Depressed and Worried
Because of Defective Sight

That's why he looks so glum. No *need* for him to worry, though, because he has only to look us up and we will give him ***Advice Free.*** Our Speciality is Improving Vision. Our Method Scientific and Up-to-date. Glasses to suit any sight—they are Reliable and Comfortable and so Light, too—can hardly be felt in wear.

Let Us Examine Your Eyes!

MORRISON & GILBERD

(Late of Levi's Sight-testing Rooms) **WELLINGTON**

Students are reminded that they will be doing their Association a great service in patronizing Advertisers and mentioning the :: : "Spike" when so doing. : ::

Decayed Teeth Cause Cancer

This is an astounding statement to make—nevertheless it's true. Medical men have proved that the germs of cancer thrive in the "rot" of faulty teeth. If a sharp decayed tooth scratches the tongue, germs are introduced into the system. Isn't this sufficient warning for you to have those decayed teeth of yours attended to? Have them

CROWNED OR FILLED!

COME ALONG AND GET OUR FREE ADVICE!

Fees Strictly Moderate!

Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Closed 1 p.m. Saturday.

MARSDON & CHAMBERLAIN

"THE DENTISTS" 69 Manners St., Wellington

The Motorist's Friend!

The Sunshine Vulcaniser
Complete

Consists of One Nickel-Plated Clamp, One Package of Twelve Prepared Patches, and a handy piece of Sand Paper.

Punctures Repaired in five minutes anywhere, any time, on the road, in the rain, heat, cold or storm.

ENQUIRE FROM THE LOCAL GARAGES

Price 13/6 Each

INGLIS BROS. & CO.
LIMITED

Sole Distributors

Harris Street - - Wellington

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronizing advertisers

"Man wants but little here below, and that little he wants good."

IT doesn't matter much to the average young man whether it is a Collar Stud or a Suit—he wants it good, as a rule.

That's why so many fellows buy all their togs at the D.I.C. They know it is the "House for Quality."

When you are down town, come in (special entrance for men, Panama Street) and have a tour of inspection; see all the Fine Clothes, also Hats and Mercery. There's an excellent stock of Boots and Shoes also—nobby styles. See them also.

D.I.C. Panama Street **Wellington**

Winter Sports!

NEW GOODS just arrived from the Best English Makers now on view at our Showrooms.

FOOTBALLS (Rugby and Association).—Gilbert's Match, Bryan's Shire, Bussey's Association Also Inflators, Ear-Guards, Bladders, Lacing Awls, etc.

HOCKEY STICKS—All Weights, Rings, Shin-Guards and Balls.

GOLF STICKS—R. Forgan & Sons and J. Dewsbury's "Rustless." We especially call the attention of Golf Players to our new assortment of Sticks, as every care has been taken in their selection. Bulgar Drivers, Brassies, Lofting Irons, Mashies, Driving Irons, Mid Irons, Cleeks, Putters, Golf Balls, Caddie Bags, Paint, Cleaners, Caddie Polish, etc.

BOXING GLOVES—Champion, Gold Cape, American Pattern, Sergeant Morley, and Pullman's Improved. Striking Bags, Punch Ball Gloves, Bladders, Swivels, etc.

GUNS — Bonnehill's, Hollis, Remington, and Webley-Scott's D.B.B.L. Hammerless.

RIFLES—Marlin, Winchester.

CARTRIDGES—Rifle and Sporting.

JOHN DUTHIE & CO., Ltd.

SHOWROOMS: WILLIS STREET

METALS & HARDWARE MERCHANTS

No. 34

The Spike

OR

Victoria University College Review

OCTOBER :: 1918

Published under the direction of the VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENT ASSOCIATION and Printed by WOODWARD & JACKSON Wellington

Striking Enlargements

BY

BARTLETT & ANDREWS

Our Enlargements are remarkable for their *fidelity to the original*, their *depth* and *excellence of finish*.

Neither pains nor expense are spared in their production, and our name for skilful portraiture is upheld as much by them as by our other work.

Really Good Enlargements are preferable to mediocre paintings.

In enlarging from old or indifferent copies we take even more trouble than when the work can be done from our own perfect negatives.

Prices range from £1/1/-. Full particulars will be posted to anyone interested. Please send name and address as no canvassers are employed.

BARTLETT & ANDREW, Ltd., *Bartlett Studio*

Phone 1233 10 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON **Phone 1233**

ENLARGEMENTS MINIATURES :: COPIES

"The Leading Tailors"

College Students are reminded that we make a speciality of Dress and Dining Jacket Suits, and are urged to place their orders early for the present season.

A large range of the

Latest English and Colonial Suitings just to hand.

KITTO & SON

'Phone 2312

15 Manners Street

N.B.—Ladies' Costumes a Specialty.

NEW ZEALAND

Bible, Tract & Book Society

We are the Agents in Wellington for the Student Movement Press.

The BEST & LATEST FICTION always in stock.

Cheap Editions in great variety.

We have always the latest and best in War Books in stock.

Do not forget we stock STATIONERY and FOUNTAIN PENS.

N.Z. Bible, Tract & Book Society

71 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON

H. C. SOUTH - Manager

FLETCHER'S

PHOSPHATONIC

This well-known scientific preparation, containing Phosphorus, Quinine, Iron, etc., in an agreeable and easily assimilated form, is highly appreciated by the large number of sufferers whose lost vigour has been restored by its marvellous tonic and recuperative properties.

FLETCHER'S PHOSPHATONIC promotes health, strength and energy, restores lost vitality and braces up the whole nervous system. It is a great brain food and the best remedy for weakness, depression and low state of the nerves, and a valuable stimulant to the digestive organs, and is the best tonic and pick-me-up for all affections of the nervous system.

It is sold in bottles at

2/6 and 4/6 each,

and will be forwarded post free to any address by the sole proprietor.

Sole Address:

CHAS. A. FLETCHER

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST - 292 Lambton Quay, Wellington

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronizing advertisers

Billiards at Home

For Under 1½d. per day

Put an 'Alcock' Billiard-Dining Table in your house, and every evening you can enjoy the game one never tires of—**Billiards.**

The cost is trifling.

Every 'Alcock' Table is so soundly constructed that it affords a lifetime's play and pleasure. Even after Ten Years' service an 'Alcock' will bring Half its Original Price.

Your expenditure on Home Billiards, including initial cost and upkeep, need not average more than Three Half-pence a day—certainly, not an extravagance! Most men spend more on 'smoke.'

'Alcock' Billiard Tables fit all rooms. A Moderate Cash Deposit brings one to your home—then Easy Instalments.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

ALCOCK

& CO., LTD.

"The Billiard People"

Head Office and Factory: Wellington
And at Auckland & Christchurch

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	13-15
On Active Service	16-18
Military Awards and Distinctions	18
Soldiers' Letters	19-21
Roll of Honour	21
Eve	22
The University and Social Reconstruction	22-26
Lights That Fail	27
La France Immortelle ...	27-29
To a Butterfly	30
Percy the Psychist	30-32
Song	33
Philosophic Musings	33-35
The Song of The Open Road ...	36
Notes on Past Students ...	36-42
Over the Kelburn Hill ...	42
College Notes	43-49
Olla Podrida	49
Students' Association... ...	50-51
Free Discussions Club ...	52-53
Christian Union	53
Football Club	54-55
Tennis Club	56
Haeremai Club	57
Women's Basketball Club ...	58
Athletic Club	59
Boxing Club	59
Debating Club	60 61
Women's Club	61-62
Glee Club	62
Women's Hockey Club ...	63
The Editor's Chair	63-64
Exchanges	64-65
Correspondence	65
On First Looking Into Wilfred's Love	66
La Belle Fille Sans Merci ...	66
The Eternal Question ...	67
Answers to Correspondence ...	68

ILLUSTRATIONS:

The Graduates ...	Frontispiece
The First Fifteen	44

The

"University Book Shop"

86 LAMBTON QUAY - - WELLINGTON

S. & W. MACKAY, the old-established Educational Booksellers are able to supply Students attending ***Victoria University College*** with all the ***Books and Stationery*** :: :: they require. :: ::

STUDENTS can arrange to open accounts with us.

Note.—The best ***Fountain Pens*** at Moderate Prices.

S. & W. MACKAY

GENERAL BOOKSELLERS

Students are requested to ***mention "The Spike"*** *when patronizing advertisers*

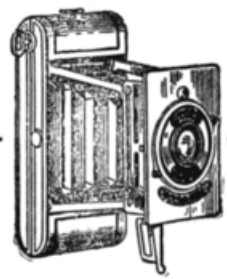
Provide Real Music
For the Home Folk!

If you live far removed from the city, and cannot hear the latest Operas and musical successes, you should certainly possess one of

"His Master's Voice"
GRAMOPHONES

Life is not complete without good music, and this machine provides the very best of it for little outlay. With such a machine you can hear your favourite music any time and anywhere—as often as you wish. Easy terms of payment can be arranged if so desired. Instrument Catalogue and list of Records upon request

THE BRISTOL PIANO CO., LTD.
WELLINGTON
M. J. BROOKES - North Island Manager



Agents for ANSCO CAMERAS

Best Film Cameras on the Market!

FOR EVERY
Photographic Requisite
CALL ON
WATERWORTHS, LTD.
Next Kelburn Trams ***LAMBTON QUAY***

Students are requested to ***mention "The Spike"*** *when patronizing advertisers*

THE GRADUATES, 1918

BEGG'S Pianos

CHAS. BEGG & CO. can point with pride to the Agencies of High-Grade BRITISH Pianos they hold. These are :

John Brinsmead & Son — Rogers & Son
Challen & Co. — Moore & Moore
Newman & Co. — Justin Browne

AND THE FAMOUS FRENCH PIANO

The Pleyel - (Paris)

Intending purchasers of a Piano cannot do better than inspect the display of instruments by the above makers at the Showrooms, MANNERS STREET

CHAS. BEGG & CO., LTD.

THE ALL-BRITISH FIRM — Established 1861

Soda Fountain Specialties - - *Light Refreshments*

Etc., Etc.

The Home of Table Delicacies and Delights—

The Rialto

Manners Street

TABLE D'HOTE LUNCHEON

Served on Upper Floor 12 to 2 p.m.

Luxurious Appointments—Seating 400

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronising advertisers

Cederholm & Son

THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS———

6-8 Manners Street - Wellington

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR
ALL ELECTRICAL GOODS
ACCUMULATOR CHARGING
ELECTRIC LIGHTING, &c.

Red Seal Dry Cells always in Stock

Send your next order along to us

Attention!

¶. Do you know that to get the best service out of Footwear one of the most important things is a **Good Fit.**

HANNAH'S Boots & Shoes

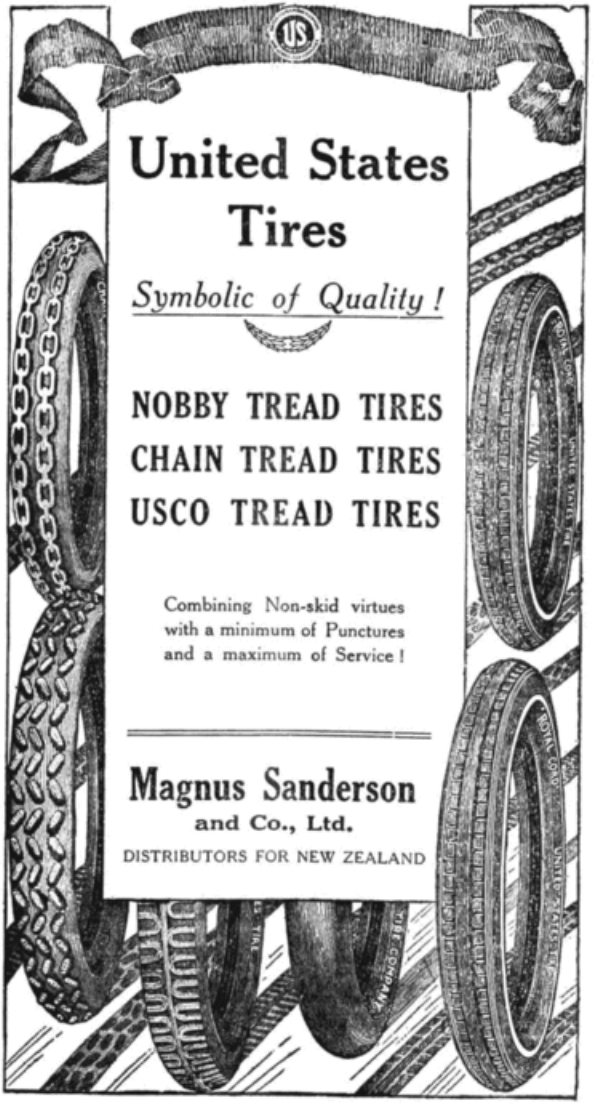
Are made over lasts which **Fit Perfectly,** thus insuring the **Longest Wear.**

WE SHOE THE FEET
IN MANNER NEAT,
IN STYLE COMPLETE.

Our Price is Cheap! **Just let us prove it!**

R. HANNAH & CO., Ltd.

260 Lambton Quay and 103 Cuba Street - - WELLINGTON


US
United States
Tires
Symbolic of Quality!
NOBBY TREAD TIRES
CHAIN TREAD TIRES
USCO TREAD TIRES
Combining Non-skid virtues
with a minimum of Punctures
and a maximum of Service!
Magnus Sanderson
and Co., Ltd.
DISTRIBUTORS FOR NEW ZEALAND

AN IDEAL GIFT—

The . . .

"ONOTO"

Fountain Pen

The ONOTO Fountain Pen is of all British manufacture, and to have and to hold an ONOTO Fountain Pen is a pleasure indeed.

The ONOTO has no superior in the world of Fountain Pens, and there are few if any equal to it.

The ONOTO Fountain Pen is self-filling, and many thousand words can be written with one fill of the pen.

The ONOTO Fountain Pen never leaks, because it is honestly made.

The ONOTO Fountain Pen is British-built throughout, and possesses all the characteristics of honest British workmanship.

The ONOTO Fountain Pen is fitted with gold nibs, irridium pointed, in fine, medium and broad styles.

The ONOTO Fountain Pen enables the bad writer to write well, and the good writer to excel himself.

The ONOTO Fountain Pens, Presentation Series, Gold and Silver Mounted, make Ideal Mementos and keep the Donors in pleasant remembrance.

PRICES:

The Popular Models, 20/-, 22/6, 25/-, 30/-

Nibs to suit every hand.

Mounted Pens - - 30/-, 35/-, 40/-

WHITCOMBE

& TOMBS, LIMITED

Lambton Quay - - - Wellington

THE SPIKE

OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

(PUBLISHED TWICE IN THE SESSION)

The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, *Victoria University College, Wellington.*

Subscriptions, 1/6 per copy (1/9 posted), are now due, and are payable to Mr. N. A. J. Barker, Financial Secretary, Victoria University College.

Vol. XVII. *No. 2*

Editorial

In the last issue it was suggested that those students who read back numbers of "The Spike," would not linger over the club reports. With more truth, we should like to add, neither will they linger over the editorials.

Why do we have editorials?

It was to find a solution to this problem, that we set out to read diligently, all the editorials from the first until the last. The impression was soon borne in upon us that Martha might have done likewise, whereas Mary would have concentrated on certain contributions in verse that are to be met with in the pages of "The Spike"—verse that has grown up round V.U.C., that shows something of the life of College and something of the spirit that animated those first students. Truly we present students have much to be grateful for, to those former students who set us such a standard.

The best among the verses written during the first ten years of V.U.C., are to be found in "The Old Clay Patch"—now, unfortunately, out of print. This collection was edited by Messrs. de la Mare and Eichelbaum. In the foreword they write: "It is hoped that this book will to some extent set a standard—a standard which, we trust, will in the future be oftentimes reached and surpassed." We cannot help but acknowledge that we have not reached this standard. Most of us must further admit that, not having ourselves read any of these verses, we do not know even what that standard is.

First then, let us endeavour to discover wherein we fail. Each year sees an addition to the quantity; but quality is a different matter. Much of the verse published in "The Spike" during the last few years falls into one or other of the following classes:—

Let us name first that spurious kind of verse that is just "dashed off" in a hurry. Even the making of a cake requires a certain

amount of preparation, and a cook is not likely to be successful unless she follows out correctly the rules in her recipe book. Why then does anyone imagine that the writing of verse requires so little care and forethought?

Then there is that type of verse that closely resembles in form (and often in subject) the poem of an artist. It is to all intents and purposes nothing but a pseudo-translation of English scenes and ideas into New Zealand ones by obvious substitutions. Such exercises are useful, for they teach the observant how the poet gains his effects; but they are apt to create a false atmosphere or, at best, to attract a comparison that would be invidious.

Thirdly, there are verses on and about Love. All of us, no doubt, who have taken up pen and tried to write verse have sinned grievously in this respect. For the most part, having had no experience ourselves (we are too apt to imagine that a newly-awakened eagerness —due to spring perhaps—is the first dawn of love) we are forced to express ideas as old as the ages, in words that have been long used in such connection. As Pope would say:—

> "While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
> With sure returns of still expected rhymes,
> Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
> In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees';
> If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
> The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."

But besides all these, there are the verses that are really worth while; and these are the verses with which every student should be acquainted, for they contain those indefinable qualities known as college spirit and local atmosphere. The best way of proving this statement is by quotation:

> "We will be of the world and feel its heart
> Beat, and our own will beat in sympathy;
> But we will keep a little space apart
> And sown with rosemary, for our abode
> Within the windows opening on the sea.
> And if the dust be all about our tread,
> And white the glare along the climbing road,
> Clear thought will come of how the East was red
> With promise, and the lanes with blossom rife,
> And fresh the dew upon the lawn of life"—

Thus writes S. S. M. in the "Ode on the Laying of the Foundation Stone of Victoria College," 27th August, 1904. This same S. S. M. knew something of the college spirit as seen in sport, for he is the author of the "Sports Chorus"—too well known to need repetition, and of "Superannuated":—

> Out in the fields the forwards are a-lining;
> The backs are crouched all ready in their place.
> Cold and grey, with a wink of sun a-shining—
> It's just the day for scrum, and rush, and pace.
> Hard the luck that I must sit here whining,
> And watch another fill the vacant space:
> While for the fresh old fight my heart is pining,
> And for the times when I was in the race."

Among the best of the verses written by Hubert Church is his sonnet on "Victoria College," beginning:

> Thou shalt be greater than the city that lies
> Beneath thee; though the waves curve tender foam
> Athwart her beach, thou hast a fairer home,
> Where mountains watch thee with eternal eyes."

In songs of jest as well, there is even more "local colour." The best jester we have had signs himself S. E. Typical of his work is "Chanson Triste," in which the ventilators, the windows and the

plaster of the newly-built V.U.C. sings each its own peculiar song; but it was before our day that—

"The breezes all caused sneezes as they entered through
Alma Mater's ventilators, as they used to do!"

Then there is his delightful "Inaugural Ode on the V.C. Officers' Training Corps"—of which the last verse runs as follows:—

"Here is the flower of our manhood in bud;
See how their noble eyes blaze as they mobilize,
Eager to wallow to victory through blood,
Like that unholy 'un, bony Napoleon.
Stealthily, creepily, whispering in shouts,
Steadily, sleepily, out go the scouts.
Then comes the main brigade, uniforms tell,
Making a plain brigade look rather well;
(Even a puny form wrapped in a uniform,
Looks rather well).
Bravely they thresh along, weary and hot,
Sometimes it's echelon, sometimes it's not.
Guns to the right of them mow them like grass,
Strangely, in spite of them, onward they pass.
Powder is flying around and each man'll
Soon be applying his oil and his flannel
Such is the sum of a warrior's toil,
Oceans of trouble, and afterwards—oil."

Every English Honours' student, after having toiled through the Anglo-Saxon Reader, will know how to appreciate "Those Good-oldays"; and there are many more still, from the same pen, written in the same delightful vein of humour.

It seems as if we could quote on indefinitely from these old "Spikes"; but verse of this class appears more and more seldom, though we still have had contributions from S. E., from M.L.N., from M.E.H.; and every here and there, showing promise of better things, appear such lines as:—

"Where e'en the nesting birds
From out the troubled furze sing sorrow brokenly."

These, then, are some of the verses that you will find scattered through the pages of "The Spike." The writers, no doubt, consider themselves but painstaking artificers, falling far short of their aim; but it seems to us that the tree surpassed itself in its first flowering, and never since have we had such blooms.

