The Spike

OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1923

(Registered for transmission as a Magazine)
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I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions.
But really I am neither for nor against institutions.
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?)

I led him into the office. Was he not my friend, who had come to visit me after many days? I pressed him into the easy chair and handed him the editorial Woodbines.

"Presented to 'The Spike,'" I said, "by Sir Robert Stout, ex-Chancellor of the University, in recognition of our long fight for free speech in a perishing community."

He lit one, and I watched the smoke curl delicately upwards. There, thought I, in a fit of the higher Pantheism, there, but for some strange twist of the Elan Vital, some hidden working of the Infinite, goes the Editor of "The Spike." What a thing is destiny! How subtle! How tactless! And the words of Anatole France, that grave jester, recurred to my mind: "In life we must make all due allowance for chance. Chance, in the last resort, is God."

The silence was broken by my friend. He flicked the ashes of his cigarette on to the expensive Turkey carpet.

"There are few things in this worst of all possible worlds," he said, "more depressing than the spectacle of modern democracy in action."

"Your remark," I answered, "is not a profoundly original one. It has been made before by thinkers of so diverse a mental constitution as Dean Inge, Professor B. E. Murphy, and Mr. Horace McCormick. Nevertheless I agree with you."

"The only possible excuse for it," he continued, "is that anything else would be, if one can conceive it, distinctly worse."

"I am an old man," I said. "I have walked these halls for many years now. I have seen men and women come, and I have
seen them depart. I have talked in my time to men like the Rev. B. H. Ward and Mr. Jas. Brook, and I have sat at the feet of many professors of varied attainments. There is nothing I have esteemed higher in my not—shall I say?—unhappy sojourn here than the privilege of producing "The Spike," and long sitting in its editorial chair is beginning to wear my trousers a bit thin. And casting a regretfully retrospective eye over my experience, and the perhaps inadequate wisdom I have gleaned in the course of it, I think I may say that I have arrived at the conclusion that you are right.

"And, assuming that you are right, does not the onus lie on us (no pun intended, I assure you) to do what we can to help this stricken thing, to oil the wheels and pick up the nuts and tickle the innards of this broken down tin Lizzie? (You will understand of course that this mechanical metaphor refers to modern Democracy; some philosophers have lost an enormous amount of sweat—I may instance the late Herbert Spencer—in proving that society is an organism; but we live in an age of machines, and our language must adjust itself accordingly). You will agree with me, I think, that this is so. (Can I help you to another of these delectable Woodbines?). And if it is so, the place to start is here and the time now. For if Democracy is decrepit outside the College walls, certainly it is in just as bad a state inside—and with far less excuse. For down in the great city that lies at our feet and in the great world that is spread about, the ordinary business man and hard-working politician are far too much engrossed in the trivial round, the daily task (I trust I have the quotation right), the absorbing problems of doing their fellow-man out of that extra penny that makes the great captain of industry, or holding up Comrade Massey at the imminent risk of ruining the Imperial Conference—we can understand it, I say, if these worthy people, the backbone of our polity, have no time to waste in thought on the common problems that beset our community and the world alike; we can understand, and even sympathise in their touching dependence for their opinions on the environment of their commercial milieu and the eminently respectable pages of our three great representatives of the fourth Estate—I refer of course, to the daily papers, with the sentiments and elevating tone of which you are no doubt thoroughly familiar. But we who seek knowledge, who tend the sacred light of learning, who suck from the eternal orange of wisdom some few drops of its ever-refreshing sweetness—is there the same excuse for us? Do we not turn aside from the search, dim wilfully the light, fling away the fruit as unprofitable skin and pips, when we let go the principles which should direct our corporate lives, when we sink back on our finite selves, when we prepare to stew in the juice of our own limited personalities—in short, when we lose sight of the Eternal Verities of our existence?"

"You are becoming rather involved," replied my friend, "but I think I perceive enough of the drift of your harangue to disagree with it profoundly. I gather that you are indulging in another outburst at the expense of the modern university student, with special reference to V.U.C. You are entirely wrong. What chance has the average student here of taking any interest, much less any part in what is usually termed College life? (I hate the canting phrase, which smells of well-meaning advisers to youth, but it is the only convenient one.) What earthly chance has he, conditions being what they are, to do anything beyond waste his time at
lectures as compelled by statute and then go home and make it up by frenzied work before dropping into bed and sleeping off the orgy." "If the average university student only pulled himself together——" I burst in.

"Pardon me, allow me to continue into a new paragraph. Let us get down if possible to fundamentals. What is our University? We haven't one; there is a tall and genial comrade called Norris down at the Farmers' Institute, and another called Macmillan Brown elsewhere in New Zealand, who I am told, in the capacity of Chancellor loses his temper at Capping ceremonies; there is also a body of septuagenarians called the Senate which spends its time snubbing a body of irrepressible irresponsibles known as the Board of Studies; there is also a body of erudite examiners scattered over the world whom the Senate pays to ask idiotic questions, and two or three thousand students who attempt to answer them; and this, I believe, is held to constitute something in the nature of a University. It dispenses bits of paper known as Diplomas, for which you pay one guinea, three guineas, four, seven, eight, up to twenty or so guineas, the amount of cash varying according to the amount of education you have received. When you have got one of these things you are educated; and if you are a lawyer, you can start in at your disreputable work with a clear conscience and legal authority. So much for your University. Have I described it accurately?"

"Tolerably, but——"

"One moment. There are also institutions known as colleges. We have one in Wellington called Victoria University College. The name calls up a vast body of associations and memories to some people, and they rather glory in having spent a good deal of time there. For the present I neither approve of, nor blame them for this. We all have our weak points. There are others with whom, I believe, it is quite otherwise. I may have no wish to approve, but I do not blame them in the slightest."

"Your heresy is as disgusting as it is unblushing," I said.

