definition to include worship of any inspiring ideal.

Christian Union

What the C.U. is.

Different people have different ideas about the C.U. It is quite possible that no two people, outside its fold or in it, will quite agree about the scope of its work or the methods to be used. The truth of the matter seems to be somewhat like this: There is agreement among us that the student is a "social animal"—to this every College Club is a witness; but it seems probable to some perversive or adventurous spirits (the epithet depends on your point of view) that he is something more. They have a notion (whether from the learned Teufelsdrockh cannot be known) that there is an infinite in him. The idea is that the student, who is a "social animal," is also a spiritual animal. The Christian Union, then, is a society of students who find their spiritual ideal in one Jesus, whom they also call Christ.

What the C.U. Does.

About fifty "Wikkatorians" went up to Marton at Christmas for the annual Conference of the N.Z. Student Movement. The weather was good, the natives hospitable, lively spirits were not lacking, and the serious business had due time and attention. The mornings and the evenings were given up to study, addresses, discussion and devotions; in the afternoon all hands made merry. Moods shifted "from grave to gay" in happy alternation. The principal speakers were Rev. R. H. Hobbsay, M.A., Rev. A. B. Chappell, M.A., Miss I. Macdonald, M.A., the Bishop of Wellington, Rev. E. P. Blamires, Miss C. Cruickshank, M.A., M.Sc., Miss D. Gavan, M.A., and Capt. W. H. Pettitt. Dr. Pettitt also acted as Chairman for the Conference meetings.
During the long vacation a series of discussions were arranged on "Issues of the War." These were well attended, and roused a good deal of interest. Particulars of the studies are given below.

The Year's Work.

The difficulty of getting students with such little time at their disposal to join study circles is not less than in previous years. However, about a hundred students are doing study circle work. Most of the circles are studying the "Acts of the Apostles"; some are doing Fordik's "Manhood of the Master." A class for systematic study of Old Testament literature is being conducted by Miss England. This year's book is "Ezekiel."

The opening general meeting was addressed by Prof. Easterfield on "Life Needs of Students." This was one of the best addresses we have had. Miss D. Gavin, M.A., spoke on "What is Christianity?" The third meeting was addressed by Mr. E. J. D. Hercus, M.A. His subject was "The Case for Missions." Mr. Hercus also led four mission study circles on the same subject. Other speakers on the syllabus for the first term are: Rev. A. M. Johnson, M.A. ("The Message of the Bible to the People of To-day"), and Mr. E. K. Lomas, M.A., M.Sc. ("Christianity and Citizenship").

On Saturday, April 20th, a whole day conference was held at Seatoun. Sixty or seventy students were present and spent a good day. Besides students, the speakers included Rev. A. M. Johnson and Rev. Robertson Orr.

The Handbook was produced as usual this year, and again proves its usefulness to all students.

Miss D. Gavin, Travelling Secretary for the N.Z. S.C.M., visited the Union from 26th April to May 3rd.

Vacation Studies—"The War and Its Issues"

This year's vacation studies roused very great interest among students and ex-students. The speakers, in each case, attacked the problem very earnestly and thoroughly, and the ensuing discussions brought to light not a few informing illustrations and improving opinions.

The first discussion, on "International Issues," was introduced by Mr. J. H. Sheat. The discussion ranged around the following points:

(1) Should the proposed League of Nations include the Central Powers, and if so, on what conditions?

(2) Is nationalism, as commonly understood, included in, or opposed to, the Christian teaching of "The Kingdom of God"? (Burgoyne Chapman's article in "Intercollegian," July, 1917.)

(3) It is frequently maintained that all wars are caused by quarrels concerning trade. Is it part of the natural order that nations can develop only at the expense of a neighbour, or could trade be internationalized?

For the second discussion, Mr. B. Blake, M.A., wrote a paper. The following considerations came up for discussion:

(1) Prosperity, poverty and charity have existed together since the dawn of history; they are the cause of all our social troubles. Are they essential factors in human development?

(2) Competition is said to be a necessary adjunct to our commercial life, and yet it is the cause of rising prices and of much consequent suffering. Might society reconstruct its business life on other and better lines, i.e., co-operation?

(3) Is it compatible with the Christian conception of man's relation to God that society should be divided into two classes, i.e., those who serve and those who are served? Will the division continue in the Kingdom of God?

Miss M. England introduced the "Educational Issue." Special attention was drawn to Prof. Hunter's address, "Education or Downfall." The points at issue were:

(1) In what way does the attitude of a State towards education prove the real conception of the meaning of life? ("E. or D." pp. 6-9.)

(2) Note Lord Bryce's comment on "that vast reserve of undiscovered talent" (ibid. p. 15). Does the N.Z. National education system deal effectively with (a) the discovery, (b) the training of such talent? If not, what reforms are necessary? (cf. "Ink." p. 24.)

(3) "True discipline is based on liberty; otherwise, the individual's personality is unhindered; the work of liberating the race must begin in the primary schools." (Montessori.)
Mr. D. J. B. Seymour, M.A., took in hand the "Military Jesus." Discussion centred in the following questions:

A. Individual. (1) When all the factors have been allowed for, is violence ever justified by the moral result? Is there a fallacy in "loving your brother with a stick"? Consider justification or necessity for force in dealing with (1) children, (2) intoxicated persons, (3) criminals.

(2) Which is final—the authority of the State or the moral responsibility of the individual? Are there rights of conscience? If so, what are their limits, and whence do they derive their authority? Should the State punish the individual whose conscience cannot sanction its action?

B. Social. (1) Can war be moralised, or is it essentially immoral? Is it possible to describe it as an immoral necessity? If so, what are the ethical consequences of admitting such a principle?

(2) Are the methods of war determined solely by the urgency of the situation on the view of the combatants?

(3) Could you instance methods of war which you would rather see the Allies vanquished than descend to?

(4) Given full realisation by the nation of absolute extremity, what methods do you believe British opinion would refuse to sanction, even if victory or defeat hung in the balance?

The discussion on the "Religious Issues" was introduced by Prof. Sommerville. A good deal of discussion ranged around the ideas of Mr. G. H. Wells, whose solution of the religious problem commended itself to the Professor.

