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No. 42.

The Spike

OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

SEPTEMBER - 1922.

(Registered for transmission as a Magazine).

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"I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them
I too will something make
And joy in the making..."—Robert Bridges.

"Unfortunately, however, it is wondrously difficult to induce students to write at all."—"Spike," June, 1909.

"We are wayfarers together, O students, treading the same thorny paths of Studentdom."—"Spike," June, 1902.

This is a solemn hour. What editor, crushed and pathetic beneath the burden of his toils and anxieties, but would feel a double awe-inspiring responsibility in ushering forward this adult thing, this forty-second "SPIKE"? We are trustees for things greater than ourselves. Atlas-like, we bear a universe of thought and feeling on our shoulders; but we groan. We turn our eyes to the hills, whence our help cometh, and we long desperately for help to come. It is an auspicious act, this writing of a note of introduction to this particular "SPIKE"; would that the pen were worthy of the task. Would that the brain had thoughts to think, and
words in which to clothe them, something adequate to the occasion. For consider—this is no ordinary twenty-first birthday. Students continually come of age, and put up their hair, or go out and buy a safety-razor, but we blink not an eyelash. These are but mundane things; of the earth, earthy. But the "SPIKE" attains its majority! Great heavens! what fanfarronades should there not be—what booming guns—what purple pageanties? Should not Governor-General and be-robed Chancellor give Vice-Regal and Chancellorian blessings? Should not Professors walk softly and lesser beings bow the knee in adoration? Yet none of these things happen. Instead the "SPIKE" appears as of yore in simple dignity, white-covered, blameless and innocent, even as the ministering angels of Paradise, wearing still—shall we say!—its tasteful halo of green and gold, its deathless glory. Tread manifoldly and modestly, O "SPIKE"; all eyes are on thee! Walk as ever in the ways of virtue and of good report; shun evil men and wicked counsellors; honoured life be thine!

Consider, O reader, this "SPIKE," what it is...In June, 1902, was it first brought to birth. Those were days of cheerful poverty, of scattered inadequatelodgings, of tragically limited resources, of few and overworked professors, of correspondingly few students. No building of imperishable brick crowned the Old Clay Patch; the Old Clay Patch itself was as yet unknown to fame, undug, undecorated. There was no Library, no Libr—but enough! There was no James Brook.* No, as it were, nothing. Yet there was something which we of the present generation of students should continually look back to with pride that we follow in the same fellowship, with something of envy, and with a striving after the same spirit—there was the feeling common alike to professors and students—unconscious a good deal, we dare say—that they were part of a brotherhood building up something stronger than the years, greater than the lapse of time. We in our comparative wealth, our increase in everything outwardly worth having as a University, owe more than we can tell, more than we can guess, to those early students, those foundation professors. The students are scattered to the ends of the earth, but Professor Brown and Professor McKenzie we still have with us. Let us sometimes think what should be the due of these men and those they taught. It is not given to everybody to found a University—it is given to still fewer to do what these have done.

On this scene appeared "THE SPIKE." Its success, as the publishers say, was instantaneous. We see from the second number that the first had to be reprinted immediately to satisfy the enormous demand for copies. Times have altered. The number of students has increased tremendously, but we don't print second editions. It is dispiriting for the Financial Secretary, that hard-working business man, every year to have to face an almost certain loss. And he does have to face a loss if the size and quality of the magazine is made anything like what it ought to be. We all have our ideals, and a mere sixty or seventy pages twice a year fails to satisfy. When we consider what might be the result if every stu-

"Care should be taken in the appointment of a janitor."—College Notes,
"SPIKE" No. 1.
dent rallied round and took a copy, and all students when leaving V.U.C. put their name down on the subscribers' list, and then think what is the present state of affairs, the editorial handkerchief is hard put to it to wipe away the editorial tears. It is a godless and stiff-necked generation. There is no doubt about it—"THE SPIKE" does not get the support it ought to have, and as long as this is so, those responsible for it are very seriously handicapped. Worst of all, it does not get the literary support it should. The search for genius is heartrending. Words are delightful things to play about with, and we, who write these moral reflections, feel rather aggrieved that so few of our contemporaries, out of so many, play to any purpose.

As it is, we still look back to those earlier numbers with a kind of envious despair. Quite apart from literary merit, the managers actually seem to have made a financial success of it. But when we turn to the reading matter, and compare it with a good deal of what is now submitted for publication, we feel like beating our breast and raising a wail of anguish to heaven. What haleyon days those must have been for an editor! Seaforth Mackenzie, Hubert Church, S. E. (mystic initials)—to name only three—were all writing about the same time. It must have been inspiriting to open your "SPIKE" and gaze on S. S. M.'s Foundation Ode in its nascent glory...

Those days are gone. Once or twice have we, unbelieving, said to ourselves: "Dammit! I don't believe those early 'SPIKES' have anything more than a legendary importance. What has been done, we can do again!" And then we have turned up the old files for confirmation of our laudable resolve and our heart has sunk. There must have been something in the atmosphere, some literary ozone, which produced such large quantities of really distinguished verse, to mention only one sort of writing. We may, being an Editor, be unduly pessimistic, but we sometimes wonder whether V.U.C. will ever again attain those heights. The clouds of glory, perhaps, of the new-born University. It is an astonishing fact, too, that in those early days even the professors seemed to contribute. We have been privileged to read their compositions, however, and we must confess that on the whole they did not possess a very sparkling pen. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the professors in those days had spirit and ambition. They wanted to shine. And, be it said with subdued yet deep-felt pride, in the second number appeared even an article on Graduation Day by Sir Robert Stout, the newly elected Chancellor of the University. It was a critical yet constructive article. The Chancellor no longer writes for "THE SPIKE." Perhaps—cataclysmic thought!—he no longer reads it!

In the present number will be found no articles by professors. no exhortations to virtue from the Chancellor; but there are a certain number of contributions from old students. Not as many as could be wished—some are scattered and unreachable, some are buried beneath the cares of a life no longer academic, inexorable fate hampers others—but still enough to give this "SPIKE" something of a special character. We do not believe it is worthy of the occasion; only a number large and stuffed with transcendent genius could make it so; still as far as it goes it may mark a milestone in
the life of one very important College activity. It is something for a University magazine to run for twenty-one years on a fairly high average level of merit, as such things go. No one else—none of our contemporaries—is likely to herald the occasion with superabundant enthusiasm, so we feel justified in stepping forward and blowing a diffident note or two on our own gentle trumpet. And think what times "THE SPIKE" has passed through! What history it has seen! In what immortal crusades has it borne a part! And on the whole, how blamelessly! Amid the crash of empires and the shaken dust of dynasties, picture "THE SPIKE" standing with head unbowed, smiling its customary cheeky smile; regarding the staggering world with, on the whole, a very amiable benevolence. Picture it, too, undismayed and untouched by the breath of Rumour, that Lying Jade, which has attacked so many of our College institutions. The Debating Society, the Christian Union, the Heretics' Club, that unhappy ghost. what battles, what slanders, what bitter dealings have they not provoked? Thrown on the Potter's wheel of destiny, what poundings have they not received? What dark and deadly recriminations have not been hurled upon them? But "THE SPIKE," what knows it of all this? Is it ever mangled in the daily Press? Does Parliament deliberate upon it? Do select committees inquire into its habits and morals? Nay; rather, far above the battle, gravely pacing the mountain tops of virtue, gathering our innocence about us like a robe, do we commune with lofty Presences and such things as are worthy and respectable. Slung mud soils us not. We are of the Elect...

To change our tone for the moment..."THE SPIKE" has filled an important place in College life long enough to have proved its necessity, if proof were needed. It is unthinkable now that it should disappear and go to join the innumerable host of journalistic souls that mayhap litter the other world. But it is also unthinkable that it should forever stop at its present stage of development. It must go on or petrify; and petrifying, it were better dead and buried. We sometimes, in optimistic moods, have visions of a glorified "SPIKE," growing in scope and honour with the advancing years, a mighty force for righteousness and a power in the land. The vision may be light-headed; but at least there is room for infinite improvement. One does not like to drag in intimate things too often or too roughly; love of College, like love of country or love of woman, is not rudely to be handled. not shouted from the house-tops nor paraded in the market-place—

"For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly."

Yet while the students of Victoria grow more and more rapidly in number, and her sons and daughters pass through the world on ever-diverging roads, something is needed, and something there should be, some bond to gather in the fellowship, some tie light and strong and willingly borne. We all have our memories, most intangible and strongest of all immaterial stays; yet there seems a place for some concrete and continuous expression of that thing which should be in all of our minds at times. We think "THE SPIKE" should be the vehicle for that expression. It is of course primarily a means for encouraging whatever literary talent there
is currently at Victoria, and as such it must be of interest to students who have already passed through. But we should like to receive from old students more often something, some scrap of verse or prose, some witness of interest sustained and affectionate regard. There is no danger of swamping "THE SPIKE" with doddering verbiage. But it is in "THE SPIKE" and such a collection as "The Old Clay Patch" that student thought lives; and student thought is after all the life blood, the really vital element, of any University. And anything that can make this thought and feeling in any way coherent, anything that can give us a unity of spirit, is to be fostered with infinite care. After all, as a University we are still in our merest infancy; we have no long heroic past to lean upon; our eyes must be unwavering on the future. Our tradition is still largely to make. We have the beginnings, and it would be a shameful thing to ensure anything of less worth and dignity for the years to come. We are mysterious beings, living in a world of mystery and puzzled gropings; whence we come and where we go we, tritely enough, know not; but one thing we hope we know, that mysterious, we are yet spiritual beings and live ultimately by the things of the spirit. By our dreams are we known. We who are working, however blunderingly, with whatever misdirection and blind struggling, for truth and goodness, can have no lesser support and no grosser inspiration. We may arrive at no end, and find no ultimate salvation—we may, after all, be fighting with fate for a foolish nothing, an imagined poor illusion; yet, whatever satisfaction there is, whatever crumb of comfort for our sustaining, we may get from that spirit of vision, the divine flame that burnt in the old German adventurer in Conrad's "Lord Jim"—"In the destructive element immerse!...To follow the dream, and again to follow the dream—and so—evig—usque ad finem. . ."

A Moment.

Over the hill's green crest I strode—
Evening was in the sky—
Down fell the road to the misty town
Homeward and down swung I.

Behind were the hills and the shining sea,
In front were the hills and dark—
But I saw a miracle in the sky
Ringed with those ramparts stark.

There was a lake of molten gold
Flung on that plain of blue
Oh, how it glowed and throbbed for me—
How bright its brightness grew!

Its waves they splashed within my heart
I was all drenched in flame—
Fell back that sea: faded that light;
Stars pricked the solemn frame.

J. C. B.

Laudabunt alii...

Others shall sing of Sydney and the bays,
Her harbour gemming, or long vista praise
Seen in the spaciousness of Melbourne streets,
Or in our own twin isles exult, when greets
Their vision Auckland city, queen whose waist
By both arms of the Sea-god is embraced.
Not mine to laud, as other bards have done,
Thy majesty, imperial Wellington,
Throned upon hills like windy Ilion,
Or Wanganui, famous for her Webb,
Whose glory as her river, knows no ebb.
On Invercargill, now bereft of beer
And quenching civic thirst with cups of cheer
Of origin not quite legitimate
Or of the kind that ne'er inebriate,
Let poets full of lemonade dilate.
Dunedin and her shrines of learning seem
To bardic clan the one familiar theme
Of minstrelsy, though strangers at the gates
Couple Dunedin with the brew of Speights.
Of Canterbury and her mutton prime,
And Christchurch, home of racing, others rhyme.
Me neither Nelson's sleepy hollow charms
Nor Taranaki with her wealth of farms,
But far amid the Tararua hills
In a green vale of orchards veined with rills
And set in forest, thrilling to the sound
Of tumbling waters, is my Eden found,
Here as the white wings of the south oft fly,
Brushing the frown from oft the sullen sky—
Yet fall no raindrops——so do thou, my friend,
In mellowed wine thy melancholy end.
Be wise then, Martin, and where'er thou be,
In velvet shadows of thine Arcady,
Or mid the the flash of bayonets boding strife,
Drink and in wine forget the cares of life.
Thus Nieuwchamp, ere he sailed across the foam,
A fugitive from father and from home,
On Albion's shore addressed his friends forlorn:
And o'er the winecup bade them cease to mourn:
"Let fortune kinder than my sire us call,
We go, my comrades, friends and fellows all:
Fear naught when Nieuwchamp steers by Nieuwchamp's
star.
For Bill has pledged his word the land afar
Shall to the new chum a new England be:
Then ye who oft have suffered worse with me,
My gallant lads, your woes in vintage steep,
To-morrow we will tempt the mighty deep."

A. F. T. CHORLTON.
The Procession.

Capping Day, as far as the weather was concerned, was dry. Taken as a whole the procession was a great success. Much fire-water was consumed, preserving it from the hands of those who should not drink; some little merriment was caused among school-girls (and flappers); a certain number of atavistic instincts were sublimated, and it cost only some £30 to pay for the damages. Altogether the Executive is to be congratulated—but is it the ExeC? And that is where the collar-bone of contention arises.

The Executive of the V.U.C. Students’ Association assumes full responsibility (moral, if not legal) for the Procession. It organises it (in so far as it is organised). It bravely obtains permission from the Chief of Police to hold the parade through the streets. It puts up notices in the hall. But that is all it does do. It can obviously give no guarantee that the students won’t get drunk; that they won’t break windows; that they won’t kiss old ladies who don’t want to be kissed, and affectionately crack a collar-bone or two in passing. It certainly cannot guarantee that all students are gentlemen, any more than the British Government can be sure that the Prince of Wales is always fit to become King.

Notwithstanding this, the Executive (supported by the women of the College—who unfortunately attend Special General Meetings more conscientiously than men) has decreed that the Association is morally responsible for the acts of students taking part in the procession. Oh! When are we going to free ourselves of this perfect orgy of spoon-feeding in which we are wallowing (or rather which we are swallowing)! The Executive appoints an Editorial Committee and proceeds to dictate what shall be published in “The Spike.” The Chairman of the Professorial Board wishes to censor the programme of the Debating Society. The College Council approves of the appointment of the Professors and then endeavours
to regulate what they shall say on social and political questions. The Minister for Education appoints a Board of Inquiry and then wants to overrule its decision. And now the Students' Executive desires to make itself responsible for the acts of the individual students during any College function.

Couple with this the fact that no endeavour at all is made (nor effectively can be made) to ensure the good behaviour of the students, and the unutterable folly of the act will be seen.

Any student now, without fear of incurring any responsibility other than legal (and goodness knows, the Executive will be assuming that yet) may take part in a College function; get drunk; break the ten commandments of Moses one after the other, and the ten ribs of a lady friend all together, and our beneficent Association will foot the bill.

Rejoice! Ye cultured students! The Stud. Ass. hath become a beast of burden, shouldering your sins in a manner calculated to put the Sermon on the Mount to everlasting shame, and to make the wisdom of Solomon sound "like unto the crackling of thorns under a pot."

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The Capping Ceremony.

This year for some unknown reason the proper Capping Ceremony was reinstated with all its former solemn grandeur. Instead of the Graduates going up en masse and being permitted to shake the hand of some prominent self-made man as a reward for much labour and intellectual ingenuity, this year they mounted the platform in sections and assumed a graceful pose while the Vice-Chancellor in sepulchral tones, which made one instinctively grope for the prayer-book and don a self-righteous expression, conferred upon them their various degrees, incidentally handing to each one his Diploma, curled up inside a cardboard cylinder.

The floor of the town-hall was full. Among the crowd one could see occasional students. Their bored expressions were in direct contrast with the eager adoring look in the eyes of the people. With marked reluctance they consented to hum the tune of one or two College songs. The crowd read the words on the programmes, wisely provided for the purpose. The platform presented a picturesque scene. The gowns of the Professors in general and one in particular added a bright touch to the rather heavy academic atmosphere.

Mr. A. R. Atkinson made some remarks which we didn't hear. Then the Hon. Downie Stewart addressed the congrog-audience We forget what he said, but it was nice and brief. After that the Vice-Chancellor persuaded the Graduates that they were entitled to write two or three letters after their names. As before mentioned, one or two tunes were hummed and somebody played the National Anthem on the piano, whereupon everyone heaved a sigh and went home.

SUFFENUS.
Undergraduates' Supper.

Far be it from us in our offensive superiority to make nasty remarks about the hard-working and indefatigable organisers of this interesting function; but the fact remains that a festal meeting from which half the students are shut out cannot be called a success. We sling no mud—we allocate no blame, but next year it may seem advisable to sell tickets only to as many students as there is room for; or else (to make another diffluent suggestion) to get a place big enough for all the students to whom tickets are sold. For it is an unsatisfactory state of affairs when a clamorous horde of hungry people (many of whom no doubt in anticipation of the supper have had no tea) have to be turned away to discover some other means of subsistence. In this respect then the supper was one of the worst failures on record; but those who managed to squeeze their way in and get a seat it must be said enjoyed themselves vastly. The menu as usual promised more than materialised; but what appeared was very eatable. Space does not permit the enumeration of all who helped along the proceedings by warbling and declaiming so delightfully and otherwise performing; but their efforts were a pleasure to the ear and a feast to the intellect. Professor Marsden, who seemed to be in a very genial mood, made some rambling and rather incoherent remarks about the working of the Professorial Board, a singularly ineflucitious reply to the toast of V.U.C. proposed by Mr. W. R. Kennedy. Mr. S. A. Wiren (who though he arrived very late yet surprisingly enough got a seat and what appeared to be a sufficiency of food) struck a more suitable and inspiring note on the subject of graduation and College-ties. (N.B.—Nothing to do with neckwear.) Proceedings terminated we believe somewhere about 11 p.m.