"It may be so, but kindly restrain yourself till I have finished my exposition. There are about seven hundred—ah—we will call them "students" attending this institution, this Victoria University College. Of these a vast proportion are condemned to work all day. How in the name of common-sense are these unfortunate to do their work, to spend a certain amount of time at meals, lectures, exams, and the process of study, and still take part in corporate College life? There are only a limited number of ways in which to pick up a living, and though we may envy the sparrows or our professors, most of us are compelled to earn it. The student, like the profiteer, can't serve God and Mammon. Under the circumstances, can you blame him for serving Mammon? There is another class of students, who spend part of their time at the Training College over the hill at Kelburn. I have never been able to discover that they do anything much there, from the accounts of those of my friends who have experienced the life, but that is of purely digressive interest. The great majority come to V.U.C. They come here for a couple of hours every day to crowd out the English and Psychology lecture-rooms, and clutter up the corridors, and then in one or two years they depart, having been of no earthly use to the College, nor the College to them. I
understand that on their departure they are experts in education. Well, it isn't their fault. What is the use of trying to do any better? Finally, there is a limited class of plutocratic students, who manage to scrape a living without working all day for it. Some of these spend the day instead in concentrated swat, and consequently earn thousands of pounds in scholarships and prizes. If they do nothing else, I despise them for it, though no doubt the feeling is largely founded on envy. There is finally a small body of students, drawn from each of these classes, some of whom can afford the time and some not, who run the place, who make up the clubs, the notoriety or respectability—usually the former—of which occasionally penetrate beyond the walls: whose faces in fact beam with sociability and loving kindness, and who even treat the professors with a certain amount of pity and tolerance. These then, I call the true students. They are few out of our seven hundred, and to them my admiration and my love go out—but taking everything into consideration, would I use harsh words about the others? Would I even gaze at them with distaste? Mr. Jas. Brook, I understand, has a very low opinion of the modern student: but in spite of his vast experience, herein I disagree with him."

I remained sunk meekly quiescent in the office-chair during this address. It was all so horribly plausible. But something gave way in my brain, and I leapt up suddenly and foamed at the mouth.

"No!" I cried, pointing a quivering forefinger at my friend.

"No! You are wrong! You are one shameful mass of idolatrous immorality!"

He blinked in some alarm.

"These are hard words, brother," he said. "But why?"

"Because you are a pessimist, and a pessimist is one who weakly or sardonically acquiesces in the existing state of affairs, however miserable, and one who so acquiesces bears all the marks of immorality. You are the prophet of the status quo, which is another name for the Golden Calf. You are false to the ideals of your youth. Remember the fate of the prophets of Baal—remember the scene by Kishon's brook! Verily you are damned. I wish you luck of the sword and hell fire. May it burn brightly!"

But I recollected that after all he was my friend. Like me, he had once been a young and unspoiled undergraduate, with shining eyes and a white soul. There was still a chance for his salvation. I must explain myself.

"Granting your premises," I said, "I still refuse, though I have been perilously near doing it, to admit your deductions. Let us go into this business further."

At this moment there was a cautious tap on the door, and the Sub-Editor entered bearing a single envelope on a silver salver. "How the contributions keep pouring in," I murmured, and tore it open. It was as I had feared. My friend raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Another slightly erotic sonnet from Hughie Mac," I said. "How the dear boy does turn them out! Have you a coin of any description?" I spun the ha'penny he tendered, and then poised the unfortunate poem above me. It hung on the air a moment, wavered, and gently floated down into the waste-paper basket.

"'Twas ever thus," I said, wiping away a tear.
"Let us go into this business further," I resumed. "I will not add to your skilful analysis of the elements of College life, nor will I enlarge on the defects of Democracy. Democracy at its worst, as Oscar Wilde remarked so truly in his glorification of the Soul of Man, means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. We have never yet fallen so low as that at V.U.C., though according to Upton Sinclair this seems to be a pretty common experience in the universities of the United States of America. Here, with all our drawbacks, we can at least say what we like, and think what we like, except when a war-fever is on. And this is really the great fundamental; in the last analysis, this is the only thing that matters. This is the fact on which we have to hang when everything seems to be going to the dogs with unprecedented rapidity.

"I gaze, like you, on the spectacle of our seven hundred students. Like you I have meditated with despair on their degeneration, on our hopeless displays of idiocy at Capping functions, on our clubs which ought to be ten times as big as they are, on our Student Relief appeals which are passed by with an utter lack of imagination and sympathy by nine students out of ten, of our 'Spike' which sells no more than two hundred and fifty copies (cruelest blow of all). I have considered, for instance, the annual general meetings of our Students' Association and our method of electing responsible officers. Is there anything that is more effective in shaking your faith in the efficacy of a university education? Is there anything that can give you more understanding of the feelings of the perfect bureaucrat when he is faced by the spectacle of a people to be governed? Is there anything except the Parliament of New Zealand that so shatters what confidence you ever had in the virtues of representative government? When you see it, can you blame Comrade Massey for occasionally playing the autocrat? Would you not sympathise with Comrade Martin-Smith if he sometimes followed our distinguished Premier's example? I have wondered what is wrong with it all. And I agree with you that the main fault lies in the system. At least, sometimes I agree with you (I was just falling into pessimism). And sometimes I disagree, and think that the fault lies with the people (which may be greater pessimism than ever). I will put it like this—granted our University system in New Zealand is not far removed from the thoroughly bad, granted that the disabilities under which V.U.C. labours are peculiarly disheartening to us, nevertheless could we not do better if we tried? Institutions are at best only institutions, as they are at worst. How delightful it would be to make a clean sweep of dozens of them! What joy to attack the Senate with a battering-ram! But indeed, what then? There was a good deal of the right stuff in old Walt Whitman, I fancy, a little poem of whose I had just written down when you entered, as a text for that page or two of platitudinous moralising known as an Editorial.

What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?

he says; and goes on his charmingly breezy American way

Only I will establish in the Manahatta and in every city of these States inland and seaboard,

And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that dents the water

-Without edifices or rulers or trustees or any argument,

The institution of the dear love of comrades.
"I do not know precisely what the Mannahatta may be; but if we could only get hold of old Walt’s spirit and spread it round a bit, I venture to suggest there would be a vast improvement in these things we bemoan together. The trouble is, I don’t exactly know how to get hold of it, or how to spread it round; and I suspect that talking about it puts it further off than ever.