What is the use of such traditions if they are not pregnant with future excellence?

In this war generation, many of our number have been carrying on these traditions in a different form, perhaps, and in far-off lands, but in no unworthy fashion. And who knows but that there will be a second flowering, when they once more are with us—and when we have learnt to give of our best and to do our best for College; not content to get out of her what we can, either of knowledge or of pleasure; but realising that if there is any special work we can do for her—well—

"It's *there* we ought to be."

The problem of the editorial is still unsolved and is likely to remain so, for we intend, in conclusion, to quote S. S. M.'s "Au Revoir":

"We have toiled through the moonlit even's,
We have broken tryst with the sun,
That here a pass might be entered,
Here first-class honours won:
We have had our game together,
With the journey home in the rain;
We are off for the long vacation—
So-long till we toil again."

On Active Service

These lists are known to be incomplete. Hoping that amendments and additions will be sent us, we therefore publish all the names we have, rather than a list of corrections only. Included in the "On Active Service" list are the names of those who are in the different training camps in New Zealand.

Adams, K. E.
Adlam, R. C.
Allan, J. A.
Anson, G. E. V.
Archer, K. G.
Archibald, J. A.
*Armstrong, P. F.
Armstrong, E.
Ashby, T. W. M.
Ashcroft, B. D.
Aston, W. B.
Atkinson, E. H.
*Atkinson, G. I.
*Atkinson, S. A.
Atmore, C. F.
*Avery, A. G.
*Baddeley, H. S.
Bagley, C. J.
Bailey, A. L.
Baker, F. R.
Ball, D. G.
Barclay, R. L.
Barker, H. J. E.
*Barnard, H.
Barnard, S.
Barnes, G. E.
Barnett, J.
Barr, F. L.
Bastings, L.
Bates, M. V.
Batham, G.
Batten, C. W.
*Beechey, F. J.
Beere, R. St. J.
Bell, G. G.
Bennett, J. B.
Bennett, J. R. E.
Berendson, C. A.
Bernard, V. R.
Bertrand, G. F.
Biss, H. R.
Biss, J. A.
*Blake, V.
*Blaikie, R. G.
Boeufvé, A.
*Bogle, G. V.
Bogle, A. H.
*Bogle, S.
*Bogle, G. S
Bothamley, R. W.
Bourke, C. R. K.
Bowater, H. R.
*Bowler, D. C.
Boyce, T.
Bramwell, O. G.
Breen, J. J.
*Britten, V. R.
Broad, P. B.
Broadgate, F. K.
*Brockett, A. G.
Brodie, H. G.
Brokenshire, R. J.
*Broome, H. E.
Brown, C. S.
Brown, D. B.
Bruce, R. M.
Bruce, D. G.
Bryan, A. G. F.
Bullard, J. N.
Burbidge, P. W.
Burgess, C.
Burke, E. J.
*Burnett, N. F.
Burry, H. N. F.
*Busby, W. B.
Butler, V. C.
Butler, E. C.
Buxton, A. B.
Caddick, A. E.
Caigou, C. A.
Caldwell, K. S.
Callender, G. G.
Calman, W.
Cameron, R. C.
Cammock, W. R.
Cash, F. H.
*Castle, A. P.
Castle, S. J.
Charters, A. B.
Chatwin, L. A.
Chrisp, H. D.
Churchill, W. A.
*Clachan, W. J.
Clarke, G. S.
Clayton, K. C.
Clemance, H. J.
Clere, F. T.
Clinkard, G. W.
Cocker, H.
Collins, R.
Colquhoun, P. C.
Cook, H. L.
Cooke, P. B.
Cooper, R. W.
Cooper, G. O.
Coradine, J.
Corkill, T. F.
Corkill, H. K.
Corry, T.
*Cotter, H. F.
Coventry, H.
Cowie, A. C.
Cowles, J. A.
Cox, T. P.
Craighead, W. P.
Crawford, E. S.
*Creswell, J. K.
Cruickshank, D. J.
Cruickshank, G. C.
Cuddie, J. R.
Cumming, A.
Cunningham, H. A.
Curtayne, A.
*Cuthbert, J.
Dabinett, F. M.
Dall, G. B.
Daniel, V. L. M.
Daniell, H. H.
D'Arcy, W. S.
Davey, I.
Davey, G. H.
Davies, C. A. R.
Davis, G. C. C.
Dawson, T. H.
Dawson, A. S.
Dean, H. H.
Dennehy, J. H.
de la Mare, F. A.
Delamore, A. W.
*Dempsey, S. W.
Devine, L. G. J.
Dickson, B. C. B.
Dobbie, I.
Dobson, C. J. H.
*Dodson, R. H.
Downard, —.
Dron, D. A.
Dudley, J. C. A.
Dudson, W.
Duigan, D. F.
Duncan, A. T.
*Dundon, W. T.
Eager, R. F.
East, A. F. D.
Edmondson, L. J.
Egley, B.
Elder, P. A.
*Ellis, S. R.
Ewart, H. M.
Fair, A.
Fanning, J.
Fathers, H. T. M.
*Fawcett, T.
*Fell, G. H.
Fitt, W. H.
Foden, N. A.
Ford, A. A.
Fossette, W. E.
Foster, L. D.
Foster, F. W.
Frain, R. J.
*Freyburg, P. M.
Freyburg, B. C.
Freyburg, C.
Fullerton-Smith K. W.
Fulton, J. B.
Gamble, C.
Gaze, F. J.
George, A. J.
Gibson, E. A.
Gifford, E. J.
Gilfedder, P.
*Girling-Butcher, W. L.
Glasgow, W. B.

*Goodbehere, F. W. B.
Gordon, C. M.
Gordon, W. P. P.
*Goulding, J. H.
Gow, I. B.
*Gowdy, H.
Graham, A. J.
Gray, A.
Greatbatch, E. P.
Greig, A. G.
Gresson, K. M.
*Grey, J.
Greville, R. H.
Griffen, K. M.
Griffiths, H. L.
Grigg, H.
*Hall, V. J. B.
Hall, T. D. H.
*Hall, L. W. B.
Hall-Jones, F. G.
Hamblyn, C. J.
Hamilton, A.
Hampson, A. E.
Hampson, W. T.
Harden, G. S.
*Harle, D. A.
Harland, —.
Harley, W. C.
Harper, G. C.
Harris, F. T.
Harston, E. S.
*Hawkins, B. G.
Haworth, L. R. P.
Hemery, L. C.
Hemmingsen, G. F.
Heningson, G.
Henderson, K. A.
Henderson, A. G.
Henderson, H.
Hendry, J.
Hendry, C. A.
Hercus, E. O.
Higgs, S. H.
Higgins, V.
Hill, R. B.
Hills, H. S.
Hodson, F. S.
*Hogben, G. Mc. L.
Hogben, J. McL.
*Hogg, N.
Hogg, W. F.
Hogg, T. B.
Holdaway, H. R.
Holmden, T. N.
Holmes, C. H.
Hopkirk, C. F.
Hosking, J. R.
Hostick, J. B.
Houston, C. A.
*Howard, F. D.
Howard, A. P.
*Howe, G.
*Hudson, A.
Hurrell, J.
Huston, H. E.
Inder, E. W.
*Jackson, G. C.
Jackson, A.
Jacobs, B. J.
*Jameson, I. D.
Jardine, L.
Jenkins, —.
Johns, F. N.
Johnson, N. S.
Johnson, J.
Johnston, A. S.
Johnstone, A. M.
Johnstone, C. G.
Jones, E. G.
Jones, W. H.
Jones, S. I.
Jowett, H.
Joyce, R. F.
Kay, R. V.
Keesing, H. M.
Kelly, F. R.
Kennedy, R.
Kerr, H. W.
Kibblewhite, B. M.
Kibblewhite, F. G.
King, W. J.
King S. J.
*King, H. W.
*Kirk, E. R.
*Knapp, R. H.
Kreeft, C. R.
Lankshear, B. R.
Lankshear, W.
Larsen, A. J.
Latham, R.
Lawson, H.
Layburn, 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.
Lorking, S. E.
Luke, K. E.
Lyes, J. W.
*Lyons, T.
*Lynch, H. K.
Macalister, S.
*Macarthur, A. A.
*MacDougall, A.
*MacKay, D. E. C.
Mackenzie, H. A.
Mackersey, E. M.
Mackie, H.
McNab, A. A.
Malone, B
Maltby, G. C.
Mansfield, S.
Marsden, Professor
*Marsden, J. S.
Martin, F. M.
Mason, J.
Mason, S. R.
Mason, E. P.
*Matheson, G. G.
Matheson, N. M.
Matthews, F. C.
Matthews, W. N.
Maule, L. J.
McBean, E. S.
*McCartney, M.
*McCaw, P. R.
McCaw, W. T.
McClure, C. B. T.
McClurg, D.
McClymont, A. G.
McCombie, C. A.
McCormick, C. A.
McCormick, H.
McDonald, F. E.
McDonald, S. R.
McDowall, S.
McEldowney, W. J.
McKay, D.
McKay, C. H.
McKenna, F. J.
McKenzie, F. E.
McLean, W. H.
McLeod, D. V.
McMurrich, D.
*McNiven, C. A.
McRae, J.
McRae, A. D.
Meldrum, A. F.
Menzies, J.
Middlemass, N. A.
*Miller, A.
*Mills, J. E.
Moore, R.
Morice, G. W.
Morison, B. H.
Morison, D. G. B.
*Morris, W. H.
Morrison, J. E.
Mothes, F. W.
Mousley, E. O.
Muir, R. M.
*Munro, K.
Munro, J. D. R.
Nash, J. H.
Nathan, A. C.
Natusch, S.
Neylon, W.
Nicholls, G. H.
Nicholson, D. H.
O'Halloran, F. D.
O'Leary, J. F.
Ongley, P. A.
Ongley, M.
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.
Parr, S.
Paterson, B.
Paulsen, N. M.
Perry, W.
Perry, D.
Perston, J. R.
*Phillips, C. E.
Poland, J. J.
Portas, G. P.
Pow, J.
Prenderville, E. C.
Prideaux, F. W. H.
Pritchard, I. G.

Pryor, D. C.
Putnam, P. H.
Quigley, M. S.
*Quilliam, R. P.
Quilliam, C. W.
Quilliam, R. H.
*Quick, W. A. B.
*Ramsay, H. V.
*Randrup, H. B.
Reid, R. W.
Reid, F. F.
Reid, O. J.
Richards, J. E. G.
Richardson, H. D.
Richmond, J. M.
Rigg, T.
Robbie, G. A.
Robertson, N.
Robertson, W. J.
Robertson, G. H.
Robertson, P. J. E.
Robertson, H. D.
Robertson, F.
*Robinson, A. J.
Robinson, I. C.
Rodwell, H. R.
Rogers, L. A.
Rogers, G. W. D.
Roots, A.
Rose, E. L.
Ross, K.
Ross, J. W.
Rowntree, E. W.
*Rule, W. B.
Russell, J.
Rutherford, J. W.
Rutherford, R. A.
Ryan, W. C.
*Salmond, W. G.
Samson, E.
Samuel, G.
*Sanson, H. S. McD.
*Saxon, J. H. B.
Saxon, K. R. J.
Schramm, F. W.
Scott, A. S.
Scrivenar, A. R.
Seddon, G. H.
Seddon, S. T.
Seddon, T. E. Y.
Segrief, Rev. T. M.
*Shain, H. A.
Shaw, L. J.
Shirer, W. F.
Short, J. L.
*Shrimpton, N.
Sim, W. J.
Sievwright, A. B.
Skinner, H. D.
Smith, D. S.
Smith, J. D.
Smith, M. D.
*Smith E.
Somerville, C.
Spence, G. M.
Spratt, H. L.
*Sprott, M. W. C.
Spurdle, P. A.
Stainton, W. H.
Stephenson, L.
*Stevens, W. E.
Stevenson, J. F. B.
Stevenson, R. J.
Stewart, E.
Stocker, E. D. H.
*Stocker, I. P. D.
Stocker, F. A.
Stockman, J.
Stockham, T. W.
Stout, R.
Strack, C. H. E.
Strack, G. S.
*Strack, K. J.
Stuart, W. A.
Stubbs, H.
Sutcliffe, J. R.
Sutton, H. H.
Sutton, J. P. C.
*Tait, K.
Tait, J.
Tansey, F. E. F.
Tate, A. R. W.
*Tattle, P. G.
Taylor, C. H.
*Taylor, L. G.
*Taylor, A.
Teychenné G. L.
Thomas, H. W.
*Thompson, A. M.
*Thompson, A.
Thorpe, G. G.
Tily, H. S.
Tobin, C. E. O.
Tocker, A. H.
Tocker, F. A.
Tonkin, A. S.
Treadwell, A. H. L.
Treadwell, C. A. L.
Treadwell, J. G.
Tremewan, M. A.
Troup, G. S.
Tucker, F. K.
Turnbull, F. K.
Tustin, E. B.
Udy, W. H.
Vernon, J. D.
*Vial, G. G.
Vickerman, H.
Walker, T.
Ward, T. L.
Ward, R.
Ward, J. W.
*Wardrop, C. L.
Waters, E. F. B.
Watson, R. M.
Watson, R. S.
Watt, J. D.
Watters, A. W.
Watters, A.
Watters, A. J.
*Webb, A. L.
Webber, A. J.
Webster, H. A.
Wells, T.
Wells, J.
West, F. L. G.
Weston, I. W.
White, G. F. M.
Whiting, E. H.
Whiting, A. F.
Williams, H.
Williamson, J. H.
Wilson, F. A.
Wilson, A. B.
*Wilson, J. A.
Wilson, R. P.
Wilson, L. K.
Winchcomb, P. R.
*Winder, H. E.
Wise, V. J.
*Wiseman, J. A.
Worley, C. P.
Wright, N. L.
*Yeats, D. D. M.
*Young, A. V.
Young, M. V.

*Killed in Action.

Military Awards and Distinctions

Lieut. C. F. Atmore, M.C.
Capt. D. C. Bowler, M.C.
Lieut.-Col. A. B. Charters, C.M.G., D.S.O.
Capt. P. B. Cooke, M.C.
Capt. T. F. Corkill, M.C., Cross of 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.
Lieut. H. M. Keesing, M.C.
Capt. L. P. Leary, M.C.
Lieut. N. Little, M.C.
Lieut. F. E. Mackenzie, M.C.
Sergt. W. T. McCaw, M.M.
Lieut. C. B. T. McClure, M.C.
Capt. B. H. Morison, M.C.
Capt. S. Natusch, MC.
Major J. Pow, D.S.O.
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. Stainton, 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

France, 16th July, 1918.

Dear Sir,—I have to thank the Association for a very excellent pair of socks which reached me yesterday. Besides their usefulness, they are a reminder that one is not forgotten, and so doubly welcome.

I don't know that I can give you any interesting information from France. I have been here for just over three months, the first of which I spent with the First Entrenching Battalion, which reinforces the First Brigade, but was then transferred to the Rifle Brigade and posted to D. Coy. of 1st Battalion. H. A. Mackenzie is in the same company. I have met a great many old students since arriving in England. G. H. Nicholls was the officer who met us on our arrival at Sling. Later on there I met C. F. Atmore, who was commanding a Reserve Company, H. R. Biss, H. Lawson, Brigade Gas Officer, Major F. L. G. West, Lt.-Col. J. L. Short, C. A. L. Treadwell, and I expect some others that I have forgotten. Atmore and Lawson are over here again now, of course. Another one at Sling was H. D. Banks, a one-time law student away back in 1906 or so.

Over here Leslie Edmondson was in the Entrenching Battalion, and R. V. Kay and Charlie Robertson when I last heard of them. Then I have met H. G. Brodie, N. M. Paulsen, R. B. Gibbons, D. G. Morison, H. T. Fathers, B. Egley—a Q.M.S. in the Pay Office. Five parcels have just come for me. I must stop.

Great excitement opening New Zealand parcels. All eatables this time. We don't really need them, as our rations are ample, and we can supplement them from the canteen, but they are handy sometimes when we are in the line and away from canteens. That's where we should be now, but Mackenzie and I both caught this new form of influenza at a suitable time, and were left behind at a details camp. When the battalion went in, however, two new officers joined the company and so filled our places. One is J. Hinton, the Otago nominee for the Rhodes Schol. last year, so we are a learned company. Don't imagine, please, that I include myself. H. A. Josy, the Auckland representative, has just joined the battalion, too, and is in C. Coy. Am afraid I can't give you any thrilling accounts of "stunts" yet, as I haven't been in any Mackenzie's account of how they filled a gap here on March 24th should be interesting if you could get hold of it. Perhaps you have done so.

The summer weather is beautiful on the whole, though there have been some very heavy thunderstorms lately. Extremely hot to-day. Mackenzie and I went for a swim in a creek a little way off. A dam above a mill makes a good pool, but the water was very dirty after this morning's heavy rain.

With kind regards to all the committee, and hoping that I may have occasion to write again some day. I am, yours very truly,

F. T. CLERE.

I have seen Ken Caldwell and E. B. Tustin, S. I. Jones, N. A. Foden, and I don't know how many more besides.

* * * *

In the Field. 16/7/18.

The Secretary,
V.C. Students' Union.

Thank you very much indeed for the parcel of socks, which reached me safely yesterday. It was very thoughtful of you all to remember me, and as a matter of fact you could not have sent me anything more acceptable at the time as I had just come in from wet and muddy trenches to find that I had no dry socks. The arrival of the gift, too, almost coincided with my birthday, but I don't suppose there are any present-day students who in the prehistoric days "celebrated" a birthday with me.

I keep wonderfully fit, and have done all through except temporarily on receipt of one or two Hun donations. I do not get many V.C. students in this unit, but plenty from the College in the province from which my unit is recruited.

I understand that you have now one of my old company commanders lecturing at the College. I shall be glad if you would remember me kindly to him, but don't believe all he tells you about me—I am not as bad as that, really. I was close by him when he was hit at Messines, and he will probably tell you that I am a most unsympathetic mortal. I refer, of course, to Capt. Jas. Thompson.

I saw de la Mare in a London hospital when I was on leave some six months ago, when he was a near relative of a "sieve," but I understand he is due for N.Z., and has probably left by now.

This war seems almost interminable, and I am longing for a suit of "civies," but I don't think the time is just yet. Four years is a big slice out of a man's life to spend Hun-straffing, but it will be well worth it when he has been put in his place.

Once more thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

A. B. CHARTERS.

* * * *

My dear President,—

You may know better than I whether I have written to you or no since I left New Zealand, for I have completely forgotten and can call up no clear recollection on the subject. I wonder whom the meeting elected this year to pilot the Association through another period of office; I wish him luck and hope his period of office will be successful, and that he will be able to look back on some pleasant memories. The meeting may possibly be in process on this very day. I wonder if it is? It's just after Easter.

Well, I have seen much since the "Athenic" took us from New Zealand, over three months ago now, and it seems a very long time ago too. You will all know before this our route; we have seen the wonders of the Panama Canal, have passed Haitai Islands, and have called at the ports of Newport, New York, and Halifax, disembarking finally at Glasgow on the "Bonnie Banks of the Clyde." We were fortunate in having some excellent weather throughout the whole trip, save about one week in the Atlantic, which few will forget. The Atlantic is famed for its storms, and it was our fortune (very nearly bad) to run into one of the worst our skipper has experienced in his career on the sea. A copy of the Magazine of the 33rds is being posted to you, so you may see there what we did and how we enjoyed what we did do.

Exactly eight weeks after sailing we anchored at Greenock, at the mouth of the Clyde, in the Firth of Clyde, and steamed up the river the following morning. There was a clear sky, and we would all have seen as much of the Clyde as of the Canal had it not been for packing, handing in equipment, etc. It was a gorgeous sight, and where there was not green vegetation there were the ship building yards. Scores of ships—mostly fairly small—were in various stages of completion, and thousands of workers, both male and female, lined the banks and cheered us; they ran from their tasks to join in welcoming the new khaki.

In the afternoon we disembarked and at once entrained for our destination in the south of England. The train took us through Carlisle, Crew, Preston, Birmingham, Oxford, and other places I lost in sleep, to Amesbury, a little station near Salisbury. Then we marched a few miles to our camp in Larkhill, where we lived till a week ago; we were in isolation there through measles having broken out on board a short time before landing.