P.S.—The rendezvous, Messrs. Gamble and Creed's, Lambton Quay; the date, June 30th.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

The Ball.

The Capping Ball was in every respect a great success. The Town Hall was well filled with a gaily-coloured throng of dancers, who seemed bent on enjoying to the full the evening before them.

Congratulations to the Directress of the decorations, which though home-made, so to speak, were most effective. They consisted of streamers of lycopodium, stretched from the wings of an immense green and gold butterfly, flitting in mid-air over the centre of the hall, to the edge of the gallery. The lycopodium was gathered by enthusiastic students on Sundays—the butterfly was the work of some of our science friends.

The music proved irresistible, for during the dances the almost inevitable few were not to be seen standing about the sides of the hall. Everyone danced and every dance was encored, and encored yet again.
Fortunately the concert chamber was available for supper, which could thus be had in comfort and without the usual scramble. Perhaps this was the cause of the rumour, which said some were not in their usual health for a few days after the Ball—was it the effect of some poisoning in the supper supplied, or was it perhaps the result of being able to sit comfortably and long at the tables?

—CALPURNIA.

Sonnet.

The silent places on the wan lone plain
Where Lethe winds sad waters all around
The haunts of Death with never sight nor sound
Of men and mortal things, of loss and gain
Of love and hate, tell to the wearied mind
Of calm repose far distant from the vain
Dim echoes of mortality’s refrain
"O, give us Truth if Truth there be to find."
For here is peace, the end of all is here,
With time that falls oblivious, to heal
The scars of life, the loss that once was dear:
The shadow of a dream. Ah! never more
Stretch forth incessant hands of vain appeal
Consumed with longing for the future shore.

R. S.

Free Speechlessness.

How vain! Oh mortal man, to strive
Against the Devil of your day;
The means by which he keeps alive
May be destroyed, yet will he thrive,
Another way.

The men who yelled Democracy
And cursed the things that monarchs do,
Built up with Democratic glee
A camouflaged autocracy
And never knew.

A hundred, hundred years men wrought
That all might freely write and say
Exactly what they really thought
Without a summons to the Court—
A fine to pay.

How vain! To think the Devil dies
Because he has a Phoenix growth;
He’s back in patriotic guise—
And every teacher parrot-wise
Must take the oath.

R. W. C.
Association of Past Students of Victoria University College Resident in Otago.

Early in the year G. W. Reid, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce, University of Otago, received a letter from the Victoria University College Graduates’ Association, Wellington, asking him to act as the representative of the Association in the Otago District, in connection with a movement for keeping ex-students of the College in closer touch with the affairs of the College. He accordingly circularised those past students whose addresses were known. As a result a meeting was held at his house on the evening of Saturday, April 8th, when the following were present: 1905, Naomi Dallaston; 1906, G. W. Reid, C. Taia Reid, Eva Skinner, H. D. Skinner; 1907, H. L. Cook, G. M. Cleghorn; 1908, Edith Davies; 1909, Ida Cleghorn; 1911, H. S. Tiley; 1912, F. Robertson; 1915, J. H. Beaumont, D. Bruce, E. Butler; 1916, R. Gardner, W. F. Shimer; 1917, Dorothy Maclean; 1919, N. M. Matheson, E. Sapsford, J. S. Hornblow; 1920, D. M. Frengley, E. L. Button, L. Randall, W. R. Edge; 1921, Maureen Frengley, L. A. Riddell. G. W. Reid was voted to the chair. H. D. Skinner spoke of the need of forming an association of all past students of V.U.C. Membership of the Graduates’ Association was necessarily so limited that year by year this Association tended to become less representative. It was an excellent thing for any university that the past students should take an active interest in their Alma Mater. There were two chief methods of keeping in touch: (1) by gatherings such as these; (2) through the columns of “The Spike.” If we ever hoped to have an association of all past students the first essential would be that a card index be kept of every V.U.C. ex-student. Such an association as was contemplated, might be the nucleus of a wide-spread association, members of which could be kept in touch with each other and with College affairs mainly through the columns of “The Spike.” Hence past students should certainly give “The Spike” their support, and every centre should have a secretary whose duty it would be to give detailed information about students in his district. It was also to be hoped that some scheme might be evolved whereby Founders’ Day, August 27th, might be fittingly observed. After lengthy discussion in which some divergence of opinion on matters of detail was apparent, F. Robertson moved: “That this meeting is strongly of the opinion that the V.U.C. Graduates’ Association should enlarge its constitution to include all past students, as the best means of forwarding the interests of V.U.C.” The motion was circulated and signed by all present except one, and Miss E. Davies was empowered when in Wellington to get in touch with the Graduates’ Association, and to submit to them the signed resolution. The resolution was submitted to the president of the V.U.C. Graduates’ Association, who promised to bring it before the annual meeting of that body on June 2nd. A reply was anxiously awaited but was not received. Two letters were therefore sent reminding the Association, and finally, on July 29th, the following telegram was re-
ceived: "Sorry delay replying. Association declines sanction inclusion of ex-students. Suggests formation separately. Writing, A. Fair.". The telegram was communicated to the meeting held that evening, but owing to the indefinite nature of the message discussion was held over until August 19th, pending the arrival of the promised letter. The lateness in the session prevented further delay, and the meeting was accordingly held on that date, the secretary announcing that no letter had been received (nor has one been received up to the date of writing, September 13th). It was now evident that although the Graduates' Association had requested us to initiate the movement in our district, we could get neither assistance nor criticism from them. An Association of Past Students of Victoria University College Resident in Otago was therefore formed, and a constitution adopted in which the aims of the Association were specified as follows:

1. The advancement of Victoria University College.

2. To provide means of bringing together past students of Victoria University College resident in Otago.

3. To make use of "The Spike" in recording the movements and achievements of past students, and in otherwise furthering the objects of the Association.

4. To promote the formation of a general association of past Victoria University College students.

The following officers were elected: President, G. W. Reid; Vice-President, E. R. Davies; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Tiley. Committee: H. D. Skinner and R. Gardner.

All the meetings of the Association have been held at Mr. G. W. Reid's house, and to him and Mrs. Reid the sincere thanks of the Association are due.

Sir—

A perusal of the notes from Otago which are published above will explain the collapse of any confidence in the Victoria University College Graduates' Association that any past student of V.U.C. resident in Otago may ever have possessed. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the Graduates' Association has ever inspired confidence in any one. Its handling of the Victoria College War Memorial Appeal was timid. Its suggestion for the building of a residential college shows no promise of developing beyond the suggestion. In the prosecution of a constructive policy the Association has lamentably failed. It might, in fact, have been foreseen from the beginning that an Association from which two-thirds of the men and women who have studied at Victoria College are permanently excluded is likely to prove an indifferent guardian of broad College interests. It is even to be feared that it is likely to guard more jealously the privileges of graduates than those wider and more fundamental rights which affect all students and all universities. The blame for failure does not fall on the office-bearers of the Graduates' Association; it falls on the narrow franchise on which such
bodies are based, and the consequent narrowness of aim inherent in their very nature. A like failure marks every other Graduates' Association in New Zealand. The limit of their achievement has been the development of social functions purely local in character.

No one blames the V.U.C. Graduates' Association for its attitude towards the Association of Past Students of V.U.C. Resident in Otago; from its own point of view that attitude is probably correct. Nor must we grieve too deeply over the Executive's hopelessly unbusinesslike method of dealing with correspondence. This is due, not to ignorance of business methods on the part of its members, but to an entire absence of any enthusiasm for the aims of the Graduates' Association, a lukewarmness easily understood when their uninspiring nature is considered.

The time has come for the formation of an association which shall include not only graduates, but all students who have ever attended lectures at Victoria University College. The first work of such a body should be to draw up a roll of past students grouped according to year of entry, on which basis an association may ultimately be organised wielding an influence comparable with that wielded by the associations of alumni of the great universities of the United States. Its principal function would be to keep its members informed of the progress of Victoria College, the growth of its numbers, its buildings, its equipment, and its endowment, the policy of the Council, and the needs and achievements of its various faculties.

It is obvious that such an association can have its headquarters only in Wellington, and that its success will depend on the vigour of its Wellington executive. But its aim is a high one, and it is believed that men and women will come forward who will carry it through. Among the non-graduates who form a large majority of the past students of Victoria College there are many of our best and ablest, and it is hoped that they will play a prominent part in the proposed corporation. It is greatly to be hoped that bodies similar to that already formed in Otago will be formed in other parts of New Zealand. But a condition essential to success is the formation of a strong central executive in Wellington.

The suggestions contained in this letter would never have been definitely formulated had it not been for the contagious enthusiasm of Miss Edith Davies, with whom they have been discussed on many occasions during the last two years.

I am, etc.,

H. D. SKINNER
(1905-09.)

A proof of the report and letter printed above was at the request of Mr. Skinner submitted to the President of the Graduates' Association for any comment he cared to make. His reply is printed below. It is sincerely to be hoped that the matter having got so far will not be allowed to rest before some comprehensive scheme has been thought out and put into practice. It is undoubtedly of vital interest to the welfare of V.U.C., and present as well as past
students will do well to consider it most carefully. We regret that the communications arrived too late for further editorial comment. —Editor, "Spike."

Wellington,
September 19, 1922.

(To the Editor.)

Sir—

I have to thank Mr. H. D. Skinner and yourself for the opportunity of commenting on the above notes and Mr. Skinner's letter.

The duty of conveying the Graduates' Association's decision to Miss Davies was left in my hands; and the fact that no intimation other than the telegram was sent was entirely due to my omission. I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my sincere regret for the apparent discourtesy of such an omission.

The question of altering the constitution of the Graduates' Association so far as to enable it to include all ex-students was considered by the Executive who decided against it. It was later considered by the Annual Meeting. There was, unfortunately, a very small attendance and the proposal was again negatived. From the discussion it appeared that the majority of graduates present thought such an extension of membership would tend to weaken the influence of the Association. They thought the sounder plan was to increase its membership on the existing basis.

Personally I am strongly in favour of the Otago proposals and agree with Mr. Skinner in thinking that some of the best and ablest of our students are among the non-graduates. I think also that such an alteration as suggested would cause past students to take a more active and energetic part in College affairs.

I regret, however, that Mr. Skinner has failed to acknowledge that the Graduates' Association—although not as enthusiastic or active as he could wish—has still done something to assist the College. The War Memorial Window is largely due to its action. The farewell presentation to Mr. Aitken was an indication of its efforts to help in College affairs. It has in hand the preparation of such a list of students as Mr. Skinner suggests. It is in touch with the Students' Association in connection with various College affairs, and it has little doubt that it will be able to assist in the foundation of a College Hostel within a reasonable time. Mr. Skinner seems to me to have measured it by its shortcomings rather than its achievements.

But when this has been said a great deal of Mr. Skinner's criticism is too true to be pleasant. We need more members, more energy and more enthusiasm. We want to see more of the new graduates seeking to serve the College. I hope that Mr. Skinner's letter will inspire not only the non-graduates but also the graduates to a sense of their obligations and opportunities: and that both bodies (if they do not unite), will work together for the welfare and advancement of Victoria College.

ARTHUR FAIR,
President, V.U.C.G.A.
Seaforth Mackenzie.

New Zealand, as G. K. Chesterton has proved conclusively for the benefit of all who do not understand him, is not a young country. Her foundations were laid at the same time as the rest of the world, she is equal in antiquity with the Mother Country and the Continent of Columbus, even though, in her ideas, she may be something more than antediluvian.

But not even G. K. Chesterton could prove that the literature of New Zealand is anything but youthful; in fact there are those who say that it is not yet hatched and whose ears are anxiously cocked for the first peep of the chick within the shell. Katharine Mansfield and Godfrey Turner have failed to convince them. They seek the larger theme, the wider vision and the poet who shall write of his home hills. Some one said of the Dominion long ago that here everyone writes poetry and nobody reads it. And the statement has just that element of exaggeration which points its truth.

New Zealand has produced very many versifiers, mostly bad ones, as there is a sufficiency of volumes in the General Assembly Library to show. But of the others Boyce Bowden and Seaforth Mackenzie have given us poems not in the tradition, and have shown signs of an individuality both marked and interesting.

Of all New Zealand poets Seaforth Mackenzie is easily the greatest. The true poet of these tiny islands, at least in these more primitive days, must begin with the soil. The expression, the individuality of the race can be found most truly in the great outdoors and in his open-air poems Mackenzie was second to none. He came under the shadow of Kipling; but it was the Kipling of the best years; he was faintly brushed by the wings of the decadents and we can see the influence of Wilde and Dowson. But even when he has taken the form of earlier writers in its entirety, as in his French dalliances, we can see his personality shining through it, too strong to be subdued.

It is fitting that this man should come to us from the province of the broad acres, and it was on the plains of South Canterbury that Mackenzie passed his early days. Educated at Timaru High School he came to Wellington about 1903 and was entered as a student at Victoria College in the same year. He obtained a position in the Treasury while reading for Law, and later was transferred to the Public Trust Office. In 1908 he was capped as a Bachelor of Laws and a little later commenced in practice on his own account. But he had not the legal temperament; he was too impulsive and easy going, and within a year he had given the business best. He cut the gordian knot by leaving New Zealand forever. At Melbourne he worked for some time on a paper called the "Southern Sphere," which seems to have had a brief and unhappy existence. Then he joined the staff of the Federal Attorney-General's Office, where he remains to this day. On the departure of the Expeditionary Force to German New Guinea he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel, and on the military occupation of the island held the position of
Judge of the Central Court of Rabaul. He remained there throughout the war years, twice being Acting-Administrator, and on his return to Australia was appointed Principal Registrar of the High Court. He is now engaged, I understand, in writing the New Guinea section of the official history of the Commonwealth's part in the war.

In person Mackenzie was a most average fellow. Fair, and placid, with an open good-tempered look, he was in no ways marked out from the men of his year. A photograph of the "Spike" Executive in an early year shows him in those high collared days, a lurking smile which was never long absent from his face, a cultured face which reveals him as one of a long line of Seaforths.

"He was essentially a lotus-eater," said one close friend of Mackenzie, and we can see this characteristic plainly in his verse. The very theme of "A Leaf from a Fly Book" betrays him, and his indolence, his acceptance of the easiest way are set forth in these poems again and again. You will see it in his "Villanelle," in "A Song of Saddle," and in "Wanderlust," as well as in a wealth of single lines elsewhere. His imitations were both marked and many; but, as I have said already, he transferred some of his own vivid feeling into the method of Wilde or the jingle of Kipling. The poem with which he won the Macmillan-Brown Prize, "Empire," would never have been written without Kipling's "Seven Seas" to inspire it. But there is no debt to Kipling of either imagery or invention in the songs with which his blank verse is studded; still less resemblance to anything except the essential Mackenzie in the march of the blank verse itself, which is as individual as were the iambics of Swinburne or Tennyson.

For in Mackenzie, lover of fireside and easy chair as he was, stirred the vigorous blood of the North. In the green-sickness of youth he showed it in the songs of the wanderlust, of the beckoning road and shifting sky, that he has left us. Then it moved him to such poems as "A Northern Song," "A Song of Saddle" and the "Ballad of the Golden Hind." He had all youth's love of strange seas and tropic islands, all the wanderer's desire to see the surf creaming on far beaches and to leave eove and creek dwindling in his wake. "To drain brimmed draughts of beauty to the lees." Nothing less would satisfy him in his hunger for adventure in a world of dream. But the days of the rover are many centuries dead, and it was in "various violent games" that Mackenzie found his relief. Football found and held him and he has left us some of the finest football verse which has ever been written. "L' Envoi" has at once the spirit of the game and is the last word upon it, as on all games. He repeated himself in the "Sports' Chorus," this time in rollicking verse, but nothing can equal the message of "L' Envoi" which came from a man who, himself, was defeated in his first tussle with the world and who had to begin anew.

There was plenty of fight in Mackenzie. He suffered grievously; whether some of his sorrows were the mood of a moment I cannot tell; but "The Blue Waters of Forgetfulness," among others, reads to me like a literary grief. Personally, I think that he liked nothing so well as his pipe; there is a comfortable aroma of tobacco
around those many capping songs which he penned with a fluency so fatal to his successors, and I can see the mellowing influence upon some of the less-known extravaganza songs. For Mackenzie possessed an acute sense of humour; his pen was at once that of the wit and of the idealist, and he could mingle mirth and poetical image in a somewhat disconcerting way. In company with S.E he has been responsible for the most (I had almost said the only) amusing numbers in our procession of extravaganzas, and his skill in Capping Songs is so well-known as to need no stressing. Of all the sentimental numbers with which “The Spike” has been blessed his are easily the best, not only because they are few, but because they were written by a genuine poet with real feeling; and a poet who thought that what he felt was worthy of expression in the best manner at his command.