"We might still do something with institutions if we had a free hand. For one thing, it strikes me that the College has grown far too big. True, we are only seven hundred; but we are seven hundred in a very inconvenient way. There is on the whole practically no communication between the individual members of the seven hundred. A College joke, for instance, is now a virtual impossibility. Once upon a time it was possible to run a page of Answers to Correspondents in ‘The Spike,’ and everybody roared with wicked laughter. But do the same thing now, and how many people will read the page with anything but a feeling of mild boredom—perhaps more than mild? I do not insist, of course, that anybody ever reads any part of ‘The Spike’ with any other feeling; but the illustration will serve. I know that not a sob was heard on its disappearance from the last issue—well, of course, there was P. J. Smith, but he is by way of being a humorist himself, and no doubt had a fellow feeling. Yes, the place is far too big for the mutual interchange of views and personalities. And how many students, again, can get to know their professors? I do not suggest, of course, that all of them are worth knowing; but doubtless at the bottom of your heart you have a tender feeling for some hoary old bird, who has stood up manfully dispensing learning these many years. There are many of them personally that I love like brothers, or at least I feel sure I should if only there were opportunities and they would let me.

"Now does not it strike you that if we had plenty of money—and when I say plenty I do not mean a few mealy thousand—we could build three or four really fine and useful residential colleges, where our sadly scattered seven hundred could congregate and live and really begin to know one another? This suggestion, I am afraid, is a rather hackneyed one, but in it, it seems to me, really lies the crux of the question that faces us so far as College life is concerned. It would not solve our formal educational problem, but at least it would provide the setting in which far greater things might be done. We ourselves will never, it is safe to say, live to see the perfect milieu of modern and reformed Oxford or Cambridge transplanted to the Old Clay Patch—but still we may make a beginning. How many of us are there not thirsting for education at a University?—and I mean education and University when I say the words. But we have got to think together, and the first necessity for that is living together. With regard to learning, the ‘wisdom’ that shines so brightly on our College scroll, I will refrain from elaborating my own crude ideas; instead I recommend you to peruse with the greatest attention an article that will appear in the September ‘Spike,’ by a graduate of the University of New Zealand who has certainly distinguished himself. I mention no names."

"Well," said my friend, "we have both talked a good deal, but I do not see that we have got anywhere. You accused me of pessimism, but if this is the alternative you offer, pessimism deepens. Old Plato built a very nice Republic, and no doubt could
nail on an annex to contain your ideal University. But what I want to know is, what are you going to do in the meantime? If you are banking on all these improvements, your enthusiasms are going to come down with a very pronounced thud at some not far off date."

"Miserable sceptic!" I thundered; "have you never read the aphorisms of that brilliant young Frenchman, Jean Cocteau? 'A young man must not invest in safe securities.' Ponder that, and then dare to throw your foolish quibbles at my head!"

"Alas!" he answered, "the same aphorist also said 'The public asks questions. It ought to be answered by works, not manifestos.' Where are your works?"

"Ah!" said I, feeling rather damned, "you begin to probe uncomfortably. But yet let us take comfort; we may produce our works. Remember, it is our Silver Jubilee next year. I will fling a last quotation at you, which I have been saving up a long time for 'The Spike.' We may, as sons of men, be poor stuff, but at least can we not be

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek to find, and not to yield?"

"You are getting dangerously Victorian," he said, "which is a bad thing for a young man; but still, there may be something in what you say. Are you coming down to tea?"

---

The Climber

Striving, breast to the wind, on the desolate hill,
This, do I think, is the end and summit of life—
Ever to strive with the fateful implacable will
Of the Invisible: strive, nor lose heart in the strife.

Blow, wind of heaven! buffeting, cleansing and strong—
Steep, and more steep, O hill, do you rise in your might!
Never the blast nor the steepness shall stagger me long,
Turn me from quest of the uttermost, starriest height.

Blow, wind, O blow! be your strength as the strength of a giant
Yet face I you; nor all your strength wielded and thrown
At my body shall batter it back: for ever defiant
I make the ascent, till I stand on the summit alone.

J.C.B.
University Reform

SOCIAL institutions preserve the achievements of the past. But, as times and circumstances change, there is a constant call for every institution to adapt itself to the new conditions. Institutions that keep pace with the requirements of the times are being continually modified by the progress of knowledge and by the new social demands made upon them. It is only institutions that have been started on wrong lines or that have failed to march with the times that must be 'reformed,' i.e., suddenly and radically altered in their organisation and methods so that they may not defeat the very purposes for which they were founded. Unfortunately the University of New Zealand falls into this category and ever since its foundation there has been a demand, now weak, now strong, that the University should be brought into line with modern educational ideals.

The reason for this is not far to seek. University education was introduced into New Zealand in 1869 by the Provincial Council of Otago, when a teaching University was established in Dunedin. But in the year following, steps were taken to found the University of New Zealand, and as the governing bodies of the two institutions could not agree on the site of the University (Otago would agree to amalgamation only if the University were placed in Dunedin), the plan was adopted whereby the University of New Zealand became an examining board. The teaching institutions were affiliated to it and thus began the divorce of examinations from teaching that has done so much to impair the effectiveness of our higher education.

It may be said that New Zealand followed the example of London. So it did. It should, however, be remembered that the old University of London owed its character to human perversity just as did the University of New Zealand. Lord Brougham, with the laudable idea of establishing a University free from the religious tests of the old British Universities, founded University College. But the Anglicans, who thought that University education could be of value only if it were religiously toned, immediately founded King's College, and the struggle for a charter resulted in the pitiable compromise of an examining university to which the teaching institutions of University College and King's College were affiliated. Neither in London nor in New Zealand was the form of the constitution of the University decided on educational grounds; much meander motives decided the course of events.

Those who read the report of the Royal Commission of 1878 on New Zealand University Education will realise that hardly had the new condition of affairs come into existence in New Zealand than most vigorous objections were taken to it. The Commission decided against the system of that day and urged that in the interests of higher education there should be co-ordination of university government and an internal system of examination. The subsequent controversies have waged round these subjects.