An address was given by Mr. F. G. Dalziell on "National Reconstruction." Mr. Dalziell had recently returned from the Old Country and brought with him some new ideas of reconstruction. His address was most interesting.

The chair was taken in all the discussions by Dr. Gibb.

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**Chess and Draughts Club**

White to play and win.

After the beginner has mastered the position and moves of the various men, the problem confronting him is that of chess openings.

There are various conventional ways of opening a game of chess, all of which determine, to some extent the type of game that ensues. Knowledge about these openings has, however, become so exact that the deciding point in a contest is rarely reached till the end game. It is very necessary, therefore, that a player should be conversant with the intricacies of this part of the game.

"It would not be easy," an authority tells us, "to define exactly when the end-game in chess begins. Generally speaking, it is that part of the game in which the kings, no longer timidly sheltering themselves, come to the front and assert their powers as fighting men."

Very accurate knowledge of principles is required in endings, and players cannot gain this more surely than by studying problems of the type given above. Members will find collections in the Club Library, which has lately been extended by a donation of books from Professor Garrow."
"Mark you, a passing shrewd crack on the shins.  
Let's tell o'er our knocks. Nay, friends, the tale  
Were overlong. I did come home in sections,  
And spend the morrow picking up the pieces."

—Measure for Measure.

Last season's wish that we should win the senior competition, unfortunately, did not materialise, and we had to be content with the position of runners-up for the second successive year. The final was played against Petone, but casualties and want of condition told on us, and the game ended in a very easy victory for our opponents. Several of the team have since joined the forces, yet, with the material at our disposal, we should be able to give a very good account of ourselves this season.

The annual meeting was held on April 11th, when Professor Hunter presided over a good attendance. The balance-sheet showed the club to be in a good position financially. So far, one hundred and thirteen members of the club have joined the colors, and of these eighteen have been killed.

This season the Rugby Union has removed the age limit restriction from the competition, as the reason for which it was imposed no longer exists. As a result, we are able to play a few players who were debarred last season, but in this respect have not benefited as much as several other clubs have. The season is now a month old, and the senior team has played three games. Very good form was shown in these matches, especially among the backs, and, with a little training, the team should be difficult to defeat. Owing to the good support afforded by the members, we were able to enter a team in the Third Grade Competition, and although the running of this team caused a little anxiety at first, it has now been efficiently organised and promises to have a successful season. This season the committee has been trying to recommence the annual fixture with Canterbury University College, and arrangements for a game on June 3rd have been proceeding satisfactorily.

To date, the following game have been played: The annual seven-a-side tournament was held on April 27, and for the third successive year we were runners-up. First round: 'Varsity A beat Oriental, 10-nil; 'Varsity B drew with Athletic, 3-3. The game was decided by tossing, and Athletic won. Second round: 'Varsity A beat Athletic, 18-3; Semi-final: 'Varsity A beat Wellington College, 10-5. Final: 'Varsity A lost to Hutt, 0-3.

v. Petone: Won 10-9. We commenced the season by playing Petone, last year's champions, at the Athletic Park on May 4th. The game was noteworthy for the good play that prevailed throughout. During the first spell, Petone scored two unconverted tries and managed to stave off our attacks. In the second half we attacked strongly, and Morton, who was conspicuous throughout, scored two good tries, both of which he converted. Shortly before time, Petone scored again in an easy position, but failed with the kick. It was very gratifying to see, or, rather, to hear, the numerous 'Varsity supporters who lined the field.
v. Old Boys: Won 16-6. This match was played on May 11th, and was also strenuously contested. The opposing forwards had rather the better of the game, and it was to the good play of our backs that we owed the victory. At half-time we led by 5-3. In the second half the backs showed good combination and succeeded in crossing the line three more times. All the backs played splendid games, and it is useless to mention names. Individually the forwards played well, but lacked co-operation. Tries were scored by Barker (2), Pope and Aitken, Morton converting two.

v. Poneke: Lost 3-25. This game was played on May 18th. On this occasion we had a day out, and were defeated by 25 to 3. Our solitary score was the result of a brilliant run by Gillespie. The cause of the defeat was the poor collaring of the backs, who would not go low. The forwards, though considerably lighter than their opponents, played a good game.

The following Third Grade matches were played: v. Old Boys: Won 9-5. This game was played at Lyall Bay on May 11th. The team played very well and showed good form. Tries were scored by Kitching and Hunt, and Irwin kicked a penalty.

v. Railway: Draw, 3-3. The match was played at Kilbirnie on May 18th. The ground was in a very rough state, and a ragged game ended in a draw. Anderson scored for 'Varsity.

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**Haeremai Club**

The old gymnasium rang with lusty choruses on the night of the inaugural meeting of this club. Heremaiti Aitken was elected to the chair, and without the usual ceremony the club was formed. Its sponsors were wit, hilarity and good fellowship. There was some discussion as to whether the club should be formed, but it was so formed. The membership is restricted to men students only, although they do like the ladies, "there are moments when men want to be alone," as the hen-pecked husband said when enduring a curtain lecture. The club has a patron, Prof. Clarke; President (or Timana) Jenkins; Komiti: Aitken, Barker, Lusk; Secretary (or Timoni) "Smiler" Morton. There is a different chairman presiding at each meeting, and two new members are added for the purpose of assisting at each meeting, after which they retire, and are replaced by two new members. The name of club was voted on, the suggested names being the Haeremai Club, the Welcome Club, and the Jenkins' Memorial Club. Mr. Evans considered the last suggestion frivolous, which upset Timana. One facetious member blandly asked "Has Mr. Evans proposed," and on that worthy answering in the affirmative, the interrogation followed, "Who to?" On the president's receiving his official name, it was immediately parodied to Tommy Jenkins. The College haka was practised, and the heights of Salamanca ranging with the jolly cheers and hahas on the termination of a very cheerful and happy meeting. Two meetings of the club have been held and have proved a great success. It is anticipated that early in the second term the club will produce Mr. Leicester's farce, "Dido v. Aeneas," and that the talent of the town and gown (as they say at Oxford, don't you know) will also assist. On that auspicious occasion ladies will be invited. The mere male students anticipate receiving kinder attention from the fair sex until that show comes off. Afterwards won't there be some trouble?