Never was poet so many-sided. He felt the physical appeal of the earth in all the changing moods of her seasons, he loved the sea, deep ocean, and fairway, and shoaling waters; and we feel that love of elbow-room and of a level vista which stamps him as a dweller on the plains; never quite reconciled to our northern hills. But suffering and clean humour and the finer things of the mind were of his company and, little as he has left us, there is enough to show that he felt deeply and that his writings are no sham. His translations from Calpurnius and Ovid, particularly of the former, are remarkably fresh and vigorous; it might be an original work, so evident is the feeling in it, so delicate the phrasing and little handicapped by the necessities of rendering the original. But the craftsman in Mackenzie gives cause for perpetual wonder. Whether he writes a few lines for the heading of some College Notes or the Easter Tournament, wishes farewell to a departing friend, or tilts with Villon in a Ballade, his work is surprisingly even in quality. Never does he fail to strike the correct form, never does he infringe the modern rule by indulging in mere decoration, always he has something to say and hits upon an abiding image. In earlier days he was not so free from faults, as the cumbrousome metre and stumbling lines of his much-cited “Inaugural Ode” can testify. These years of 1933-04 were not those which show his finest verse. For though he was already writing of “a want hands could not close upon,” he was as yet following in the footsteps of his metrical masters, and, indeed, in one sonnet we read that “sudden song bursts bright as blossoming brine,” a line which might have come from almost any of the “Poems and Ballads.”

Apart from this he has that astonishing ease of expression, that meet wedding of adjective and noun that gives the reader the sense of the inevitability of a word. Not that he relies to any extent upon adjectival effects. He sings the thing that is new, he has his own philosophy and his images are no book-inspired fancies. In him there was nothing of the library poet; his whole work is a plea for youth; it has the vigour of a young and virile member of an old and hardy race, free from the grosser corruptions of a higher civilisation, but near to his ideal; and the chance which robbed New Zealand of his more mature work has been a great loss to our national literature.

—C.Q.P.
To a Fairy.

*Discovered in the early morning dancing on a dewdrop.*

Dance, little one, dance!
Poised delicately
Upon your tiny crystal-shimmering world:
What whim, or chance
Makes you to dance this young sweet-breathing morn,
Wings furled—
Sporting there,
Limbs lightly tossing in the lucent air
In happy scorn
Of all earth’s bitter troubles, trouble-born?
We are sunk deep,
Deep in despondencies, and even in sleep
Troubled, we toss—
Count o’er the petty gain, the mighty loss
Of all we dearest hold, lose hardliest . . .
You simple one,
Look on the world and weep,
See all the things men do—
None,
None but maketh the rest
Of all God’s creatures shun
Them, for their greater shame.
But you
Having no name, nor fame,
Nor trouble, nor sad thought
Wearily to think on, leap,
Higher you leap
In the morning-sweet air, and fall
Back to the shining globe of your dancing-stage.
Ah! do you wage
Desolate war in your land? Do you call
Desolation, peace?
Well, do you dance.
Having the better part—
Dance to the flute
Of the wind, as it breathes without cease:
Dance delicately tip-toed, dance—
Toss each limb
Airily, to the whim
That lightly takes your happy, happy heart . . .
Then leap, cling
To a bee’s wing
Float on his broidered back to a purple flower—
Enter, and sing
The sweet-scented hour . . .
Now delicately, daintily,
Dance!

J. C. B.
"Leafy Bliss."

By ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Two years ago I did not know that Australia claimed a literature. I knew some of Kendall's lyrics and loved them, but beyond Kendall Australia was bounded for me by Gordon and Paterson. C. J. Dennis I will not mention since I suspect he would not enter a claim. One day I received from an unknown Victorian a letter which caused me shame. "Are you unaware," she asked, "that there is a new literature here at your very door?" Alas! I was not even aware that she herself was a poetess of merit, and sometime Editress of a literary magazine. Some day I shall write down my efforts to discover that new literature so mysteriously concealed from me.

Two things only will I set here for the enlightenment of those who may care to undertake the study of Australian literature. The first is that the best Australian poetry does not lisp of Lesbian love or of crumpled rose leaves. William Butler Yeats said once to Louis Esson that if he desired to found a national school of drama, he must write of nothing outside the country life—he must write of sheep-stations, of stockmen, and of cattle whips. The second point is that Australia possesses more critics than poets. That, of course, is inevitable in a country whose literature has scarcely escaped its swaddling-bands.

I should advise every New Zealand student to make some attempt to understand the works of this country so closely linked to us by new world ties. There are already two distinctive schools, the Melbourne school and the Sydney school. For encouragement I would quote my kind Victorian, Nettie Palmer: "At our best we can do work as good, and at our worst we can only do work as bad, as anything that has come out of Europe." Certainly some of her own husband's lyrics, and most of Shaw Neilson's stand the test.

The book under review here belongs to the Sydney school. Each school, so far as I can judge, has its own especial critic. Mr. A. G. Stephens, with whom I understand Moeriland feels a particular bond, is critic in chief of the Sydney school. He is editor of the "Bookfellow" and a master of the thing unsaid.

Mr. Crawford's "Leafy Bliss" is a promising work. It gives one a curious feeling as of blind fingers groping for a lode, longed for but hidden. It is a strange mingling of rock and ore. He feels deeply, as we New Zealanders do, the sad futility of the valour of the Anzacs at Gallipoli. Not even such shining courage can burn out the regret that official blundering has caused. Many of his shorter poems are on this subject, and show a fine and tender realisation of the proud grief of the southern mothers whose sons are clay to clay on Turkish ridges.

I am sorry in one sense that so few of Mr. Crawford's poems introduce the Australian countrysides. In conforming to the European model we southerners are forsaking our own gods. Said
Daudet: "I never wrote a thing I had not seen!" One feels that the author of "Leafy Bliss" could find some fine lines on his own hills.

The volume contains one very fine sonnet from which I would like to quote. It is called "The Spirit." It contains also many ardent love lyrics, and an exquisite small thing called "My Bird."

To Shaw Neilson we find this tribute:—

As in the songs of the birds
Notes burn and shine
The tone of his words
Makes his music fine.

This is fine praise, unselfish praise, and worthy of its subject. There is grandeur in the quaintness of this!

I ask not God to mend me or to mar
Who have my destiny and go my way:
Alone he knows the mysteries there are
Between fear's coming and desire's delay.

For the last I give the one that touched me most. It is not the greatest, but it is the sweetest.

Strange eyes that hurt my heart,
Ye sleep now, folded so.
Death has a curious art,
Strange eyes that hurt my heart,
The old, old love will smart,
The old, old tears will flow,
Strange eyes that hurt my heart,
Ye sleep now, folded so.

That is like a tune from an old music-box, sweet and haunting.
E. D.

God.

(Variation on a theme.)

I have seen God on Lambton Quay—
It was dark night and cold:
Ringed round with flaming seraphim
He was, and whitely stole.
He stood in that still city street—
No tram went thundering by—
Only the quiet city's breath,
And the chill wind's sigh.
He saw the seven planets of heaven
Swing smoothly on their way;
He saw the heedless sleeping city
How quietly it lay.
He saw the hills' dark loom—the night
With glittering stars was swept:
He saw his flashing midnight cross
—He wrung his hands and wept.

C. U.
The Tararuas: Tramping Pictures

Photos by celeb rtd V.U.C. Artists
More Interviews.
(By our Cub Reporter.)

(1) Auditor of the Basket-ball Club.

Abstracted and bespectacled he arose from behind a mass of papers. He appeared to have been wallowing in figures—columns of figures on innumerable account-sheets, piles of figures on vouchers and cash-books, pages of figures in ledgers and receipt-books, figures scribbled on the blotting-pad, on the morning paper, on the back of envelopes, everywhere; and even very attractive figures in the pictures on the walls. One was of the Garden of Eden, in which he was, I suppose, the adder.

He was ruminating on these figures all the while he spoke to me—a dry nervous old man wizened with cares and stooping in a methodical kind of way, under his load of responsibilities.

"The books," he whispered confidentially, "have been causing me a deal of anxiety. Not that they are badly kept—not at all; the big girlish handwriting, if not very neat, is certainly extremely legible. But they raise many very difficult questions which I have to clear up before I can grant my certificate. For instance, there's the value of the assets. The chief item is four gym. skirts and three yellow scarves (rather tatter'd) which the Treasurer values at 3s. 11½d. She says that is the sale price at Kirk's. I think, however, I should put them down at 4s. 5d., because the sale finishd the day before the Club's financial year.

"Then the Treasurer spent 4d. on postage stamps and failed to get a receipt for it. How can I be expected to certify that the money was really expended? And, if I refuse to certify, can I permit her to pay 4d. into the bank account, and call the matter square? You will appreciate the difficulties that beset the matter. Now in the leading case of Brook v. Mason," he turned towards his book-shelves, "the judges decided by two to one—"

But I am a law student, and dislike authorities. Before he turned round again I had glided from the room.

(2) Secretary of the Students' Association.

We met with a bump, but luckily I'm a footballer and escaped serious damage. It was on the Gym. pathway; the Great Man was in a violent hurry. But when I asked him if he could spare a moment, he said, "Oh, yes! I'm only training," and informed me that he hoped some day to be a great cross-country runner, and ran everywhere on principle. I murmured something about more worlds to conquer, and those who fought and ran away; but the G.M. had got his wind back, and I bowed before the storm.

"Yes, running grows upon one. When I was a child, I used to run wild. Now I run up against the Prof. Board, I run away from Garrow's class-tests, I run after the girls, I run short of cash and
into debt, I run amuck at Stud. Ass. meetings, but I can’t run a Capping Procession. However, I might learn to later on.

“If the authorities had known a good man when they saw one, they would have trained me with Tracey and Skipper R. for the Irish Olympiad. They should have seen at once that I could run the whole bally show. As it is I have to confine my energies to Executive meetings. When there’s any chance of talking there, my $\frac{P}{T}$, especially V, is equal to anything. For no one else has a hope of having a $\frac{P \cdot V}{T}$

“For example, there’s ‘The Spike’—has the impudence to let other people talk, and to publish it without my saying whether I agree with it. Naturally I sat on the Editor—until I found he was a member of the Executive and could vote against me.

“Again there was the trouble about the Capping Procession. Why on earth the Prof. Board should want to do anything, I don’t know. Can’t I do everything for them? Can’t I talk to and at and about everybody as well as they can? As a matter of fact I’m even better at that than I am at running. That’s why they elected me to the Exec.”

It was about here that my third fountain pen ran dry. I struggled—but vainly—against the swirling torrent of words, and woke up three hours later in the gorse bushes beside the path.

(3) The Secretary of the Professorial Cricket Club.

A jovial face, a pair of pince-nez, and a benevolent waistcoat; a voice that “piped and whistled in his sound,” as no doubt it should do, being a good Scotch voice and fitted for shrilling the pibroch of its clan. He informed me that the club had just been founded, but was enabled to buy materials through a grant from the Students’ Association. It had been resolved that members might play on Sundays—except during the cricket season. Moreover they would not play on Sunday morning, because Mr. Parr and Mr. Potter went to church, and might not be able to watch over them.

Although the Club was a young one there was every prospect of its putting a capable side in the field. He himself filled the dual position of secretary and wicketkeeper. It was thought impossible that he should be missed by even so erratic a bowler as Prof. P. W. R., and when Prof. R. bowled la balle, as Prof. B.—W. would say, “s’élance avec une vitesse terrible.” Under these circumstances he paid great attention to his diet, and refrained from strenuous practice at the nets.

The chief slogger was Prof. B.—W., who usually opened with Prof. B. The latter had been appointed point since he always adopted the proper standpoint. They had a fine left-hand bowler in Prof. B. E. M. whose delivery was most dramatic. It was perhaps rendered more so by Prof. K. dropping worms on the pitch while the opposition batted. So that the batsmen might not notice anything, the latter fielded at silly mid-on. Prof. C. generally fielded in the country; his favourite study was the stone-wall game.

They had placed Prof. G. at short-slip, because he was always trying to catch somebody. At first he had demurred to playing
when the wind was blowing, pleading that the right to fresh air had been abolished in New Zealand since 1894 and in his class-room since he first commenced to lecture; but he was finally persuaded to come and argue interpretations of the rules with anyone who cared to listen. He combined very well with the demon bowler of his side, Prof. A., whose googles would have puzzled Justinian himself and kept the opposition in a state of continual blockade. The team was completed by Prof. E. M., who was a shocking bat but a livewire in the field, and Prof. F. P. W. whose easy nonchalance in glancing and cutting evoked the applause of all beholders.

Prof. S. scored with commendable accuracy. Prof. H., who would act as umpire, was instructed to have an optical illusion whenever there was an appeal for run out or leg before. Mr. J. S. Brook would report everything.

I thanked him for his valuable information, and expressed the hope that "The Spike" would be able to record many deeds of derring-do by members of the team. I again thanked him, and withdrew.

(4) The Women's Vice-President.

"If it takes a Professor and four mathematics students thirty days to make a model of an icosahedron projected into the fourth dimension, how many x's will a y's student incur in arranging the Sydney Footballers' Dance?..."

The lady was soliloquising. Far be it from me to interrupt the tender dreams of youth, and for a moment I paused irresolute. At the same moment—it must have been a Bolshevist germ from the Russian Relief clothing—something caught in my throat, and I coughed. Immediately the soliloquy ceased, and a seraphic smile of sunshine seemed to light upon the room.

"Oh, there you are then!" said the seraph, "I've been expecting you. You're from "The Spike," aren't you. Fine invigorating little mag.—reminds me of 'The Girls' Own Paper.' Well, I suppose I have to tell you all about myself.

"The chief passion of my life has always been mathematics. When I was very, very small," she sighed, "I knew all those pretty songs about five little nigger-boys and ten little dicky-birds. I was so fond of the counting in them. I used to go to all the football matches and add up all the 'Varsity scores; I knew all about Balaam's ass because he was in the Book of Numbers and I did love cheques and things for the figures on them. I still like checks," she added wittily.

"As I grew older I found the craze got gradually worse. I would buy a dozen speckled oranges, and work out the latitude and longitude of every speck. I tried to plot the graph of a saveloy revolving in the air..."

I had intended to ask some questions about making Carnival costumes and how one might stop out late from the Women's Hostel, but unfortunately it was four o'clock and I was led to understand that the seraphic smile then bestowed itself on Mrs. Brook's tea-room.
"She Thinks of One Dead in France."

No questionings of fate nor broken cry
In all my singing:
Only, for me it sets the hoof-beats ringing
Down morning ways,
And slakes the lips of dreams (of close arms clinging,
And lilting days
With life a throbbing music) and so I
Sing on unto the night's unheeding sky.
I will be strong in the old patient wise,
And no more singing:
Only, to-day I saw the swallows winging
(In our own haunt,
Among the gums where last year's nests were swinging
All grey and gaunt)
Out from the blowing thatch for alien skies:
I think my heart will break when summer dies.

—Seaforth Mackenzie.

Roads.

The white roads lead to Wellington beyond the hiding hills;
It's the white roads I am walking beneath the summer glow.
They clatter over culverts, past advertisements for pills,
While the hill tops shout above them to the shadows stretched below.
The white roads run the easy way along the valley's bed,
And motors dash along them to the dancing of fine dust;
But the hill-path scales the ragged spur that juts out overhead,
And the stretching wires are singing as gust follows growling gust.
The white roads run sedately and are broad and straight and long;
But the hill-track takes a rambling gait with many a turn and twist,
And the hill-track dips and tumbles as if laid out to a song,
As if somebody from Brohdingnag had crushed it in his fist.
The hill ways are the fair ways though you stumble over roots,
And the moss is cool upon the banks, the lichen on the trees,
The rocks are tricky walking and the rubble wears the boots;
But he's a timorous traveller that heeds such things as these.
The arching green meets overhead and makes a kindly gloom,
Through tiny gaps of foliage you see the distant sky,
And then the track swings up along among the golden broom,
Above the little harbour waves that frothing hurry by.
The tui chimes his treble note from green aisles far away;—
Oh, glorious in the morning-light which falls sharp on the foam
Is it to circle round the hills above a troubled bay,
To hear the tuuis calling and to stride for distant home.—C.Q.P.
A Vision of Judgment.
Revised and Brought Up-to-date.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful... The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the wicked shall perish."—Psalms 1: 1, 4, 6.

"He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity."—Proverbs XXII: 8.

You are to imagine, courteous and learned reader, reclining at ease in your honoured but mundane chair—you are to imagine the wide expanse of the Elysian Plain outside the castellated walls and battlements of Heaven. It is dawn; the grass of those eternal lawns is gemmed with the multitudinous drops of Paradisal dew—honey-sweet—"lucent weeping out of the day-spring"; in the still, fragrant air rise up the uncounted incense-odours of the Gardens of the Blest. A heavenly lark darts upward, a rocket of song, and the silver sparks of his joy rain rapturously down over the crystal battlements and spreading fields. In the east, which he greets, springs, like an angelic swimmer into the clear skyey lake, the eternal bright disc of the sun, more glorious by far than that which lights our earthly days, radiant, though so old, with a kind of naiv and youthful gladness—for is he not also one of the Sons of God? In quite a different direction altogether, a sullen glow reddens the horizon, shooting up suddenly and as suddenly paling, but never entirely fading away; always that glow, somewhat sinister, is red and ominous. Two figures that since the very early hours have been wandering disconsolately over the plain and have finally come to a tentative halt outside the great Gate of Heaven, regard this direction with an instinctive apprehension, the half-formed anxiety of one who fears, and knows not what he fears, and fearing, stifles the half-born knowledge that would make fear insupportable. They are right—the guilty and the righteous soul alike quails at the grim presentiment—that glow marks the ever-burning fires of Hell. Over the edge of the heavenly plain, in a different direction still, appear the million circling spheres, wheeling with measured though frightful pace upon their appointed track into the illimitable void and black of chaos, unhesitating, irrevocable. It is an inspiring sight, but it makes one rather giddy.