The recommendations of the Commission were not carried out and though the evils were increased when colleges were established in the North Island, the system of university government and the conditions of university education remained in all essentials as they were at the time of the report of the Commission.
In 1908 Dr. Starr Jordan visited New Zealand, and in a memorandum to the Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, condemned our university system, especially emphasising the same points as the 1878 Commission. As a result of the stimulus given by Dr. Starr Jordan’s visit there was established in Wellington in 1910 “The University Reform Association” which promoted petitions to Parliament, asking for a Royal Commission on university education. The Association also collected a large number of opinions on the existing New Zealand methods from educational experts in Great Britain, America and Australia, which, with few exceptions, were against the local methods. Parliament did not set up a Royal Commission but it referred the petitions to the Education Committee of the House of Representatives, and this body, after investigation, decided that certain reforms ought to be instituted. The main result of these investigations was that an additional University Court—the Board of Studies—was established. This body has been of great assistance to the Senate in its efforts to deal with academic legislation, but it cannot be said that it solves the difficulty of academic control of courses, for it is a body consisting of only five representatives from each affiliated institution.

Meanwhile, the increase in the numbers entering for university examinations threatened to bring about the breakdown of the system of examination in England, for the official results of the examinations on the work of one year were not available till near the middle of the year following. Under these circumstances the Senate was compelled to adopt a local examination for the Pass Course of the B.A. and B.Sc. Degrees, and more recently have decided to find examiners for some of the law subjects in Australia rather than in Great Britain.

Thus neither of the vexed questions—university organisation and method of examination—has been finally disposed of; the changes have simply prevented the complete breakdown of the system. To many who have been interested in this problem it appears that the time has come when the difficulties can be met effectively only by giving the colleges the status of universities.

If no restrictions were placed on the universities then set up the change might easily result in four very ineffective university institutions, for it is obvious that New Zealand cannot yet provide financially for four modern universities with all faculties and special schools. But this danger can be obviated by giving each of the new universities a charter that would restrict its activities within the limits of its academic effectiveness and its financial resources. Such a change would remove many pressing difficulties and would undoubtedly improve university education in New Zealand. Among many points the following may be mentioned:—

1. It is not possible to have effective government of a university by a Senate that meets only once a year. The College Council—the new controlling authority—meets monthly and can have special meetings as required.

2. Academic legislation requires more consideration than can be given by a Board of Studies that meets for five days once a year and a Senate that meets for ten days once a year.

3. The vexed problem of examination would be solved because each of the new universities would have in the staffs of the other universities a fairly wide field from which to draw competent external examiners.
4. University education would have its whole spirit changed: it would become enlivened by a new enthusiasm; it would be dominated by the spirit of teaching and research, not by that of examination.

5. Local interest in the university would be greatly stimulated. If the change were made it would be necessary to provide for a common matriculation examination and for an equitable arrangement of scholarships; but these problems could be easily solved by the new institutions.

The New Zealand University and its colleges have played a not unimportant part in the history of New Zealand, but has this country not reached the stage when we must carefully and thoroughly consider whether reorganisation along the lines indicated in this article is not necessary if we are to preserve the gains of the old system, and to be ready to exploit the newer conditions that are rapidly developing in this Dominion!

GRADUATE.

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**Sea Ghosts**

There is a world-old law that justly bids
All searchers of the main,
Strong sea-tanned men,
That sometime in the misty twilight, when
Sun-weathered lids
Are almost closed, they must see home again.

So where a long long line of lonely hills
Creeps down to meet the sea
Grey gulls may know
How, sometimes, phantom-crowded, come old slow
Forgotten shapes; and then a ghost-wind stills
The soft wave-laps awhile and sets them free—

—Free to fare out under some guiding star,
For all eternity
To sail away
To find a never-trodden new Cathay,
Some fitting Valhalla
For those who long ago so loved the sea.

H.R.B.
Gloria Mundi

(On reading the last chapter of Wells’s History of the World.)

‘Praised be the time a heaven of concrete streets
Is built on earth, wherein all faces fade
Unto one lineament, wherein the race
Stands silent in a scentless Arcady,
Perfect as a machine. Then shall all men
Stand widowed of their passion, oxen-eyed—
No fear of fear, nor care of care, nor e’en
The hope of rest, for rest shall be on all,
Fixed for the ages, voiceless, motionless!’

Ay, and if then the heart should lose her stir,
The eye be dull and widowed of her change,
Great utterance shaken in a nerveless world?
If men should lose their eagerness, like sheep
Grazing upon a dull and flattened time?
A shadowless earth is graceless to the eye,
And pain and motion still have fathered manhood,
And still I think the world will shred herself
In ever wider patterns, parcel out
Into infinities of joyous strength.
Think you the source and ruler of all light
Is so poor-minded, so bereft of power
He cannot make but one perfection? He
That hath made all lands after their own kind,
That built the stars in scheme of infinite change,
And myriad-faced wrought the spirit of time?
Since the stars sang in heaven, the world’s fair face
Is Cleopatra’s, not Antigone’s,
Chanting all manhood with a siren-song
Of changing beauties; when he tires of her
In sick-brained pettishness, she like the sun
That sets in various beauty, fires a death
Of far-seen conflagration, and stands up
Showing a face new-born in phoenix-fire.

And then shalt thou hear trumpets in her voice,
Pealing the first cold morn of a new day
That bathes the sinews of o’er-wearied men,
Saddened of nothingness; then is her hair
A banner in the sky, and all things take
A nameless glory of her. Then shall the race
Start as the Dane from out a sleep like death,
And wrench his length of beard from the knotted oak
Of worn-out custom labouring in old dreams—
No longer wrestling with a sickened heart,
Find sunlight in the beams of that hale dawn,
And all things made shout in one ecstasy.