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**Women's Basketball Club**

"How swift and short
Our time of folly and our time of sport."

The annual general meeting of this club, held in the Gymnasium on April 25th, was well attended. If the members show a similar interest throughout the season, the club will have a very successful year.

This term, practices have been held on Thursdays at 8 p.m. The committee has decided to hold additional practices in the afternoon on Kelburn Park. It is hoped that these practices will be well attended, so that a team may be formed and matches may be played against other Wellington basketball clubs.

On Thursday, May 23rd, a practice match was held, Arts v. Science. During the first spell neither side scored, consequently the second spell caused much excitement. After a very even game, Science scored a win, 6-4.
During the season the University Tennis Club has been one of the most live tennis clubs in the city. The large number of women players and of men players below military age has made it possible to keep the best of all summer games from falling from favour, and from being considered a pastime that should be postponed until after the war. No reason can be found for abandoning tennis while all other sports are continued.

The committee has expended the sum of, roughly, eleven pounds in renewing the wire netting at the end of the courts, and feels that all players who use the courts early in the season approve of this action.

It is much to be regretted that the College Council has not yet been able to put in hand the concreting of the high clay banks at the end of the court furthest from the College building.

The thanks of the Club are due to the College Council for its action, in response to a request from the committee, in putting an end to the custom of all and sundry residents of Kelburn using the tennis courts as a short cut to and from town.

In view of the many unsuccessful efforts that have been made by the former committees of the College Tennis Club to obtain permission from the College Council to use the club courts on Sundays, it is worthy of note that the City Council this summer, after thoroughly thrashing out the question of the morality or otherwise of Sunday tennis, has opened the Municipal Courts at Day's Bay for Sunday play. The committee is entirely in sympathy with those broad-minded members of the City Council who faced the problem honestly and pointed out that there are many ways in which the youth of the day may, and, in fact, do, spend their leisure time—ways that are immeasurably more injurious to health and morals than the innocent game of tennis, and that these other "pastimes," if such they may be called, are checked by no control of any kind, and are not even censured by public opinion.

No inter-club matches have been played in Wellington this season, so that the committee has had to depend on its own initiative in arranging matches. Teams travelled to Otaki on the 28th November last year, and also on Anniversary Day, and on each occasion won by a narrow margin.

The Club has once more to express its gratitude to the Otaki Tennis Club for arranging for our team matches that are beginning to be considered among the annual fixtures of the club.

Later in the season, a team of College men players defeated a combined Island Bay team at Island Bay, and a team of men and ladies from the Wellington Club beat us on our own courts.

A large number of club members participated in the Wellington Provincial Tennis Tournament, which was held during last Easter on the Brougham Hill and University Club courts. It was originally intended that the tournament should be held on the grass courts at Day's Bay. This was, however, found impossible, owing to the heavy rain which fell on Easter Thursday and Good Friday. The Wellington Lawn Tennis Association Executive greatly appreciated the action of the committee in offering the use of the College courts for playing off the semi-final and final events of the tournament. Congratulation is due to all members of the
College Club who participated in the tournament, on their form, especially to Messrs. Howie and Leicester, and Miss M. Slevwright. R. A. Howie won the handicap singles, beating Leicester in the final by the narrow margin of four points. Leicester and Miss M. Slevwright showed great form in both championship and handicap combined double events. In the final of the championship doubles, they were only beaten after reaching five games all, in the third set. This was considered by the other competitors to be one of the best displays of tennis in the whole tournament.

Blazers were awarded for the year 1917 to Messrs. Slevwright, Fenton and R. Slevwright, and Messrs. McLennan, Howie, Smith and Leicester. The committee had little difficulty in deciding the awards in the case of the women, but there was very keen competition in the case of the men.

Great improvement has been noticed in the play of the junior members of the club, and this is to no small extent due to the innovation of a coaching committee, consisting of the older members of the club.

The "Spike" committee has asked for a brief criticism of the leading players of the club.

Miss Atmore, who has for some time held the top place on the ladies' ladder, was prevented by a rural sojourn, combined with the effects of an illness, from actively participating in tennis during the latter part of the season. She was, however, in good form during most of the season. She is rarely beaten in inter-club matches, and we are fortunate in having a lady player who sets such a high standard of tennis in the club.

Miss M. Slevwright sets a very high standard of play, relies more on steadiness and strength than spectacular work. She is especially good in doubles, which fact she showed to advantage by her success in the double events of the Easter tournament.

Miss Fenton, when in form, plays an excellent game, though occasionally has an "off" day. She puts a twist on the ball which rather baffles an opponent who is unused to playing her. She is a good doubles player, and has met with great success in inter-club matches.

Miss Neumann did not play very much during the year. She is hardly up to last year's form.

Miss I. Slevwright is a consistent player, and can always be depended upon to play a good game.

Miss R. Slevwright has improved enormously this season, which fact is probably due to assiduous practice.

A. J. McLennan has deservedly been first player in the team throughout the season. He usually wins when he decides that he wants to. He is sometimes too inclined to want to win a point on his first stroke.

R. A. Howie, who has for two years held the position of second place on the ladder, plays a first-class game. When in form he has a particularly strong serve and is also most accurate in placing. He occasionally strikes bad form, and is particularly unlucky in this respect in matches, but when on his game, he is probably the best all-round player in the club.

M. M. Smith has played third man in all matches, and is, perhaps, the most consistent player in the team. He has a splendid drive, and severely punishes those who play to his forehand. He is also very reliable at net.

W. E. Leicester is a young and promising player. Few players of tennis have had, at his age, so many successful contests with older and leading provincial players as he has. He has the accuracy and endurance of a first-class player, and, with a little more force in his strokes, he will be a dangerous man.

C. G. Turner plays a free game and is not cramped by a lack of knowledge of the strokes that makes good tennis. When playing his best games it is difficult to say how near the first place in the team he deserves.

Byrne and Wiren have played consistently during the year and have steadily improved their play.

Aitken has probably shown more improvement during the season than any other of our men players.