The figures, distressful shades, that so long had been wandering, feeling that the time was now drawing near when Peter would come down to open the Everlasting Gate, sat down with their backs to each other. They were obviously not very friendly, although the younger had in the night made some futile attempts at conciliatory conversation, and seemed rather ill at ease at this their first sight of eternity. The older had an appearance of assumed jauntiness, a sort of confident righteousness, which however was not enhanced by the halo which he wore. It was a stray halo; he had stumbled on it in his earlier gropings, and thinking with some confidence (being a Scotch Presbyterian) that he might as well start wearing it immediately, had put it on. But it was a rather small halo
and it had slipped over his left ear, giving him if anything rather a rakish appearance, which accorded but ill with his expression of pious expectation. It was—but could it possibly?—Yes, it was our old friend Mr. Robert McCallum, M.P. The other was much younger and unfeignedly nervous; it was easily seen that he was (or rather had been till shortly) a Student. Both had unfortunately died the night before, and here they were, facing the Unknown, but too easily guessed. The student, to occupy his trembling hands, was picking up stones and throwing them at the rushing planets in their course. Not being a very good shot he generally missed, but now and again a fluke happened, there was a loud crash and a spurt of fire, and dismembered flaming fragments went hurting and spinning into the blackness. When this happened the Heavenly Children, who were now crowding the battlements to watch the new arrivals, clapped their hands and laughed delightedly, for this was the sort of unaccustomed treat they enjoyed. But the shade of Mr. McCallum was not pleased. "Don't do that!" he said crossly, "don't you know it's Sunday?... And besides," he continued irritably, warming as ever to his task, "surely you know it is wrong to interfere with the course of unalterable law? Why can't you leave sacred things alone! I don't know what you students are coming to!... Outside the very gates of Heaven!" he muttered. But the student kept on throwing stones wearily, for had he not heard such talk before till his soul revolted within him?—and the Heavenly Children kept on applauding, for they had no conscience, and they were very young.

At last as the sun reached higher, and the fires of Hell paled a little in consequence, Peter strolled down the golden street rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and jingling his massive keys. It was his job to throw open the pearly gates so that the Heavenly Children could flock out on to the smooth grassy plains and sport there through all the wonderful day. As the great door swung open and the laughing children trooped out the elder Shade frowned somewhat; surely there was some mistake, he thought; were the Children of Heaven itself to desecrate the Sabbath? But he strode forward boldly (and the Student stopped his stone-throwing and followed him) and demanded entrance. It was rather an abrupt way to address the Saint, the foundation of the Church: but as it was such a fine morning and there were extraordinarily few shades arrived (mortality on earth having fallen very low that week) he was feeling extremely amiable. "Well," he said, "you can come in for the time being if you want to, but you'll have to come up for the Preliminary Judgment at mid-day and then you may have to leave again." The Student shivered slightly, but McCallum, undaunted, walked right in; and the Student thinking he might as well make the best of a bad job, again followed. He was glad he did so, for the first sight that met his eyes was Sir Roht. Stout, clad in shining garments and striking upon a golden harp, come skipping down the street in a perfect ecstasy of disinterested delight. "Lo! how perfect are thy dwellings, Lord," he sang, his eyes beaming joy and goodwill, and passed out to tell fairy stories to the children beyond. The Student regained his breath and walked on further. McCallum he had lost sight of but had no doubt he was somewhere expostu-
lating with the authorities on the proper observance of the Sabbath.
He wandered on until he met an angel who offered to show him
round till mid-day, in case he had to leave afterwards; and from
this friendly angel he learned a good deal of interest to him, who
had spent his young life amid the cloistered walks and hallowed
halls of V.U.C. Many familiar figures he passed in the streets also;
Prof. Mac. came floating benevolently through the air in arm with
James Brook and gave him a good Scots greeting; and James
Brook, out of pure habit, moved him on. Later passed a radiant
figure, all heavenly smiles, coquettishly absorbed in a charming girl
—it was the Rev. B. H. Ward. At sight of these familiar forms, well
thought the Student, he had been but a stranger on earth—
Heaven was his home! And there, surrounded by a group of the
most delicate flower-like ethereal beings was, a long, drooping
blushfully aesthetical figure, declaring in an exquisitely modulated
voice on the vanity of Earthly Wishes—P.W.R., by all that was as-
stonishing! And his friendly angel told the Student much more—
Edwin J. Boyd Wilson on arrival had learnt with unexampled dis-
gust that there was no Tramping Club attached to the Everlasting
City, and agitating impatiently-energetic wings, had immediately
formed one; he was then crossing the Heavenly Tararua for the
twenty-seventh time; John Brown spent his days pacing the golden
streets in beautiful converse with old Oxford cronies; T. A. Hunter
—and here the angel dropped a tear—T. A. Hunter had stayed a
week in utter and miserable boredom—had discovered that every
thing was so perfect that there wasn’t the least chance of reform-
ing anything—and had indignantly demanded to be sent to Hell.
“Was he sent?” asked the Student in some distress, for he had
liked the hoary old philosopher, crime-stained as his days were.
“Yes,” said the angel, “he was—he was.—There are others there,
you know,” he added. The Student woke with a shock of horror
to the fact that he had not seen—but this is no place for painful par-
ticulars. “Good heavens!” he cried, “is Prof.—and Prof.—there
too? Where is dear old—a?” “Alas!” answered the angel sadly,
“they were very great sinners—what would you?—And remember,
there are a good many politicians there too.” The Student’s
happiness was turned to alarm. “My God!” he murmured, “I
must know my fate!”

Luckily it was just on mid-day, and all the inhabitants of
Heaven were making for the Judgment Seat, harping and singing
as they went. It seemed to the Student callous, but how was he to
know they had all been through the same experience, all been weigh-
ed doubtfully in the balance, all plumbed the depths of despair and
sealed the heights of joy? Unwitting, he waited trembling. He
did not have to wait long. There was a stir, and a great cry, and
the Lord swept forward up the alabaster steps to the Great White
Throne. He seemed rather tired, for he had been gazing on the
process of evolution all the morning, a slow process which became
rather boring at times, but in his eyes there shone a light which in-
spired the Student, he knew not how, with the beginnings of a
humble confidence. The seraphim finished waving their great wings
in adoration, a hush settled over all that wondrous white-robed
company, and proceedings began. A silver trumpet sounded, and
the Herald of the Lord, the Archangel Gabriel, called "Robert Mc-
Callum!" The shade marched forward to a little open space be-
fore the Throne and bowed low. "Robert McCallum," said the
Lord, "what sayest thou for thyself?" Then did Robert McCallum
take breath within his lungs, and he cried out with a loud voice:
"Lord! I am a very holy man! In my life I was a Member of Parlia-
ment, a most respectable position; also I kept the Sabbath holy;
Lord, I was on the Victoria University College Council, and I did
my best to stop Sunday tennis, but Lord, the forces of darkness
were too great for me, and I was overcome! Lord, visit now this
College with destruction and the students thereof with thy exceed-
ing wrath, for that they do play Sunday tennis, and thy Sabbath
is polluted thereby, and thy name held in dishonour and derision.
Lord, thus I strove, and thus did I keep myself unspotted from the
world!"

And the Lord gazed on him with tired eyes, and Gabriel blew
another blast so that Heaven trembled, and summoned the Student
forward. And the Lord bent his eyes upon him and said: "My son,
speak, what dost thou here? Standest thou unabashed beside
Robert McCallum?" And the Student lifted up his voice, and it
was a still small voice, and he said: "Lord, I was a poor hard-work-
ing student, as students are, and I toiled in the service of V.U.C.,
loving my professors and those set in authority over me, such as
James Brook, and some examinations I passed and others I failed
in, and on Sundays I played tennis, entering into thy courts with
praise. For this did McCallum call down wrath upon me and thine
other students; and also many other politicians bare false witness
against us." And the Lord paused and thought for a moment.
And the Lord said: "Robert McCallum, thou wert a Member of
Parliament, like unto Parr and Potter, and hadst great leisure and
emoluments, and thy path was easy before thee; yet didst thou call
down my wrath upon students such as this, harmless and inoffensive,
and cursed them exceedingly. Lo! it is written, 'Make no
friendship with a man who is given to anger, and with a wrathful
man thou shall not go: lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to
thy soul.' Therefore art thou not fit to sit before my Throne nor walk
in the golden streets of my City, which is everlasting: but thou
shalt be cast into the bottomless pit where there is wailing and
gnashing of teeth, and the worm that dieth not. For not for the
McCallums, but for all men made I my Sabbath.'" Then McCallum
lifted up his voice and protested. But the Lord said: "Take cour-
age, for there thou wilt find Potter, who spake evil things concern-
ing students and repented not and who is gone before thee; and
many others also wilt thou find who sinned greatly." And it was
so. Then the Lord turned him to the student, and said: "My son,
thou hast toiled well and faithfully, and thou hast done well to
love thy professors and those set in authority over thee, though
some were unworthy of thy love. Put on shining garments, there-
fore, and a crown of glory, and take a harp betwixt thy hands, and
smite upon it and break into song, and enter into the joys of Para-
dise." And there was a blast of trumpets all pealing together, and
a great cry, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord
hath spoken!" And it was so.

R. I. P.
Birthday Greetings.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that on the occasion of the celebration of "The Spike's" majority, we have received hundreds of entirely unsolicited and spontaneous testimonials from prominent citizens and readers all over the world. We print with modest hesitation a few extracts that have gratified us unspeakably.

"'The Spike' is one of those regrettable accidents which ought never have been allowed to happen."—Harcus Plimmer.

"I am sorry to see vice flaunted so openly in the face of the public... 'The Spike' pains me."—Hon. C. J. Parr.

"Ah! Child of my nurture, thou hast fallen upon evil days, and art become the handmaiden of publicans and sinners. II Samuel I, 19."—P. B. Broad.

"I have followed the career of 'The Spike' with great interest. I am sorry circumstances precluded me from purchasing it as I feel sure I could have raised the circulation several thousands, almost at a bound."—Shade of Lord Northcliffe.

"While expressing profound admiration for 'The Spike,' might I suggest for subsequent issues, some feature which will give scope for a little more display of the emotions. After all, it is Love which makes the world go round. I have discussed this with Professor F. P. Wilson and he agrees with me entirely."—Prof. Mackenzie.

"Congratulations on 'The Spike!' I wish, however, you would not send your rejected articles over here. Waste paper baskets are cheap and tasteful."—Ed. "Bulletin."

"'The Spike' is an epoch-making magazine. The bright, conversational atmosphere of its pages will go far towards socializing mankind. I myself have benefited enormously by its perusal."—Rev. H. B. Ward.

"I am rather disappointed... 'The Spike' once promised to become subject to the amusement-tax, but it is getting further and further away every day."—Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey.

I have 'The Spike'... It is a pernicious habit, and should be dropped."—Sir R. Stout.

"'The Spike' proves what I have always maintained about students, that one can't argue with children."—Messrs. J. P. Firth and V. Potter.

"For God's sake buy a typewriter."—The Printers.

"We read 'The Spike' with great interest. We are looking forward to seeing your comments upon our dear Daughter Mary's marriage. What did you think of Edward? He told us that he had written to all the primary schools, so no doubt you got a letter from him."—King George V.

The above letter was most gratifying, but perhaps the most pleasing of them all was from C. Q. Pope and W. E. Leicester.

"Although we have both been rejected by the 'Bulletin' a good deal lately, yet in our prosperity we do not forget the dear old 'Spike,' which took our infant efforts so kindly under its wing and in no small measure contributed to our present fame."

Another welcome communication was from Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky. It would be perhaps inadvertent to reproduce their exact words, but the substance of the letter was as follows: "We
have read with great pleasure the official organ of yet another kindred society. Best wishes for your widely red paper.''

Mr. Holland writes in somewhat similar terms about "your very bright (coloured, no doubt) little magazine."

Lord Jelliede's communication was not quite so happy: "I am afraid I must discontinue taking 'The Spike.' It is causing insurrection in my household, and I am sure any publication so closely connected with that pernicious Debating Society should at least be disconuntenanced, if not suppressed."

We will close with a very choice literary tribute from an anonymous correspondent (whom, for obvious reasons, we suspect to be Prof. B. E. Murphy). "Hail, oh 'Spike'! Effulent flower blossoming in a sea of dunes and dullards; whose clarion call doth summon man to rise from his couch of indifference and hold aloft the torch of progress four square to all the winds that blow."

GREETINGS.

Dear Spike—

Congratulations on your twenty-first birthday! We thank you for the invitation to participate in the celebrations, as conveyed in the pages of your last most excellent issue—and here is our modest but warm-hearted response.

Who are we, you ask? Admittedly you may not recognise us under the formidable, collective title appended hereto, though individually we were once of some account—but hush! we must not talk of ourselves, but of you.

Sufficient then, that as your grandparents and sometime foster-parents, we rejoice with you on this festive occasion, and glow with pardonable parental pride to behold the lusty development of the offspring (in part, at least) of our wild and radiant youth.

Why, what a man you have grown! Often we dream of the days when you were but a little child (a knowing child, withal), in the old days when we toiled up the hill to the Old Clay Patch. Ah! Those days, those days!

Now that we are exiled far from Salamanca, we find it pleasant thus to dream; but we have done something more than dream. We have gathered ourselves together, and, fortified by a "constitution" redolent with high sounding legal phraseology, we have raised the standard of the green and gold in this far-flung corner of the wild and woolly places. Already there have rallied round the old flag a goodly assortment of ardent clay-patchers of all years and all faculties. We have talked and sung of the old times, and we have talked much of you, dear "Spike."

By common voice we are agreed that you, and you alone can adequately fulfil the high destiny of keeping alive the old spirit, of welding closer the loved bonds that bind us to our Alma Mater—yea, though we be at the farthest extremities of the earth.

That you may grow ever lustier and stronger, oh "Spike," to fulfil that destiny is in very truth the sincere wish of—

Yours most affectionately,

THE ASSOCIATION OF EX-STUDENTS OF V.U.C. RESIDENT IN OTAGO.

George W. Reid, President.

Edith Davies, Vice-President.

Dunedin, August 28, 1922.
Something New in International Relationships.

Five months ago at Genoa, a number of harassed diplomats from many war-worn nations sought to find an economic way out of the old world's 'tangled thicket of hates'—and sought in vain. About the same time eighty-three men and women students, absurdly young—most of them undergraduates—were met together in Turnov, Czechoslovakia. They represented thirty countries, and seventy universities, speaking twenty-one languages, embracing all faculties and confessing seven different faiths.

Victoria College was represented there by Mr. N. Robertson, a V.U.C. undergraduate who left in the N.Z.E.F. in 1917, and has since studied Engineering at Birmingham. The New Zealand delegate found himself amid all the ingredients of an international explosion. The problems of Fiume, Teschen, Upper Silesia, Poland, and the Ukraine, were represented by students for the most part of strong national convictions and with little pacifism in their make-up.

Yet they did not strive nor cry, and when any man heard their voice in the street, it is probable that they were stunting for the edification of the City Fathers, or putting through a tabloid athletic meet under the joint solicitations of an American "physical jerkist" and a Cambridge "Blue," the two teams, "green" and "blue" being formed without respect to any race other than athletic.

In intervals of amiable revelry, they managed to put through some solid discussions and findings. The report to hand states, among many things:

"The Receiving Lands gave many a lead to the giving on questions of self-help and money-raising; the whole European Student Relief was conceived of as the Sharing of a Common Task; and every country present, even those in most desperate need, pledged itself to a big united effort to help the students of Russia.

"Unanimous opinion that it was imperative that European Student Relief should press on its work (a) for Russia, (b) for Refugee Students, (c) for firm establishment of self-help schemes in Central Europe.

"After seeing the work at first hand, and meeting and making friends with many of the students who have been helped thereby, I cannot say strongly enough that the work is worth while. The most apathetic and antagonistic could not see with their own eyes the need, and the work being done to relieve it, and hear with their own ears the gratitude expressed for that help, however slight it might have been, without being deeply moved."

This activity of Victoria College is one that very few of the public can find fault with. From our Capping Processions, our Undergrad Suppers, our Inter-Varsity Debates, they may glean an indifferent conception of what we stand for, and whether our motto means anything. But service with a dash of sacrifice in it makes its appeal to student and labourer, reformer and democrat, believer
and infidel, and it opens doors and makes reconciliations that the world is brokenly waiting for.

One might hazard as an up-to-date paraphrase of "Sapientia Magis Auro Desideranda," "True University Spirit avails where material consideration fails, and to it is sacrifice more fittingly paid." The university that can ring true to such a challenge need not fear for its standing in the eyes of thinking men. The universities have this year gathered some £1,600 for this purpose with some outside assistance. It is probable that this does not fully represent the victory of the spiritual over the material that waits to be claimed.

G. S. T.

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**Ballad.**

*Adapted from a translation of Gautier's story, "The Child with Bread Shoes."

Why do you spin a thread so fine?
Grandam, the moon is high,
And I must weave a shroud to-night!
I see a soul go by.

Whose is the passing soul you see?
Grandam, the stars so pale
Look on my son cold in his bed:
His ghost walks in the dale.

Alas! why may his soul not rest?
The moon, the moon is red:
The soul would have its body clad,
I wis, ere night has fled.

An oaken coffin he shall have,
A chaplet for his brow;
And he shall wear his scarlet shoes
And the shroud I'm spinning now.

He cannot wear his scarlet shoes;
They are no longer fair;
A rat has torn and nibbled them,
And dragged them to his lair.

Alas! Alas! it shall not be
That he must go unshod.
We'll knead his shoes of yon white dough
That makes the Bread of God.