E.L.P.
The Plunket Medal

(By Our Special Sporting Correspondent)

I made a faux pas myself at the outset. Coming up the stairs with a friend from the country, I thought I would like to show him that I, though not a Historic Character, yet moved in sufficiently exalted circles: and observing the energetic secretary of the Debating Society rushing hither and thither in a pre-occupied and official manner, I advanced up to him and proffered my ticket. He gave me not a look, even of disdain; he rushed away looking still more preoccupied and official, and in chastened mood I gave my ticket to the man at the door. This, I say, was a faux pas; but it was not half so faux as some of the pas that were hurled across the footlights later on. The Concert Chamber was crowded; the atmosphere was like some of the rhetoric, heavy; but otherwise the conditions were ideal. The audience was quiet, staid, almost drearily, dreadfully, respectable; but the consequence was that the competitors were able to get into their stride immediately, and the chairman was freed from the embarrassing necessity of back-chat and badinage with any section of the spell-bound crowd. There was a distinguished band of judges—one politician, one lawyer, and one who combined the vices of both, namely, and to wit, the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward, P.C., Bart.; Mr. G. G. G. Watson, M.A., LL.B.; and the Hon. W. Downie Stewart, LL.B., M.P. The geniality and benevolence expressed in their looks was unbounded. Mr. P. Martin-Smith, LL.B., was in the chair, and very nice he looked, too, in the academic costume proper to his degree, an innovation which might be followed up with advantage at these public ceremonies. In a few carefully-rounded, Rosebery-like periods he adverted to the merits of the late Lord Plunket, Friend of Debating Societies (commendably refraining from odious comparisons), mentioned the public men who had attained celebrity in spite of their connection with those ill-omened Gym. Saturday nights, outlined the conditions and called on the performers in turn.

Mr. H. A. Heron kicked off with a novel treatment of that scoundrel Napoleon, which moved an earnest-looking pacifist behind me to rare heights of enthusiasm. Mr. Heron was fluent, even facile; his enunciation was excellent, his pronunciation the reverse. His delivery, like that of most of the speakers, was marred by the startling dramatic tone given to the narration of the most trivial events. Also like the rest of the speakers, he stands in some danger from the deadly cliche—Death clasped in his last embrace his illustrious victim, who half a minute before had rode sublime on Fortune's wing and descended on stricken Europe like the plague. Mr. Heron also might observe more accuracy in his references: he quoted from a poet who was subsequently identified as anonymous blank verse badly spoken, Walt Whitman, Victor Hugo translated, and a modern vers librist: and who turns out to have been Robert G. Ingersoll orating at Napoleon's grave (that is, according to the Hon. Sec.). However, with more balance to his speeches, some refinement of production, and close attention to a pronouncing dictionary, Mr. Heron will make an excellent speaker.

Mr. A. E. Hurley followed, with one of the best speeches of the evening, on Captain Scott. He has a fine, well-controlled voice; his phrasing and sense of word-values were very good indeed,
and with the exception of falling over one or two unimportant words and thus giving them a somewhat exaggerated character, his speech, on the common-sense and straightforward plane, stood by itself, and its simplicity suited its subject. But his strength lay far more in his elocution than in his matter; not Scott, but Oates, in Mr. Hurley’s treatment, stood out as the hero, and consequently his death, which from the circumstances takes on such epic significance, took away from the steady concentration which should have centred on Scott. And why, oh! why, did Mr. Hurley conclude his peroration with Robert W. Service when he could have used the magnificent lines from “Ulysses” which are cut on the best of the Scott monuments? Nevertheless a good performance.

Mr. Baume now took the platform with a panegyric on Father Damien, and all the fire, impetuosity and dogmatism of super-abundantly eloquent youth. Mr. Baume pulled out the vox humana, the tremulant, and the sob-stop in his first sentence and maintained the registration with grim persistence throughout. The great danger that he suffers from is oratorical journalism—he piled on the pity and terror, the blood and agony, the tears and physiological details, the horrors and ghastliness, to such an extent that the cumulative effect was not so much impressive as grotesque. On second thoughts, I am not sure that this was not a virtue, for Damien’s work was tragically grotesque—but it was also impressive, and Mr. Baume would make far more impression with simplicity and dignity of diction than with the whirl of rhetoric in which he swept his hero to the skies. His voice, too, is not fully matured, and he should keep his falsetto well under control. Mr. Baume was one of the few speakers who used gesture; but his gesture savoured more of the Wesley-Whitefield-Dr. French E. Oliver-revivalist school than of the sweetly reasonable. Yet his speech had balance and a welcome touch of humour, and with rational pruning and restraint, Mr. Baume should get the medal some day.

Mr. Free made the singular choice of Signor Benito Mussolini for his admiration, a Napoleonic adventurer with the instincts of the yellow-pressman and the butcher and a faculty of exploiting the Italian genius for melodramatics, who at the moment of writing is evidently trying to force another war on a harassed world—Heaven only knows why. Owing to the close proximity of musical competitions and an aggressive piano, Mr. Free’s speech rather assumed the aspect of a musical monologue. Mr. Free was somewhat vague in his statements—Benito, we were given to understand, combined and transcended the personalities of Joan of Arc, William the Silent, Garibaldi, and Nietzsche’s Super Man—in fact, he could not be measured by ordinary standards: although if he fails, we are to remember that every statesman of the present age has failed. I got the impression that Mr. Free’s modern history was, on the whole, defective. Nevertheless, when he picks on a man really worth his unbounded admiration, and imparts into his naturally good voice some of the passion of his words, he also will some day make an exceedingly good speech.

Mr. Yaldwyn was unfortunately off colour, and did not speak nearly up to his usual standard. He has all the capabilities of a fine speaker—a very pleasant stage personality, good vocal production and modulation, and a welcome absence of cant in thought and expression. But on this occasion he apparently suffered from a frog in the throat, and in spite of starting off well, drifted into a
matter of fact delivery which went by fits and starts and led him into strange morasses. Mr. Yaldwyn, I say it with deep sorrow, was disappointing, and Abraham Lincoln suffered accordingly.

Mr. I. S. Hjorring, a new speaker to me, then orated on Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had a very varied life as diplomatist and company-promoter. Mr. Hjorring with his first words took the stand of high tragedy and maintained it with no deviation or relief. I must confess that at the end of his speech I felt rather limp. The most commonplace incidents of the hero’s life took on a cosmic importance; and while de Lesseps did push through the Suez Canal in spite of great difficulties and suffer in prison for the intrigues and waste of the Panama venture, this scarcely justifies the dramatic eloquence which endowed him with all the attributes of the Godhead—with one or two exceptions. Mr. Hjorring’s delivery, enunciation and pronunciation were excellent (except for those d’s and t’s), and his eloquence was astounding—the whole conceptus of Pagan and Christian mythology, both theological and secular, contributed to his effects; but I cannot help thinking that if marks had been given for congruity of style with subject, he would have crushed very heavily indeed. In spite of the remarkable number of his virtues, he reminded me irresistibly of a combination of Allan Wilkie and Stanley Warwick. I can only refer him to Hamlet, Act III, Scene II. The discerning reader will realise that in spite of all this, Mr. Hjorring displayed real oratorical talent. His gestures were unimpressive.