It is to be hoped that tennis during the winter months will pave the way to a successful season next year.
"How is this reason (which is their reason) to gauge a scholar's worth
By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with the
fourth."

—Kipling.

In reviewing the past season, one cannot help feeling a sense of lively
satisfaction in the doings of the team and of the club in general. Yet, as
in former years, we regret to say that the men students have not shown
the interest in the club they might have done. It is a lamentable fact
that there are quite a number of good cricketers attending College who did
not lend the Cricket Club their support during the long vacation. Never-
theless, our hopes run high for next season, and we would urge every man
student who knows a ball from a bat to join our ranks and support the fair
reputation of the 'Varsity in athletic circles.

At the end of last season much dissatisfaction was felt by the members
attending College at the increasing number of "outsiders" who were play-
ing for 'Varsity. This has been remedied this season, however, and the
club, though small, is entirely a College club. We regret to say that we
have been compelled to loose our senior status, but the keenest satisfaction
has been evidenced by every member at the season's play. The practice
pitches at Kelburn Park have been all that could be desired, and granted
the solid support of all the men students, there is no reason why a senior
team should not be entered next season.

We did not manage to carry off the laurels in the competition, yet only
two teams—Hutt A and Wellington College—secured more points than us. It
is a significant fact that in our three defeats, we could not muster a full
eleven. The number of pressing engagements members had out of town
on these days were indeed remarkable.

The following is a record of the team's exploits during the season:

v. Ordnance: Won by 115 runs on the first innings. Ward 70, Morton 37,
Burns 29, Hemery 25, Graham 25, Raines 22, were mainly responsible for
our score of 268. Woods (4 wickets for 28) and Dwyer (5 wickets for 36)
were the "star" bowlers for the day. A good start-off.

v. Scot's College: Won by 67 runs. Our first showing (83) was the
worse of the whole season. Things improved in the second innings, how-
ever, Morton knocking up 88 and Raines 51. Woods (5 for 13 and 6 for 38)
did havoc amongst our opponentis' wickets.

v. Munitions: Lost by an innings and 148 runs. This is the one dis-
appointing feature of our matches. Their team was not a strong one, and
our eight men should have made a better showing. But why revive a black
past?

v. Hutt A: Lost by 10 wickets. This team won the junior championship. We made 90 (Graham 19 and 85, Dwyer 31). The local team com-
piled 165, and in the second innings made the necessary runs to win with-
out losing a wicket. Woods took 3 wickets for 12 on a pitch that could
hardly be described as new.

v. Old Boys: Won by an innings and 61 runs. The outstanding feature
of this game was the fine stand made by Barker (86) and Kane (111 re-
tired). When separated, they had compiled 203 between them. Morton (3 for 15) and Woods (4 for 32) were our best bowlers for the day.

v. Base Records: Won by 35 runs on the first innings. Dwyer (37) and Morton (20) were the principal scorers. Morton secured a good average on a soft wicket—6 for 25. This match was not finished owing to rain on the following Saturday.

v. North: Won by 59 runs on the first innings. Graham 48, Morton 42, Barker 35, Aitken 22, Kane 29, distinguished themselves at the wickets. Morton took 3 wickets for 44. Had North had a full team, it is doubtful whether we would have won so easily.

v. Wellington College: Lost by an innings and 15 runs. Barker 44, Pope 29, Dwyer 24 and 21, played a good game. Quite a sensation was caused by Jenkins, who took two wickets in one over.

v. Hutt B: Won by 9 wickets. Our second visit up country was a bit more successful. Aitken 45, Barker 35, Kane 23 not out, and Dwyer 21 were mainly responsible for our total of 119. Woods’s average of 6 wickets for 11 was the best of the season.

It may, perhaps, give one an idea of the prowess of each member of the team to glance at the averages, remembering that a man’s play cannot always be judged by mere figures.


In complying with a request to supply a criticism of the ‘Varsity XI., the writer reflects that a criticism is necessarily a finding of faults, and if the standard set is perfection, it follows that faults can be found in everyone; but the writer would remind players that, though he mainly mentions their faults, he has stated his view in the hope that they will be useful to those players that desire to improve by ascertaining and correcting their imperfections.

*Aitken: Safe catch, and a good long field, who gave evidence of previous experience that with more practice would have put him among the first batsmen in the team. He has made good scores, but has not the knack yet of putting his body into his strokes. Skill in this depends chiefly upon the placing of the feet.

*Barker: A player with a very good “eye,” who improved so rapidly that in a few months he became one of our fastest scoring and most aggressive batsmen. He scored one century, and with better use of his feet and reach in forward play he should score others. A safe catch, who fields well in any position.

Burns: An excellent wicket-keeper whose services we lost early in the season. In this capacity he was a tower of strength in the team. A cricket team without a good wicket-keeper is like a football team without a good half-back, or a scrum without a good lock. We simply must have a good wicket-keeper next season.

Dwyer: A left-handed batsman who showed marked improvement towards the latter part of the season. Like most left-handers, his strong strokes were on the leg side, and he is inclined to use them too freely; he can make some good off shots, and should practise the straight drive. With the confidence that comes of experience, he should develop into a really good batsman. A splendid field at cover-point, with an excellent return.

Graham: A safe batsman of correct style, but rather inclined to too much defensive play on fast wickets, where the best defence is forward play unless the length forces one back. Has played some useful innings, but not aggressive enough for an opening batsman. Should practise bowling slow or medium off break. Could be keener in the field.

Greig: A useful bowler of good, natural action and length. As a batsman, too reckless, and as a fieldsman too hasty.
*Hemery:* A safe batsman with a fine, clean off-drive. A good scorer who uses his feet well, but is just a little inclined to play back on good wickets. Useful medium-paced bowler and good field, who, unfortunately for the team, went into camp before the close of the season.

*Jenkins:* An enthusiastic new at the game. Made good improvement in fielding. As a batsman, should adopt a more free and aggressive style. One of his stature and activity, by practice, should develop into a useful medium-to-fast bowler.

*Kane:* A useful left-hand bowler of good length and slight break-back. He is difficult to score off when on the wicket, and with the accuracy that comes of much practice he should be very dangerous. Bats well right-handed though a little cramped; has scored a century, and with more freedom of style and better use of his feet, he should become a consistent scorer.