Though we had experienced ice and a temperature just over and mostly below zero from Newport till after leaving Halifax, and a chilly atmosphere all the way to England, we felt the cold at Larkhill very much. I cannot say I am in love with an English foggy day!

All of us were treated lightly at first, for the authorities learned that it was of no use over-working a draft as soon as it landed; but soon the drill came "thick and fast." Most of us were getting our land legs back again, and into good form, when the medical staff took its sweet way and innoculated us for bronchial pneumonia. The result was that the percentage of those sent to hospital (including measles as the other cause) rose to nearly 50 per cent.! Fortunately there were no deaths here, though I hear that of those who went to Brocton Camp to join the Rifle Brigade two or three died.

We N.C.O.'s all dropped to a rank below that which we held in New Zealand, and went through a class and an exam. to keep or lose that rank. I was fortunate enough to remain a corporal.

You may like to hear of some of the old Collegians whom I have seen over here. Henry Williams is a corporal in the Wellington Battalion at Sling here; I met him unexpectedly one day, and found him the same as ever. Eric Clere was with us in our class, as he missed part of the 32nd class having had measles. F. L. G. West is a Major here, I saw him in the distance, he is still far from well I hear. H. Lawson is a Battalion Gas Officer, and put us through our taste of the real gas. L. J. Short (whom I do not know) I find is a Lt.-Col., and is O.C. of this Wellington Battalion here. Bert Tucker is a corporal in the Wellington Battalion, and was orderly room clerk to our company in Larkhill. Ken Adams I saw in the 32nd Reinforcements before he left for France on 20th March. J. Ryan left on the same date. K. Archer is a sergeant in the Battalion orderly room of the Wellington Battal-

ion here. C. Robertson is still in the same company and hut with myself; we shared the same cabin with another sergeant on the "Athenic." N. Robertson went to Brocton Camp to join the Rifle Brigade.

We all expect to have our leave very shortly now, and when that is done, we shall be going across the France to see how this "big push" is going. The Germans are making unpleasantly good headway now; but I hope we do not lose our leave through it!

Please give all my friends at V.U.C. my kindest regards and best wishes. I cannot name them all in detail. I wish you and your committee the best of luck for the ensuing year and hope you will enjoy it. Please don't forget a "Spike," if I may be so bold as to ask for a copy.

With best wishes to the Association, yours very sincerely,

REG. V. KAY.

Roll of Honour

Purvis Ford Armstrong
S. Arnold Atkinson
Gerald Innes Atkinson
Arthur Gilbert Avery
Herman Stewart Baddeley
Henry Barnard
Frederick James Beechey
Robert Greenlees Blaikie
Valentine Blake
Gilbert V. Bogle
Gordon Bogle
Stafford Bogle
Daniel Cornelius Bowler
Vivian Russell Britten
Harry Elliott M. Broome
Archibald Geoffrey Brockett
Noel Fletcher Burnett
William B. Busby
Arthur P. Castle
William J. Clachan
Henry Francis Cotter
James Kirk Cresswell
John Cuthbert
Sydney William Dempsey
Reginald Henry Dodson
William Thomas Dundon
Sydney Robert Ellis
Thomas Fawcett
Gerald H. Feil
Paul Milton Freyburg
Frederick Walter B. Goodbehere
Walter Lancelot Girling-Butcher
John Harrington Goulding
Harold Gowdy
John Grey
Vincent J. B. Hall
Lionel W. B. Hall
Douglas Harle
Benjamin George Hawkins
George McL. Hogben
Norman Hogg
Gilbert Howe
Frederick D. Howard
Athol Hudson
George C. Jackson
Ian Douglas Jameson
Herbert W. King
Edward Richmond Kirk
Russell Harvey Knapp
Leonard Maughan Liardet
Arthur Trevor D'A. Long
Thomas Lyons
Henry Kildare Lynch
A. A. Macarthur
Allen MacDougall
Donald Eric Mackay
Joseph Stanley Marsden
Graham Matheson
Malcolm McCartney
Peter Rankine McCaw
Cecil Angus McNiven
Alan Miller
John E. Mills
William Henry Morris
Kenneth Munro
Leo Desmond O'Sullivan
Donald K. Pallant
Charles E. Phillips
W. Austin B. Quick
Reginald P. Quilliam
Vivian H. Ramsay
Helger Bro. Randrup
Archibald James Robinson
William B. Rule
William Guthrie Salmond
Henry Samuel McD. Sanson
John H. B. Saxon
Henry A. Shain
Norman Shrimpton
Eric Smith
Maurice W. C. Sprott
William Ernest Stevens
Ingelow P. D. Stocker
Karl J. Strack
Kenneth Tait
Philip G. Tattle
Lionel G. Taylor
Archibald Taylor
Alister McL. Thomson
Arnold Thompson
Graham G. Vial
Charles Laurence Wardrop
Arthur Llewellyn Webb
James Alexander Wilson
Holloway E. Winder
John Archibald Wiseman
Douglas D. M. Yeats
Albert Victor Young

Eve

Light as the morning sprite
Poised for its flight,
Knowing no difference
'Tween wrong and right,
Eve stood before the tree,
And the serpent knowingly
Winked as he let her
Think he knew no better.

. . .

There hung the fateful fruit!

. . .

From state of ignorance
She takes her chance.
With a blind (or divine)
Impulse filled
She seized and ate,
And there thrilled
Through the earth a new light.
Then the serpent bit its tongue
With dismay and affright—
Before Adam he shed
A temptation as dread
And made him lay a blame
On the woman and a shame.

To this day no man knows
Eve the maiden rightly chose.

F. T.

The University and Social Reconstruction

Notes from the Address of the President (Prof. T. A. Hunter) to the Debating Society

The history of human development appears to show short periods of rapid change followed by long years of stagnation. After an advance, civilisation, like a modern army, must wait for the more slowly-moving forces at its command before it is ready to strike again. Transitional periods, such as the one in which we are now living, are those that bear within themselves great possibilities of good or evil, advance or retrogression. The great bar to progress in every sphere of life is custom; men come to adopt the accepted view of things as if it were the eternal nature of the world; and so in all aspects of life, social, political, economic, knowledge has to fight prejudice, reform has to struggle with custom. This is the everlasting struggle between those who are satisfied with things as they are and those who are not.

To-day, however, amid all the discords of opinion, there is clearly discernible to the listening ear a common note: some amendment or recasting of our social system is necessary. Even those who, in the

piping times of peace, thought that the social machine ran smoothly, now realise that there are grave evils and defects in the mechanism. Nationally our main disadvantage in the international conflict is that we are compelled to make patch-work reorganisations in our methods and at the same time maintain our part in the titanic struggle. Not only so; but such alterations as have been made have been controlled by politicians, untrained for the work and freed from even the criticism of public opinion. It is true that in some cases men of training and experience have been called in but they have been thwarted by obstacles and bound by chains in the interests not of the nation but of party and of greed. When we find Lord Milner writing an introduction to a series of essays on social reconstruction by Mr. H. G. Wells we may surely take it as a sign that all is not as it should be. Mr. Wells writes: "We are going about the business of our national future like a family that is acquiring an automobile by sending father out to get some sort of good engine, it doesn't matter what, Frankie to get acetylene head-lights, Bertie to buy wheels, and Georgie to buy tires, regardless of each other and of the weight and size of the whole, leaving the rest of the equipage to happen somehow, while sister Beatrice sits at home inquiring into the respective merits of the petrol and the steam engine, and Caroline looks into the accounts to find out whether the family can afford to set up a car of any sort at all." Lord Milner, too, describes the system as based on the principles of the "Go As You Please" and the "General Scramble."

My purpose to-night is to indicate briefly the problems that await solution and to suggest the part that the University can play therein. The fundamental change required is, in the language of Nietzsche, "a transformation of all values." The modern philosophy of life is all wrong. One of the pregnant lessons of Bergson's philosophy is that life is not to be valued for some end outside of itself but for the experiences and possibilities involved in living. The aim of life is to be found not in its results but in its living. Not what a man has but what he is represents his true social worth. This transformation of values is necessary in the economic, political and educational spheres.

Consider for a moment the economic organisation which is supposed to be the achievement of modern civilisation. The characteristic of our economic system is capitalism. The history of economic development is the history of the growth of capitalism, meaning by that term the system of economic relations that rests on the use of the products of the past for the purpose of making profits for individuals. This has not always been the dominating force in economic relations and it is only within the last century that it has become the overwhelming power in society. The change of methods of production in the 18th century—the invention of machines driven by steam power—and the accompanying ideas of social relations have combined to produce the present. The governing idea of that time was that if each individual did the best for himself the best for society would result—the go-as-you-please and the general scramble. The result is a revaluation of life; no longer is life valued for its living and its possibilities. Business is the centre round which life moves. Commerce has come to set the ideals for most of our people; buying price, selling price, profits form the new trinity.

With the dominance of this spirit our social system has shown ugly features: the class struggle, the gulf between the rich and the poor, anarchy in production and waste in distribution, the reserve

army of labour, unemployment and poverty. Men and women have become part of the machinery of profit-making. Work should be a part of life and not merely a method of earning a living. We should work to live and not live to work. Surely it is not beyond human thought and endeavour to devise a system, suitable to the times, which shall provide for this. If we cannot, we shall pass from international strife to civil war; if we can, we shall make a beginning of a new social era.

If we turn to our political system, it simply reflects the meanness and injustice of our social methods. Questions of national policy, affecting the welfare of the people, are decided on purely party grounds; personal or class interests are allowed to determine the course of the future of the country. The very term "politician" has acquired a sinister meaning. In this political sphere the Press plays its inglorious part, deceiving the people and stirring up class-hate to achieve its party and financial ends. Money, by the power of advertisement, has captured the voice of the Press on which so many people have come to rely for direction. One of the most urgent needs of the immediate future is to awaken the people to the fact that the Press is purely a commercial undertaking—it sells news as the grocer sells sugar, only with no penalty for adulteration. After this war there is hope that the pamphlet as a means of counteracting the harmful social and international influences of the Press will become a power in the land.

It is obvious that the problem of social reconstruction and that of national education are inseparable. What part is the University going to play in this great work? It ought to be sending out into the world men and women competent and willing to take the lead in directing society into higher and better paths. What is the value of education? What particularly is the use of university education if it does not put its peculiar mark on a man? What does university education mean if you cannot distinguish the university man except by the mystic letters after his name? This same question has been asked of the older universities. Speaking of Harvard, Prof. James says:

"What was reason given to man for, some satirist has said, except to invent reasons for what he wants to do. We might say the same of education. We see college graduates on every side of every public question. Some of Tammany's staunchest supporters are Harvard men. Harvard men defend our treatment of our Filipino allies as a masterpiece of policy and morals. Harvard men as journalists pride themselves on producing copy for any side that may enlist them. There is not a public abuse for which some Harvard advocate may not be found."

Why must this confession be made? Partly no doubt because the university has very different kinds of materials to deal with, but partly, I believe, because we have gone astray in dealing with some of the fundamentals of education. Mr. Bertrand Russell has put his finger on the weak spot.

"Education is as a rule the strongest force on the side of what exists and against fundamental change: threatened institutions, while they are still powerful, possess themselves of the educational machine, and instil a respect for their own excellence into the malleable minds of the young. Reformers retort by trying to oust their opponents from their position of advantage. The children themselves are not considered by either party; they are merely so much material, to be recruited into one army or the other. If the children were

considered, education would not aim at making them belong to this party or that, but at enabling them to choose intelligently between the parties; it would aim at making them able to think, not at making them think what their teachers think. Education as a political weapon could not exist if we respected the rights of children. If we respected the rights of children, we should educate them so as to give them the knowledge and the mental habits required for forming independent opinions; but education as a political institution endeavours to form habits and to circumscribe knowledge so as to make one set of opinions inevitable."

Educational institutions, especially under the examination discipline, aim at teaching a doctrine merely—intelligently if that be possible, but if not by cram. What an educational institution ought to convey is not merely information but a spirit. It is not mere knowledge that should be aimed at but the training of a personality. The past is not to be studied simply because it has happened; this permits all sorts of nonsense and trivialities to appear in courses. The past is to be studied that it may imbue the present with high ideals of the future. Education should not bind us to the past but free us for the future. Education ought to foster the search for the truth not the conviction that some particular creed is the truth. The absence of this spirit has blighted much of our education. Writing some years ago Schiller said: "In point of fact. . . . liberal education in England at the present day rests on the twin pillars of commercialism and competition buttressed perhaps in some few cases by the additional support of snobbishness." Russell knows well the type of education that aims merely at "good form." Of it he says: "As a political weapon for preserving the privileges of the rich in a snobbish democracy it is unsurpassable. As the means of producing an agreeable milieu for those who have money with no strong beliefs or unusual desires it has some merit. In every other respect it is abominable." I do not believe that this is a danger that we need fear; I think, however, that we could easily put up with an additional allowance of good manners for, in times of temporary excitement, some students mistake noise for humour and substitute vulgar buffoonery for brains. But on the whole the College record in this respect is admirable, due in no small measure to the character and efforts of a small band of our early students. It is from the blight of commercialism that we have suffered in the past, from which we are suffering now, and from which, unless we save ourselves, we shall suffer much more heavily in the immediate future. Education is fast coming to take its place as an annex of commercialism and to be imbued with its spirit. What is being mainly considered is the financial balance. The inner meaning of the pregnant saying: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is being lost. If education is thus finally perverted the hope of democracy is gone. Are we not among the culprits? We write up our College motto *Sapientia magis auro desideranda* and, having made this homage to the spirit of education, we turn to profit-making. I venture to say that it would be difficult to find in the University Colleges, classes in which both the syllabus of study and the method of treatment are those which would be adopted by enlightened instructors if our educational system aimed at training and character and not at examination results. The sciences are probably in the best position because there the dead hand of the past exerts a less powerful pressure and the practical classes allow a certain amount of initiative and freedom in work that is, however, not tested

in the examination. When the authorities are not busy justifying the system they admit it. At the last meeting of the Senate it was proposed to establish a diploma in social science to stimulate interest in these studies among working men and women. That is the limit of the power of an examining university—to prescribe courses and examinations. English, History, Philosophy and Economics were to be the principal subjects. Fellow after Fellow of the University arose to say that he agreed with the idea but—English, History, Philosophy and Economics as defined for the B.A. Degree would not do at all, for now they wished to teach citizenship. What a confession in the second decade of the 20th century! What a striking condemnation of our system! The worst of it is that it is true. Would it not be better to alter the whole system so that the real spirit of citizenship —intelligence, sympathy and co-operation—might pervade the study of these subjects for all students?

Can we account for the attitude of authority to education? If we remember that all people, but especially those acting under strong feeling and in groups, have their actions determined by subconscious motives, I think we shall find a lot of truth in Russell's explanation—

"But if thought is to become the possession of many, not the privilege of the few, we must have done with fear. It is fear that holds men back—fear lest their cherished beliefs should prove delusions, fear lest the institutions by which they live should prove harmful, fear lest they themselves should prove less worthy of respect than they have supposed themselves to be. 'Should the working man think freely about property? Then what will become of us the rich? Should young men and women think freely about sex? Then what will become of morality? Should soldiers think freely about war? Then what will become of military discipline? Away with thought! Back into the shades of prejudice, lest property, morals and war should be endangered. Better men should be stupid, slothful, and oppressive than that their thoughts should be free. For if their thoughts were free they might not think as we do. And at all costs this disaster must be averted.' So the opponents argue in the unconscious depths of their souls. And so they act in their churches, their schools and their universities."

This is a real danger at present. In war censorship is necessary; but the purpose of censorship ought to be to hide things from the enemy; when it is used to hide the truth from our own people it ultimately spells disaster. Verily we do need education.

The whole attitude to education must be altered. Its object must be altered: the student must become the centre. The University will be judged not by the number on its graduate roll but by the type of thinker and actor it lets loose upon the world. Its spirit must be altered: not justification but inquiry must become its watchword. Its aim must be altered: it must endeavour to produce intelligent and honest citizens and not merely successful business and professional men and women.

At this great crisis in our history, if we are not to make shipwreck, the work of reconstruction will demand the best brains, the greatest sympathy, the hardest work and the most honest purpose that the community can provide. All will be called upon to play their respective parts; the future is with the people who can co-operate in this great task. I believe that the best immediate aid that the University of New Zealand can give in this important national work is to reform itself.

Lights That Fail

Hope built a beacon upon a high hill;
Fools poured their scorn on it—
Hope tended it still.
Rains beat upon it of studied disdain,
Winds of obloquy came down with the rain.

Broad-browed professors explained it away;
Students made fun of it—
And turned to their play.
Booklore and feasting their night occupied—
Out on the hill-top it flickered and died.

Hope left his watching high up on the hill—
Hope left his substance there;—
Turned, famished, to swill
Stuff for the million (the soul of him died
Out on the hill-top) his maw satisfied. H.M.

La France Immortelle

"An idyllic spot," remarked the sergeant.

"Yes," replied his friend, "but not always."

The two were lounging on the grass near a small orchard close to the village of Erquinghem. The river Lys drifted past here chuckling to itself as it went by. A mile or two away a badly broken church tower in Armentières showed where the German guns had been busy only three weeks before.

The sergeant turned over lazily on the grass, and closely examined a beautiful white butterfly with violet spots on its wings. Dragon-flies buzzed around in the summer sun, and small fish darted hither and thither in the water of the river. Suddenly the sergeant sat up and the white butterfly departed hastily.

"By God, Jack! our luck has been in. We just got out of the Dressing Station behind the Church"—pointing to the spire in Armentières—"and Church and Dressing Station are blown to blazes. Then the day before we arrive here, the swine lob one right into the Ambulance "possie" here. The Aussies catch it and we haven't had a shell over since we arrive."

"Quick! Touch wood!" said his friend.

The sergeant solemnly placed a finger on his chum's head.

"Great Scott! man," the other almost shouted, "find something original to do, and if you can't, go up to the A.D.S. and try to stop one."

"My dear old chap, don't worry about anything on a beautiful day like this. Listen to them rocking it in at Bois Grenier and watch that shrapnel over Armentières. No don't. It's much better to sit and watch the butterflies and imagine you can see Milady coming down the road. I'll bet Mousqueton would have gone for his life if he had had shrapnel to assist his pace. Can't you imagine Porthos trying to get down some of the saps? I wonder if he would have found a 'duchess' in Erquinghem. By the way, it's just a little way down from here—nearer to Fort Rompu—where the man with the Red Cloak hacked off Milady's beautiful head. Will you stroll

down this evening to see if we can run across the famous four and Lord de Winter?"

"You silly fool," said his friend. "It's a wonder you are not sorted out by the O.C."

"Oh, that Philistine!" snorted the sergeant. "I believe he reads Ella Wheeler Wilcox." Then suddenly, "Come on, Jack. There's bound to be something in and I'll have to send more bearers up if the fun continues at Bois Grenier."

Together they strolled slowly through the thick lush grass, passed into the little cemetery in the Churchyard, where the severe simplicity of the soldiers' graves contrasted sharply with the decorative tawdriness of those of dead and gone French peasants and labourers. Passing a heavily sand-bagged estaminet, they soon reached the little Ecole Communale which served as a Dressing Station. On the side facing the main street (styled "La Grande Rue") a hole large enough to admit a motor omnibus had been blown by a large German shell a day previous to the New Zealanders' relieving the Australians.

Arrived at the school the Sergeant walked in to find a pretty woman of about thirty years of age trying to explain something to the senior orderly, while a small boy of about five years of age clung anxiously to his mother's hand.

"Come on, sergeant," said the orderly. "This case is more in your line than ours."

After a word or two with the woman, the sergeant learned that the little chap had been wounded in the neck two days previously by a shell fragment and that the mother had brought him to have it attended to.

While the orderly was cleaning and dressing the wound—(which was not a severe one)—the N.C.O. had a few minutes' conversation with the woman. He learned that her husband had been killed a year previously "*Mais, C'est pour la patrie,*" added the young woman proudly.

Then her eyes quickly filled with tears as she indicated the little boy who was standing quite still while the orderly probed round the wound with a piece of sterile gauze in a pair of dressing forceps.