Mr. Davidson again spoke on Rabindranath Tagore. Considered on its matter, this was easily the best speech of the evening. It was lucid and well-reasoned; it expressed a distinct point of view without labouring it; the polemic matter was excellent; the whole thing was far more of a thought-out interpretation of the man’s character than any of the oratorical displays which provided the spice of the evening. It was, above all, sincere—it laboured no extraneous points and tore no passion to tatters. It was, in fact, a very refreshing and well-balanced speech indeed, although it did not, I think, express the whole Tagore. But Mr. Davidson lost a good deal in the mechanics of eloquence: he has not the naturally impressive endowment of voice of some of the other speakers; he never varied his tone nor changed the essentially didactic character of his delivery, and his gesticulation smacked of the soap-box monotony of our good friend Peter Fraser.

Mr. H. I. Forde, who concluded the list, was another disappointment. He spoke on Julius Caesar, but he did not know his speech, and the effort of reading it and trying to give the impression that he wasn’t quite deprived him of the chance of indulging in any of the graces. His matter was not well-chosen and he let the attention of his audience wander far too much. Mr. Forde should have done better than this.

During the judges’ retirement, Mr. Byrne sang and Miss Cooley rendered a monologue for our delectation. Mr. Evans did not recite. There was conversation and boredom for a while. The judges returned. They ascended the stage. Sir Joseph advanced to the front and put over the usual general compliments. The judges had had great difficulty indeed in separating the men. There was a tense moment. Mr. Hjorring had been placed first, Mr. Baume second, Mr. Hurley third, Mr. Davidson honourably mentioned. Cheers. The Sphinx wagged its tail and yelped for joy.
Sir Joseph presented the medal. More cheers. John Tod McCaw ascended the platform, sat down at the piano, and hitched up his trousers. Mr. Downie Stewart made the shortest and quite the most enjoyable speech of the evening. G.G.G. beamed. Bobby thanked the judges. More cheers. John Tod burst into the strains of the National Anthem, and we all joined in the grand old words, with some difficulty in supporting John Tod’s measured pace. The audience, well filled with the things of the spirit, dispersed in search of more carnal refreshment. I left the hall rather staggered by the worth of the great men with whom I had been, as it were, by proxy hobnobbing. They are all Historic Characters. They are all dead. Sic transit. It is a humbling thought.

Moonlight from Kelburn

I have seen a glittering sword over the level sea,
Its haft, all velvet clad, inwrought with gems set curiously;
It tapered there far out to sea, beyond the setting tide,
Its whiteness took the soul of me, and there my spirit died.

It tapered from a winter’s moon, hung in a low lit sky,
And plunged the darkling water through, to where the hilt did lie—
The night-clad hills of Wellington with all their jewelled lights,
Their song in the high wind overhead, oh night of a thousand nights!

R.F.F.

Blue Peter

Grey seas and the slow turn of a great screw long silent,
Crowded decks and the lusty call of commonplace,
And a white flutter of farewell from a speck that is a friend;
A churning, creaming tumult in the quiet harbour,
Then the ship glides like a swan, her engines ceasing,
And she is gone.
Gone to where the chill seas fawn at the feet of the winds
And glamorous lights shine from a fair port by the level water.

C.Q.P.
Heaven, Hell And The Astral Plane

"At death's door all one's past life swims in vivid imagery before one's fading vision . . . then after thirty-six hours of coma, consciousness returns. There is a friend waiting to receive one, a dear, long-lost friend.

"It is the astral plane one has arrived at, the next stage in the unfolding procession of Karma. There one has only to wish a thing and ipso facto it exists. Literally wishes are horses and beggars, there, ride."

—Excerpts from a lecture to the Free Discussions Club by Col. Smythe, D.S.O.

I was standing thoughtlessly in the railroad fairway some time ago, how long I cannot exactly say. For there is no time up here and I have forgotten how to record its passing.

When I say thoughtlessly, I do not mean that my mind was an utter blank, for, little as it was capable of appreciating the realities of the Hereafter in those days, I cannot say that it ever ran down entirely like a worn-out watch spring or a superannuated professor.

All I mean is that it unfortunately omitted to notice certain elements in the situation, despite the rigid training I had given it in Mill's methods of agreement and difference, which might have led it to suspect that all mortals who remained sufficiently long on railway lines were enclosed the day after in little tin boxes and laid in the cold dank earth to nourish the roots of a cypress tree.

When it did come to this conclusion the time for action had departed, and it was utterly impotent except to cause the blue blood from my adrenal glands to mix with the tears that started from my eyes, and the red blood that started from my heart until a stream gushed out dyeing the railway sleepers red, white and blue in my last deed of patriotic fervour.

There was a crashing about my ears, and swift lightning in my eyes. There passed a veil over my vision, but beyond in the vasty vault of the heavens I heard the trump of Gabriel and his angels winging in sky-wide clouds of living fire to call to judgment the souls of men, and over me passed a rocketing ricochet like the serried battalions of the damned marching with crashing step over the broken earth to their last long resting place. I felt a vivid foreboding of the agonies that awaited them there.

Across my head was a white hot searing pain and in my red-baked throat all the gathered thirst of multitudinous Gehenna.

So real was my sympathy with those tossing, eddying ranks that I shed tears of frenzied desperation. And I am convinced that they really did march across the vault of Heaven and out beyond the stars, because although the veil was before my eyes and I saw them not, yet the Book of Revelation says that it was so.

The veil moved before my eyes like a cinematograph picture within my head—a kaleidoscope of colour. On it were embroidered in mystic unknown shades and fairy pigments all the deeds of my life, the wicked lies I had told when I was a babe, and the wicked truths that I told when I became a man, and the garnered dust of all centuries which, sitting at the feet of the professors, I had swallowed during my sojourn at Victoria College.