A holy man is at the door
Hear how he cries for bread.
Nay, Grandam, let him empty go:
We need it for the dead.
The boy is laid within his grave
The bread shoes on his feet,
The widow and the grandam old
Have made his winding sheet.

Oh Grandam, what has crossed the stair?
A moon-beam white and chill;
Nay, chillier than the moon's slow beams,
The ghost came sad and still.

Now wherefore should he cling to earth?
He points unto his feet;
And still he wears the shoes of bread,
And else his winding sheet.

Three nights he came all suddenly,
And unawares, I trow;
And they have brought a holy priest
To lay the spirit now.

I charge you tell us why you stand
Upon the winding stair;
And while those hold their breath, do weep,
And smite the frozen air.

I weep, for though my body dies,
My soul clings to the ground;
The shoes you made of God's good bread
My winged feet have bound.

I pray you to the churchyard go,
And, sooth, at vesper hour,
With holy songs and holy words,
Beneath the knelling tower,

Take off the bread shoes from my feet.
(Oh mother! What a day
When you did take the Bread of God
And your dead child array!)

The moon, the moon may walk on high;
The stars be very pale;
Another night the moon be red,
But the winds round your grave shall wail.

She heeded not the grandam's voice,
Nor heard the vesper toll;
The night the son was born to Heaven
The mother lost her soul.

M. E. B.
Out of the Mouths.

By J. H.

I was in what the inhabitants told me is the most important town in the Province of Auckland, and therefore in New Zealand. Walking through the residential parts towards the centre of the metropolis, I observed emerging from a gateway, a large and wide male figure, animated by the shoulders, hatless and wheeling a trusty dirty bicycle. He stooped to adjust a recalcitrant shoe lace—no, of course he wears boots—and I passed him by unrecognising. He soon overtook me and we knew each other. An old student of Victoria he was—or perhaps he would be better described as an institution. "Hullo," he said, "you must come back and see my son." So he had a son, had he? I went back and he stood at the door and called—Peter (let us call him Peter as we must call him something and father and son may both wish to remain anonymous). "Peter! Peter!" (in crescendo) "Peter! Peter! Peter!" (diminuendo), and Peter did not come. "One word from father," I said, "and Peter does what he likes." Father called again, and after much calling Peter was brought and introduced and shook hands—quite an achievement for a child of two—and with the right hand—excellent guess. There he was, just like father (but we don’t mind so long as he’s healthy) with his head at the same angle, those translucent eyes and that stocky build. "Now Peter," said the old bird, "what is more than gold?" To a child of two if you please. "What’s more than gold, Peter?" But like all sensible children Peter wasn’t to be caught with chaff so soon. So the question was repeated again, and at last with the right result, for Peter responded, "Wrrrd." "There you are," said the proud parent, "he said ‘Wisdom.’"

Marvellous, isn’t it?

"And," I said, "what’s wisdom, Peter? What’s wisdom? Is it what Daddy hasn’t got?"

But once more I blundered. That apparently was another of Peter’s stunts, for father put the question, "What is wisdom?" and repeated it more than once. Then Peter again opened his mouth and said something that sounded to me (and my ears are tutored by now to the lisping lips of infants) like "Spit." Wrong again for father exulted that Peter had said "Sapientia." Poor kid!

His other stunt was to run a mile. Father trotted along the garden path a distance of four or five yards and encouraged Peter: "Run a mile Peter; run a mile with Daddy." And Peter stood stolid and stubborn. More encouragement and Peter strolled casually along to where a small fork was and proceeded to cultivate the garden.

Then we walked into town and talked of tempora acta—when all our stunts succeeded and we appreciated everything we did.
Memories.

Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram,
Rugis et instanti senectae,
Afflet indomitaque morti.

How the fleet years glide by. It seems but yesterday that "The Spike" was born, and here she is, a discreet and decorous young lady, not only with her hair up, so to speak, but having reached her majority. I was her first editor, but that was a mistake. There were many with better literary qualifications—indeed a galaxy of talent—including the genius who first came to light in "The Spike"—Seaforth MacKenzie; and I am forced to admit that the literary standard improved when the editorship passed into more competent hands. I can only take credit for the more modest part of contriving that the venture should pay its way, and the evergreen de la Mare, who was Assistant Editor, and I collected enough for advertisements in an hour to render the finances sure. We levied toll on our unpaid tailors and merchants, and it was their money which paid for the printing of the "good stuff." Why we came to choose the name by which our baby was christened other than any other has quite slipped my memory, but I remember the many hostile criticisms on its first number. We were told to sharpen our point—and indeed on looking over the first few numbers which lie bound on my shelves, I fear it was blunt enough. My friend, Mr. A. H. Johnstone (now one of the leading barristers in Auckland), called a meeting of students to protest against the crudity of the first number; and no doubt the spikiness of the criticisms that were uttered at that meeting were well merited. But the thing went from the start, and has never looked back. When the College commenced, there were a number of men and women well above the average University age, who had "felt the want hands cannot close upon," and had almost missed their chance of University education. They all helped, and that made the thing go.

I remember one first class joke I played on my two friends, de la Mare and A. J. Johnstone, in an early number of "The Spike." One of the most brilliant students the College has produced was Miss Smith. She it was who made the brilliant sketches at the head of each article which are reproduced to this day. I got her to make for me a sketch of Johnstone in tartan and kilts blowing the bagpipes of defiance at the gates of the College Council—at that time not so much in touch or sympathy with the aims of the students as it has since become. She cleverly cut Johnstone's face from a photograph and put the sketch all round it. I showed the sketch to de la Mare, one of the Assistant Editors, and suggested that we publish it without consulting Johnstone, the other sub-editor. De la Mare was delighted with the idea, and stipulated that he should be there to see Johnstone's face. At the same time
Miss Smith did for me a sketch of de la Mare listening at a telephone, the face also being a neatly cut out photograph. I showed this to Johnstone only, and he stipulated that he should be there to see how de la Mare took it. With some trouble I got the proofs through without either of them suspecting, and when the number came out they were both called together to enjoy the joke at the expense of the other. Their faces were both worth study when they discovered their own caricatures.

Our College has been blessed from the very start in having the good fortune to have professors of great independence of mind; men who have not only held strong convictions in their ideals, but have always been ready to fight for them if necessary. This has tended to leaven the whole mass, and "The Spike" has consistently reflected that attitude of independence and fearlessness. I notice that every now and then it annoys the politicians, at least that kind of politician who apparently thinks that loyalty and patriotism can be inculcated by Act of Parliament. When I see that class of politician complaining in the House that the convictions of the present day students are "as red as a ruddy rose," to use Mr. Punch's expression, because those students have discovered and proclaim the fact that patriotism is of the heart, and not a matter of lip service, I feel glad to think that the old place must be still sound at the core, and that it is still fulfilling one of its highest functions—to turn out men and women who know their duties to the State, and also their rights—and knowing, dare proclaim.

H. H. OSTLER.

Pressed Freedom.

All honour to those mighty men
Who lost of temporal power ignored
And raised for Freedom's cause again
A weapon mightier than the sword—
I.E. the pen.

They saw mankind 'neath tyrant thumb
And gave their lives to free the Press,
Through license for the inky dumb,
Indeed, forsooth! how could they guess
Evil would come?

How could they know that Liberty
Was of the temper, not the form?
Political supremacy
Assumes in order still to storm
Humanity.

They changed our masters (and we praise
All who the flames of "Progress" fan)
"Change is a rest," the adage says;
But still I long for times when man
Himself obeys.

SUFFENUS.
V.U.C. Students' Association Executive, 1922

Standing:—H. G. Whitehead, S. Goodall, Miss A. Lockwood, A. M. Cousins, N. G. Whiteman, Miss R. Gardiner.
Sitting:—Miss M. Campbell, E. Evans, Miss E. Madeley, W. R. Kennedy (Pres.), Miss M. Myers, S. F. Proser, H. E. Moore.
Physicalities.

It is now some weeks since our hearts, in fact everyone’s hearts, were stirred by the noble and self-sacrificing way our professor dashed up to Taupo to stagger around on the trembling, quivering ground, and erect earthquake apparatus to see if it was true that there were earthquakes up there. At any moment we were expecting to hear that the cold hard ground had opened up and swallowed our hero; but no—it was not done, not in the best circles anyhow. (Think of the opportunity for scientific research, inside dear old Mother Earth you missed, Prof., you might have seen the earth’s magnet!) Meanwhile, although our hearts were sad we kept a bright exterior. It is this philosophical turn of mind that enables us to face adversity of every sort and turn up with the goods, even if the goods are practical physics results. There is no doubt, however, that Taupo is a splendid holiday resort—ask R*g*rs. For information as to the time the train goes and how to know when a quake is coming so that you can put a good ten miles between you and it, see—well—either of them will do.

As good old Newton once remarked, “Action and reaction are equal and opposite,” which no doubt accounts for the fact that towards the end of the second term there were but few sparkling witticisms liberated. Everyone ought to hear the prof’s one about “mathematicians” though—really it’s good! That is to say it was the first time; they all pall more or less after the seventh hearing.

We are pleased to have a visit from Sam occasionally. Eight o’clock is a bit early though, isn’t it, Sam?

With the advent of spring, the ubiquitous poet once again wastes ink, this time apologising to Sir W. Scott who wrote the original. It’s peculiar, but the ideas of the poem are similar to Sam’s. He must have perpetrated it—but no—he is a teacher; still, his locks are long and lank, his brow is weary (apparently). But on with the dance! Let us break into song.

Wakes there a man with soul so gay,
Who ever to himself doth say:
This is my early lecture morn;
And treating bed and warmth with scorn,
Has staggered up to College?
Whose feet have ne’er upon him froze,
Who got up just because he chose;
No oath when the alarm clock,
With horrid din, his sleep doth mock,
So keen his thirst for knowledge.
Who breakfast any day will spurn,
For heat and light he sure must learn
If such there be—go—mark him well,
Let’s give, for him, the College yell.
With all his early rising, which,
They say, will make all young men rich,
This man will get into no rut,
Will, no doubt, be successful—but
We feel that we enjoy life best
Unwashed, unshaved, and yet undressed.

Thank heaven he’s got that off his chest! Tut! tut! We also seem to have caught the frightful disease. It is a fact, nevertheless, that one of the greatest pleasures of life is to set an alarm clock before going to bed, and then work a point on it by waking up in time to switch it off before it can go off and wake you up. Then you can go to sleep again and trust in Providence. Sleep would undoubtedly be necessary after the brain fog of evolving an idea like that.

* * * * *

We are very proud to have amongst us the Captain of the Science team who so badly defeated the Law team at football, in the face of fearful odds—a lawyer referee! Back on the old farm in the vacation, he further added to his laurels by scoring the one and only try for the savage bush tribes of the North in their recent match against the Other Side. The match was another walk over, the Other Side scoring only 25. Well done, Brit! ! Congratulations from ‘‘the girl with the golden hair.’’

* * * * *

Our special correspondent reports that Timothy is still ‘‘as you were,’’ and is now able to take tea at the Hostel (W.S. of course).

We are expecting at any time to hear of further investigation into Doppler’s Principle; a voice like Timothy’s should not be wasted.

The Conversazione.

And it came to pass that on a day, even in the term called the second, there did assemble the body, that which men called the Council. And the Council did deliberate greatly, and did say, the one unto the other, ‘‘Yea! verily! we have builded two wings. Let us therefore declare them open, and even have Jell do this thing.’’ For Jell, he was a great man, verily the highest in the land. And because they did say this thing they did summon Mar before them, and they were constrained to tell these things unto Mar, saying: ‘‘Even as we have said, go thou and do this thing.’’

And when Mar heard what the Council did say, he hearkened unto them. And he did call a solemn conclave of them that were under him. And there did assemble Rob the son of Rob, Mun the son of Ro. also Har, Fen, Kir, Cot, Som, all rulers of the land. And
Mar did say unto them these things, even as he had heard, and he did say unto them that were assembled: “Hearken unto me all ye people and go ye and do even as I have said.” And Rob did speak saying: “It is enough. Thy word sufficeth in all things.” And the conclave did disassemble, and each of the rulers did go his way in peace saying: “Yea, verily! we will obey thy behests even to the letter.” And the rulers did gather together their tribes, saying: “Go thou and do this” to the one, and “Go thou and do that” to the other. And it was so.

And because it was done even as the Council did decree, there did come a time which was the day of Fri when Jell did come, yea verily, even with his Satellites, unto the Halls of Learning. And Jell did stand in the new wing, that which was the Library and did harangue the people with honeyed words, saying many things. And he did say: “Behold! Even do I go forth to see many sights, them which are in the Wing of Science. Therefore it behoves ye to gird up your loins and follow me, and we shall see what we shall see.” For Jell he was a good man and did love his flock.

And many and marvellous were the sights that they did see, the number whereof was great beyond computation.

And the people did gaze upon them, admiring, saying: “What is this thing?” Whereupon he that was there that he might demonstrate did say: “This thing is such and such.” And this he would say aloud using words that were strange to the people. For the people they are simple and gullible by nature.

Thus did the darkness pass. And on the morrow great was the rejoicing among the tribes of the land. For on this day it was decreed that the tribes should scatter, yea! far and wide, and forsake the Halls of Learning, and return unto the roofs of the fathers of Zea. And thus did they go their way rejoicing, saying the one unto the other, “Cheero, laddie! See you next term.”

OVERHEARD AT THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Visitor from Konini: “What’s this sonny?”
Sonny: “This is a model of Mangahao, illustrating, etc.”
Visitor: “Good Lord! My Mangahao, how mangled.”

First working man to pal: “What’s this ’ere, Bill?”
Bill, reading from the programme: “Wireless hexhibit.”
First working man: “These ’ere ’Varsity coves IS smart, aint they! I c’n see the bloomin’ wires with me own heyes.”

First girl to second girl, coming out of spectroscopy room: “Well! I can’t understand what he said, can you Vera?”
Second girl to first girl: “Oh no! But didn’t Edward Henry look sweet with all those lovely lights shining on him. And he spoke his piece so nicely, too!”

IN MEMORIAM

Oh! hearken to this pitiful tale
Of one, our only one, female,
All help to us she flat denied—
She joined the chemists—and there dyed.

Inscribed by Conver S. Azione, 18/8/22.
A Chemical Nightmare.

One day while wandering aimlessly about the College buildings, feeling quite fed up* with the library and swat.* and seeking peace, I stumbled upon a strange place of which I had never heard before. It was a great shadowy room filled with mystery, like some hidden sanctuary, seemingly cut off from the rest of the College. There were in it, benches, with polished ebony tops, covered here and there with neatly arranged glassware. On the walls were many shelves filled with shining bottles of many coloured liquids and solids.

As I entered a faint aromatic odour was wafted to my nostrils, as of incense burning, and faintly to my ears came the murmur of voices as in prayer. Here at last was peace, I thought, and decided to sit and muse awhile in this delightful atmosphere. Unnoticed I sat and watched shadow-like forms flit to and fro. There were about a dozen people there altogether all busily engaged in some very serious matter. Their faces, through the dim shadows, looked grave, and their voices were carried to me in subdued murmurs. Gradually I became accustomed to the dim light and could distinguish the individual forms, and their occupations.

Nearest me was a man, standing over an immense glass bowl, filled with some liquid which radiated golden light, casting a warm glow over him. In the liquid swimming to and fro were great fish. I could distinguish Salmo irideus, Salmo fario, Salvelinus fontinalis and others. The man was continually taking small quantities of the liquid out into a small vessel and mixing it with other substances, thus producing a variety of colours and perfumes.

Next him stood a girl, her face was flushed and apparently her work needed a great amount of energy. She was grinding glass to a fine powder in a huge mortar with a pestle about four feet long. Now and then she would pause, sigh, and drawing her hand across her eyes, make a remark to the man on her right. He was occupied with hundreds of small models, of intricate design, and seemed to be continually fitting them together and taking them apart again. As he worked he hummed to himself a solemn hymn-like tune.

Opposite him were two girls, standing over a great vat; one was casting great quantities of white material into one end of the vat, while the other drew out pieces of every conceivable colour and hung them upon a rope which stretched into the shadows. Near them, perched upon a high stool in the midst of a towering mass of dark brown sticky stuff, was another man. He was passing the brown stuff rapidly through a succession of tubes and vessels, producing at the end a mass of the purest white crystalline substance. As he worked, his left foot swung back and forth, and he murmured to himself in low monotonous tones.

Beyond him was another who seemed to be doing many things, flitting from one to the other and singing softly as he went. Now and then he addressed a remark to one of the girls, who answered

*Scientific Terms.—[Ed. SPIKE.]
him with smiles. The last one I could see was a youth of fresh com-
plexion, who stood over a number of curved tubes through which a
many-coloured procession of tiny atoms was continuously streaming.

As I watched low music stole softly over the place, and from
the shadows emerged a tall form which seemed to float gracefully
towards the workers; behind the first came another form, shorter
and not quite so shadowy. As they approached each worker in turn
cleared from his task and bowed low, murmuring as in prayer,
standing with bowed head while his work was examined. The tall
form spoke a few low words to each and passed on; he was just
about to speak to the man over the great bowl when he espied me,
and turning towards his more substantial companion he uttered
some words in rather terrifying tones. The "substantial one"
bowed and coming towards me said, "Who are you?"

In rather a shaky voice I told him my name.

"What do you here?" I was then asked.

I explained that while seeking peace from the turmoil of the
library I had happened by accident upon this place.

"Do you know where you are?" he asked.