*Kirk:* An excellent secretary who has the cricketer’s best asset—enthusiasm. By adopting a freer style he began to improve in batting towards the end of the season, and he shows promise of becoming a medium-pace bowler.

*Morton:* A captain who is an example to his team in every department of the game. A free yet steady batsman who always makes runs. A valuable slow leg-break bowler. A good field with a first-class return. As a captain he could keep his team more on the attack, and as a batsmen he is, if anything, not quite keen enough.

*Pope:* A new member of the team who will be one of our best batsmen next season. Makes good, clean strokes all round the wicket—aggressive as well as defensive. A smart field.

*Raines:* One of the best bats in the team, and one of the few whose style can be said to resemble the correct. Plays carefully, and has no inclination towards “up-country” and “shut-eye.” Makes use of his feet and reach to get well over the ball and consequently drives nicely. Was unfortunate in not getting into his stride more often. A useful change bowler and a player never known to hurry in the field.

*Shoreland:* Did not play in many matches, but gave promise of being a valuable addition to the team next season.

*Smith:* Another new member. Left-handed batsman with an attractive, forceful style; fast scorer with good attack. Also left-handed bowler with good pace and length. Good field. He and Pope form a valuable pair for next season.

*Ward:* One of the best batsmen, bowlers, and fielders in the team. He bats very freely, and has good, clean strokes all round the wicket. A good, fast bowler of good length who, perhaps, takes it out of himself, a little too much, in his run. Good field. He went into camp about the middle of the season, unfortunately for the team and for cricket in general, as he was just ready to step into senior ranks to finish off.

*Woods:* A very good fast bowler with good length who comes-in slightly from the off. He should stick to this one ball, practice it and bowl no other. His action is good and his pace should increase during next season. Can make runs when he bats freely. Not keen enough in the field.

*These members were awarded a cricket blazer.*

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**Athletic Club**

As was the case last year, the executive of the club decided that a small sports gathering should be held early in the first term. Arrangements were accordingly made and the Professional Board kindly consented to cancel all lectures between 5 and 6 p.m. on Friday the 5th April, thereby helping to ensure the success of the club’s effort.

The events were held on Kelburn Park in rather unfavorable weather—in fact, during the afternoon it was thought that a postponement would be
necessary, but towards five o'clock there was a slight improvement. The rain, which had fallen earlier in the day, made the running very difficult for the competitors, and the times registered were exceedingly good considering the adverse conditions.

Many members of the College staff and a large number of students were present at the meeting, which consisted of three events, namely, 100 yds Handicap (two heats and final), One Mile Handicap, and 440yds Handicap.

The handicapping was certainly all that could be desired, as each race was very keenly contested, the finishes being remarkably close.

Detailed results were as follows:


One Mile Handicap: Wilkie (80yds.), 1; Futter (80yds.). 2; Time, 5 min. 21 sec.


Altogether the meeting was most enjoyable and interesting, and the performances augur well for this University’s chances of regaining the N.Z. Inter-University Athletic Shield when the present great conflict is over and amateur sports again come into their own.

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Again battling through adverse circumstances, owing to the warlike conditions prevailing, the club has still managed to "carry on." Our former members now at the front are greatly missed, but it is, nevertheless, encouraging to see the enthusiasm accorded to the Club’s activities by this year’s freshmen. To carry on against such odds as we are now experiencing is the best way we can show our appreciation of the noble work done by those fighting at the front.

The club has indeed commenced the year with a vim that bodes well for the coming season and gives promise of upholding its former traditions. Owing to the gradual falling-off of attendance through many of our financial members joining the colors, it was reluctantly found expedient to dispense with the valuable assistance of Mr. Tim Tracey. It is hoped, however, to engage him again, in order that our new members may be well and scientifically initiated into the mysteries of the gentle art of boxing.

Provided that enough men are willing to compete, some hope is also extended of reviving the ever-popular boxing tournament, in the shape of a V.U.C. boxing contest. However, the accomplishment of this scheme rests with present members giving their adequate support to the executive’s proposals.

Last year started off well, bolstered up with the addition of a few keen members, but the same old cry of "swat" was raised towards the end of
the season, and even our most enthusiastic supporters were perforce compelled to don the gown in preference to the gloves. Nevertheless, many useful and pleasurable bouts were promoted between different members of the club, and, in many instances, some fine exhibitions of boxing were shown. In other cases, it was quite evident that with a little practice many will develop into really good boxers. It is sincerely to be hoped they will avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them at Victoria University College, and will still continue to merit the praise already given them.

It is only natural that most of our pugilists should feel the call to arms, and it behoves those remaining manfully to "carry on" with a determination that will speak well for the existence of the club as a live and flourishing institution after the war.

With the present capable executive, backed up by many energetic members, great things may be expected from the club, and the manliest of sports will still hold a place in the forefront of Varsity life.

With feelings almost akin to those of shame, we review the work of the Debating Society for the past six months. When in a mood of retrospect we recall the closing debates of last year, and then think of the Debating Society of pre-war days, the great contrast that presents itself compels us to consider the position seriously. Of a truth, "How are the mighty fallen!" What is the cause of this falling off in the enthusiasm for debating? Are students cast in a more frivolous mould than in former days, when a practice dance at a kindred institution means an audience of two? Can the men at College no longer see the value of getting practice in clearly expressing their thoughts? Where are the budding orators from the law faculty? A few enthusiasts only have kept the Debating Society from becoming but a memory. However, let us hope that better times are in store for the Society, and that this year it may regain much of the prestige and influence that it boasted of in former years.

The Union Prize for the year 1917 was won by Mr. E. Evans, with an average of 4.2 points in each debate. Miss Neumann, who will be remembered as winning the Plunket Medal, was second, having an average of 2.6 points.

The one bright spot in the year's debating was the enthusiasm of some of the new speakers. Excellent work in the Plunket Medal Competition was done by Messrs. Miller (who was not only placed second to Miss Neumann, but also was successful in gaining the New Speakers' prize), Leicester, Sutherland, and Kirk, and with these men in our midst, the competition for the Union Prize this year should be very interesting.