"*Il est le dernier de mes enfants, m'sieur,*" she said, "*ses deux soeurs—oh, mon dieu! mes deux petites filles.—sont tuées, il y a trois semaines par un éclat d'obus près de Bois Grenier.*"

She burst into tears, and the sergeant, swearing softly to himself, stood there awkwardly not knowing what to say. At last he managed to murmur, "*Cette Maudite Guerre, hélas, ne fait du bien à personne.*" Madame burst into a torrent of rapid French which the bewildered New Zealander could not follow. Here and there he distinguished the words "*Bon Dieu*" and "*la Sainte Vierge,*" and just when he was wondering what to say, the orderly saved the situation by throwing down the remains of a bandage and saying cheerfully, "There you are, sonny—that'll do fine."

Madame checked her rapid utterance, clasped her son convulsively to her breast and kissed him repeatedly. Then she put the little fellow down again. He drew himself up smartly to attention, "*Quelque jour je vais tuer les sales Boches, m'sieur sergent.*"

"Good for you, Kiddy," said the N.C.O., "but I hope it won't be necessary." He then turned to Madame, told her when to bring the lad for more dressings and shook hands with her. Madame spoke to the little fellow, who again stood to attention and piped in his

little voice, *"Merci, M'sieur."* He saluted smartly and walked out clinging to his mother's hand.

The friend of the orchard put his head round the door and called, "Coming down to see D'Artagnan and Milady, Dick?"

The sergeant sat down on a box and said to the senior orderly, "God! Smith, what a nation! The Germans could never crush the French if they fought for a thousand years."

At that moment an Orderly Room messenger came in quickly and handed the sergeant a message. The N.C.O. tore it open and read it slowly as he walked off to join his friend, while the orderlies shouted, 'Tray bonne female down at the Green Estaminet."

As he reached the door Jack remarked, "Rotten discipline you keep, allowing orderlies to call after you like that."

"Oh! go to hell!" replied the sergeant. "No I didn't mean that, old man. I know you were only fooling. But I don't feel in the George Robey mood. I feel more like writing an epic on France. Don't you think these cross-road crucifixes are symbolic of this country?"

Jack looked up at his friend whose eyes were suspiciously wet and whose lips were slightly quivering and said, "What's wrong, old boy?"

"Nothing," was the reply, as with an effort the sergeant recovered his composure. "I was merely thinking what wonderful people the French are, especially their womenfolk. I do not think we sufficiently appreciate France and the French. I am learning daily more of this country and its people. Do you remember that old woman in Armentières—the one who used to sing for us? We were new to the game then and used to laugh, but we are fully blooded to it now. That song she used to sing has been running through my brain ever since I saw that young woman and her little boy. Remember it ended:—

"Mon beau pays, tu ne doit pas mourir
Mon beau pays, tu ne doit pas mourir."

"And by God! it won't" he burst out passionately. "Those clayey hogs over there"—pointing towards the lines where German star-shells were beginning to flicker up into the air, burst into quivering light and die slowly down again—"those swine can never break the spirit of such a people. They haven't the divine spark as the French have."

Then he abruptly changed the subject. "Just got a message from the C.O. Our fellows and the K.R.R. are raiding this evening; Aussies on the right are having a big battalion raid. I've got to get ready for casualties. Hope our boys give 'em hell. No trip to see Lady Winter to-night. You'll be ready to move up with the squads in half-an-hour. You always catch the decent job." He turned abruptly away and walked swiftly to the men's billet.

"Sentimental chap, old Dick," mused his friend. "But he's right. It is a wonderful country—except for the climate in winter." He grinned appreciatively as he recollected how the pieces of one snow-ball had trickled down the colonel's fat neck. Then, changing to the serious note again "And the people! They are superb. I wonder if 'stay-at-home' New Zealanders will ever realise what we owe to her—*cette 'France Immortelle.'*" And as he walked on to get his box-respirator and shrapnel helmet he sang softly to himself—

"Mon beau pays, tu ne doit pas mourir
Mon beau pays, tu ne doit pas mourir."

C.

To a Butterfly

Born of the union of the day
With beauty at his fairest birth,
Thou warm'st the heart of Mother Earth,
Brighter e'en than sunniest ray
Which mocks the shadows in its play,
And joins the world with mirth.

Palest of purple are thy wings,
And softer than the silk cocoon,
Or amorous glances that the moon
Lavished on that sad youth who sings
Of love, of thee, of rural things,
Till twilight grants to night her boon.

Beneath thy kiss the frailest flowers
Display their colours to the dawn.
Yellow narcissus sees forlorn
The dryad sighing from her bowers.
And all adown the weary hours,
Thy spirit longs for fragrant morn.

How fleeting short a life is thine.
What hearest thou, no mortal knows.
The whispered secret of the rose,
Thou carriest to the eglantine.
Ere glad thy burdens dost resign
To the still beauty of repose.

W. E. L.

Percy the Psychist

A Tale of the Beyond

On the evening of the 29th March, 19—, I called at the home of Percy Poselthwaite, whom I had not seen for ten years. As my carriage rumbled up the grove, the gaunt, ugly trees, wreathing fantastic shapes, leered black as the coal at their roots; the glow-worms, as if annoyed by the curfew-sounding wheels, put out their lights and went to bed; the silk-worms, hushed into silence, sulked in their sanctuary. In the flash of a moment memories raced each other along the road of the years. The ball—the dim irreligious light—the tadpoles splashing in the tank—Priscilla Poselthwaite with her lovely shoulders swathed in the flimsiest creation of green tulle—the irresistible proposal between a waltz and a schottische—her remarks, *à propos* of everything but the supreme possibilities of the occasion—everything came back to me. Poor, poor Priscilla—she's married now. My revenge is complete.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Reginald Ffallover. Very few have heard of me, as my life has not been sad enough to be amusing nor ordinary enough to be tragical. Nevertheless, my name has appeared in print on four occasions, as the newspaper cuttings that are pasted above the shaving-mirror in my bedroom bear ample witness. A man with a mission in life, wherever I have gone, I am proud to say I have always made acquaintances enough to last

me until the end of my ready cash; friends who, rather than suffer the agony of not being able to reciprocate, have departed in haste. Mournfully I confess it—I have a purpose in life—one that has sent me to the strangest and most wonderful countries—I am a traveller for Brinewater's "Finest English Brandy"; and although at home they have always failed to appreciate my singular qualities, in every country except those suffering from the lack of religion, has my advent been hailed as a blessing from Heaven. Percy and I studied psychology together at Cambridge, and as we never agreed on any subject we were always the best friends. In my last year he was Senior Wrangler: I had my quarrels, too, I remember—in fact, all the Ffallovers have been noted for the temerity with which they approach the brink of the precipice of exalted anger. Then we came to part, I to Durban, he to his country home, Honkay Castle, Hants (named after his granduncle, Sir Holloway Honkay, of hunting fame). We thought that our acquaintance which, in the heat of the experimental laboratory, had ripened into mature friendship, should never have been allowed to fall into decay, and consequently we determined to meet at his home in ten years' time—to come, if necessary, from the very ends of the earth for the event.

Had I but known. Twelve . . . the watchful owl uttered a piercing screech in trying to outvie the weird noises produced by the village clock. It was ten years to the minute when I crossed the threshold of the Poselthwaites. As I entered the library, Percy leapt towards me (with the same motion as the hero leaps towards the heroine in any modern novel) and shook my hand in a mysterious fashion. "Alive, alive," he murmured, in a mournful moan; "something must be wrong. What a disappointment. No, no. It cannot be. His spirit is not with him."

"Of course I'm alive, old spark," I retaliated, with some animation; "I haven't written you letters because you know perfectly well I have a horror of the thought of my private correspondence becoming a future classic, and therefore being used to disguise some of the ugliness and the bareness of our modern walls. And as to my spirit not being with me, well I sold the last of it at Yokohama and would have sold another hundred cases had I had them. But why whine about it now?"

Percy turned round, coming at the same time into the light cast by a swinging chandelier of solid gold inlaid with what at first sight looked to be the most precious stones. In seeking to avoid the sway of the massive contrivance I noticed however the most were stones of Venice or very clever imitations of peach and cherry stones. Then a cold shiver played a sonata on my spinal cord as Percy turned his moony eyes—optics not uncommon to an astronomer who has wasted his life looking for a star—and said to me, "I cannot believe you. I who am a Spiritualist have many times spoken to you, a frequenter of the nether worlds. You said you were very happy—that I knew to be a sign that you no longer lived. If you had known what pleasure it gave me to speak to you of old times; to argue with you and to get the last words—despite all compacts you would not have disappointed me thus. Oh, Reginald, I had better opinions of you in the other world." And with that he buried his face on his sleeve and wept most bitterly just a little on one side of the buttons. Fortunately a fire in the room removed the anxiety on my part that he would take cold.

Percy was going mad. I based my conclusions not on the fact that I did not concur with him—for I am not narrow-minded; but that he was ruining the traditions of his family by becoming morbidly serious over life. Had I heard the Poselthwaites had installed a telephone in their home I could have got over the shock with difficulty and Time would have eventually healed the wound. Yet to think that the sole surviving member of that illustrious family should waste his career on such a new-fangled idea as spiritualism! Fate and circumstance have, however, always been unkind to him. He was too independent for politics, too educated for the Army and too sincere for the Church.

A deathly silence, broken only by intermittent and unmusical sobs, pervaded the atmosphere. A cinder dropped out on the hearth, then another, then another, making in all three cinders. Silence prevailed. I summoned up my courage. "Percy, old man," I said, "it is an unfortunate fact that my being alive disproves a theory and perhaps presents spiritualism to you in a somewhat faded colour. Yet surely my presence is more welcome to you than all your theories."

"Alas, Reginald," he exclaimed bitterly, "my art was my life. To speak to you dead was to see you alive. You are not yourself. You are the psycho-spookistical representation. While that self is here it is impossible to get into communication with the other self. I feel lost and cast upon a Sahara with only sand to eat."

The metaphor pierced me to the heart. Percy was suffering—palpitating with pain. That my friend of yore, who hated the name of "tradesman," should have said this to me, that I was to him better dead than alive. Ah! How cool the atmosphere had become. Every thing was unbearable—horrible. Without uttering a syllable, I left the room. He stood there, with his back to the fire, thinking alone—all alone. . . . .

Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire. Fontaine is right. Greatness demands its fee. I am resolved to save Percy Poselthwaite and the glory of his house from the gloriousness of a failure. I feel that my nature is not miserable and discontented enough ever to hurl me into marriage. It is different with Percy. He is weak, and perhaps, if dazzled by the success of his theory, he may plunge recklessly into matrimony and become the father of several little Poselthwaites. I think "Reginald Percival Ffallover Poselthwaite" will be the name of the first son. If names mean anything, then surely this youth will grow up to be either a politician or a clever man.

I am about to die. Yesterday I purchased a modern work of art, but it had not the necessary effect. It is bequeathed now to a maiden aunt. I am about to take my life. It will be the only thing I have ever taken. Already I can see the words "who died to save the theory of his greatest friend. Greater love hath no man." To-night I shall die, but I am not afraid. To-night the gas will be left on, and to-morrow—ah.

"*To-morrow.* Why, to-morrow I may be—

"Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand Years . . ."

My poor landlady. How terribly she will fret at the loss when gas is so high. But Percy will probably foot the bill.

W. E. L.

Song

I know a garden, green and deep,
Where larks make song,
And in a blue grey pool at dawn
The late stars throng.

All day the little sunbeams sleep
On beds of flowers,
While shadows watch across the lawn
And hush the hours.

When dark steals down my garden grows
So wide and high,
The young pines touch the swinging moon
And sweep the sky.

And mine, a dusky soul that knows
No heights by day
At night climbs up to fields bestrewn
With stars to play.

C. Q. P.

Philosophic Musings

Every one of us has a philosophy of some kind—that is to say, we have some attitude toward the world around us. Some of us may become conscious of this attitude, others may not, but whether explicit or implicit it is present in our actions. Because we are not reasoning machines, our philosophy must be determined by our different temperaments. As our outlook on life changes with our changing moods, so must our philosophy. The worship of high ideals, of the Greek Trinity, the Good, the Beautiful and the True forms in our most exalted moods an inspiration that nothing else can equal. At times the pursuit of the Truth is the most fascinating of all pursuits. She delights us even though she eludes our grasp, while, now and again, Acteon-like, we gain a fleeting glimpse of her in all her primeval beauty. Then at other times, she appears rather as an elusive Maiden full of whims and vagaries and sometimes she seems to glimmer in the distance like a Will o' the Wisp only to lure us on to destruction. "Why strive for Truth," asks the Cynic-self, "when future generations will laugh at all your feeble struggles? What is humanity? A weak race that crawls between the earth and sky—one that has agreed in its feeble, futile way that the individual who helps to prolong its miserable existence shall be extolled as among the world's heroes. So poor deluded creatures, swollen with wind and the rank mist of emotional idealism set out to help this crawling race. They are despised and rejected while they are alive and when they are dead, this miserable race twists the ideals they lived and died for into horrible shapes, and sets them in a corner of its dwelling-place to be mouthed at and bowed down to by the generations that follow. Better to have no crazy idealists with their dreams of worlds grown greater and more wonderful!"

There is certainly something to be said for the Cynic's point of view. There is abundant ground for pessimism in the world to-day. When we realise how little it takes to destroy a man with all his boasted intellecutal powers—a bullet, a piece of shell and it is all over—human life seems such a puny, useless thing. Yet who among us, if he knew positively that the sacrifice of his small life would bring peace and harmony to the world, without any hateful spirit of

militarism raging in it, would not willingly give it? Yet thousands, nay millions are sacrificing their lives without this assured certainty, but only on the vague chance that some day men may learn that the true strength of a nation does not consist in the multitude of arms and amount of territory it possesses, but in freedom and progressive democratic ideals. That is just where the shoe pinches in every walk of life. We have to strive on the chance that we may succeed!

"Life is act and not to do is death
But to work in vain . . .
Is bitterest penalty."

But how can we know that we work in vain? It is just this element of chance that adds zest to our struggles. The Pessimist may give up the problem of life as too complex for him, the Cynic may declare it to be nothing but a grim joke played on the world by a cruel Fate. For the Optimist the beauty of life lies in activity, in fervent striving after some ideal. To be a philosopher, in the true sense of the word, a lover of wisdom, means to be always delving in the mines of knowledge and of experience, and never tiring in the search even if the discovery of no sparkling diamonds rewards the labour. Its spirit, that of Wonder, Curiosity which forms the inner creative force, makes life a kind of noble play. We are not creatures whom blind irresistible forces drive onwards down an inevitable pathway. If we have chains, they are what we ourselves help to forge. The world is what we make it. Acting in the intellectual life means that we retain a critical attitude toward things. This tends at first to pessimism. So many philosophers, so many diverse systems, it seems as if thought moves round always in the same old circle and comes back again to the same old problems.

"Each one raises his own temple to his own god," says Royce, "declares that he, the first of men possessed the long-sought-for truth and undertakes to initiate the world into his own mysteries."

Hence so many ruined temples with the shattered fragments of forgotten gods! A deeper study, however, reveals an underlying unity—the unity of attitude and purpose. The Philosopher looks at life with all its hopes and fears, doubts and courage, with a question on his lips. Philosophy teaches nothing at all if not how to live beneath the surface of mundane things, and see the inner meaning of life's problems. It is *we* who set the puzzles for ourselves to solve. We often play cat and mouse with our dearest other self in the process. We become critics of our own emotions and passions. Yet any solution to the problem of life must involve a unity of these opposing selves. Any conclusion which separates reason and emotion is strained and unnatural. When we realise this, we grow less confident, we are not so sure that we can spin the world out of reason. It is impossible (to use Hegel's phrase) to ignore the holy and tender web of the human affections." It cannot be done, even were we to wish to do so, for emotion and not reason is the driving force behind our actions. Aristotle saw this and showed his wisdom by identifying pleasure with activity. When we grow old and that Vital Power which wells up through our being becomes a thin trickling stream, instead of a leaping, sparkling fountain, *then* we may call the world a fraud, our youthful hopes a lying dream, and say we are disillusioned. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." The old (I do not mean old in years alone) think they "see through" life, and settle down, believing they have solved its mysteries, but have they? Those visions grave and glorious, are they not *the* reality rather than the dull drabness of the world-weary Pessimist? Life

with all its inextricable tangles is full of mysterious beauty. The phenomenon of growth which begins to stir in Nature in the spring-time fills us with wonder. The unfolding buds, the sweet, fresh scents, the pink-eared lambs that frisk in the meadow are the embodiment of that inspiring message which Spring always brings with it. It is the spirit of youth. Growth and change of progress march together, onward, ever onward. If we do not wish to run behind for ever crying "Stop, stop!" we must march too, aye, and run before, and fly above and around, for in youth our dreams "fire-winged with hope, may fill all eternity and flame to heaven."

It is impossible, however, to soar among the clouds all the time. To do this is to become a mere visionary, and a false separation arises between the real world and the ideal one. What we need to do is rather to see the ideal in the real, that is to say, to look beyond what are often the petty details of our everyday life to the underlying principles governing them. Thus may we seek to apply the ideals born in our exalted moments to all parts of our daily life. It is quite true this is difficult and perhaps the social conditions under which we live make it impossible. For instance, the ideal is that our daily toil should involve pleasurable activity—it should be the work we would choose before all others. But very few of us are in that happy position. Here in the University one would think that such an ideal would receive full expression. Work should be undertaken for the work's sake, it should be an end in itself and not a means alone. The universities to-day, however, betray their old ideal and instead of enjoyment in intellectual activity, there is a fevered rush to pass examinations. Education is looked on as the means of gaining better positions and higher salaries. They place a legend on our staircase for us, and teach us that the true rendering is "Aurum magis sapientia desiderandum!" Until this false ultilitarian aim is swept away, until knowledge is pursued for the sake of knowledge, education will do us no real good.

But if I stray too far into the field of social evils, I may never end. My aim, as far as there is any aim in these somewhat incoherent musings, is rather to show the necessity for an optimistic outlook on life. It seems inevitable that in order to reach this conclusion, we pass from the negative to the positive aspect, from the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea. Daily intercourse with our fellows, the ties of home and friendship, the everyday troubles and worries and small problems that arise in our own life and in the lives of others with whom our affections are bound up, prevent a narrow individualistic view. We *dare* not be pessimists in the face of Life's problems, we *must* be optimists. To passively accept Life is not to live in the fullest sense of the word. If humanity is a weak and crawling race, we have to remember we are part of that same race, and it is only weak and crawling when the individuals who constitute it are blind to its possibilities. And if we fail—what then—we, like Endymion, have taken a sporting chance—and lost.

"I judge it better indeed
To seek in life as now I know I sought
Some fair impossible love which slays our life
Some fair ideal raised too high for man
And, failing, to grow mad or cease to be
Than to decline, as they do who have found
Broad-paunched content and weal and happiness
And so an end."

K. C. B.

The Song of the Open Road

Give me a horse and the open road,
And the wild wind at my back,
The storm-sprite's song as he sweeps along,
And the scurrying storm-clouds wrack.

Give me a horse that is strong and free,
Some wild, unbroken colt,
And galloping strong to the storm-sprite's song,
Shot free as a cross-bow bolt.

Give me a wind that is strong and clean,
As the south wind from the sea,
To the echoing crash of the breakers' lash
On the beaches to the lee.

Give me but this and I yield to none,
Though he be King or more,
When the galloping beat of my horse's feet
Keeps time to the wild wind's roar.

C. Q. P.

Notes on Past Students

DR. D. JENNESS

Jenness came to Victoria College in 1904 with the reputation of being a particularly brilliant scholar. His scholastic record at Wellington Boys' College was one long series of successes, which culminated in his gaining the position of Head of the School and a Junior University Scholarship. His success at V.U.C. was similarly striking and rapid. In 1907 he passed his B.A. degree, gaining Senior Scholarships in Latin and Greek. The following year he gained the degree of M.A. with First Class Honours in the same two languages.

Some time was spent in post-graduate work at V.U.C. and then he proceeded to Oxford, the Mecca of students. At Balliol College (Oxford) his work was excellent. I am privileged to quote from a letter written by his professor, J. A. Smith, of Balliol College, on July 10th, 1910:

"In every way he has given satisfaction to the College. . . He has shown quite unusual power of arranging his work for himself and has kept both his subjects going without neglecting either. He has just satisfactorily completed his course for Anthropology. One of his examiners writes:—'I think you will find that Jenness will do credit to Balliol, as a field Anthropologist. We were very much struck by his work in the Diploma Examination. He actually beat the two B.Sc. men; and besides struck us as remarkably observant, and level-headed, the two main qualities needed in an explorer.' . . It is pleasant to see a man strike out a line for himself and thoughtfully prepare himself for it. I believe there is a good chance of his having an opportunity next year."