"No," I admitted rather timidly.

"You have trespassed upon sacred ground," said the "substan-
tial one," "this is the Temple of Chemistry, and these before you
are the disciples of the great god, and he whom you see yonder is
the High Priest. He has ordered me to tell you that you must be
offered up as a sacrifice to our god—come, follow me."

My blood froze in my veins and I sat rooted to the stool; the
"substantial one," however, caught my hand and pulled me to my
feet. Stumbling I followed him into the shadows where stood the
altar. The workers left their tasks and gathered around me. The
High Priest came into the centre of the little group and said in slow
solemn tones: "Here is one who has trespassed upon our sacred
ground, and according to our law he must be sacrificed. Each in
turn shall declare the form of sacrifice he desires. Brother William,
step forth and declare."

He who had been engaged with the models stepped forward
and, bowing low before the High Priest, he said: "Let him be link-
ed by a double-bond to a molecule of citraconic acid."

"Brother Felix," called the "substantial one."

The man of the fish-bowl came forth and bowing said: "Thrust
him into an evacuated tube and expose him to a continual stream
of a-B-and X-rays."

"Brother John!"

The weary looking one of the high stool stepped up, and with
a slight bow said in his monotonous tones: "Let him be drowned in
molasses itself."

"Brother Mae!"

The cheery individual bowed almost to the ground and chant-
ed, "Treat the rogue with conc. sulphuric acid and titrate him with
normal caustic soda solution."

"Sister Birdie and Sister M—!"

The two girls of the vat stepped forth as one and declared in
one breath, "Mix him to a smooth paste with p-nitrophenyl-nitro-
samine and add B-naphthol-alkali, wash him in acetic acid and hang
him out until he is completely dyed." Bowing low to the High
Priest they returned to their places, and the "substantial one" called
upon Sister Quasi.

The flushed girl stepped out and said in emphatic tones:
"Grind him to an impalpable powder, fuse him in a platinum cru-
cible and analyse him quantitatively for silica and the alkali
metals."

"Brother Lorrimer!" called the "substantial one."

The fresh complexioned youth strode forth and declared in
mighty voice: "Let him be dissolved in a colloidal solution, and
completely ionized by means of an electric current."

The High Priest then turned to the "substantial one" and asked
him for his decision. The "substantial one" considered for a
few seconds and then said: "I should let him simmer gently in a
thermostat for forty-eight hours."

Then the High Priest turning to where I stood, paralysed with
terror, said: "You have heard your fate, there is yet one way of
escape for you, renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, become
a disciple of the god of Chemistry and you may live."

I fell upon my knees at his feet and holding up my hands to
him swore eternal fidelity to the cause of Chemistry.

L. C.

Sea Friends.
The pathways of the stars
Across the dark sea-meadows,
The creak of swinging spars,
Will summon up their shadows.

The tropic-scented town,
The glare of coral beaches,
Will bring them floating down
The past's secluded reaches.

The flutter of white wings,
The sound of sea-gulls crying,
Will pluck on memory's strings
And send the echoes flying.

The rushing of the sea,
That mingled with their laughter,
Will set them sailing free
In days that follow after.

S. E.

Pacific Ocean, 21/10/21.
Plunket Medal Contest.

The Sixteenth Annual Contest for the Plunket Medal was held in the Concert Hall on Saturday, the 9th September. For the first time a charge was made for admission but judging by the attendance there are still plenty of people who take their pleasure solemnly, and who place the marginal utility of the Contest at some point higher than one shilling.

The chairman’s dress suit this year adorned Mr. H. McCormick, who opened the proceedings by confidentially enlightening the audience for the first time as to the history and the value of the Contest. Before he did so, however, the National Anthem was ostentatiously sung by way of rebuttal of the unkind aspersions that have recently been cast on the Society.

The first competitor, Mr. J. Young, in speaking on Sir Ernest Shackleton, failed to make the most of his subject. Instead of drawing a graphic outline picture of the explorer’s rugged character, illustrated by a few of his stirring exploits, the speaker paid far too much attention to trivial details of time and place. This method coupled with the lack of appreciation of emphasis and modulation, failed to stir the audience. Mr. Young, however, had the best and clearest enunciation of any of the competitors.

Mr. C. E. Ball handicapped himself by taking as his hero Toussaint Louverture. It is hard to be emotional while straining to pronounce correctly such a mouthful. Also the majority of an ordinary audience refuse to be moved by the deeds of a nigger whom they have never heard of. The minority who had heard of him probably regarded him as a filibustering adventurer instead of the saintly hero pictured by Mr. Ball.

The speaker was altogether too high flown and artificial in his style instead of adopting the simplicity of diction which makes oratory. His gestures gave impression of being artificial and spoke eloquently of an elocution teacher. Mr. Ball, however, with further experience should make an effective speaker. Pronunciation and enunciation will require attention. Incidentally, how does one “See the shouts of victors?”

Mr. J. W. G. Davidson delivered a strong and obviously sincere speech on Keir Hardie. His sincerity and ease of delivery might well have carried him to a higher place in the Judges’ award. He certainly disguised the process of memorising and polishing that goes to make the average Plunket Medal Speech, and left the audience with the impression that he was spontaneously pouring out his enthusiasm for his hero. He should be careful, however, not to bite at his words with clenched teeth and should speak more slowly. Perhaps, too, it would be wise not to give too much prominence on such an occasion to one’s own political and social beliefs—particularly if they are somewhat ruddy in tinge.

Mr. R. M. Campbell, speaking on Robert Owen, also pleased his audience with a convincing speech which in the opinion of many should have carried him into the list of speakers placed by the
Judges. He spoke with a fluent, easy, finished style, relieved once or twice with flashes of humour.

A hissing sibilant sound in some of his words detracted slightly however from the pleasure of listening to him. We imagine from one or two of his mannerisms that he has sat at the feet of a local Presbyterian divine.

Mr. J. McPhee who was scheduled to speak on Abraham Lincoln was unable to do so through illness.

Mr. P. J. G. Smith endeavoured to break the hearts of his audience on Parnell.

To the surprise of those who have heard him previously Mr. Smith superadded a well-sustained rich Irish brogue to the storm of emotion which appeared to be raging within him. He certainly appealed to the audience, which is the test of the effect of oratory. His chief faults are a far too rapid delivery, an overplus of gesture, and a tendency to keep on the top note all the time. In common with all the speakers, he should learn the value of modulation and correct pitching of the voice.

Mr. A. W. Free, on Sir John Nicholson, was not at his best. He devoted far too much time to unimportant and wearisome details of the life of his hero, and was somewhat artificial and parsonically sorrowful in his tone. He is possessed, however, of a fine cultured voice and with a good deal more oratorical fire in his delivery, would make an excellent and pleasing speaker. But, oh, that "recognition!"

Mr. F. H. Haigh made the most of a somewhat prosaic figure—Henry Stead. This speaker has improved a great deal recently, although there is room for further improvement. He should endeavour to overcome a somewhat slovenly slurring of his words and at times carelessness in pronunciation. A little gesture would also improve his style, provided the gestures are material and easy and not of the automatic pump-handle type that was in evidence with some other competitors.

While the Judges (Sir John Salmond, Mr. H. E. Holland, and Mr. J. H. Howell) were considering their decision, Mr. Evans recited as usual. Sir John Salmond then announced that the Judges selected Mr. Smith as the winner, with Mr. Davidson second, and Mr. Haigh third. Sir John (who by the way will always be a welcome guest at any College function, he being one of our early Professors who has since earned great distinction) then presented the Medal to the winner and in doing so gave some friendly advice on success in public speaking, advising his hearers to adopt the style of Lord Balfour, and inferentially of Sir John Salmond. There has been a certain amount of discussion on the award of the Judges, but the plain fact is that there were several speakers whose speeches were of the standard of Plunket Medal Winners, and it is no easy task to make a selection of any one of them as the winner. The final selection would depend largely on the individual preference of the Judges for some particular style.

Although the meeting did not close with a repetition of "God Save" nevertheless there was none of that seditious disorder which certain politicians had led us to expect.
Breaking In.

With this telegram in his hand, Gilbert felt more sure than ever that his was to be no ordinary mission in life. For four years he had been squeezing college life dry of all that could contribute to his filling a niche adapted to his special sense of a high calling. Now his last exam. was behind him, and he held in his hand a telegram offering him a two years' travelling scholarship in America, to pursue post-graduate studies in languages, social sciences, or philosophy.

The times were out of joint; but there was P. D. Gilbert, Master of Arts and of his destiny, waiting to feel its pulse and diagnose its ills and precribe for it. If it should put out its tongue at him, as it had to the prophets and sages of all time, why, so much the better for his diagnosis. His was to be no common vocation; no prosaic law, or teaching, or preaching. He must front "the world the flesh and the devil" with plain straight thinking, and a point of view that he was pleased to call peculiar. Being a philologue he used the word in its etymological sense.

His first week at sea brought him in contact with some nice people socially—the scholarship carried a first-class passage—and also with some nice problems sociologically. Behold him, then, offering a polite ear to Mrs. Hamilton-Egerton in a secluded part of the ship.

"Now my dear Mr. Gilbert, I know what boys are." (Mr. Gilbert's 23 years made tumult in his silent breast.) "I have boys of my own, so I want you to think that what I say is meant with the most kindly interest in the world. You must know that everybody is talking about you. Everybody else dresses for dinner in the saloon. Of course I realise that you cannot provide a dinner-suit until you reach the next port, but my husband has another one that he would very gladly lend you. I would like to say that my daughter—ah—hopes that you will take a sensible view in this matter, as she—ah—has found you do in all other things."

"As you have been frank with me, I can do no less for you in return," answered Gilbert. "You must understand that this is not a matter of necessity, except in so far as a question of principle becomes one of necessity. My studies in economics have convinced me that half our industrial 'malaise' is due to misdirected production. Only when we cease demanding luxuries—sartorial luxuries like dinner suits—can we expect producers—tailors—to set about clothing the naked. The same holds good concerning the housing of the homeless and feeding the hungry. Half our convention and ostentation is fratricidal selfishness."

"Really Emmeline," said Mrs. Hamilton-Egerton to her daughter later in the day, "I can't have you going about so much with that Mr. Gilbert. He seems to be a student, and he has such peculiar ideas."

Next day trouble developed in the bowels of the ship. To be quite accurate, it originated in those of a fireman, and was due his messmates averred to the fare served up to them by a soulless ship-
ping company. They were talking pointedly about direct enforce-
ment of their award if the shift went on one short and the food did
not improve. To Gilbert in the frying-pan with the Hamilton-
Egertons, the fire seemed a haven—if not heavenly, at least less
tophet-like. Besides here was a new sociological problem. So he
volunteered as trimmer, the stokehold staff was adjusted accord-
ingly, and above decks and below, all hearts were at rest.

Gilbert enjoyed himself. He had to wheel coal in a barrow
from the bunkers to the boilers, and the thought that he was for the
first time taking a productive part in the world’s work elated him
beyond measure. There was still enough idle discontent among
those fellow workers of his to make interesting studying. Fergus
McManus, chief engineer, was interested in it from the special
point of view of his steam-gauge. The ship’s reputation and his
own were at stake unless he could supply an adequate stimulus for
his minions of the shovel. He bawled into the stoke-hole, feeling
quite sure he had one.

Fergus was not used to find his word return unto him void, and
never before in thirty-five years on the high seas had a fireman
answered him back oath for oath. “Here, you Gilbert, or whatever
ye ca’ yersel’, ye heird what he said. Can ye testify tae Caaptn
Doanal’son that ye heird thon felly sweir at me?”

“I certainly heard what he said, sir, but as for swearing, what
was wrong with the word in question? It comes of perfectly good
romance stock. It was in use before Caesar’s day, and the ‘a’
between two palatals underwent the usual change in French. It
has perfectly sound relatives in Roumanian and Spanish, and its
German prototype is accepted in the best society. . . .”

“Hell and Tammas, what sort o’ a loon is yon? They hae gi’en
me yin o’ thae dawmed students. My Certes! A maist peecular
buddy for tae trim coals. It’s nae guid tae me. . . .”

Gilbert was not long making a special niche for himself when
he disembarked. The Trinitarian Church conducted a Down Town
Mission and he was able to revive a Boys’ Club which claimed him
in intervals of reading and laboratory work at the University. This
sort of thing had always appealed to him; how he revelled in the
rough and tumble ball games, the scout camps under the stars, the
talks round the embers of a camp fire. He was going to find his
vocation among these boys. They were responsive to his point of
view. At any rate they would get a live presentation of practical
religion, the works that make the faith go round. Two months
after he had been there he received a letter.

Dear Mr. Gilbert—

It has been represented to my committee that you as a student
of Regina University, may hold somewhat peculiar views as to
religious instruction. In fact, it is on record that you told the boys
that “a good honest doubt is worth all your creeds.” While appreci-
ating the motive that prompts you to render service of this kind,
my committee feels it incumbent upon it to ask you, at your earliest
convenience, for a statement of your beliefs, if any.

Yours faithfully,

L. SULLIVAN.

(Secretary Trinitarian Down Town Mission.)
My Dear Mr. Sullivan (replied Gilbert)—

I have to acknowledge yours of even date, and to allege in reply, that my beliefs, if any, take the form of a triple trilogy. If you press me to be explicit, I should enumerate them as follows:—

Firstly: In the world, the flesh and the devil.
Secondly: In mankind’s threefold heritage from the ape, the tiger and the donkey.
Thirdly: In the indispensability, in all good stories, of an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman.

Yours diagnostically,

P. D. GILBERT.

R. A. S.

A German Village in 1921.

On the bank of the Neckar not very far from Heidelberg is a quaint old village with a name not adapted to the English tongue. The river winds in and out and wooded hills rise on every side. The Neckar is—in summer at least—not a violent river, and every afternoon boys and girls, and men and women come down to swim. There are plenty of children in the village, light-hearted people—boys with close-cropped hair and bare feet, and tidy little girls, lightly clad, with shining faces, aspiring already to the eases of kinder, kuche, kirehe. In our gasthof were Maria, Karola, and a grubby urchin, made for mischief, whom I saw only half-a-dozen times in the course of three months. Maria was seven, dark-eyed, with eyelashes that foretold breaking of crowns in years to come, such a bundle of life and fun and fury as you never saw. Through the week she ran wild. (Just before we came away she was elevated to boots and stockings—after a visit to her grossmutter in Mannheim—but somehow we felt that with the hiding of those feet there “past away a glory from the earth.”) On Sundays in the village a change comes over things. It begins on Saturday evening—when all the village turns out to scour the cobbled streets, and put the woodheaps right, and in general make straight the way of the Lord. And Sunday brings forth a new Maria. A pink ribbon in her black hair, a white frock with all sorts of ravishing embroideries which come to a vanishing point at her bare knees, white shoes and stockings, a book of devotions in her hand and the light of Zion in her eyes. Oh, Maria, Maria! But that was once a week. On week-days you might see her with a pitiful terrier in train—the faithful Hector—or squatting on top of the wall across the street, looking down on a dozen urchins—enslaved like Hector. For Maria is made for empire. She is very proud, very violent, in her rule. I tease her at the door. “Ach! Hector, Hector! sssss—!” she cries with the storm between her brows; and before I know anything there’s a mongrel terrier snapping round my shins. But sometimes there is a gentleness, a lively kindness, in her voice that more than makes amends. As when she flies ahead of me up the
stairs and stops an instant at the top to say, with the softness of the ages in her voice, "Gute nacht—schlaf wohlf!"

Karola is a woman of the world. Is she not four years older than Maria! She is not a beauty. The chief thing about her is a genius for contempt—a shrug of the shoulders, a curl of the lips, a toss of the head, and you are withered into nothing. She cultivates a sort of indifferentism which has already come out in her very gait. But withal a certain intermittent curiosity in the face of the world which bends her energies to mastering of English and French conjugations, and brings out abrupt questions about England and our homes across the world. There is no romancing in Karola—all ready feeling the burden and mystery of things—but the makings of a better Frau, I think, than Miss Vivacity, her sister.

Our village has its bevy of plump maidens and its gang of amorous amlings. The latter have their meeting-place in front of a barber's shop not far from Zum Wilden Schwein, which is the name of the place we live in. In the main they are true to a type the whole world knows. Their chief thoughts are for pretty maidens; and if not pretty, plump. I daresay their rivalries are keen, even to the crowding out of every other interest—though they seem to be fairly industrious. But in the latter days there is a new interest among them. On Sundays they go off to church or to a dance in a neighbouring village—as nature or vater directs. But if you stand at the barber's door some evening you may hear what will make you prick up your ears—a babble of "antimilitarismus," "Erzberger," "Wirth," "Überschlesien," "Sozialdemokratie," and the rest; or if there is no one in the usual haunt you may find them at the Prinz Karl, holding a meeting of the village Communist Society. If the tone of this is not to your liking and you saunter round to the Kaiserhof, by chance you may find their mothers and fathers devouring the fire of Herr Puffendorf, him whose brother-in-law was general in the Prussian Army. Several years ago the Revolution came to the village. Our friend Braun, the student, laughed very heartily when he talked of this. The mild Badener were bewildered when they heard of it—what was coming over the Fatherland? But Herr Meyerben, the fat mayor, and Herr Stolz, the Chief of Police, with his sword at his side, were strangely wanting in patriotic fervour—waiting meantime for orders which never came. The one man with any feeling for the dramatic possibilities of the situation was Herr Tiefschhammer, the fat man who never wears a collar, owner of the Hohenzollern Biergarten. The Herr mounted a truck in the Marktplatz and harangued the astonished village. His theme was Red Revolution, and the chief plank in his platform free rides on the tram. The village resigned itself to the Revolution, in the course of months forgot the Kaiser, and except for the taxes goes on much the same as before.