And thinking on my sinful life, my tears flowed no longer for the lost battalions of the damned but for my wretched erring self and for thinking on what I should say when I stood at the feet of God—for all the blasphemies which I had uttered against His Holy Name and behind His Holy Back; for all my contempt of His
ministers, who, here on earth, ordained the fulfilment of his purposes, in his well-beloved Dominion; for all the obloquy which I had hurled upon His Saints; for all my stiffness of neck and uncurbed pride of spirit.

And I thought that I would say: "Lord, the world is rent asunder with thy wars, its multitudes are starved with the emptiness of Thy air and the barrenness of Thy deserts, and the plagues of Thy heart's delight are wide-cast through Thy peoples. Who art Thou, O Deviser of Devilry, that Thou shouldst judge me?"

But a shudder shook me as I thought upon the awful might of God, and reflected that my excuse for the evil I had wrought would not wash white in the surpassing radiance of the snow-blackening emanations of His Divine Beneficence. And in a moment I recanted all my former wickedness, and as the veil quivered and was shorn from before my eyes a great blackness fell upon me, and all things passed away from me, as I fell down and away, and away and down into bottomless space murmuring "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Blessed be Thy Holy Name, and oh! the brilliance of Thy Throne and the timeless serenity of Thy Countenance." And the spheres echoed Hallelujah as they whirled through chaos. And then fell silence, deeper, blacker than before, voluminously heavy, portentously terrible.

Aeons passed over my head, heavens fell and stars collided—and they dragged a mangled shell off the railway line, and the way was clear for the next express—but of these things I knew nothing.

Vague stirrings came restlessly, insidiously into my leagistic mind. I was enshrined in an atmosphere of beatific calm. A friend's arms were about me and the warmth of his (or her) cheeks was pressed close to mine. Snatches of music came dispersedly from the distance. Wafted through the heavy air came the odour of clover blossom, and heavy-grassed hay fields.

Languorously I opened my eyes. "Good God," I said fervently. "Not at all, not at all," he disclaimed modestly, "not at all." "Hell, then," I said resignedly, dispassionately. "Not at all, not at all," returned the presence. "I took a third look.

"Colonel Smythe, D.S.O.," I exclaimed, sitting up rapturously. "My dear departed friend; so it's all come true at last."

"Not at all," he returned, glancing angrily at his watch. "You took 36 hours 6 minutes 32 seconds, which means that our calculations were incorrect."

I stood up lithely and remarked that I was feeling very fit and well—but a trifle cold. I wished I could find some clothes somewhere.

A Norfolk coat and a pair of green knickers hurtled through the air and ran over my head and feet respectively. I pinched myself, gingerly, apprehensively. There was no response from the place that once had been flesh and blood. I shrieked, swayed, fainted.

There was a voice in the distance, far away, indistinct, obscure. It called, reiterated, entreated, whispered, re-echoed, with ever the same intonation, ever the same half-comprehended significance. It surged nearer and nearer, growing louder and louder until it broke into a bellow "Wish to wake up, wish to wake up!"

I wished, and in a flash I had regained complete consciousness.
“Don’t do that again,” admonished the Colonel. “Wish it to hurt before you begin to pinch, and then it’ll be all right.” I wished, then pinched. The response came quick as a thunderclap.

I grovelled at the feet of the Theosophical Colonel, prayed prayers, vowed vows, invoked invocations until there came surging up a rolling paean from the far off memories of my childhood, the grand old words of the Nunc Dimittis: “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in——”

“Cut out the mushy stuff,” said the Colonel. “Come and have a drink.”

SPIRIT No. 55X, G.H.Q., Plane 4Y.

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Camp-Fire

The gleam of the leaping firelight, the fall of gloom again, The weary climb at sunset, the spurt before the rain, The ruddy embers framing landscapes of hill and sea, A peal of dishes chiming, and lemon-cheese for tea.

The morning track, and the noontide long, The swinging pack, and the biting thong, The evening shack, and a thoughtful song, And fitful, darting firelight.

The song of the wind aloft, the beat of the storm outside, The dash for the swingbridge croft, in the cool of eventide, The pungent smoke recalling odours of bush and fern, The sound of water falling, clear from the cragside burn.

The morning track and the noontide long, The swinging pack, and the biting thong, The evening shack, and a careless song, And friendly fading firelight.

R.F.F.

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Disclaimer

The Cub Reporter of "The Spike" for 1922 wishes to state that he was not the Cub Reporter responsible for certain scurrilous articles that appeared in the last number. He infinitely regrets that the Editor has appointed so unworthy a successor.
The Vital Need
Towards A Foreign Policy

(The following article, we are informed by the writer, has been refused by most of the respectable papers in New Zealand: it is therefore printed in "The Spike." The editor of one of the foregoing papers further remarked that he agreed with it entirely, but it wasn’t the policy of his paper to publish that sort of thing. We beg any reader of “The Spike” who may be annoyed at our hammering away at the apparently delicate subject, to bear this in mind.—Editor “Spike.”)

There are some people who never grow after they reach the age of five, and there are others whose views are as unchanging as the Pyramids. Such people seem utterly incapable of profiting by experience; their attitude is childish and illogical, based upon utter lack of a capacity to discover the truth or to appreciate that truth when discovered. The man who fails to learn from experience is a mental dwarf, just as pitiable as any physical enormity, but, when he happens to be in public life, a great deal more dangerous. And that is the type of man who is at present controlling the life of the Dominion in so far as it is governed by our relations with the lands overseas.