Next year the opportunity came and Jenness went out to Papua and spent twelve months working on the East Coast of the Island

where he did valuable work, for which he was warmly congratulated by the Committee of Anthropology at Oxford.

A well-earned, if all too short holiday of five months was then spent in New Zealand. Then he was asked by the Canadian Government to join Stefansson's expedition to the Arctic regions. His position was that of Ethnologist to the party. This was in January of 1914, eight months before the outbreak of war.

He spent nearly three years in the Arctic, enduring many hardships; and his work took him away from most of the others of the party. In order to obtain absolutely accurate information he was adopted into an Eskimo family, living, eating and working with them. Of these periods he writes: "One might do it once, but never twice. The people were very good to me, and I found much in them to admire—but, their ways are not our ways."

Of his work in this region one can obtain some idea from the report on Mr. Anderson of the Southern Party, Canadian Arctic Expedition, 29th July, 1915:

(*a.*) "Ethnologically, Mr. D. Jenness has been able to accomplish a great deal of work among the hitherto little known groups of Eskimo in this region."

(*b.*) "He has made good progress in linguistic work and vocabularies, made fifty or more gramaphone records of various Eskimo songs and spoken words which he has had repeatedly reproduced for the natives so that he could get the text letter-perfect and translated for comparison with other Eskimo dialects."

(*c.*) "Mr. Jenness's facility in learning the Eskimo dialects and the customs of the people has been of great service to the Expedition in many ways."

(*d.*) "While at the station Mr. Jenness acted practically all the time as interpreter and purchasing agent of the party in trading with the natives for fresh dried meat, fish and skins and clothing. In doing this work he collected a large number of specimens of Eskimo tools, weapons and other implements, clothing of all kinds, stone lamps and pots—a collection which is pretty near complete for this region—and duplicates of many things."

So far was he from what we previously term civilised countries, that the war had been in progress 15 months before he heard of its outbreak, and the next information he received was when he arrived at Nome, in August, 1916, when, upon asking "How did the war end?" was astonished to learn that it was still in progress.

He had then to spend six months in Ottawa writing up his notes. After many requests to the Canadian Government to be released in order to go to France, the Government at last allowed him to enlist in the Civil Service Artillery, but he had to sign an agreement to return for three years after the war is over.

To be short, he crossed to England and subsequently to France just after the middle of last year. "Here he was with the mules, orderly for an officer"; and now he is working three days in an O.P. and three days with the guns alternately. The orderly for an officer is a delightful task and characteristic of our so-called Democratic army. But we know that whatever Jenness may do, he will do it well, as a gunner, as a batman, or in whatever capacity he may act. May he see a speedy end of the war and a safe return to his work. Victoria University College is proud of him.

NEMO.

MR. B. E. MURPHY

We are very pleased to record the appointment of Mr. B. E. Murphy as lecturer in Economics. Mr. Murphy, who was a Junior University Scholar, and later a Senior Scholar, gained his M.A. with 1st class honours in 1906, his LL.B. in 1909, and his B. Com. in 1915. In 1906, Mr. Murphy represented Otago University in the Inter-university Debating Contest, and in 1907 he represented V.C., and during this year the Joynt Debating Scroll was won by V.C. We are fortunate in having Mr. Murphy here once more—already he is taking a live and helpful interest in all the college activities. We wish to extend to him a very hearty welcome.

* * * *

NEW ZEALANDERS IN SAMOA

By LEONARD P. LEARY

Those of us who experienced the pleasure and exhilaration of Mr. Leary's acquaintance in the days before the war, will doubtless feel as they read with gusto "New Zealanders in Samoa," that they are listening once again to his entertaining talks, with their zest, their relish of the unconventional, their genuine feeling, and also a good deal said with the tongue in the cheek. Take the book with its obvious weaknesses—its passages of unadulturated journalese; its occasional inaccuracies, and the somewhat haphazard arrangement of chapters—yet, acknowledging these, one must acknowledge too the "go," the enjoyment of life, the eye for beauty and colour, the humour, the excellent sketches of different types of colonial character, that the book affords, and one reads it all with a sense of enjoyment, and takes away from it many a sunlit picture. Every New Zealander owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Leary for having written this unofficial account (very airily sometimes, very seriously other times) of the occupation of Samoa by our troops—a little bit of history with its humours and its drama.

Few indeed are our opportunities of reading in a bound book that "the hero walked thoughtfully down Willis Street, crossing at the corner of the bank," etc., but here the scene opens on very familiar ground—the Victoria College Tennis Courts on an August afternoon, 1914. The first chapter is the one where we feel that Mr. Leary wrote at times with his tongue in his cheek—but perhaps we wrong him. On page 238, near the end of the book, he says (referring to a description of Somes Island in the English Press) "As a journalistic effort this is good. As a statement of truth this is lamentable." We should like to quote these remarks against Mr. Leary himself regarding page 15 and "the monument at the land entrance to the principal dock of the City."

A *very* good sailor might be able to read without a qualm the story of the first night at sea on the troopship. In sheer unpleasantness it rivals Rupert Brooke's "Channel Passage." All soldiers who have been "there and back," rapturously received at ports *en route* and perfunctorily at their destination, will appreciate the contrast in emotion felt at friendly Noumea and apathetic Suva. To quote—

> "Although when at Noumea they'd ta'en the place by storm,
> No Suvan crowd came cheering down, a motley giddy swarm;
> No Suvan optic kindled at a Terrier uniform—
> The Suvan looked anaemic—complained that it was warm."

Samoa, naturally, was not demonstrative—more warmth of a hostile variety would have been welcome; but, as the Governor's signal read—"The Germans refuse to surrender, but will offer no resistance." Mr. Leary "took to" Samoa straightaway, and we perforce must follow as we read. In spite of his sympathetic accounts of sickness and suffering *and* mosquitoes, he paints so vividly his pictures of green palms, luscious fruits, cool bathing pools, kindly pleasant people, that we revel in it all by proxy.

The conductor of the Capping Carnival peeps out in Mr. Leary's appreciation of the Samoan's gift of harmony. Poulter and Stumpy, strolling near the Mission Church, hear a big organ booming forth. "Stumpy, that's no organ—that's the men's voices," says Poulter. "Like a mighty diapason rolled forth the melody. Countless dusky throats, deep and vibrant, were singing the bass of a grand old hymn. Over against them stood the women, their sweet voices pouring out in the joy of life the air of the treble. . . . Never was there sound to compel the human heart like the sound of the human voice. None of your flat-chested, wheezy, sparsely-scattered congregations of the Old World, scarcely opening their mouths to emit the sound they seem ashamed of. This was a congregation that sang for the love of singing. No wonder in the distance it sounded like the rolling of some mighty organ! That bass—a sound that had in it the vastness of the ocean and the echo of eternity."

One of the pleasantest chapters in the book is "Echoes of R. L. S.," though the frequent references to "Steve" jar a little. That chapter prompts a re-reading of the "Vailima Letters" and the desire to glimpse again the daily life of him who "gave myriad hearts delight."

One feels grateful to Ocott, the Scout, for in sketching him Mr. Leary gives us one of the best bits in the book—the description of bush-life in New Zealand—life of which Mr. Leary had first-hand knowledge.

Only those who have been gloriously drunk; those who cherish the memory of some hilarious "jag" can appreciate fully the account of palolo-fishing—and I (alas!) am not of these. Still even I can appreciate the American skipper.

In the chapter given up to the "Pull-thro.'" perhaps Mr. Leary had in mind the quotation—

> "For never anything can be amiss,
> When simpleness and duty tender it."

But I think even that did not warrant the inclusion of those very inferior verses on Lord Roberts. However, "Chacun à son gout." The Hiawatha excerpt from the Pull-thro' appealed more.

"Tofa ma Faleni" closes the book. And so "Farewell to Samoa." A friendly book and we say good-bye to it as to a friend, reluctantly. And, to quote Stumpy, "Well, that's that!"

* * * *

"A VENTURE IN VERSE"

By MARJORY NICOLLS

(Published by Whitcombe & Tombs)

It was, I think, in "The Spike" of 1911 that I first became acquainted with the verse of M.L.N. (Miss Marjory Nicholls); and since that time I have been a humble but enthusiastic admirer of all her verses. Consequently I was greatly pleased to learn that a collection of her work had been made for publication in volume form.

Slender though the volume is, yet it serves to give one an insight into the fresh and placid flow of her verse. Freshness is the keynote of all her work; and placid as the flow of her stanzas usually is, there is here and there an angry swirl or an unexpected depth which stirs one with pleasurable but surprised emotion. Yet it is all so simple that one cannot but admire. There are no great strivings to penetrate the mystery of life, death and the hereafter, for the which our thanks to Miss Nicholls, and "whatever Gods may be."

For the most part, then, Miss Nicholls's verse is placid but facile, thoughtful but never prosy, seldom impassioned and never by any chance hysterical. It is balm to the soul of the wearied one, inclined, "under the bludgeonings of chance," to fight no longer.

Here and there is a line which annoys one or jars one's nerves. For example, take the last line in "*From the Deck.*" After the preceding lines, it is banal. I have often wondered was it inserted merely for the sake of a rhyme.

In the sonnet (*Red Hibiscus in a Sydney Street*) Miss Nicholls fails to reach the high level which she usually attains in that form of versification. When I compare it with such sonnets as *To M.F., June Evening at Beaconsfield, In a Theatre Queue,* or *A Soldier Dying,* I find it difficult to believe that it is the work of the same writer as the author of these others. It is difficult to select one which one can say with certainty is the best (they are all of a high level), but I quote one which is a great favourite of mine—

"A MELBOURNE RESCUE HOME."

"There stood a house square-built of warm brown stone,
And over it the sky was stainless blue—
While in the dainty garden round it, grew
Thin holly-hocks, and olives, lanky grown.
The spirit of the place I thought was shown
By the sad flowers, and the grey dust too,
And when the open door I entered through
My soul was heavy and my heart made moan.

But when a mother face there shone on me,
And when I saw a little sleeping child,
My bitterness fell from me suddenly:
And then a golden glancing sunbeam smiled
In at a window, and there seemed to be
Hope smiling with it, strong, serene and mild."

Of the other verses, all are fairly good, some distinctly good; but there is, to me, one hateful exception—the first three verses of *A Would-be Wanderer.* The others are well above the average verses that appear in a University College Magazine. Here and there a particular phrase, line or verse strikes the reader. It may be felicity in the choice of words, or peculiar aptness of expression, or the general handling of a theme; or it may be that one feels a certain intimate application. For example, for this last reason I like the second stanza in "*Depression,*" which, at times, appeals to me with great force:

"My thoughts are like the beetles black
That creep along the floor,
Scurry and hide in yawning crack
In wall and door."

There are two very fine verses (the last two in *"Carpe Diem"*) which express perfectly a state of mind not uncommon to most of us:

> But I read till night, and then
> Flung aside my book and pen,
> Saying: "I shall go to-morrow, pluck my fruit to-morrow morn."
> While I tried in vain to sleep,
> Came a storm with thunder deep,
> And that night, amid its moaning, winter, wailing child, was born.
>
> Not a fruit was there to see
> When I came unto my tree—
> While the garden shivered round me in its scarecrow winter suit;
> And the wind so piercing cold
> Mocked me crying: "You are old! "
> And I turned away so slowly, sans my flower, sans my fruit.

Three—may one call them Vignettes?—are excellent, though *"Poppies,"* true and telling though it is, savours just a little of popular magazine verse. The other two, *"When I am Old"* and *"A Fleeting Dream,"* are very good. I quote the former, purely from personal preference:

> "I shall be glad when I am old
> To go to some quiet place
> And sit with folded hands and know
> That none will chide my resting so
> For then I shall be old."

Here then is a book of verse worth while, which we recommend to all lovers of good verse.

P.U.O.

* * * *

"SERVICE v. ROBBERY"

BY SYDNEY WYNDHAM FITZHERBERT

Mr. Fitzherbert is one of the few of our University men who nave directed their attention to that ever-present and ever more complex problem: the future relations between capital and labour. The need for a solution of the problem has long been apparent; but the upheaval which has rent the whole fabric of the world has rendered that need appallingly urgent. Unless some solution be found, the chaos of war between nations may become the inferno of a seething hatred and discontent within a nation.

Any such work as "Service *versus* Robbery" is, therefore, to be welcomed as an effort to assist the bringing about of a better system of economic organisation than that which the civilised peoples of the world now labour under.

One of the fundamental ideas underlying Mr. Fitzherbert's somewhat obscurely expressed thought is that the highest ideal for mankind is that of service of all for the good of all, and not for the good of the individual. It is an ideal which has found expression all down the ages in all manner of forms, and which to-day is as true as ever. But in his endeavour to reduce this ideal to practical methods, the author of "Service *versus* Robbery" is no more successful than have been all his predecessors in that endeavour.

The book, to a certain extent, is dangerous, in that many of its fallacies are so attractively camouflaged as to require close scrutiny to strip them of their appearance of truth. So stripped, however, the outline of Mr. Fitzherbert's work is after the following fashion.

He commences with an ingeniously complicated and totally unnecessary classification of various kinds of capital. The group of persons controlling capital he regards as parasites; capital is in the nature of a fungoid growth which continually swells and grows until it destroys the body from which it has sprung. It is a mere dull, inert thing, for the use of which no reward should be given or taken. Interest is organised robbery: rent is blackmail sanctioned by the law: dividends are legalised theft. To liberate society from the suffocating grip of this evil system, Mr. Fitzherbert has a charming faith in the efficacy of the sovereign remedy of legislation.

To usher in an industrial millennium, all that is required is that a Parliament elected by an enlightened people shall forthwith proceed to legislate:

(1) Repudiating all national and municipal debts;

(2) Destroying all rights of landlord and tenant;

(3) Prohibiting payment or receipt of interest in any shape or form;

(4) Dispossessing all shareholders in companies and transforming all the companies into workers' co-operative concerns.

In this manner would Mr. Fitzherbert have us believe that the ideal of service will be effectuated.

Alas, he in his own fanatical belief in the omnipotence of legislation, cannot see that his proposed remedy involves the State in an orgy of robbery and plunder.

A more reasonable portion of the book, however, contains a series of practical suggestions for present day reform—suggestions which the author regards as mere palliatives to be applied only until his drastic remedy is finally used to cure (or kill) the body politic.

Over the Kelburn Hill

Over the Kelburn Hill I came,
Swinging along on the upland path.
Overhead were the grey clouds, big with rain
Leaving the roads where the puddles shone under the lamps.
Twilight was deepening into night
And the hill loomed dark in front.
Dim was the road, and the broom-brushes huddled black.
Then, in the swirl of the wind, I topped the hill
And below shone the lamps of the town—
(The ugly little town penned by its shepherding hills.)
Gold lamps, magic lamps, strings of fairy lights;
Glinting threads intermingling;
Daring little twinkles, running up the hills;
Golden pebbles of light on the shore of the bay:
Lights of Wellington Town,
Seen from a wind-swept hill, when darkness falls.
Have you seen them?
Come in a lonely hour, in the austere light,
And stand with the wind awhile.
Then you will walk very slowly down the hill
Wonder-wrapt in the beauty of familiar things.

M. L. N.

MR. J. S. BARTON, S.M.

We desire to congratulate Mr. J. S. Barton, lecturer in Accountancy and Auditing, upon his appointment as Stipendiary Magistrate in Gisborne.

Mr. Barton was practising his profession in Wellington at the time of his appointment. In February, 1912, he was appointed lecturer in Accountancy and Auditing at Victoria University College.

We regret, very much, losing Mr. Barton, but we wish him all success in his new life.

* * * *

THE NEW PATH

A new era is coming. Tennis players of the future may drive, smash or volley from the back-line of our courts without fear of tripping over a perambulator or injuring for life one of the endless stream of pedestrians who treat the notice "No Thoroughfare" with such hearty disrespect. The College Council has definitely decided to erect a path running outside the tennis-courts. It is to be about six feet in width, and to enable its erection, it is proposed, in some way, to build up the bank sloping down to Salamanca Rd. A question of some importance, and one well worthy of discussion, is whether the Tennis Club should make an endeavour to have the wire-netting put back a couple of feet and thus widen the back-line, for the narrowness of this at the present time often spoils the play. Several graduates have given their opinion on this score, and they all emphatically state that if this would necessitate the removal of the hedge (which undoubtedly would be the case) then the extra two feet would in no no way compensate for the lack of shelter. The hedge, though not altogether adequate, fills its purpose, but has struggled for ten years to do so. Another way of lengthening the courts would be to concrete the clay bank on which the Gym. rests. This will some day have to be done, and the time now seems very adequate for so doing. It is to be hoped that some energetic members of the Students Association will take steps in this matter.

* * * *

THE PLUNKET MEDAL CONTEST

"*Boanerges the sons of thunder*"

The Twelfth Annual Contest for the Plunket Medal was held in the Gymnasium on Saturday, the 14th September. In spite of an unusually astute Debating Society Committee having made a charge for admission in order to boost up the failing revenue, the attendance was good. Mr. R. D. Thomson, M.A., half-filled the chair and faithfully discharged the chairman's duty of breaking in the audience before the orators commenced. The Society had on hand a nice line of assorted and variegated judges—Dr. Gibb, Minister Hanan and Honourable Rigg.

The speeches were well up to the standard of those of recent contests, and probably exceeded it in that there were no painfully weak competitors.

Mr. A. B. Croker was the first speaker. He imparted to his audience a mass of probably correct but certainly wearisome details of the life of Lord Roberts. Mr. Croker has a strong voice and a confident manner, and it is a pity he did not present a character sketch instead of a memorised biography of his hero. He should also pay more attention to the art of elocution.

Brother Egbert spoke next, and paid his tribute to Damien of Molakai, the Missionary to the Lepers. This speaker has a splendid voice and a good delivery, but does not appreciate the value of light and shade in a speech. The greatest fault we had to find with his speech was that there was too much leprosy and too little Damien in it. Like several other competitors Brother Egbert was somewhat disconcerted by the unnecessarily peremptory ringing of the Chairman's bell in the middle of a peroration.

Mr. K. W. Whitehouse seemed ill at ease in extolling David Livingstone. He too gave us too many dates and details and finally made the fatal mistake of dealing with the sentimental side of his hero's character. The reception of this by the audience temporarily knocked Mr. Whitehouse off his perch, but he recovered in time to make a strong ending to a weak speech. Makalolo: Ulalala: **pom**: pom: pom! ! !

Mr. C. G. Kirk made the most of the gallant career of Captain Scott. Mr. Kirk's matter was excellent and his delivery good. He has skill enough also to disguise the great amount of rehearsal which must have been put into his speech. This speaker was the only one of the evening who made anything like an adequate use of gesture. He has a slight tendency to be artificial, and he put too many climaxes into a ten minutes' speech. We should have thought, however, that his performance would have given the judges greater difficulty than their spokesman said they had in selecting the winner.

Mr. W. A. Sheat spoke on Sir Eric Geddes. This speaker has much to learn in public speaking but displayed an ability to think on his feet, which was refreshing amid a torrent of memorised eloquence. He should avoid a delivery which resembles a high-speed engine intermittently back firing. More will be heard of Mr. Sheat as a College speaker if he sticks to it.

Mr. P. Martin-Smith delivered a very forceful eulogy of Lord Haldane. Although probably the greater part of the audience disagreed with the speaker's viewpoint, nevertheless his earnestness held the attention of his audience from start to finish. His voice is strong and resonant, but he is inclined to use its full strength too much. He should also pay more attention to the enunciation of his words, and should avoid a tendency to sway about like a sailor in a storm. His performance was especially meritorious in that he is a first year student.

We couldn't catch the name of *Mr. W. E. Leicester's* hero, but a glance at the programme proved him to be Richelieu. The text of the speech was admirable, the words were well-chosen, and the arrangement good. In spite of a far too rapid delivery, every (English) word was clearly and correctly pronounced. Had Mr. Leicester used a little more dramatic art, he could not have failed to secure a higher place than the judges gave him.