The annual meeting proved as uninteresting and monotonous as annual meetings (except those of the Students' Association) generally do.

It is proposed this year to hold a friendly debate with the Social Democratic Party, but owing to the lateness of commencing activities, this debate will not be held till next term. The reading circle will also be revived, if possible, and a place will be found on the programme for a mock trial or a mock parliament.
So far, only one debate has been held this year, so that there is very little to report on. This debate, held on May 11th, was on the question of the attitude of the Press in relation to the war. The censorship was upheld by Mr. Leicester and Mr. Barker, and attacked by Miss Neumann and Mr. Miller. As usual, the "proverbial red herring" was introduced, and the debate wandered blissfully away from the subject. However, this standard of debate was quite good and the speakers acquitted themselves well, showing considerable promise for the year. The Society was fortunate in having Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A. L.L.B., as judge, and his kindly criticism and helpful suggestions were appreciated by all, speakers and audience alike. For the purpose of the Union Prize, he placed the speakers in the following order: Mr. Leicester, Mr. Kirk, 2, Miss Neumann, 3, J. H. Sheat and W. Sheat 4th equal.

This year we have not lost many of last year's speakers. "Gin" as chairman will not have an opportunity of giving so many of his well-known "improptu speeches." Others have gone into camp, but the freshers are coming forward in great style to fill up the gaps.

The following is a review of the leading members of the club:

Miss Neumann is handicapped somewhat by her position of vice-chairman. She has a beautiful voice and knows how to use it. Whenever quickness and simplicity are required, Miss Neumann gets there with the audience and judge alike.

Among the men there are two who stand out conspicuously. They are Messrs Leicester and Kirk. Mr. Leicester has a "Bernard Shaw" touch about him. He is a fluent speaker and has a good vein of irony which tells in many ways. In reply, he is strong and quick to see his advantages.

Mr. Kirk, to our way of thinking, is an orator. Let Mr. Kirk have a sympathetic subject, let him speak first, having prepared his speech with the "prettiest" English he can find, and he will beat anyone in the Society. But in reply he needs much practice.

Mr. Miller we like to listen to. He is soothing, and sometimes quite humorous. If Mr. Miller could realise that the debating platform is not a pulpit, we have no hesitation in saying that his chances for the Union Prize would be considerably improved.

Mr. Barker is chatty. We like him. He does not make us think very deeply, but keeps us amused and not very bored. With practice, Mr. Barker should become a most convincing speaker.

Our old friend, Mr. Joseph Sheat could debate if he would. His presence of mind would make him easy on the platform, and his flow of English is good and easy.

There are a good number of new speakers this year, and competition for the New Speakers' Prize should be keen.

Mr. Martin-Smith brings a nice voice and a good manner. When he has found the pitch required for the hall and he has had a little practice he will become quite a "snag."

Mr. W. Sheat is going to make the pace fairly brisk in the race for new speaking honors. He has a good style, and with a little platform experience should develop into a good debater.

"Other things being equal," good prospects are before the Debating Society this year. Keen competition always improves the standard of speaking in a society, and the competitions seem to be keener this year than they have been for some time. Anyway, good luck to the "Talking Club."

Library Notes

On this subject we are SILENT!
"I suffer too; but then I am silent."

—Balzac

This year the Glee Club has begun with a membership of seventy, and promises to do good work, if all the members continue to be as enthusiastic throughout the year as they have commenced by being.

This term we hope to do, as well as glee, something in the nature of an operetta.

At the opening social and dance, several members of the Glee Club contributed items. In November of last year concerts were given at Porirua Mental Hospital and at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Trentham.

The Editor's Chair

This year one or two changes have taken place in connection with the management and the running of "The Spike." The committee now consists of an editor, three sub-editors (representing Arts, Science and Law), a representative from the Graduates Association, and last, but by no means least, a financial secretary. Mr. A. E. Caddick has been appointed by the Graduates' Association as their representative, and we are delighted to have him back once more on this committee. He is, as always, a tower of strength to us, both with practical help and with suggestions. It is the wish of the Students' Association Executive that the present students at V.U.C. keep in closer touch with past students, and, in order to do this, certain pages in "The Spike" are to be devoted to news likely to be of interest to past students, these pages to be under the care of the representative of the Graduates' Association. Unfortunately, Mr. Caddick has not had sufficient time to prepare these pages for this issue, and, apart from original contributions (we always hope for "something" from certain of the past students, and they seldom disappoint us), no special effort has been made in this direction. We hope, however, to make a start in the next issue.

The October issue of 1917 was the 32nd number of "The Spike," and, as "The Spikes" are bound in sets of four, the eighth set was completed. The time seemed an opportune one in which to alter "The Spike," by enlarging it, and making it, in appearance at least, more like a University College magazine. Some years ago a committee was set up to go into this same matter, and they decided that all alterations necessitating an increase in expenditure should be deferred until after the war. It was found this year, however, after enquiry, that the additional cost would be practically negligible, so the Students' Association Executive have adopted the proposed alterations.

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In the June, 1915, issue of "The Spike" a suggestion was made by Mr. Broad, who was then editor, that the first number of "The Spike" in each
year be a purely literary number, and that the second number contain the club reports and matters of purely College interest, such as reports on the Carnival and on the Easter tournament. Such a suggestion seems to me to be an entirely happy one. At present, each club may send in a report (some of them necessarily so short as to be of little interest) for each issue. Under the new system, if adopted, there would appear in the October issue a full account of each club's report for the year passed, thus ensuring one complete report instead of possibly two scrappy ones, and doing away with certain, more or less, unavoidable repetitions.

The objections I have heard raised against this proposal fall under two headings: (1) That it penalises unduly those clubs whose main activities are carried on in the summer, since their reports would appear so late that members would have lost interest by that time.

There is an interval of four months only between the two issues of "The Spike." Is it true, then, that in that short time interest will wane? Besides, the suggestion was first brought forward by a keen cricketer P. B. Broad, and was, and is, strongly supported by an equally keen cricketer, A. E. Caddick.