The Valley of the Neckar is very pleasant, and every Sunday bands of youths and maidens make their way up from Heidelberg. From about seven in the morning we used to hear the lilt of their marching songs, and the clatter of feet on the cobbles under our windows. Sometimes they came in bands of twenty, sometimes only five or six, sometimes as many as a hundred—but always with
a lively tune and a brisk step. Commonly men and women were
together. The men were dressed rather quaintly—the inevitable
little soft hat, a coloured blouse, and shorts, with various attempts
at adornment; the women were without hats—the sun having no
terrors for them—wearing one-garment dresses, with low neck,
short sleeves and short skirt. A few carried guitars or violins,
knocking out a tune as they went. Towards evening they returned
and you might see them waiting for the train—very tired but very
happy.

Of course the village played its part in the War. All the young
men went off to train or to fight. Some of them went down into
Bavaria to enlist; for the Badener does not love the Prussian. Our
student had a year in barracks and two years in the north of
France. He was shocked at the morals of the young women he met.
He came back whole, but his brother came back to die in his
mother’s arms. The Pastor’s wife, to whom we took word of her
English friends, had lost two boys. Just down the street was a
broken youth, coughing his life away, gassed in Flanders. But the
war apparently had its comic side even here. We heard how the
old men saw mysterious signs on the hill across the river, how they
organised a relay of snipers, and lay for hours and hours firing at
imaginary spies. We heard how they posted a guard, armed with
a shotgun, at the top of the great gate at the end of the village to
challenge all comers, and how an impatient staff car was greeted
with a hail of shot and the driver plugged with lead. And, of
course, we heard tales of real war as the Germans found it.

A quaint old village. But type of many—I daresay—scattered
through Germany. Ordinary people, ordinary griefs and ordinary
pleasures, ordinary frailty and ordinary goodness—plain folk
driven out of their routine by the shock of war. Very kindly we
found them, not remarkably un-English, and one at least a great
admirer of English political forms.

H. M.

Design.
The stars a-straggle on the Milky Way
Seem tossed about in mindless disarray,
E’en as the lights that foot the dim-lined hill
Haphazard pour into the glimmering bay:

And we know that the lamplights’ muddled spill
But masks the symmetry designed of will;
Then how can we who tread the ordered way
Write down the stars to one vast feckless Nil?

P. J. S.
THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Speaking as a mere Arts student, with but a very general interest in the cult of the divinity Scientia, we must admit we were vastly intrigued by the Conversazione. The spinal cord of the crayfish—but let us begin at the beginning. On Friday, August 18th, with interest properly piqued by the articles in the newspapers and the general atmosphere of delightful expectancy, we made our way to the New Library, of immortal fame, to be present at the formal Opening of the New Wings by His Excellency the Governor-General, Viscount Jellicoe, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O. (quotation from the official programme). His Excellency was late, but of course we were lucky to have him at all. The remarks of the Chairman, Mr. P. Levi, we did not catch. We had no difficulty in catching His Excellency's, however; the quarter-deck manner is very refreshing. Someone had thoughtfully provided him with a copy of "The Old Clay Patch" from which he read suitable extracts, and then formally declared the New Wings well and truly opened for the general use and instruction. Mr. Levi then apologised for the present state of the Memorial Window, which indeed is not a very inspiring sight. Wherupon we advanced unto the Science Wing, and really enjoyed ourselves for a considerable time among the weird contrivances devoted to (a) Geology and Physical Geography, (b) Physics, (c) Botany and Zoology, (d) Chemistry, (e) Mathematics. The working model of the geyser was very spectacular. The X-rays as usual went hung as soon as we appeared. The Ciliated Protozoa gave us some hectic moments. The Auditory Region of the Dogfish also provided a spectacle of no mean order. We confess, however, to disappointment in Obelia, a Marine Animal; we had expected great things from Obelia. Alas! She was deceptive like all her sex. The dissected Rabbit we were sorry for. The Metallurgical Room first attracted us, and then repelled, by its peculiar variety of odours. The Fluorescent Fountain was a very charming little thing. The intricacies of the Mathematical Exhibits left us, we regret to say, a trifle cold. Our brain stumbled somewhat at the detached and philosophical contemplation of five dimensions. There were many other enormously attractive exhibits, which all in their turn held our riveted attention. They were all engineered and explained entirely by our talented scientific brothers and sisters, whose efforts we cannot praise and admire enough, though frankly, we did not on the whole find them very enlightening. However, the Scientific
Spirit, the idea of pure devotion to Truth as exemplified in the Dog-fish and the Rabbit, is a thing we in our lowliness may hope for not perhaps for a long time. Meanwhile, back we sink to the common round and daily task—wonders have been vouchsafed to us and are no more.

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FAREWELL TO GEORGE AITKEN.

On July 22, the eve of his departure for Oxford, a farewell dance was held in the Gymnasium in honour of the Rhodes Scholar. The evening was most enjoyable and a large number of students took the opportunity of wishing him the best of luck and "bon voyage." During the evening Mr. E. Evans in a brief speech referred to his success in the various phases of college life, and on behalf of his fellow students presented him with a cheque as a token of the good fellowship with which he was regarded by all. Professor Boyd-Wilson as president of the Football Club alluded to Aitken's prowess on the football field both as a player and a leader. Mr. Aitken thanked the speakers and his fellow students, and said he was sorry to leave V.U.C. where he had spent some of his happiest days. The gathering sang "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow," and dancing was resumed and carried on until a late hour.

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BIRTHS, DEATHS, ENGAGEMENTS AND MARRIAGES.

ACTUAL OR THREATENED.

Marriage.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments..."

—Sonnets, CXXI.

Iris H. Woodhouse to John G. Myers.

Engagement.

"I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come."—"As You Like It."

Eileen Coull to H. G. Whitehead.

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THE FOOTBALL DANCE.

"There was a sound of revolry by night,
And in the glittering Town Hall, gathered there,
Were Sydney's Chivalry, Victoria's Fair."

The Ball in honour of the Sydney 'Varsity Footballers was quite a cheerful affair. Among those present were a few V.U.C. students. The hall was decorated with a somewhat tangled mass of green and gold streamers, which looked fairly effective until some misguided genius, under the influence of supper, dragged ("G. G. A's, not Mr. Evans").
them all down half way through the evening. After that the dance
ers ploughed through the decorations adorning the floor. No strik-
ing incidents occurred. A few of the Sydney Boys, just to show
they were from Sydney and not of the common herd, became some-
what blotto towards the end of the evening and endeavoured to as-
sist the working of the orchestra. Otherwise they appeared to be
nonentities. At about 1.30 a.m. Mr. H. E. Moore appeared on the
platform in a rather charming dress suit of black cloth, and
announced in his resonant voice that late cars would leave at 2
o'clock for various parts of the town. And so at 2 o'clock the
orchestra played half of "God Save the King" just to show that
the Varsity is not entirely disloyal, and we staggered forth, the
blessed ones with, and the disappointed ones without a fair maiden
to lead home.

The success of the Ball was due to a hardworking committee
with Mr. E. C. Wiren as secretary.

THE PHYSICS PROF.—AN APPRECIATION.

And so he is to leave us! It is most certainly with feelings of
regret that we hear that Professor Marsden is to resign his position
as our Phvs. cs Professor, and go over to the Government as
Assistant Director of Education. In the years we have worked
under him, we have always felt that we have had a scientific enthu-
siast to guide us—a man, who, from the start, inspired confidence in
us. His breezy manner and ready wit made it practically impos-
sible to sleep through lectures, so that we could enjoy them to
the full. In practical work, he was always there to keep us up to
the mark and help us to get an occasional decent result. Once a
man showed himself to be enthusiastic, he had the Prof. on his side.
The loss of our Chief will be one of our misfortunes, but it is indeed
a happy day for the Department of Education. The Prof. is still
young, and we sincerely hope he will continue to climb higher and
higher in the educational world.

However, if his sentiments towards us are those of one of the
patriotic songs so loudly sung at the beginning of the late war, if
he can sing with it—

"Oh! I don't want to leave you
But I think I ought to go"

we will be satisfied. We don't want to lose him; but no doubt he
will keep a friendly eye on us from his stool in the Government
Buildings, and when he gets the chance, wring a few thousand of
the best out of his Department and give it us to buy scientific
apparatus. That would be a splendid parting gift to us. (Take
note Prof.)

It is perhaps a little early to say good-bye just yet, so let us
conclude by congratulating Professor Marsden most heartily on his
appointment to so important a position in the Dominion, and say,
one and all, that the Government have done us out of a good man.

P. S.
To date the Debating Society has had a somewhat eventful year, and the Secretary has had the pleasure of interviewing several of the greatest men in the land. It is at present uncertain whether he will have to proceed to Downing Street which, no doubt, has ere this learnt of the activities of the Society, and give assurances that discussion of the great problems of the day does not constitute disloyalty.

One of the early brickbats bestowed on the Society related to the patronage. At the last annual general meeting His Excellency, the Governor-General was duly re-elected patron, and his acceptance of the position sought. In reply came a request for a list of this year’s subjects for debate, which was complied with. Finally a communication was received stating that His Excellency “does not feel that he can accept the position, as the subjects chosen for Debate include some with which he does not think he can properly associate himself.”

The attitude taken up by His Excellency is that certain of the subjects being of a political nature his acceptance of the patronage would mean that he countenanced these subjects. A Governor-General must have no politics, no matter what his private opinions may be. Until such time as the Society decides to omit such subjects from its programme he must regretfully decline to accept the office of patron.

With all due deference to His Excellency it is submitted that the position taken up by him is untenable. To decide the question on the basis of whether or not members will discuss academic or political subjects is simply to lose sight of the true nature of a Debating Society. The very essence of a debate is the idea that there are two sides to every question and to say that students should seek enlightenment only on subjects other than politics appears extraordinary. Are we to discuss the great and burning subjects of the day or content ourselves with subjects such as: “That the study of poetry is of greater intellectual value than the study of history”?

When it is considered that this is an example of subjects strenuously debated in past years it is not to be wondered at that the discussion attracted vast audiences of five or six.

Thanks to the profound intelligence of some of the chosen representatives of this young democracy the Society’s activities are now appreciated from the North Cape to Stewart Island. Such a splendid advertisement seldom falls to the lot of any Society and the gratitude of our members knows no bounds. The real point at issue was as to whether a group of politicians well with impunity set up a dummy, and have him, under the shield of privilege, defame certain of his fellowmen. Such tactics may be good politics with the elections near at hand, but we would have these politicians know that while we pity their failure we despise and detest them. It would be wonderful to make further comment; suffice it to say that it is high time every intelligent being in the community awoke to the deplorable level to which politics have sunk in this country and come to realise the truly terrible fact that less than one per cent. of the men who go through the New Zealand University enter politics. Surely this is a damning indictment of present-day education and citizenship. When will some brave man arise and explode the prevailing theory that to be successful in the political field in this country it is necessary, first, to be on the verge of senile decay, and second, to have made money out of your fellowmen sufficient to provide a cloak of smug respectability?

On June 10th the subject for discussion was “That the New Zealand University should exist for the purpose of general culture and not for the purpose of providing a specialised training for an industrial, a commercial or a professional career,” Messrs. A. M. Cousins and A. B. Croker were the movers, and Messrs. J. B. Yaldwyn and R. M. Campbell the opposers. The ideas of the affirmative are well summed up in an extract from John Henry Newman:—

“This process of training, by which the intellect, instead of being formed or sacrificed to some particular or accidental purpose, some specific trade or profession, or study or science, is disciplined for its own sake, for the perception of its own proper object, and for its own highest culture, is called Liberal Education.

“Some insist that education should be confined to some particular and narrow end, and should issue in some definite work, which can be weighed and measured,
as if everything, as well as every person, had its price; and that where there has been a great outlay, they have a right to expect a return in kind. That is called making education and instruction 'useful' and 'utility' becomes their watchword.' The opposers laid stress on the fact that this was the age of commercialism and that lack of time precluded anything but specialisation. A liberal education was possible only for the sons of the wealthy. The motion on being put to the meeting was declared carried by a small majority. The judge, Mr. P. Levi, placed the highest praise in the following order: Messrs. Taidwyn, Campbell, Cousins, Wood, and Free.

The first Visitors' Debate of the year took place on the 24th June. Resolved: "That insistence upon external symbols of loyalty retards rather than assists true patriotism." The mover, Mr. C. E. Ball, was seconded by Mr. Moses Ayrton, National Secretary of the New Zealand Labour Party, while the opposer. Mr. C. Q. Pope was supported by Sir John Luke, M.P. The affirmative held that the harm lay not in the symbols, but in their abuse. In New Zealand, compulsory symbolism in loyalty was being exploited for political purposes and the elimination of all forms of cant was one of the needs of the day. The way to foster devotion to the country was to make the country in the highest degree worthy of that devotion.

For the negative it was contended that as a people the British were inclined to hide their patriotism, and it was necessary to provide means for the expression of their sentiment. No loyal member of the community could regard the practices as of place but, on the contrary, they were urged to encourage a true spirit of patriotism. The motion was carried by a large majority.

The judge, Mr. G. G. Watson, placed the best speakers in the following order: Messrs. Davidson, Pope, Campbell, Wood, Free, and Miss Patterson.

On Saturday, the 8th July, the motion was "That the New Zealand Labour Party is Fitted to Govern." Messrs. J. W. G. Davidson and R. M. Campbell were for the affirmative, and Messrs. A. Free and D. R. Wood for the negative. The motion was carried by a large majority. The many and great ideas embodied therein. Mr. Free and his colleague drew a lurid picture of the wickedness of the Party and the revolutionary character of its proposals. It was also pointed out that the members of the Government must be gentlemen. The motion was declared lost by one vote. The judge, Mr. D. Smith, placed the best speakers as follows: Messrs. Davidson, Campbell, Wood, Haigh, and Free.

The subject for debate on 29th July was "That the present parliamentary system of Government in New Zealand should be abolished." Messrs. P. H. Haigh and R. M. Campbell were the movers, and Messrs. W. Davidson, and N. J. Lewis upheld the present parliamentary system. It was contended by the affirmative that Parliament was out of touch with the daily life of the people, and this was largely due to the way in which it was elected. The present arbitrary division of the country into geographical areas might be replaced by a system with an industrial and professional basis, and so secure some definite relation between Parliament and the vital interests of the people. Lord Bryce was authority for the low level of intelligence brought into the Parliament of New Zealand under the present system. The opposers maintained that the present Parliamentary system provided effective machinery for government. Also it was capable of meeting the changing needs of the country. In any case, the present was certainly not the time to propose changes in the constitution of Parliament. The judge, Mr. H. H. Cornish, placed the best five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Campbell, Davidson, Heron, Haigh, and Wood.

The motion on being put to the meeting, was declared carried.

The fifth of August saw the Annual Debate with the Social Democratic Party, who were represented by Messrs. P. Fraser, M.P., and T. Brindle. These gentlemen moved: "That only by the adoption of Socialism can the highest form of intellectual freedom be attained." The Society representatives were Messrs. P. J. Smith, and F. H. Haigh. The movers set out to vindicate the system and contended that each individual had an opportunity to make good. The world social conditions were gradually being bettered, and in this lay the hope of mankind. Conditions under Socialism would be such that the leaders would find it more than ever necessary to stamp out all opposition, and then goodbye to intellectual freedom. The motion was put to the meeting and declared carried.

Throughout the year the Society has had very large attendances at the debates, and this year as last, abstracts are appreciated. The number of new speakers has continued to be satisfactory and many of the most promising debaters have appeared on the platform. The prospects for the coming year are exceedingly bright and the Society can be relied on to pursue its policy of enlightening the community on the problems of the day.
Dramatic Club.

The Dramatic Club, still the youngest of College institutions, has outgrown its infancy and attained a healthy adolescence, and although small it is properly full of enthusiasm. It is truly satisfactory to see the preparedness of quite a number of students to spend a night every week with the Dramatic Club, a demand made by no other club providing purely intellectual entertainment.

We have been in occupation of the Gymnasium every Tuesday night throughout the long term. The practice of reading in the old Men’s Common Room seems to have died out, and it is best so, for the happy-go-lucky arrangements of reading there undeniably resulted in careless reading, while the realisation of the conscientiousness of a person on the stage induces effort to do well in those who find themselves so situated.

Quite the best reading was that of “The Shadow,” Eden Philpotts’ magnificent tragedy. The leading parts were Philip (Mr. Evans) and Hester (Miss Morphet). Mr. Rishworth was astonishingly good in an unexpectedly congenial part as Willes Cay, a South Country Butcher. “Mr. Pim Passes By,” was another unqualified success, the bright particular star being Miss Baldwin, as Olivia. Miss Bailey as Dinah did justice to a part which suited her perfectly, and Mr. Fair as Mr. Pim was well worth the trouble.

The last play of the long term was also well done, and was a complete change from the modernities to which we had hitherto been confined. The play was called “Garrick,” written in 1866 and in a setting a century older. It is composed of uproarious comedy mixed with a drama amounting almost to melodrama. “Garrick” was Mr. Wiren’s triumph. He re-created the odious Tom Tallyhaut and made him abominable beyond description. Mr. Evans, as Garrick himself, had a difficult part and did it well.