While the judges were perpetrating their judgment, the audience was entertained with musical items which we are credibly informed

were good. The judges placed Mr. Martin-Smith first, Mr. Kirk second and Mr. Leicester third. After Minister Joe had lamented at length the lack of orators in and out of Parliament he handed over the medal to the winner, and the audience departed without being asked once more to implore the Almighty to save the King.

(N.B.—All writs for libel will be handed to the Librarian for safe custody.)

* * * *

THE CONCERT—Thursday, June 20th, 1918

"I've a mystery I'm going to reveal!"—Bab Ballads.

The Capping Concert is always of the nature of a variety entertainment, and those who take tickets for it may be sure that they will have ample opportunity to laugh "dull care away."

On June 20th the programme included various musical items, a short duologue and, as most important item, "A Grand Opera in One Act"—"The Prof's Progress"—the creation of the combined talent of the students of to-day.

The clever little sketch "Collaborators" was presented by Miss Alba Greening and Mr. V. Evans, both of whom possess decided histrionic talent. Still it is the duty of a critic to point out that collaboration is required of those who collaborate! Mr. Evans's conception of his part was on the whole correct, but as he appeared to have worked it out quite independently of his partner, the duologue resolved itself into two monologues, both interesting in their way but hardly fulfilling the author's intention. Much of Miss Greening's "business" was effective, and her interpretation generally, gave evidence of careful study. With so much talent at command, she would be well advised to take lessons in voice production, and also to make a study of the methods of the best modern actors. That artificial and melodramatic style of elocution has long been discarded by the modern stage as inartistic.

The criticism of "A Grand Opera" even in "one act" presents difficulties to the amateur critic, which at first sight appear insurmountable. Fortunately, a second reading of the programme reveals the much less alarming sub-title—"A Piffling Playlet"—with which it is easier to cope. Even if one has too lively a memory of the extravaganzas of "Capping Carnivals" of the past, to consider this last quite worthy to take a front place in their ranks, one must still offer most sincere congratulations to the students of to-day whose determination to present an entertainment worthy of the occasion, neither the shrinking of the sovereign, nor the latest additions to the War Regulations has proved sufficient to overcome.

V.U.C. is ever modern and up-to-date. The playwriter of to-day displays his wit not only in the text but in the "stage directions." V.U.C. playwrights have gone a step further and produced a programme, which one can commend heartily for its pleasant wit and quaint fancies. It was certainly a happy notion—that of "capping" Professors, those "deep-thinking, learned and kind-hearted men." "With wondrous lore and marvellous minds." And the friendly

relations existing in the home of learning on Salamanca's windy slopes must have been patent to the veriest stranger present.

A cast including such world-famous stars as Gaby Deslys, Charlie Chaplin, Harry Lauder and Diogenes, is and must remain, above criticism; but one feels that "Juanitor Brooke" (a bygone babbler) played by Alfred Lord Tennyson will long remember with pleasure his "1st Class Honours in mustering and draughting, with special mention for sentimental references to old students," and that "Jentle Jamey Thompson" (the three-star artist feared by Hindenburg) and "S. Hiram Klark" (a Komic Kewpie Kid) will have no doubts as to the friendly feelings entertained towards them—short as is the time during which they have been amongst us. For it is indeed a proof of friendship to receive a cordial invitation to look on, while all one's particular and pet weaknesses are paraded to amuse a critical audience!

In conclusion a word of criticism may be permitted. "The Profs.' Progress" proclaims itself a parody. Now, in order to produce true parody one must have a clear idea of what one is going to parody and must at all costs carry out that idea from start to finish. Clever and witty as is the idea of not only burlesquing the names of the Dramatis Personae but providing a cast who should be the most capable of playing the characters, it would have been still cleverer if it had been quite clear whether the authors intended each character to be represented as seen by friend or foe, compliment or opposite. One asks, for instance, why Horsay Watson is played by M. Myers when Simple Simon is cast for Joe Up Ah Sheet? Both are amusing, but they should not exist side by side.

Again, the very essence of parody is the exaggeration of peculiarities possessed by the original. When Maurice Baring wrote the "Blue Harlequin," one could almost believe Maeterlinck had collaborated, so perfect is the reproduction of the latter's style. The writers of the "Profs.' Progress" did not remember this rule throughout their play and its symmetry suffered severely as a result.

The acting itself would have been more effective if there had been more light and shade. An extravaganza is necessarily boisterous and should be full of life and merriment, but contrast is always valuable and the wittiest speech is the better for being brief.

A.B.S.

* * * *

THE GRADUATES' ASSOCIATION TEA

The Graduates' Association this year again entertained the new Graduates at a tea at the College. On Friday, 21st June, Mr. G. Watson, the President of the Association, presided over a pleasant gathering of old and new Graduates, most notable among whom were Messrs. F. A. de la Mare and A. E. Caddick, both returned from the front badly wounded, but now fortunately making good recoveries. Thus already, though our Hall is not yet with ivy grown,

> "Back from the field where their work was done,
> We gather to cheer them home."

Mr. Watson extended a welcome to the new Graduates, which was gracefully acknowledged on their behalf by Miss K. Mackenzie and Mr. H. D. C. Adams.

Then we had the pleasure of listening to one of the most interesting and thoughtful speeches that has yet been delivered at any of these functions. It emanated, of course, from our old friend "The Frog," and dealt with his impressions of the War, not so

THE FIRST FIFTEEN, 1918

much of the fighting as of its effect upon the character of the fighters.

He commented on the inherent cheerfulness of the soldier when things are absolutely black—in contrast with the constant growl when things are going fairly well. He spoke of the tendency among men to lower their ideals in war time and to drift with the crowd. He had found that the majority of University men over there were in the grip of ideals dynamical enough to enable them to resist this drift, and to him it seemed that it is to the Schools and Colleges that we must look in the future for the regeneration of the people.

From this Mr. de la Mare went on to speak of teachers and their vocation, which he considers to be the very highest. He spoke, too, of the University as teaching the search for truth as a fundamental of life. University Graduates must face facts.

Altogether a clearly thought-out and clearly expressed speech, the result of the search for bed-rock on the part of an analytical mind.

After Mr. de la Mare had spoken, Professor Hunter also made a few happy remarks, mostly directed towards refuting some nasty aspersions that had been made upon his age by the last speaker.

This brought a very successful function to a close, except that we think we saw the President remaining behind to deal with a dish of peanuts, which, by disguising itself as a pot-plant, had previously escaped his eye.

* * * *

THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY—Friday, June 21st

To eulogise the Capping Ceremony would be to sink to the level of political advertisement. Someone complained a couple of years ago that students were no longer "capped," but were "presented." We can carry this even a step further. They are no longer "presented," they are "exhibited." The whole performance suffered from a dignified lack of dignity. Sir James Allen was handicapped by not having a bouquet. He seemed ill-at-ease, and by his demeanour appeared several times to be about to apologise for his presence, as Mr. Watson had done previously during the evening for the absence of Sir Francis Bell—an apology that was greeted with loud applause by a number of law students who were doubtless labouring under the false impression that he had written a text-book. We missed the old familiar faces, the people whom we can always depend upon to be humorous without any apparent effort on their part. We missed them both on the platform and in the body of the hall. Still we are not complaining from the point of view of the audience (for it is remarkable with what great fortitude people will bear a performance when the admission is free) but from the point given of the students who are supposed to be "capped." Undoubtedly, they will remember the ceremony all their lives, but there is no reason why we should not strive that the remembrance should be a pleasant one. We must, of course, object to strict officialdom. This would be apparent at any time. But we would also like to say that to make the presentation resemble Madame Tussaud's wax-works is venturing perilously near the other extreme.

Well, so much for the badly handled exhibits. We now come to the noise. To the men we would like to point out that volume in music does not always compensate for lack of tune. We level these charges against those who, having good voices, are led away by the idea that provided they get off the mark well, they can do themselves

ample justice and get ahead of the crowd. And, unfortunately, they generally succeed. As for the women, modesty or nervousness prevented them from fulfilling adequately their part in the songs. That the Glee Club is largely composed of women members seems to be no reason why they should be so sadly silent when time and occasion demand sound. As to the capping songs themselves, we could only boast of one new one, "Willy-Nilly—an Electioneering Ballade" to the tune of "Tit-Willow"— a song that was sung very well by the majority of students, probably because it was short. There is the rub. Until we appreciate the fact that unless we shorten most of the songs, we can never hope to overcome the tired feeling that showed up in most of the efforts—until then, the lack of feeling, lack of harmony, lack of endurance, lack of everything, will manifest itself on the "night of nights."

Now as to the inexcusable occurrences. Mr. Clement Watson, Chairman of the College Council, rose to speak first. The Haeremai Club extended to him the welcome that its name implies, but the members, evidently impressed by the noise they made, carried on their jollification throughout his speech—an achievement which gave them great satisfaction. Several press-reporters who were sitting very near the stage caught snatches of what he had to say. We think that there are times when the ideals of humour can be carried into the realms of bad taste. This was one of them. When the speaker treats the subject of the sacrifices of old students and graduates through whose industry the University has come to bear the traditions that it does, then we think it is time to listen with respect. Mr. Watson showed that the war had greatly reduced the number of men students, there being in 1914, 243 students as against 166 in 1918. In the same period the number of women students have increased from 134 to 198. He then went on to discuss the calamity of the war, but, as we have mentioned before, the men students were in no mood for tragedy. He concluded, after an effort to make himself heard, by congratulating the graduates on their well-earned success.

The arrival of Hon. T. M. Wilford as the next speaker was made the occasion of a burst of applause. He, however, throughout his speech was quite equal to any of the witticisms hurled at him from the proleteriat. He stated that he had no particular theme, and that he was going to pick it up from those around him. Who the ferocious intruder was we do not know—but the subject was war. Whether, with his usual good sense, Mr. Wilford refrained from speaking of the University and its doings because he knew little about the subject, or whether it was that he knew too much, is hard to say, but it is equally hard to assign any reason why he should have chosen that evening to give a little war lecturette. The subject was singularly inappropriate. To do him justice, however, what he had to say was unusual and, with the exception of the humour, was listened to with great respect. After congratulating the graduates, he sat down amidst very hearty applause.

Sir James Allen, Minister for Defence, wisely refused to face such a warlike audience, and, on calling for cheers for the graduates, which were given lustily, retired unobtrusively.

Mr. T. V. Waters wielded the baton successfully throughout the evening, and his untirely efforts in training the students were fully appreciated. Our thanks are also due to Miss E. Dorrington for acting as pianiste.

The proceedings closed with the singing of the time-honoured "Final Chorus" and the "National Anthem."

THE SUPPER

After the Presentation Ceremony, over two hundred students assembled in the Stafford Tea Rooms, where the undergraduates' supper was held. If last year's supper was of a rather riotous nature this year's was marked by a peculiar orderliness and gravity. Early in the proceedings the President announced that he had received a letter from the tournament delegates, Messrs. A. E. Caddick and G. G. G. Watson, advocating the revival of the Inter-University Tournaments, and suggesting that an expression of opinion be taken at this gathering. The occasion was a particularly opportune one as there was present at the supper one who had been intimately connected with the tournaments in the past, Mr. F. I. De la Mare.

Mr. De la Mare then spoke briefly on the subject. He said that personally he felt there was only one task that mattered at the present, and that was the successful termination of the war. Though he recognised the importance of cultivating inter-university spirit, in his opinion the time had not come for reviving the tournaments. Apart from purely sentimental reasons, he considered that if the students did so, they would not be in a position to oppose needless expenditure on amusements in other sections of the community.

Olla Podrida

"Don't worry—get a North British Hot Water Bottle and sleep the sleep of angular tins at 1/6 and 3/-."—"Taranaki Daily."

It pays to advertise!

"Wanted by soldier's wife, position as general." "Post."

She evidently wants the upper hand!

"Captain T. E. Y. Seddon has commenced a speaking tour of the shipyards."—"Dominion."

And the sails puffed 'neath the blast!

"Wanted, a cook-general, no upstairs work. Apply Hill Street."—"Post."

The situation still sounds somewhat hilly.

"Lost—a lamb branded like u upside down."—"Poverty Bay Herald."

Surely the ewe-lamb!!

"For Sale:—Piano, suitable for Bach. Price £5."—"Post."

Evidently a bargain!

"Apparently the police strike is fairly general in London. It developed suddenly at midnight."—"Dominion."

Sounds like an engagement.

"Shepherd, married, one child, ineligible, life experience, sheep, cattle, dogs."—"Dominion."

He's on the downward path with a vengeance.

"Wanted by married couple, no children . . . ."—"Times."

Tell it not in Gath!

"In many cases the girls are not really in need of their salaries. They are pocket money which it is pleasant to spend."—"Taranaki Daily."

They should strive to pocket not only the insult but also the insulters.

"A dance organised by the Haeremai Club was held in the V.U.C. Gymnasium on Saturday evening. The following were chaperones: Miss Connoll, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Professor and Mrs. Sommerville, Professor and Mrs. Hunter."—"Post."

Talk about women assimilating the positions of men!

Club Reports

Students' Association

Success treads on the heels of every right effort."—Smiles.

The year 1918 has been very much as other war years have been. At the Presentation of Graduates Mr. Watson pointed out that the number of students had increased considerably. The men are, of course, in the minority; and most of them are comparatively youthful. We notice a fair proportion of "returned" men attending lectures. Constantly men are leaving as they reach military age; they go very quietly, and it is often a long time before we discover that So-and-so "has gone to Camp." The C1 Camp has caused a good deal of unnecessary inconvenience; numbers of our men have left their studies only to return after a lapse of a few weeks. New faces about the corridors are numerous. The year's "haul" of freshers seems to be up to the usual standard. Among the newcomers, as usual, we notice a few who are out to improve our manners, minds and morals and generally to get into the limelight. We would not have it otherwise. Anything to relieve the tedium of our daily grind. As usual also, the notice-board pest has reappeared. The "callow youth" with a fountain-pen and a sense of the incongruous seems to be inevitable.

A new club has made its appearance in the College. The Women's Club (referred to in the men's common room as the "She-club") is for the women students what the Haeremai Club is for the men. It is understood to take the place once filled by the Common-room Club. The two clubs have quite a useful function to perform in the College. Although at the time of the annual Stud. Assn. meeting dark rumours were abroad as to the intention of the women students, it appears that there will be no rivalry between the two clubs. The Haeremai Club performed a real service in enlivening the Capping Ceremony; and its recent dance has received very favourable mention. In keeping alive the College spirit these clubs will do a necessary work.

During the term several Social Teas have been held. The attendances have been good; and the Debating Society's meetings have profited accordingly.

Occupation has been found on Saturday afternoons for idle males. A landslip behind the Gym. was the occasion of some strenuous pick-and-shovel work. Headed by the Chairman of the College Council, working bees have done a little more to improve the Mount Street approach to the College.

The Memorial Service in the Gymnasium on August 5th was attended by a very large number of students. Professor Adamson gave a short address. He referred to the conditions under which we met for a fourth time —conditions unprecedented in the annals of our history. Many of those who had fallen were in a peculiar sense dear to us—they were our school mates and college chums. We were not ruthlessly to avenge them, but to carry on the banner under which they fell in order that right might conquer might and "justice reign unhindered." The absorbing topic of to-day was whether international law was to be maintained—whether military despotism was to trample civil liberty under its heel. He hoped and believed that the human race would not stand for ever condemned to undergo periodic lapses into barbarism. The question was: how was a lasting peace to be maintained? He then traced through history the strivings of the nations for a perpetual peace. He hoped that all their striving would not be in vain, and that in the near future something would be done to usher in a new era of international peace in which the juridicial order of the word would be secured.

In conclusion, he expressed the hope that the names which were about to be read over would endure for ever, not merely chiselled on pillars of stone, or engraven on tablets of brass which the teeth of time might eat away, but inscribed in the indelible, if invisible characters of human affection so that generations of students yet unborn might know for what it was that they who bore those names had fought and had died.

Finally the Roll of Honour was read by the President of the Students' Association.

A glance at the balance-sheet or a trial of the instrument would reveal the fact that the Gymnasium piano is mostly "depreciation" and very little else but "case." It is felt that unless a new one is obtained very soon we will not be able to ask people to contribute musical items at our concerts—and accordingly a fund has been started for this purpose.

On Saturday, July 26th, the T.C. Pierrot Party gave us an entertainment in aid of this fund. The stage with its green hangings had the appropriate drawing-room touch about it, and formed an effective background for the pierrots in their green and gold costumes. The singing was excellent, and encores were numerous. Much appreciated, too, was a pianoforte solo by Miss E. Dorrington, and an amusing and audacious little turn in which Pierrot Vernon, as a phrenologist and brain expert, performed upon his defenceless victims a series of particularly gruesome operations with swords, hammers and various laboratory appliances, evidently borrowed from the science building. Our thanks are due to the Pierrots for their assistance, and we hope that when the new piano does arrive, they will be amongst those to benefit by it.

At a special meeting of the Students' Assn., held on 24th July, the proposal to revive the annual Tournament was discussed. After some discussion it was decided to write to the other Colleges seeking an expression of opinion on the matter.

The following letter, embodying the reasons given by our Tournament Delegate for reviving the Tournament, was sent out:

Hon. Sec. Stud Assn.

Dear Sir,—Recently our Executive received a letter from our Tournament delegates, Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A., LL.B., and Sgt. A. E. Caddick, re Annual Tournament. In that letter the delegates suggested that the tournament be revived next Easter.

The Executive decided to have these recommendations discussed at a general meeting of the Association. On 24th July this meeting was held. After a good deal of discussion the following resolution was passed:—

That a letter be sent to the three Colleges of the University asking for an opinion as to the advisability of holding a tournament next Easter.

You are accordingly asked to bring the matter before your Executive and obtain an opinion.

The reasons given by our delegates were as follows:—

There are many men in our Colleges ineligible for military service. Many of these are keen sportsmen and suffer a real hardship in being prevented from attaining tournament honours.

Further, the holding of a tournament would do much to encourage athletics, etc., in the Colleges. At a time when physical fitness is desired as much as it is now something should be done to help sport, to help men to keep fit. Even men in civil life, it is pointed out, are bearing an unusual mental strain.

Again, it is needless to point out the benefits not only of the contests but also of the intercourse among students. Something should be done to keep alive university traditions and the university spirit.

Military service is now universal and obligatory, and no patriotic reasons can be urged against the proposal. The delegates believe (and one of them has recently returned from France) that the men at the Front would not do other than approve the suggestion.

Replies have so far been received from Auckland and Canterbury. Auckland were non-committal, but agreed that, if other colleges were in favour of the proposal, they would do their share. Canterbury were heartily in favour of the proposal. And at the present time this is where the matter stands. The attitude of Otago will be awaited with a good deal of interest.

On Friday, August 30th, the women students exposed for sale in the Hall a fine collection of flowers. Passers by in their turn were exposed to the urgent solicitations of a group of energetic flower-sellers. The proceeds amounting to £6) are to be used for patriotic purposes.

Free Discussions Club

"Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns."—Pope

Liberty of thought, liberty of speech, the desire to follow truth wheresoever it may lead—these are the ideals which our Club tries to foster in our College. A great many people are afraid to form opinions of their own, perhaps a greater number are afraid to express, especially before a crowd, those opinions they do possess. We would like to see a larger number of students express their views at our meetings. Still it is pleasing to find so many differing opinions put forward and such keen interest shown in the discussions, even though the circle of speakers as compared with listeners is not as large as it might be.

The last meeting of the first term took place on May 30th, when Mr. Miller opened the discussion on "Ethics and Economics." Each individual, each community, each age has its view of social life. That to-day is the day of the chattel is due to the exclusion of the ethical aspect from economic theory. Political economy must deal with man as a moral being. Economic conditions are affected by morality or vice versa. Wealth is not money, he urged, but men and life.

Miss Crabb wished to know how these ideas were to be propagated.

Miss England thought that this could be done by changing the public estimation of the value of money. Public opinion should be against the accumulation of riches.

Professor Hunter considered that business was founded on the gambling principle. A business man played his game. If he won, he took the profits, if he lost, society paid. The Press with its distortion of truth was the greatest enemy against which the moralist had to contend.

At the first meeting of the Second Term the Japanese intervention in Russia was discussed, with Mr. Mansfield as leader. Japan, he considered, is rather a dangerous ally. If her intervention is successful, the Allies will be indebted to her, and she will be able to ask her own terms at the peace table. Japan is the Prussia of the East. Her foreign policy in Korea shows that she stands for those principles against which England is fighting in Europe—expansion of Empire irrespective of the rights of small nationalities. We should, therefore, prevent Japan from intervention in Russia.