(2) The second objection is, that to the majority of students, the club reports in the magazine are the only thing of real interest to them. Hence it is possible that there would be a decided slump in the June sales of "The Spike." I do not really feel inclined to treat this objection seriously. I think the students would buy the College magazine as they buy tickets for College concerts, etc.—there may be nothing in them, but they are run by the students, presumably for the benefit of students, and so the students will, and do, support them.

Now I come to another important reason for the change. We are at present, not laying sufficient stress on the purely literary contributions to the magazine—contributions that are the only ones in the magazine that will be likely to be of more than passing interest. Perhaps you have never read old copies of "The Spike!"—they are in the library. If you do, I do not think that you will linger over club reports; but it is well worth while to read "How V.C. Bachelors' Club Stock Fell Below Par," or the "Ode on the Laying of the Foundation Stone of Victoria College, 27th August, 1904," etc., etc.

Finally, I should like the clubs themselves to discuss the matter, preferably under the following motion: That it is in the interests of the clubs as a whole to have one complete account of the year's work of each club, to be published in the October issue of "The Spike."

I do not think it is for the editor arbitrarily to adopt this change, nor do I think each club should consider it from its point of view only; but the change should take place only after the majority have considered the question with regard to the interests of the College as a whole, and have voted accordingly. So I leave the matter to the College clubs and await their decision.

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This year there has been an excellent response from the students in the form of original contributions. A truly remarkable number of poems have made their appearance; some of these, it is true, are not up to "Spike" standard, others it has been found necessary to hold over for the present; but it is most encouraging to the committee to have so many sent in. We should like to express to all the embryo poets our appreciation of their efforts. Ideas they have in plenty, but often they lack poetic expression, often there is an unfortunate disregard of metre. We advise that they study rules of poetic diction, and for this purpose suggest that they read "An Introduction to Poetry," by O. Elton—it is in the library.

Our thanks are also due to those students who have produced some new pictorial headings for the various club reports. It is many years since we had a change, and it is a most pleasant surprise to find that we have some such artists among us.
Correspondence

"No quarrel, but a slight contention."—Henry VI.

Dear Mr. Spike,—The special general meeting of the V.U.C.S.A., which met in the gym. on May 5th, seems to me to call for some comment. The meeting was called to consider two matters of importance to those interested in the welfare of College life. These matters were:—

1. The consideration of a letter from Canterbury University College protesting against the addition of an extra subject to the Arts course.

2. The affiliation of the Students' Association with the Women's National Council.

The first motion, "That the V.U.C.S.A. endorse the motion of the C.U.C.S.A.," was passed after some short discussion. The purpose of the Senate in framing this clause was, it would seem, to equalise the Arts course with that of Science. The general feeling of the meeting was, however, that the Arts course would be unduly penalised by the introduction of an extra subject. The fact was also emphasised that the present Arts course gave some scope for real thoroughness of knowledge in the subjects chosen, which, by the addition of an extra subject, would be interfered with. It was also asked whether the Science course might not fittingly be so altered as to equalise it with the Arts standard. It was further pointed out that the inclusion of an extra subject would hamper the Arts' student in his honors course. Perhaps the solution of the matter lies in so shaping the Arts course as to allow of one language for honors, which would allow the student yet more opportunity for what we most need at the present time—accuracy of knowledge and original work.

The second motion, "That the V.U.C.S.A. affiliate with the Women's National Council," received no fair handling, and the motion, after many interruptions and much waste of time, was lost.

Miss Nichols was good enough to put the situation before the meeting. It may be summed up thus: The aims of the Women's National Council are:—

To act as the mouthpiece of women's societies; to secure equality of treatment for women with men; to remove all restrictions against women's standing for Parliament.

It was explained that other associations which include men and women had affiliated, and that there is nothing in the constitution of the V.U.C.S.A. to prevent affiliation. The pros. and cons. were next stated. The disadvantages were summarised as none, and the advantages as follows:—

I. Affiliation would bring the University more into touch with the life of the community, and would thus necessarily broaden the interests of the students. Such a result is most desirable, especially at the present time, where prompt deliberation and practical help are required. For what use is a University training, unless it help to solve the ever-increasing problems which are springing up around us?

II. Affiliation means co-operation with women's movements throughout the Dominion, and thus any ideas we wish considered, through their co-operation, would have more prominence and weight! Again, while our help to the Women's National Council should be as valuable to them as theirs to us, we should in no way be bound down to subscribe to any set course of which we might disapprove.

III. It was stressed, also, that the actual process of affiliation would not end the matter. On the contrary, here would begin the real duty of the students—the duty of thinking out for themselves the problems around them, and realising that merely looking-on is not playing the game.

It was a keen disappointment to those who had hoped much from the motion, when it was lost by some five votes. The meeting, be it added, was throughout especially remarkable for its noise—noise strangely unrelieved by any interval of wit or humor on the part of the noise-makers. No one acquainted or unacquainted with College, passing within the vicinity of the gym. on this night, would have been persuaded that important problems were being decided upon. Indeed, the most striking feature of the evening was the inability—on the part of the noise-makers—to appreciate the fact that there were any problems to be faced. Might it be suggested that it
is time that such means of entertainment as tin cans, rattles, and the turning out of lights be abandoned from College meetings, and that more original and less objectionable methods of reviving a meeting be found.

In conclusion, I should like to add one fact—that a special general meeting is not called unless there be some matter of importance to be considered; some matter which touches all and requires sincere thinking and voting by all—I am, etc.,

DISSATISFIED BUT HOPEFUL.

* * *

Dear "Spike."—It has been laid upon me to emerge from the retirement which I find more suited to my temper and ability, and to draw your attention to an unfortunate feature of our College life. When I remember the ready way in which you have espoused reforms in the past, when I remember the splendid indifference you are accustomed to show to the clamors of our College Grundies, it is with a good deal of confidence and with high hopes of success that I appeal to you to lend your aid to the task of removing this reproach from our midst.