Other plays read were “The Younger Generation” (Stanley Houghton), “A Builder of Bridges,” and “Press Cuttings” (Shaw). This last was so short that there was time to serve supper and allow disappointed dramanicians to console themselves until ten o’clock with dancing. Two other short evenings were occupied with the reading of sketches from Anstey’s “Man from Blankley’s” collection, augmented on the second occasion by the re-creating of the heart-rending drama of “Bardell v. Pickwick,” Mr. Cousins reading the narrative.

On July 4th the Rev. de Lisle was to lecture us on “O. Henry,” but owing to the sudden serious illness of Mrs. de Lisle, he was unable to do so. The extracts which he had chosen to illustrate his lecture were read—badly. It was distinctly a wasted evening.

On July 25th Mr. H. E. Nicholls lectured a disappointingly small audience on “Modern Irish Verse and Drama.” Mr. Nicholls read a most informative paper, and it is to be regretted that benefit was not taken of Mr. Nicholls’ knowledge and research by a greater number of students. It is now clear, however, that the Club’s work is to provide mind brightening rather than mind furnishing, amusement rather than excitement. The illustrative piece was Lady Gregory’s “Workhouse Ward,” and it was not well read, the cumulative necessity of brogue and proper interpretation making a task beyond the power of the readers.

There is great work for the Dramatic Club to do, its success or non-success depending very much on the plays chosen. In fields other than play-reading there does not seem to be many chances of finding interest, but clever plays read almost as well as they act, and will always prove attractive to the student mind which is neither in the cobwebbed nor in the infuriated stages of its life history.

Mathematical and Physical Society.

Three meetings of the Society have been held this year and we would take this opportunity of thanking again those who have given papers.

At the first meeting Mr. Brodie, a former member of the Society and its first President, gave an interesting paper on “Carbureters,” illustrated by a number of lantern slides. Professor Sommerville addressed the second meeting on “Relativity,” and his paper was much appreciated and discussed outside, though the audience was rather overcome with the mathematics at the meeting. At the third meeting Mr. Wright gave a paper on “Electric Power-plants,” to a small but interested audience. We advise Mr. Wright not to be depressed by the meagre attendance. We believe Einstein had the same experience lately—such is greatness!

Several more meetings are to be held this term, and students are invited to attend and give their opinions, and take part in all the discussions on points which arise from the papers.
Tramping Club.

This Club has continued its activities since our last issue was published. This year a new departure was made by having alternately Saturday afternoon and Sunday tramps. This arrangement has proved most popular—as was to be expected, for it allows people who are engaged in other pursuits on Saturdays to attend the Sunday tramps. It also permits us to wander further afield, and to explore places too distant to be reached in one afternoon.

One of the first tramps of the season was to Cape Taranaki; this walk was enjoyed by all, particularly on account of the gloriously fine day with which we were favoured.

Perhaps the most delightful one day tramp yet undertaken by the Club was to Te Kaumarn Bay. Assembling at Karori in the early morning, we descended into Makara, and thence, under the able guidance of Professor Boyd-Wilson, made our way across country to our destination. We arrived at about midday, and after boiling the inevitable billy, set sail in a boat kindly lent by Mr. Burns, and spent the afternoon in deep sea fishing. Several cod and other aquatic animals were landed. It was suggested that we change our name to the "Tramping and Boating Club." This suggestion, however, has not yet been put into effect. A walk back to Wellington in the moonlight brought the end to a perfect day.

The only week-end tramp during the second term was from Upper Hutt to Waikanae. The route leads through the beautiful Akatarawa bush, and, except for a short distance, lies on the new road between the two townships. We have to thank Mr. Strand, of Akatarawa, for the use of a house in which to "camp" on Saturday night.

In conjunction with the Tararua and Otaki Clubs, some of the more energetic of our members assisted in carrying material to the top of the Tararua, for the purpose of building a hut on Mount Hector, to serve as a shelter for people who lose themselves. The magnificent panorama obtained from the summit on the day on which the ascent was made was sufficient compensation for the heart-breaking climb with a load of timber on one's shoulder. Egmont, Ruapehu, and Taranaki were clearly visible, as well as a great portion of the plains of the Wairarapa and Manawatu.

A number of lesser expeditions were also undertaken, none of which was by any means devoid of incident, but space restrictions prevent our describing them.

We should like to see more students taking an interest in the Tramping Club. There is no institution in the College which offers greater facilities to its members for getting to know one another, and there is no better antidote to that "dopey" feeling consequent on a week's "poring over miserable books," than to spend a day on the hills in the sunshine and wind.

There is a tramp on every week, and we shall be glad to see you at the next one.

Acknowledgments.

The Financial Secretary begs to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions:

Chemistry Notes.

Owing to the official opening of the new Science Wing and hence a "conversation," the followers of Priestley and Cavendish, of Darwin and of Galileo have now if never before realised the meaning of hard work, good fellowship, and college spirit (not in bottles). This was particularly noticeable in the Adv. Chem. Lab. About a week before the eventful day, our lab. was likened by one who has even been to foreign lands, unto a quarter-deck. Perhaps it was the polished brass, perhaps the fine flow of Deutsch; but more probably it was the splendid exhibition of deck-walking necessary to dust the tops of the lamp-shades that caused such a comparison. After having done more than a fair share of the cleaning up, three of our leading chemists were compelled to take up their abode in the Jug-out, and there demonstrate horrible commercial things. With loud lamentations we bemoaned their departure and went to work again to prepare our separate exhibits. One was likened unto a Dolls'-house Washing Day, but that was the mark of the Young one. Then again we were accused of having a steam laundry—vats on one side and ions on the other. When Time, changing his colour at that very moment, arrived next to the Universal indicator we expected a Reaction, but all were "fused" together during the conducting of the ions. All received a pleasant surprise every time the fountain fluoresced and every time the fluorescence founted. Perhaps the success of our demonstrations was the after-effects of reading up in our Walker.

It is a well-known chemical fact that H's sometimes wander, but recent research has shown that G's and S's may also be liable for we have "Hoskin" and "Griggs" amongst us.

"Happy" is he who has a "good reputation with the ladies of the College." for we quite agree with our demonstrator that the girls do more than their share of tidying the Jug-out.

Some of the Senior members of our department demonstrate more than chemistry to us. In fact we are all theoretical authorities on the delights of golf and the success or otherwise of catching Saturday afternoon trains.

Our organic chemist, although not yet saturated with scientific knowledge has shown great ability in the economic world: he has even been known to buy, successfully, felt, silk, Swiss-nursery flooring, liqueur, straps, paints, etc., and can make a complete jacket of the aforementioned felt for the thermostat.

Owing to military duties and Training College frivolities we do not see as much of our friend Mac as we deserve. Our obvious deficiency in literary talent is perhaps due to this. However we must heartily congratulate Mr. R. Young on his Plunket Medal Speech. Certainly our legal friends could learn much from his rendering of the King's English.

In conclusion we also congratulate Messrs. Richardson, Hosking, Joiner, and Burton on their respective papers read before the Chemical Society.

Free Discussions Club.

This session we have been exceptionally fortunate in getting several well-known outsiders to address us and thus help to widen our narrow horizon by presenting problems which are agitating the world at large. It is difficult for students to realise this when they are moulded by a system, whose sole purpose is the passing of examinations.

At the second meeting Professor McKenzie gave an arresting address on "Ireland: the Despair of Rational Religion and the Empire." He showed how the national characteristics of the Irish had been altered and in his opinion altered for the worse, since the advent of the Catholic religion. Such a transformation had been wrought that he feared lest the only hope of ending the chaos was for England to repeat the stern and ruthless measures recommended by Spencer long ago. In the discussion which followed, other speakers were inclined to believe that the root of the problem was political and the inevitable heritage of centuries of oppression.

A fortnight later Dr. Gibb addressed a woefully small audience on "Disarmament," and eloquently denounced all Statesmen who were willing to slide back into the wicked and disastrous methods ofheap ing up armaments. Unless we did strive to bring about a better spirit among nations the fate of Western civilization was sealed, for God could carry out His plans by means of the coloured races, just as well as by us. Luckily the influence of this speech was greater than one could have hoped from the small audience, for a detailed report in the papers started a controversy which lasted several weeks.
Miss Moncrieff who had just returned from a World's Christian Union Conference at Pekin, opened the next discussion. She showed how of late years the attitude of missionaries had changed from one of bigotry to one of sympathy and tolerance, especially since it was realised that the nations of the East were already practising doctrines of peace and non-resistance which we preached so loudly and acted on so little. She also gave amusing little details of Chinese social life and exemplified the truth of the old adage that there is honour among thieves by mentioning that Robbers' Guilds and Beggars' Guilds were quite acknowledged institutions there.

On August 12, Mr. Nash, National Secretary of the New Zealand Labour Party, and delegate to the Second International Conference at Geneva, spoke on "Unemployment—Why?" He showed that though unemployment was to the fore at present, it had always formed part of the Capitalist system. So long as labour was regarded as a commodity for the capitalist to make profit from, so long would there be unemployment. The only way out was a system founded on service rather than profit-making, and that spelled Socialism. The sanity and breadth of the speaker's remarks must have come as something of a revelation to many of us, who are perhaps too prone to accept the newspapers' valuation of Labour men. There was a lengthy and interesting discussion.

At our last meeting we had the honour of an address by Principal Goode. There was an extremely large audience and many of us were carried away more than our sober selves desired by Mr. Goode's eloquence and enthusiasm for the new Russian regime. For the hour and a-half at least one could not help feeling that the Russian Revolution marked the birth of better times in which more scope would be given to all the creative impulses which the present system crushed in the people. It was interesting to notice how Mr. Goode corroborated all Miss Thorpe's statements.

So far no scheme has been devised to prevent the periodicals placed in the Common Room from being destroyed within a day.

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Christian Union.

In reviewing the year's work one can only say that we have about held our own. It is to be hoped that next year's report will contain evidence of decided progress. The help of a Men's Travelling Secretary will be invaluable, and moreover, the opening up of the work in the Secondary Schools will provide that outside feature which is necessary to ensure keenness and enthusiasm among students while at College. It is probable that the Secretary will be able to commence his activities this year.

The Bible Study has been fairly successful. The late start was the cause of the difficulty experienced in getting the circles into perfect running order. Several of them had but a shadowy existence.

The attendance at the general meetings was very poor, being much smaller than the high level of the addresses deserved. Professor Kirk's lecture on "Immortality" was fairly well attended—some 35 being present. Miss Moncrieff delivered an interesting address on the "W.S.C.T. Conference," and Rev. McDonnell, a Missionary on furlough, gave a most interesting and inspiring illustrated lecture on "China." Both Professor Hunter on "Idealism," and Mr. W. Gould on "Education as a Social Factor," had meagre though enthusiastic audiences.

The Sunday teas were continued intermittently, but they too were rather well combatted by the fine Sundays we enjoyed during the last term.

On August 9th the Students' Day of Prayer was observed. Some forty students and ex-students gathered at Kent Terrace Church. Mr. Baird preached a special sermon, and afterwards a twenty-minute Intercession was conducted by Mr. G. A. Troup and the President.

This year's Summer Conference will be held at Solway, near Masterton. It is to be hoped that Wellington students will seize this opportunity of spending a week in one of these Student Camps. It will commence on December 27th. The Conference booklet will be issued in October and all should make a point of procuring one. The chance of getting to know students from other Colleges, in ideal surroundings, is one that should not be missed.
Olla Podrida.

"To let, single furnished room, to business man, sunny, refined, quiet, use motor shed."—Country Paper.

—Landlady (to prospective tenant): "Are you sunny
P.T. (embarrassed): "No, mother calls me Agy.

* * *

"This was not Hinkler's first notable flight. ... He is a cool and daring young man—only 2 years old—and he has all his life been devoted to aviation." Evening Post.

—As the same paper remarks, "Almost every week some incident or other strengthens the claim that young Australians make ideal airmen."

* * *

"Messrs. de la Mare and Jackson beg to announce that their Business will be carried on during the war by Messrs. Rogers and Stace, Solicitors, Hamilton ..." Kawhia Settler, Sept. 2, 1921.

—Thirsting for blood?

* * *

"Qua mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit ..."

—Which was closing time in the city. Exam. Paper.

* * *

"Since the time of Boisguilbert (1697), there is not an Economist but has treated coined money with perfect disdain. ... What can it matter?"—Hedges' Political Economy, 3rd Ed., p. 288.

—Not so you'd notice it, however.

* * *

Petitions and Papers Presented,
Tuesday, 11th July, 1922.

"120. Petition of Robert Leader and 1,893 others, that legislation be introduced providing for the licensing of bookmakers.

"123. Petition of HORACE WARD and 356 others. Same as foregoing."

—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!!

* * *

OVERHEARD.
At the 3rd Sydney v. N.Z. 'Varsity Test:
1st Fair Football Fan to 2nd ditto: "I've never seen Soccer played, have you?"
2nd F.F.F. to 1st: "Soccer? Who's he? He doesn't play for 'Varsity, does he?"

At the Town Hall, Capping Day:
Small boy to his mother: "Mum, why doesn't Papa have a red shirt like that man up on the stage?"
Mother: "Shh! dearie, don't talk like that! People will think your Pa is a Socialist too."

On the night of the Conversazione:
His Excellency V-sc-nt J-Jl-coe of Sc-pa O.M. etc. (entering his car near the Gym): "So that's where they have those wretched debates, is it?"
Her Excellency etc. (sweeping out of biology lab.): "Oh, what a disgusting place!"

* * *

MODERN HISTORY.
1st Student: "See that C. is speaking on Sir John Nicholson.
2nd Student: "Who's he, anyhow?"
1st Student: "Chap who defended Cawnpore.
2nd Student: "Oh, another of those blinkin' lawyers!"
All MSS. submitted will be read (where possible) and returned if unsuitable for publication. No criticism will be offered or discussion carried on outside this column. Personal appeals to the Editor will not be accepted—unless substantiated by cheque to cover cost of reading same.

B.E.M. We can’t print that stuff. This is a literary paper, not an English-Irish dictionary. . . . P.J.S. We can assure you that five hundred medals wouldn’t convince us that that speech is worth publishing. . . . ALFRED S. K., Very feelingly told, but the plot is obviously from the story of Dido and Aeneas . . . H.E.M., Wait till you grow up. . . . P.W.R., We are not interested in your soul. . . . WILFRED L., The dainty thing collapsed on its way to the basket. . . . J.C.B., This paper isn’t an In Memoriam column. . . . T.A.H., A psychological study of a librarian is not wanted to bulky expression. . . . PETER S., You certainly do inspire an echoing apprehension in our breasts.

“Th’ fresher feels him full of feelings fearful
Who frighten fares to fast from feasts of fashion
And comes to clutches cold, clammy cups of culture
From prof’s who preach with profitseeing passion.”

F.P.W. Try the Ladies’ Home Journal with your “Love’s Labours Lost.” . . . C. QUENTIN E., This isn’t the Trial. . . . HUGH MACK., We don’t like the crime Durham-worm. . . . A.D.McR., We have no use for amorous confessions. . . . J. RANKINE B., “Spring” doesn’t. . . . E.C.M., Parodies have to be very good indeed. Try something original next time. A poem has to be either funny, caustic or artistic . . . CHEM. NOTES, Too laboured. . . . R.F.F., Nothing new. Hundreds of better poets have described those sorts of scenes. . . . G.G.S.R., We haven’t publish that. This paper is read by the pros. . . . VIRYN E., “People whose pictures I have seen,” doesn’t cut much ice, but the other, “Men I have talked down,” is slightly better. Keep at it. . . . EXK. STUD. ASS., Your article “Editing a paper,” fails to attract.

“You need a lot of experience before you apply even for a sub-editor’s job.” J.G.M., “The Benedict” is too full of palpitating sentimentality. . . . JADAMSON, Your style is rather flippant, e.g., in your “Scenes from Arcadia.” “Here one might hear Maine arguing with might and maine.” . . . D.M.Y.S., Couldn’t make head or tail of “Relativity.” Anyhow the subject is played out. Personally we have heard enough of (and from) mothers-in-law. . . . RUN. S., Alcoholism doesn’t make us merry. Get away from the classics and use your own imagination. . . . LORD J., Try the “Worker.” . . . E. MARS., “Montessori in the University” doesn’t attract us. Enter it for the Haben’s prize. . . . REV. HORATIO W., We crossed out all that was unfit for publication and then discovered there was nothing left to print. . . . M.C.G., Too controversial. . . . D.R.W., You are quite wrong. We don’t welcome that sort of stuff.” nor do we know of any paper that does . . . EILEEN A., “What is love?” is palpably insincere. . . . F.H.H., Only gives us a headache. . . . VIVIAN H.P., We refer you to Omar—

“For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay
And with its all-obiterated tongue
It murmured ‘Gently! Brother, gently pray.’”

DULCE, “A Flapper’s Paradise,” is rather too outspoken for our readers. . . . R.W.C., Political satire too pointed. . . . C.A.C., Don’t cotton on to your “Girls I have known.” Interesting but rather too lurid. . . . M.M., Naughty! We are not interested in anatomical details. . . . LIONEL E.B., Quite nicely done, but parodies (unless very amusing) are not of much use. Try something original next time. . . . INKY X., Oh yes, it rimes, but so does the dictionary if you read far enough. . . . EDWIN J.B.W., This is a respectable magazine—keep it for the Tramping Club. . . . STUDENT, We’ll admit it’s possible to couple Hunter with punter and Brookie with hoochie, but in your “Say, at the Presses” aren’t you sacrificing your friends on the altar of rime? . . . G.G.G.W., Not interested in your autobiography.
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