In discussing the matter, the view was expressed that it was a case of conflicting interests between Germany and the Allies, chiefly England. While the Allies hesitated to take measures to control Russia, Germany was overrunning the country.

The meeting was fairly unanimous that from a strategic point of view intervention seemed desirable, but from the moral point of view, it was incompatible with the principles of liberty.

Miss England opened the next discussion (August 2nd) on the "Evils of Uniformity." Her contention was that uniformity though useful in practical life up to a certain point is wholly evil in the realm of thought and in every way retards the progress of human culture. Uniformity is the refuge of the indolent thinker and organiser, hence it is beloved by officials of all classes. She illustrated these remarks by reference to history, religion, art, literature and education. Uniformity always presupported the authority of the few imposing their will on the many. Conformity to type thus crushes individuality.

The discussion which followed chiefly centred round the position of the "conscientious objector."

"Shelley, the Poet," was the subject of the next discussion, which was led by Miss Davies and Miss Woodhouse. Miss England was in the chair. Miss Davies's remarks on Shelley dealt with the greatest of his longer poems—Prometheus Unbound, which expressed the spirit of democracy and the passion for liberty which was beginning to stir in the thought of his age. The 18th century poetry had been tired, but in Shelley the spirit of wonder and eagerness moved. This is the child-like attitude to life, and Shelley never rose higher than that. This passion for liberty meant an absence of law and the overthrow of all institutions. His weakness was the weakness of the revolutionary ideal. Miss Woodhouse dealt largely with the poet's philosophical point of view. His atheistic conception was replaced later by a broad pantheism, which bound the world into a unity. She believed benevolence and justice to be the highest virtues and was therefore an advocate for more humanitarian ideals. Several points of interest came out in the discussion which followed. Whether Shelley was funda-

mentally optimistic or pessimistic, whether or no his charm as a poet lay rather in his lyrics than in his more didactic poems, whether an artist or a poet can be judged apart from his life, what influence character has on art, and art on character, were the chief questions raised.

The Gymnasium was well filled to hear the discussion on "Marriage," which took place on August 30th. Mr. Pope, as well as Mr. Leicester, was to have opened the discussion, but as he was unfortunately ill, his paper was read by Mr. Leicester. It criticised the existing conditions of marriage. The effect of the Church was bad. In fostering public opinion against divorce, many couples, entirely unsuited to each other, were held together in a false union. Marriage was not to be tolerated after love had disappeared.

Mr. Leicester was inclined to think that friendship formed a better basis for marriage than that evanescent emotion—love. Woman should be accounted as man's equal and the man's salary should be shared between them. Divorce ought to be able to be effected more easily than at present, as any conflict in the home is against the welfare of the children as well as inimical to the happiness of the parents.

These views were criticised by various members. Mr. Murphy thought that the divorce laws in New Zealand were quite lax enough, and greater freedom would not be desirable. Professor Hunter expressed the opinion that the before-marriage problem was the more important one. If young people were properly trained to the realisation of the responsibilities marriage entailed there would be less likelihood of unhappy marriages.

There was a good deal of discussion on the economic equality of men and women. Two points of view were mainly stressed. If women received equal pay as that of men, there would be less inducement to marry, for they would then have to share between two, what one had originally earned and spent. On the other hand, it was urged that unequal pay meant that women were driven by poverty into marriage, and the proposal was put forward that, in view of the fact that a mother performs a very high duty to the State, she should receive a salary for her services and thus would not need to be economically dependent on her husband.

Christian Union

"Just here the bump appears
Of innocent hilarity,
And right behind the ears
Are Faith and Hope and Charity." —Bab Ballads.

First Term.

The two closing general meetings of the First Term were addressed by Rev. A. M. Johnson, M.A., and Mr. E. K. Lomas, M.A., M.Sc. Mr. Johnson took as his subject "The Message of the Bible to the People of To-day." Dealing first with the matter of origins he traced the historical development of the Bible. The modern critical movements were referred to, and Mr. Johnson showed that these had only served to emphasise the fact that the Bible was in a special sense an inspired book possessing a very definite message to the people of to-day. Mr. Lomas spoke on "Christianity and Citizenship" and stressed the need for the application of Christian principles in every branch of civic life.

Second Term.

The opening meeting in the Second Term was addressed by Professor Kirk. The Professor's subject was "A Scientific Basis for the Belief in Immortality." He dealt with it from the point of view of the origin of life and maintained the principle of "omne vivum ex vivo." The Professor showed that the most recent experiments upheld this principle though exhaustive attempts had been made to discredit it.

Rev. J. W. Burton, M.A., of Melbourne, was our next speaker. Mr. Burton is a recognised authority on the Pacific peoples and is the author of several books upon this subject. He dealt with the question of "The Problem of the Pacific," and gave to his hearers a very clear account of the industrial, educational and religious problems of these island peoples.

Bishop Sprott addressed us this year on "The Christian Conception of Human Society." The Bishop based his address on Paul's analogy between the human body and its members and society.

Other addresses to be delivered this term are: "Some Problems of Social Reconstruction," by Mr. B. E. Murphy, Lecturer in Economics; 'Christ and the Student," by Major Pettit (N.Z.M.C.), and "The Teaching of Jesus and some Modern Problems," by Miss England.

"Till after a thousand scratches and scrambles
They wipe their brows, and the hunting stops."—From the Swedish.

Since the publication of the June issue of the "Spike" the football season has been completed, and although the success of the teams has not been all that could be desired, the season has been a successful one. The wisdom of the committee in forming a second fifteen has been proved by the numerous victories the team secured in the third grade competition. The senior team suffered considerably by the removal of the age limit from the competition, and has been pitted for the most part against older and heavier teams; yet though frequently defeated it gained a reputation for clean and open play. The annual match against Canterbury University College was recommenced this season and we hope that it will not again be allowed to lapse.

The chief reason for the failure of the teams in many matches was the lack of regular practice. The forwards, especially at the end of the season, played very well against heavier backs, but many scores were lost through the backs, though good individually, failing to show the necessary combination. We desire to place on record our appreciation of the services rendered by Messrs E. K. Lomas and J. A. Thomson who coached the teams during the season.

The following are the matches played by the senior team since the June issue of the "Spike":—

V. Wellington.—Won 13—9. This match was played at Petone on June 1st. The play was not of a very brilliant nature, being confined mostly to the forwards, who played a good game. Tries were scored by Scott, Aitken, and Lusk, two of which Scott converted.

V. Canterbury College.—Won 40—6. This match was played at Athletic Park on June 3rd as a curtain-raiser to the representative match, Wellington v. Trentham. In the first spell we scored rapidly as a result of good combination among the backs. At half-time we led by 32 to nil. The second spell was of a more strenuous nature, and the visitors showed better combination. Tries were scored by Barker (3), Lusk (3), Pope (2), Gillespie (1), Martin-Smith (1), of which two were converted by Scott, and one each by O'Regan, Lusk and Barker. For the visitors Jackson scored two tries.

V. Wellington College.—Lost 13—14. Played at Athletic Park on June 8th. This was one of the most spectacular games of the season, being strenuously contested from beginning to end. At half-time the College led by 6—5. For most of the second spell we attacked continuously, and only the splendid defence of the College backs prevented us from scoring repeatedly. Up to shortly before time we led by 13—9, but then the College forwards broke away and scored a try which was converted. There was little to choose between the teams, but we had a little the better of the game. For us tries were scored by Smith and Scott, both of which the latter converted. He also kicked a splendid penalty.

V. Oriental.—Lost 3—12. This was played at Duppa Street on the following Saturday on a wet ground. Very little form was shown by either team except at the end of the second spell, when we atacked strongly. Lusk scored our only try.

V. Athletic.—Lost 3—15. This was played at Petone on the day after the capping ceremony. The game was of an uninteresting nature, there being only occasional flashes of good play. During the first spell Scott kicked a penalty.

V. Petone.—Lost 13—30. This game was played at Petone on July 20th. The first spell was fast and open and we showed good form, leading at half-time by 13—10. In the second spell Petone made the play close and wore down our lighter pack. We were confined to our twenty-five for most of the spell, and our opponents scored repeatedly. Tries were scored by Barker and Gillespie, both of which Morton converted in adition to kicking a penalty.

V. Wellington College.—Lost 13—18. This match was played at Athletic Park on July 27th, but did not produce such good football as the previous one. At half-time College was leading by 18—5. Our forwards played a splendid game, but the backs were inclined to hold on to the ball too long. Scott and Gillespie scored tries, both of which Morton converted in addition to kicking a penalty.

V. Poneke.—Lost 3—13. Four of the team were unable to play owing to injuries, and this bad considerable effect upon the team, especially upon the backs. The game was uninteresting. Poor collaring allowed our defence to be pierced on several occasions. Scott kicked a splendid penalty.

V. Old Boys.—Won 16—4. In this match, which was played on Kelburn Park, our long succession of defeats was broken. The ground was very wet and at times the game was a mere mud scramble. Nevertheless the team handled the sodden ball well, and at times the backs combined very well. Barker in particular, playing full back and acting-centre-three-quarters, covered himself with mud and glory. Scott, Barker, Pope and Martin-Smith scored tries, two of which Scott converted.

The team congratulates Aitken, Scott and Martin-Smith upon gaining representative honours.

The following are the results of matches played by the third grade team:

V. Athletic.—Lost 0—8. The team did not play up to its usual form, lack of practice being the probable cause.

V. Berhampore.—Won 3—0. The game was evenly contested throughout. Our points were secured by Robb, who scored a try.

V. St. Patrick's College.—Won 8—6. Tries were scored by Tracey and Irwin, one of which the latter converted.

V. Wellington B.—Won by default.

V. Wellington A.—Won 8—0. Blathway scored a try which Irwin converted, also kicking a penalty.

V. Poneke.—Lost 0—6. The team paid the penalty of not practising, being defeated by one of the weak teams of the competition.

V. Petone.—Won 11—3. The team showed improved form, especially among the forwards. Tries were scored by Robb (2) and Tregurtha, one of which Irwin converted.

V. Hutt.—Won 9—3. Tries were scored by Anderson and Tracey (2).

V. Athletic.—Lost 3—11. This was the semi-final of the competition, and aroused considerable interest. The game was not very exciting, 'Varsity being on the defence most of the time. In the second spell Irwin kicked a splendid penalty.

The College team this year did not fulfil expectations. It has plenty of good material; it possesses a fast back team and a light but fairly vigorous set of forwards. On two occasions, against Wellington College and against Petone, it played up to the top of its form, the first match, according to most enthusiasts, being the best game played this season in Wellington. On other occasions, sometimes the line-out play was lamentably weak; at other times the defence round the scrum was bad, while often the passing of the backs erratic and badly judged. A College team to be successful must be fast in both backs and forwards; it must be in the pink of condition, and therefore able to play the open game right through both spells; it must be able to keep the ball in play all the time, passing or centreing, but never finding the line.

The forwards must dribble past but never lose control of the ball, nor permit marks to be made by fast opposing backs. Scrums and light play on the line-out should be avoided, and the object of the team, especially when opposed to heavy forwards, should be to run them to a standstill. One expects skilful play from a collegian, and no greater skill in football can be exhibited than in the fast combined play of a good back team, with clever fast dribbling forwards to share the honours.

Victoria College could have such a team if the players kept themselves up to the mark by hard training, and turned out occasionally early in the season for combined play. The secret of success in football is in co-operation.

The following is submitted as a brief criticism of the individual players:

Knell—A good full-back, fast and clever attacking the ball; sometimes runs across the field too much; had bad luck in being knocked over unnecessarily by a burly Petone forward and injured in the shoulder. Needs to practise kicking further down the lines.

Barker—The fastest back in the team; needs to be given more work to do; occasionally shows a tendency to dodge going down to rushes. But makes up for it by snapping the ball when going at full speed.

Scott—A well-known fighting back with plenty of dash; has learnt to get rid of the ball, but needs now to exercise a bit more judgment as to when to pass and when to hang on; could never be accused of not doing his fair share of work; quite deserves his place in the Wellington rep. team.

Aitken is very quick off the mark, and is, therefore, always dangerous; good at cutting in and making openings, and never hesitates about getting into the thick of it if defensive work is necessary; probably the best all-round player in the team. As captain, he could well afford to hustle the team a bit more.

Gillespie has plenty of speed, when he gets going; occasionally loses the rest of the backs by cutting across the field in the wrong direction.

Morton played an exceedingly fine game against Petone, scoring all the points; had very bad luck in injuring his ankle, and since then, has been inclined to hang back when vigorous tackling should be indulged in.

Pope knows the half-back game, but lately has been inclined to pass badly, either sending the ball wide or bowling it along the ground; very smart at getting marks from forward rushes, quite a good accomplishment for a half-back to cultivate.

Lusk played in the team as 1st emergency. If he could only grow fat, his reckless dashes—reckless in one so light—would be exceedingly useful.

It is difficult to criticise forwards individually, because often the hardest working forwards in the scrums and in the tight packs get little credit for their work, so that a few observations on the play is all that is offered. Adams and Randall must be pretty fair hookers, because, in spite of the light weight of the pack, the team generally has its fair share of the ball. Adams seems to be a good "hooker" in more ways than one. The best forward, who gallops up just in the field all the time is Martin-Smith. He has played well consistently all the season. M. M.-Smith would do the team a world of good if he would practise jumping up in the air, a sort of game he would be good at, and which, at present, is sadly lacking in the play of the forwards as a whole. O'Regan does not show up much in the open, but his weight must be of good service in the solid work of the scrums. Espiner has the makings of a good hard-working forward. The wing-forward, Low, keeps himself in good form, and follows up well, but hardly fights enough round the scrum. A wing-forward must get in the way, somehow, and protect the half. Charles had bad luck in having to stand down recently owing to injuries, because his place on the line-out takes some filling.

A bystander once remarked about the University forwards that they were all right, but played the game too gentlemanly. The team plays the game, certainly, in the right spirit, and should continue to do so, but could put more dash into it. After all, when a man is tackled, he must come down, and come down vigorously; its part of the game.

"Be swift like lightning in the execution."—Shaks.

We are quite well aware that the time which has elapsed since our Notes appeared in the last issue of the "Spike," is not what is commonly known as the "tennis season," but nevertheless, we feel that, to those few students who have paid winter subscriptions, we owe an apology for the condition of the courts during the past months. As a rule, winter brings to older students memories of many pleasant afternoons spent on the tennis courts—not forgetting the refreshments which are eagerly devoured in the men's Common Room—while to a large number of "freshers," it brings a keen desire to partake of these joys. This year, alas! very little enthusiasm for winter tennis has been shown by either old or new members.

It is fully realised that the weather has not in the least tended to improve tennis property—the heavy rains of June and July having been responsible for the transference of large masses of clay from the vertical plane of the bank, to the horizontal plane of the courts—but we think that this scarcely excuses us, as a committee, for the lack of interest which we have taken in the general appearance of the courts.

We have visions—may the near future transform them to a reality!—of the time when the concrete wall is erected in the south-east corner, when the courts are top-dressed, when the nets are renewed, and when the path for pedestrians is completed.

While speaking of this path, we desire to express our thanks to the College Council for their having decided to get it constructed. When we heard of the glad tidings of their decision, we immediately thought of the possibility of extending the courts at the north end, so as to make them the regulation length, but, on obtaining expert advice, it was learnt that the foundations would not permit of such a scheme. The only way of increasing the length of the courts would be by undermining the Gymnasium, but instead of advocating such an action as this, we can exercise our imagination sufficiently to picture to ourselves, the time when the hills behind the Gymnasium have become plains on which an ideal set of tennis courts is built.

A detailed criticism of individual players cannot yet be given, but from what little play has been seen, we are of opinion that the Tennis Club will be the proud possessor of many promising players.

For some time past, our ladder—in a most dilapidated condition—has presented a very imposing spectacle to the eyes of those who admire the various adornments of the Gymnasium walls, and it is suggested that at the earliest opportunity, an up-to-date ladder be formed, also that, if possible, Yankee tournaments or inter-club matches be arranged.

From experience, we can speak of the benefit derived from meeting players better than ourselves, and we advise younger members that one way of attaining a higher standard of play is assiduous practice combined with keen interest in ladder matches.

Haeremai Club

"We're models of propriety"—Capping Songs.

This club, although just in its infancy, has proved itself to be one of the most flourishing and popular of all College institutions.

After a very successful inaugural meeting at the commencement of the first term the Haeremaites have not looked back, and have, as a body, done much to improve College social life generally.

It was arranged that a dance should be held during the second term, and the evening of August the 24th was eventually chosen for the celebration.

At this point it would not, we think, be out of place to record how pleased we are to see that the women students of the College have formed a kindred club—now known as the Women's Common Room Club, which it is understood is also meeting with marked success. Apropos the dance it was thought that this occasion would be an opportune one for the two clubs to meet; and the members of the Women's Club were accordingly invited as the guests of the evening.

The function was, we think, a success in every way, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all. A number of the members of the College staff and their wives were also present.

The Haeremai Club is run on lines similar to those of a Savage Club, and a most encouraging factor is that during the year we have carried on almost exclusively on our own talent. Before the term ends it is hoped that a final "korero" will be held.

The foundation for a permanent institution has certainly been laid, and there is no doubt that next year, with the influx of new members, the activities of the club will become even more popular and extensive than have been those of 1918.

Women's Basketball Club

"No dancing girl, some other sport."—Shaks.

This term practices have been held on Kelburn Park in the afternoon and also in the Gymnasium on Thursday evening. Great interest has been displayed by the members, and the practices have been well attended. Although the season is well advanced, we have obtained several new players this term.

On June 13th a practice match, Freshers v. Seniors, was played in the Gymnasium, which resulted in a win for Freshers, 6—3.

On August 6th a match was held in Kelburn Park, Training College v. Victoria University College. After an even game V.U.C. secured a win, 4—0. Goals were thrown by G. Trolove and E. Smith.

The most interesting match was perhaps that played against the football team on August 22nd. Contrary to expectations the game was not a very rough one—due no doubt to a mutual respect or fear, which also probably accounted for the fact, that some of our players did not play their usual good game. With the exception of the goal throwers, who crowded too much, our team gave their best exhibition of combined play. However, in this, the men far surpassed them. In spite of their unusual places, they showed their football combination and swift and accurate passing. Such passing should be an eye-opener to the girls, who have never reached such heights. The women's team put up a good fight, especially the defenders, but in spite of an extra number of penalties from the men's mistakes, it was easily defeated by the men, 15—5. Our visitors seemed to be captivated by the game—so much so that they insisted on continuing in a friendly game after the match.

We were pleased that Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Somerville were able to come to the match.

The Committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Mackenzie for her kindness in providing supper.

On August 29th a practice match, Arts v. Science, was played in the Gymnasium. In the first spell the game was very even, but in the second half Science had the best of the game, and succeeded in winning, 8—4.

Athletic Club

"For even at this day,
Though its sting has passed away,
When I venture to remember it, I quail."—Bab Ballads.

Following on the successful Evening Sport Meeting of last term it was proposed that a similar gathering should be held between the football and cricket seasons. After further consideration it was reluctantly decided to let the matter drop, partly on account of the heaviness of the tracks at the present time and partly on account of the close proximity of the Degree Examinations.

However, there is every prospect of the annual Inter-University Easter Tournament being re-established next year, of which athletics are, of course, the main attraction.

It will therefore be necessary to hold a meeting as early in the new year as possible, so that the representatives of this College may be selected. In any case the customary evening meeting will take place, even if it is found impracticable to hold the events for the New Zealand Shield.

"This is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Shaks.

Since the last doings of the club were chronicled in the "Spike," the activities of our various members have been somewhat vague and varied. The usual phlegmatic and punctilious progressiveness of the club has of late been rather intermittent. Occasional zeal in the way of bouts, spars, and three-minute rounds at odd hours and places goes well to show that we still have a few enthusiasts for the noblest of all pastimes. Although the Gymnasium has been the witness of a few (too few) battles royal this season, regret must be, and is acutely, felt that the usual deterioration in the gloves is due largely to other causes than hardened profiles, although, hist! it is rumoured that fresh blood was but lately discovered on a badly misused glove. (This has been subsequently proved by a microscopical examination of the blood corpuscles in the lab.) So much for the actual activities of members.