It is not other than we may expect that a young person of respectable antecedents and of average cleverness, with three or four years of Latin grammar, a year or two of Education or Philosophy; and a session of the Free Discussions Club behind him, infused with the University spirit, possessed of the open mind and a pure hatred of dogma and convention, in a word, having breathed the atmosphere of a thoroughly intellectual place like our College—it is, I say, to be expected that such a one will be able to detect a good deal of weakness and a good deal of foolishness in the multitude from whom he has sprung, in the "lower orders." This is to be expected. But if the young person thus able to detect the weakness and foolishness of others, his inferiors, persists in their error, and discovering inconsistency and shallowness in the plebeians straightway gives himself up to superficiality and vanity which differ only in their setting, we who contemplate these transactions may well ask if the last state is better than the first. That among us such young persons are many, and the rule rather than the exception, is clear. He who above all things loves truth and sincerity in deed as in word, perceiving our state may well cry in despair, "Humbug of Humbugs—all is Humbug!"

Indeed, it seems clear to me who am not a pessimist, that this word above all, most fitly describes us; upon our forehead is written a name, and the name is Humbug. We cannot open our mouths without affecting a stupid intonation, we gush where we might be eager, we strive to be singular and modern. For God's sake, let us have done with what is unreal and untrue! Everyone knows we are fools; why should we affect such wisdom? Humbly let us learn who would instruct, sincerely let us follow who would lead. The essence and perfection of humbug surely lies in a man's saying what he does not know, and feigning to be what he is not. Let us speak the truth and be ourselves. Those of us who are accustomed to take the opportunity that is afforded by the Free Discussions Club of enjoying a little mental relaxation have lately been hearing a good deal about knowing ourselves and loving ourselves. Is it possible that there is a need that we turn our attention for a while to that other precept, "Be thyself"?

The admirable "A.K.H.B." has left us an essay on "Things that cannot go on." I am persuaded that if we are to love wisdom and possess it, if our College is indeed to teach us this, the glorification of humbug is one thing which cannot go on. Soon may it, covering its nakedness with rags or adorned with fine clothing, be damned to the deepest Gehenna, and raise its detestable members among us no more. Who shall deliver us from the thraldom of humbug?—I am, dear "Spike," sincerely yours,

"JOHN JONES."

* * *

Dear "Spike."—Have you noticed the way in which our worthy and esteemed Students' Association Executive made arrangements for the Capping concert this year? For the first time since the war, a student came forward with a suggested sketch for Capping. The Executive immediately appointed
a sub-committee to go into matters. After much delay the sub-committee turned the play down, although some agreed that the general idea and the plot were good—evidently no one thought of referring it back to the author for revision—and the sub-committee dropped it. Has it been returned yet?

The next move is this. The sub-committee, consisting, for the most part, of students who have done very little in the way of amateur theatricals, and of ex-students who do not know the talent available, accept the first three plays offered and immediately cast them, in total ignorance of the requirements of each character. What is the result? Firstly, at a meeting of the prospective casts, three of the best performers refuse to act owing to the unsuitability of the plays selected or to the unsuitability of the character. Again, it is found that the very student who had gone to so much trouble to help in the casting, had been slighted in such a way that not even a small part in any of the three plays was assigned to him. Such an action, I think, should be severely censured. However, the Executive has not even yet decided what is to be done. Lo! and behold! inside a week another arrangement has been made. Two of the plays have been cut out and a capping extravaganza substituted.

Now, dear "Spike," what are the remedies for these mistakes? To my mind, the first is this: If the Executive need a sub-committee, let them appoint on it those students who will have to do the work. Then the play or plays will be cast properly, and students will have a say in selecting the parts they have to play and those most suited to each individual.

Secondly, let the Executive decide all arrangements at least two months before the night of production. It is not a fair thing to expect amateurs to work up a play in less time than professionals would require. Hoping that those in high places may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the suggestions put forward.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"WELL-WISHER."

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Exchanges

Prof. E-at-rl-ld: (1) Truly, fishing is a great art; but are you not stretching it rather when you say that the solution of the problem struck you at the precise moment when you hooked that twenty-five pounder? To us, the story certainly sounds a bit "fishy." (2) We must sympathise with you. How was anyone to know that the thing was going to explode? We agree that the mirth of the students at your tragic pose was quite uncalled for.

L. I. D-y: Your desire to light the cracker was decidedly childish, and to remove the Professor's matches secretly is a criminal act which would warrant the attention of Constable Brook. The one redeeming feature of the case seems to be your modesty in returning the "lucifers," when detected by the Professor.

Prof. C-l-rk: We cannot approve of your scheme to convert the Science building into a children's home. It might interest you to know that we have received a very fiery epistle from Engineer Strawbridge on this subject. He complains "that the bannister of the staircase is not the gymnasium for a children's physical culture class." We would suggest that you interview this gentleman on the matter.

Rev. B. H. W-rd: We have neither the space nor the courage to give our opinion of your book, "Nibs and Nibblers." The review of that famous article, "Why the pen is greater than the holder," we are holding until after the war.

Dr. G-bb: We regret that we cannot comment on your powerful and profitable pamphlet, "Ex silentia," but, unfortunately, we have not yet received it.

E. E-v-nas: Your charming lyric (or is it an epic?) entitled "At last," is too long to print. We select lines 843 to 846:

Narcissus-like, the River Hutt adorn,
Thinking of the many acts I've done,
The torrent of one thought is seaward borne,
A treasurer's life is not a happy one.

G. K-rk: We are delighted to hear that you have been successful in discovering the relative conductivity of copper in decimal nine.

G. S-k-r: Really now, why this serious outlook on life? The only serious thing is ourselves, and we are hopelessly unsolvable, you know.

Prof. B-rw-n: You say "Horace was always afraid his theme would be taken too seriously." Our advice is, "Don't worry, Horace."

E. K. R-shw-rth: What was it like when the light went out. The words stirred us all:

"Dark is the night that covers me,
Black is the lamp from pole to pole."

Prof. S-m-rv-lle: We don't think at the present time that it is safe to print your article, "The religion of Euclid considered in the light of the binomial equation."

N. A. J. B-rk-r: There is a decided note of languid pessimism in the otherwise charming lyric you submitted. What you need is a more sporting outlook on life. Why not join one or two of the College Clubs and take a little "strenuous exercise on a Saturday!"!!