The annual general meeting, held amidst uproar and applause, was a great success, and succeeded in installing several new members amongst the venerated ranks of Victoria's pugilists. If the enthusiasm shown by these new members is any criterion as to the subsequent doings of the club it bodes well for the successful career of the Boxing Club this season. Of that we shall see anon, as subsequent events will undoubtedly prove.

However, regret must be expressed by the executive that, owing to the continuance of the War, it has not been possible to carry on the activities of the club as energetically as could be desired. A strong appeal is made to present students to increase the membership of the club. Indeed, the executive feels sure that if members will make a determined effort, many new names could be added to the membership roll, and the club strengthened both financially and numerically, and the good work done by the Boxing Club considerably increased.

"His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of reckoning."—Shaks.

The report of the Society which preceded this expressed feelings of shame that we had fallen in such evil days. After the witness of the last three months we cannot but retract such sentiments. We cannot remember more spirited encounters or a higher standard of speaking than this session has produced. On no occasion have there been the long breaks with which former sessions have made us familiar. If Mr. Sheat were given to the phraseology of our schooldays he would frequently have to record that the combatants "rose freely." It is often quite difficult to "catch the speaker's eye!" Among the newcomers who are with one another to draw Mr. Thompson's gaze are Messrs. Croker, Moore, Anyon, Pope, Jackson, and Whitehouse.

Early in the session the Chairman of the Society, Mr. E. Evans, found it necessary to relinquish his duties and Mr. R. D. Thompson, M.A., was appointed to the position.

The second debate of the year was given up to a discussion "That Science has done more than literature to forward the interests of mankind." Messrs. C. G. Kirk and F. W. Martin, B.A., undertook to support the motions; they found more or less willing opponents in Messrs. R. R. Scott and P. Martin-Smith. They were followed by an eager succession of speakers from the body of the hall. The debate took place so long ago that we don't remember much about the details. We have, however, quite pleasant recollections of a sally by Mr. Martin in the matter of wives and arts and cookery. Mr. Scott didn't seem impressed. The judge, Mr. H. F. Von Haast, M.A., LL.B., placed the speakers in the following order:—Martin-Smith, J. H. Sheat and W. A. Sheet, Leicester, Kirk. The motion was carried.

At the next meeting of the Society opinions were aired as to whether "Interference with Liberty of Speech and Discussion is in the best interests of the State." Messrs. H. G. Miller and W. A. Sheat were quite sure that such interference was very bad. Messrs. G. T. Saker and W. E. Leicester, in opposing, had quite other opinions. The movers took their text from the gospel according to J. S. Mill, and gave some very abstract reasoning, which the judge had doubts about. The opposers vainly struggled to bring the matter down to earth. In delivering judgment, Mr. Mazengarb gave the speakers what we thought to be rather dubious advice, and placed the debaters as follows: Leicester, Kirk, Saker, Martin-Smith, and J. H. Sheat. The meeting endorsed the opinion of the movers.

On Thursday, August 18th, the Presidential Address was delivered by Prof. T. A. Hunter, on "The University and Social Reconstruction." An account of this is given elsewhere in this issue.

The 199th meeting of the Society was faced with the peace problem. The motion was: "That a lasting Peace can be secured only by adherence to the principle of No Annexations and No Indemnities." Messrs. P. Martin-Smith

and I. L. G. Sutherland were with President Wilson in the matter; Miss N. P. Norman, B.A., and Mr. A. B. Croker were not. Most of the usual supporters of the Society were taking their ease elsewhere, and the audience was small. Those who were present were evenly divided; the motion was carried by one vote. Mr. H. F. O'Leary placed the speakers in order as follows: Sutherland, Croker, Martin-Smith, Kirk and Leicester.

The motion "That the Present Tendency to Assimilate the Activities of Men and Women is not in the best Interests of Society," roused great interest. The Society established a precedent by appointing a lady as judge. However, Mrs. Atkinson gave a quite clear account of her own opinions, and delivered what we thought to be a very fair verdict. Mr. S. A. Wiren and Miss D. Bingham supported the motion and Mr. J. H. Sheat and Miss E. R. Davies gave reasons for opposing it. The attendance was large. The speeches were quite good. Miss Bingham especially gave a very breezy account of her views; Miss Davies also in opposing made some good points. Mr. Wiren was dry, and Mr. Sheat, in his opening remarks at any rate, was very ragged. Mr. Sheat picked up in replying. Mr. Wiren supplied some interesting emanations to the received account of Jewish history. Mr. Leicester, as is his wont, rattled out some glowing periods; one of his "purple patches" fairly convulsed the audience. The vote went to the opposers. The order was: J. H. Sheat, Misses Bingham, Davies and Purdy, Leicester.

On 31st August representatives of the Wellington Social Democratic party paid the Society a visit. This year Messrs. P. Fraser and G. Brindle were entrusted with the good news. The motion was: "That Socialism will bring universal peace." Messrs. Miller and Sutherland opposed the visitors. The audience was composed largely of adherents to the Social Democratic Party. On the whole the debate was quite interesting, and was certainly less acrimonious than these debates are accustomed to be. The supporters of the motion were not lacking in enthusiasm or arguments; with one or two exceptions the opposers were coldly sceptical. Mr. Fraser, in opening, contented himself with expounding the economic conception of history: wars and everything else were due to economic facts. Mr. Miller was prepared to recognise the value of the emphasis laid by Socialists on the social side of human nature. But this emphasis was not familiar to Socialism. Its distinctive feature was its political programme, a change in institutions. No mere change in institutions would avail to develop the social instinct, and to lead the other instinct of pugnacity which underlay war into healthier channels. Mr. Brindle elaborated Mr. Fraser's argument. Mr. Sutherland in replying made a speech of the evening. The "real war" was a war of ideas. A change in institutions was not enough; movers were claiming too much for Socialism.

From this stage onward discussion did not flag till closing time. The Socialists fastened on to the "instinct of pugnacity" and handled it pretty roughly. The 'Varsity speakers were not for taking the matter very seriously. According to Mr. Martin-Smith the capitalists weren't so bad anyway. We discovered that our old friend Mr. Schmidt was a humorist. More of this, please, Mr. Schmidt. Mr. Whitehouse was rather flippant. Mr. W. A. Sheat and Misses Neumann and Purdy also had something to say, while interjections from the body of the hall were frequent. The visitors had no difficulty in carrying their motion.

Women's Club

"Although I'm quite a ladybird
They take me for a lark."—Capping Song.

It has long been felt that there is need for a closer esprit de corps among women students; and as a result a meeting convened in the Gymnasium on August 5th, decided to form a Women's Club, to encourage keener college spirit and to further the social life among the women students—more especially to make it possible for present students to meet the professors' wives and the past women students of V.U.C.

There are to be at least three meetings each session—the first meeting in the year to be held as soon as possible after the opening of the College.

Thus Freshers will be given an opportunity of becoming acquainted with students of their own year and of previous years.

At each evening a committee of hostesses is to be elected to run the next evening—one of the hostesses being a member of the committee. Thus it will be possible for all to take an active part in the affairs of the Club. The first evening to take place on Friday, September 13th, will be run by the committee.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Patrons—The professors' wives.

President—E. R. Davies.

Vice-President—D. B. Maclean.

Representative of Ex-women Students—Mrs. A. H. Bogle.

Secretary and Treasurer—E. Smith.

Committee—A. Harle, N. Norman, H. Easterfield.

The membership at present stands at well over a hundred.

The Club made its first appearance at a dance given for it by the Haeremai Club. It was exceedingly kind of the men to extend such a hearty welcome to the new Club, the members of which all thoroughly appreciated the most enjoyable dance.

Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing
"Scherzando! ma non troppo, p p p."—Bab Ballads.

The Glee Club opened this year with a large membership, which unfortunately has gradually fallen off. However, the lack of quantity is made up by the quality of the singing, and by the well sustained interest and enthusiasm of the regular attenders.

At the end of last year the Glee Club gave two concerts at Trentham, which were very successful judging by the appreciation shown by the soldiers. We also entertained the inmates of the Porirua Mental Hospital with a concert, at the close of which the Hospital staff invited our members to supper, and to a dance in the large hall. This year, so far, the Glee Club has had only one function in the form of an opening social evening. Arrangements are at present being made for the annual concert at Trentham, and also for one at Porirua.

Our thanks are due to our conductor, Mr. F. P. Wilson, who has willingly given a great deal of his time to help forward this club, and who has shown enthusiasm throughout the year. Also to our very few male members who have done valiant service in providing the tenor and bass parts of our glees.

Ladies' Team

"With a far-dashing stroke, and exulting, drawing deep
The long suspended breath!"—Byron.

We commenced the season with great hopes of adding still another Cup to the collection in the Hall. But our desires were not to be fulfilled, for we lost to three of the competing teams. Our membership not being as large as last year's, we were able to enter only one team for the Competitions; nevertheless all players were very enthusiastic.

The game against College A was looked forward to with much interest, as the result determined our standing amongst the other teams. Our captain sustained a dislocation of the knee during the first few minutes' play. Since then she was not able to take her place in the team. College defeated us by two goals to nil.

Another interesting match was played against Ramblers A. We were again unlucky, because we had to encounter another strong team on the last Saturday of the College term, and no one was in good form, due most probably to much "burning of the midnight oil." We again suffered a defeat, the score being nine to nil.

In the rest of the matches, except that against Public Trust, who defeated us by two to nil, we managed to come out victorious. We defeated Base Records, Huatahi, Pay Department, College B and Ramblers B.

On August 13th a friendly match was played against the Training College men on Kelburn Park. Although the men gave us a very busy time the game was most enjoyable. After the match we had afternoon tea, which was kindly supplied by Miss Hetherington and Mr. Lomas of the Training College staff.

The following players were selected to play in the Wellington B Rep Team:—P. McMurray, A. George, H. Easterfield, D. Chamberlain and E. Hostick.

The Editor's Chair

Early this term a notice was to have been sent by the Magazine Committee to each of the clubs requesting them to discuss 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—this account to be published in the October issue of the 'Spike.'"

Unfortunately, four of the clubs did not receive their notices. Six of the ten clubs who did receive a notice have sent in replies: two of these six were in favour of the motion, the other four were against it. Those clubs who supported their decision with arguments (three, this time, out of six) submitted the following reasons against any change:—

That the reports in the first issue of "The Spike" are of great use in encouraging interest in the different clubs, and also in informing new students that such clubs exist.

That the life of the College is represented in these reports, and that an issue containing no club reports and therefore consisting largely of literary contributions would be one devoid of all interest.

That no change is desirable, and any alteration in the present system of reporting the activities of the clubs would result in a loss of interest in "The Spike," and also in the activities of the clubs.

These arguments leave me entirely unconvinced. It is not in the interests of the clubs, I should think, to use "The Spike" as the chief agent for advertising the various clubs—half the college year has already passed when the first issue of "The Spike" appears—hence it would be rather late for new students to discover then that such-and-such "club exists."

Neither is it altogether fair to state that "an issue consisting largely of literary contributions would be one devoid of all interest." Some of the clubs, evidently, do not realise how dependent we are in many ways on those students who have some slight literary bent. Still less, apparently, have they grasped the whole crux of the situation. It was not primarily with the object of encouraging the literary contributions that the motion was put; but that the club reports themselves should be comprehensive acounts of a full year's work—such accounts would be of infinitely more value than two disconnected reports. So here the matter ends for the present—each side firmly convinced that the other side is unable to see its point of view—in short, that it has:

"An angel tongue which no man can persuade."

Correspondence

"Quanti est sapere!" Ter.

Dear Spikessa,—Amidst the interesting and instructive studies set by Prof. Mac I have found the following derivations which might prove not unentertaining to some of your readers.—Yours ever,

P.G.

Senate of course comes from senes, meaning old men (or women).

Chancellor has had a curious history. It comes from Lat. cancer "a crab," which became the name of a kind of grating, *e.g.*, of a chancel. Cancellarius meant the usher of a law-court whose station was ad cancellos, at the bar or grating which separated the public from the judges. From the same word comes the Fr. chanceler, to waver or totter.

Professor is from profiteri, "to proclaim publicly," *e.g.*, at Alexandra Hall. Lecture means a reading. (I am indebted for this last to Prof. Adamson).

Free Discussions comes from dis-cutere, "to shake to pieces, to agitate" (freely). By the same token debate is from L. L. battere "to fight."

Hockey is probably from Fr. hoquet "a crook"—not in the slang sense but the staff of some gentle shepherdess! In Mid. Eng. it meant a feast of hockey cake or sed cake.

Cricket is derived from criquet, a stick used as a mark in the kindred game of bowls, while tennis is from tamis "a sieve," in which the server bounced the ball before striking it, or more probably from Tenez, "Play." The origin of golf is a mystery. Some say it is an invention of the ——

For the sake of the "divvies," parson is from persona "a mask," through which an actor "sounds" to hide his real identity. Student is from a Greek word, meaning haste or zeal; scholar is from schola "leisure." (We who have no scholarships appreciate the difference.)

The origin of Carnival is "carnem levare," the putting away or removal of flesh or food (on the eve of Ash Wednesday). We now put it away at other times.

* * * *

Dear Spike,—In the corner of a remote country there stands between the mountains and the sea a hillock, on which is built a bleak brick cottage. In this cottage hovers eternally the goddess self-complacency. She is garbed in jealous green and selfish gold; in her eyes is the smirk of precocity, in her heart a blustering confidence; her mouth is full of words, empty words.

Each of her pupils has heard tell of misery and suffering in the earth, of sordid commerce and tyrannic parliaments. Each reads a little pamphlet and plans anew the social fabric, to be worn of virtue and liberty. Each forgets that he or she knows nothing, is nobody. A pupil so ornates his plan,

so fills his brain with its advantages that he hears others with impatience and casts them off as foolish. Clarissa writes a letter to the "Spike" complaining of a Stud. Ass. general meeting. She says the arguments against were nil. Did she listen or enquire?

The Free Discussions Club meets, it would seem, in the clouds of Utopia. A dozen come with a dozen solutions of the problem. All draw to a close and sit down, satisfied that they alone are right. Somehow no one is convinced or varies his opinions. If you debate you must advocate a change and all the world supports you. Contend that there is something good, something to be preserved in what exists and one will say, "Nice chap, Sparkeion. Pity he's so conservative."

The greatest feature of debates is their lack of humour—I mean of conscious humour. Coryphaeus reads epigrams and drama and retails their conceits. His speech is verbiose, exuberant, so much that none can understand him. It does not matter. The same thinks himself in love. Indeed he is—his passion centres round one Coryphaeus. Episcopos is proud of knowing both sides. He agrees with both; he gives them in his speech. A mind incapable of deciding is probably vacant. Silias so much fears misstatement that he says nothing save a few halting sentences. These are always incoherent. Scotus employs one fraction of his brain, his memory; learning, wit and intellect are crowded out.

The Christian Union alone is trying to make life better. Its Exec. despises the vain activities of others and lives in the intellectual retirement of addresses and study circles. So doing, it makes itself ignored.

The Prof. Board writes in disapproval of certain notices. One suggests profanity, another is disrespectful to the Librarian. Yet these are preferable to the empty puerilities of the Scrawlers. A short time back the Debating Society read "The Earth," by J. B. Fagan. One genius added "Dickens," a second preferred "What the," a third thought of exclamation marks.

These are some of the pupils of the goddess Self-Complacency. The worst I leave to the last. His name is

DICTON.

* * * *

Dear Spike,—When I bought your last number I thought I would write and say how charming your new cover looked. After inspection of your interior furnishings it struck me a lot more might be said.

Oh Spike! What a sombre, sober tone you have assumed! Why have you discarded the sparkle and snap which, in former days, set off even the most prosy editorial? Is it that all your contributors are "literary," and cultivate a "literary style," and eschew all things human and humorous; or is it the censorship? Alas, the probable trouble is that yours truly is not sufficiently "literary," so does not appreciate a polished "literary style" which is exercising itself in smothering a scarcity of ideas with superfluous verbosity (Deep breath, please!) Or perhaps I have never been sufficiently in love to feel the melting appeal in some of those love-lorn lilts which stick your pages together.

Anyhow, Spike, why not have a bit of a row? Why not discuss in the sacred editorial column something which even your humblest readers have sufficient interest in to want to contradict you? You think hard, and you will find students are interested in lots of things beside "swot" and Greek Drama. You ask some of them, and you will find that some of your last contributors have caused many a mental tummy-ache and dislocated jaw.

Suppose you start the row by publishing my little piece, and then snort at it?

Yours mournfully,

"ARFANDARF."

Exchanges

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:—"Canterbury Agri. Coll. Magazine," "The Taranakian," "Canterbury Univ. Coll. Review," "Otago Univ. Review," "the N.G.C.," "The Wanganui Collegian," "Hermes," "John Bull's Register," "Adelaide Univ. Mag."

On First Looking into Wilfred's Love

(With apologies to Keats.)

O'er many College quartos have I pored,
And many pious poems and hymns perused;
Through many boring theses did I wade
Such as all students look upon with awe.

Oft have I lingered in those mazy realms,
Where deep-perplexing love strong sway doth hold;
Yet never did they much to me convey
Till Wilfred voiced his heart's experience.

Then felt I as some disillusioned spouse,
Who tastes the bitterness of fickle dreams,
Or as the politician, who at th' end

Of an election, feels defeat's sharp pang.
Yet such is life, and such it still shall be,
While on this earth we humans do remain. X. Y. C.

La Belle Fille Sans Merci

(With apologies to Keats.)

O! what can ail thee, college lad,
Thy buttonhole is withering;
A beard has grown upon thy face,
And no cash rings.

I met a flapper at a dance,
Full slim—a very taunting teeze,
Her lingering smile took me by storm
In vain were pleas.

I dwelt on warmth her eyes shone forth,
And thoughts like bills gave me no rest.
The idle nothings that I'd talk
Alas! my zest.

I met her in a motor-car,
She's nothing else to do all day.
Her father's on the staff and draws
A first-rate pay.

She cut me dead—to use the phrase
That intersects our poets' lines.
Her hair once long—now half-way up
Her head entwines.

Khaki has turned her brain, it seems,
Without it she is rarely seen.
And oh!—the sadness of my life
I'm yet nineteen.

Ah! what can ail thee, college lad,
Alone and Latin-prosing.
The night has tucked the day in bed
And no birds sing. W. E. L.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION
—
Does Anybody Know Him?
K. Low.

Miss B-k-r: We have read your touching little "Lament." We share your regret for those lost medial consonants. If the truth were known, a phonetic more or less . . .

Gl-nd-n-ng: We appreciate your position. Library cards are an insupportable encumbrance, and we can assure you that your general appearance is not that of an infant. For further information re The Reverend Gentleman we would refer you to Mr. Brook.

J-n P-rk: We are glad you rose to a point of order. Certainly, under the circumstances it was right to limit the members to be embraced by the Women's Club.

Mr. Th-mps-n: We are sorry that the Council has been unable to meet your needs re seating accommodation; but we notice that you have not yet attempted to balance yourself on the railing. After all, you know, there is the final resource of the peripatetic.

W. E. L-c-st-r: We cannot but admire the way you are attacking the subject. By means of pen and tongue you have never ceased to air your views. Your theories no doubt are all that they should be. It but remains for you to put them into practice.

E. Ev-ns: Your resignation came as a pleasant surprise. But really, P. & G.'s caustic remarks on the age of certain students should not be taken so seriously.

S. A. W-r-n: We have gone into the matter pretty thoroughly; but are forced to admit that you are wrong. Even in the Biblical days there was a law to the effect "that a man may not marry his son." Under special circumstances, however, he is allowed to marry his daughter—to another chap.

J. H. Sh-t: So our lady judge referred to you as "a sport"? Perhaps it was owing to the big dividend you drew at the debate. Don't let it alarm you unnecessarily, however. She might easily have taken greater risks.

Champion Ranges
Champion Ranges

All Duplicate Parts
to be had from ———

GEORGE WINDER, IRONMONGER
Corner of
CUBA and MANNERS STS., WELLINGTON

NORWICH UNION
Fire Insurance Society Limited

FIRE . . .
MARINE . .
ACCIDENT

ROWLEY & GILL
ATTORNEYS AND CHIEF AGENTS
FEATHERSTON STREET - - WELLINGTON
'Phone 1447