The vital need in this Dominion is that the people should formulate some sort of a policy in foreign affairs. Tucked away in an isolation less splendid than effective, the war found us in a state of mental inertia due to three decades of easy money-making. It left us with a heightened national consciousness, perhaps possessing that consciousness for the first time, and it should have left us with a definite attitude in foreign affairs. But it did not. Far from learning anything by the revelations of the appalling blunders of British diplomacy after 1914, our Government cheerfully accepts the responsibility of committing the country to support those blunders with blood and treasure. Thus in September of last year, during the Near-Eastern crisis when Lloyd George sent out his s.o.s. to the Dominions, Mr. Massey, with a superb gesture, proclaims “There can be only one possible answer,” and immediately offers an expeditionary force. Canada, on the other hand, a country whose loyalty to the Empire is unquestioned, flatly refuses to support Great Britain in a quarrel of which she does not know the details. South Africa also stands out. And in February last the Canadian Premier in a speech in the House revealed an amazing state of affairs. The first intimation of Great Britain’s invitation to them to send a contingent to ensure the “freedom of the Straits” was received in the Canadian press! Following this came a London dispatch in which the British Government stated that both France and Italy endorsed Britain’s action—absolutely untrue, this, as both Powers had refused to do anything of the sort and had left General Harington unsupported at Chanak, withdrawing their troops from the danger-zone. But the matter did not end there. The Canadian Government (unlike our own for which there was “only one possible answer”) desired to summon the House of Parliament to consider the grave position which had arisen. The British Cabinet, on receipt of this suggestion replied that it could not see the necessity for doing any such thing. The Canadian Premier also explained that the dispatch asking for
Canada's aid was "the first and only intimation" that he had received that matters in the Near East had reached a critical stage. He said, too, that he had repeatedly made application to both the Lloyd George Government and the present one that he should be permitted to lay the whole correspondence before the Canadian House and that the British Government, in a manner clear and emphatic, had indicated that it did not wish this done.

And now as to the events which led up to the crisis in the Near East. In May, 1919, with the approval of Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, a Greek army was sent to Smyrna, in violation of the armistice signed at Mudros on October 30th of the preceding year. It engaged upon work of wholesale destruction and every form of outrage. And, after landing under Allied protection, it gained a victory in which it ultimately reaped as "the spoils of war" the provinces of Smyrna and Thrace. At the same time Mesopotamia and Palestine became British mandates and Syria went to France. Within a very few weeks Mustapha Kemal was in charge of Turkey's future, officially recognised by the National Assembly, and engaged on the work of reorganisation, and soon, though a non-representative Government in Constantinople signed the terms imposed by the Treaty of Sevres (which practically meant Allied control of Turkey), the forces in the interior were more powerful than before. The end of the year saw Lloyd George proclaiming his pro-Greek opinions and the beginning of a new Greek offensive. By July, 1921, the Greeks had made a great advance which was rounded off by the capture of Esakisheir, and the British Prime Minister was stating that the Sevres Treaty was "a scrap of paper," and that Greece "was entitled to the full fruits of her victory." But the battle of Sakaria resulted in the defeat of the Greeks and the position of their army became more and more precarious. Venizelos had visited London (on pleasure?) before the beginning of the final Greek attack, and now Gounaris was appealing to Curzon for money and munitions. None were forthcoming; but he was told to hang on, while Cabinet was quite determined that the Greek army should remain in Asia Minor and that the Kemalists were unable to attack. This Greek army, meantime, was short of supplies, ill-clad, with its morale going or gone.

But the public was still in the dark. Even when Lord Reading protested strongly against depriving Turkey of Constantinople, Smyrna and Thrace, and the Hon. E. Montague, Secretary of State for India, resigned, few people knew what was going on. After preposterous terms (including the demilitarisation of the Dardanelles) had been proposed, Fethi Bey was sent to London with power to offer the terms which, almost without alteration, were accepted by the Allies subsequently at Lausanne. He was refused an interview with any of the Cabinet, which was confident of the superiority of the Greek soldiery. In consequence, and following on violent abuse of Turkey by Lloyd George in the House of Commons, the Turkish attack was made and the Greek army utterly broken. In ten days the Turks were again in Smyrna, and within the week Lloyd George was announcing that Britain would oppose by force any attempt on the part of the Kemalists to enter a "neutral zone" which had never been recognised by an authoritative Turkish Government as such. And then, after Canada, South Africa, Italy and France had refused to stand by Great Britain, or rather by the British Government, Lloyd George announced that Turkey was
to blame for the whole business and that the National Government in England had averted a war in the Near East!

What the British thought of the matter was shown by the wave of feeling which forced Lloyd George to resign. What the Greeks thought they showed by standing Gounaris and the rest against a wall and shooting them. The Lausanne Conference in November resulted in Curzon being forced to back down and the trouble for the moment was over. But we in New Zealand are a long way removed from such waves of feeling. To our Cabinet the British Government is the British Government, and in matters of foreign policy apparently it can do no wrong. At the present moment we are absolutely at the mercy of the prejudice or incompetence of a Minister in London. And even such a record of political trickery, incompetence and lying as has been revealed by the expose of the Near East seems not to have influenced our own Government in the slightest degree. For them there is still "only one possible answer," and it is likely that this state of affairs will continue until the growth of public opinion forces them to display a little national consciousness and not be tied helplessly to the apronstrings of any foolish and possibly corrupt government which may be in power at Home. British diplomacy, and particularly secret diplomacy, has recently received some consideration in the House, mainly as the result of Labour Party criticism. And the Hon. Donnie Stewart has spoken of the inevitability of "gentlemen's agreements." Here is a list of the treaties broken by the recent British Government in the past four years because it suited them: The secret agreement with the Sheriff of Mecca (1915); the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1907 concerning Persia; the Treaty of London in its reference to Albania; Point 2 and Point 12 of the Fourteen Points accepted as a basis for peace; the Mudros Armistice terms; and Article 22 (with special reference to Turkey) in the League of Nations Covenant. This is by no means complete. But it is sufficient to show that the recent British Government did not keep its word in public, and it is a fair assumption that its secret agreements received as short a shrift. More, the Treaty of Sevres, under which the "neutral zone" which we were asked to defend was created was discredited by its principals even before it was signed. Millerand was assailed violently and accused of making sacrifices to Britain, while the astute Nitti anticipated criticism by announcing that he was aware that the treaty was wrong and of no value because it was signed by the representatives of governments which had no control over the territories ceded (among them the puppet Turkish Government). The return of King Constantine was seized upon by the French (who regarded it as a national insult) as an opportunity to revise the Treaty and to encourage Turkish resistance.

These are the conflicting streams of policy in which our simple statesmen with their pathetic trust in British politicians are engulfed. But our position is much simpler. We do not need to entertain definite ideas as to the morality of the British policy in China or in Russia; but we do need men who will make it their business to know just what is happening abroad and what Britain's position may be. We do need to know whether or not to stand by a British Government without entering into an utterly unjust war such as a campaign against the Kemalis would have been. And we have the right to demand that on a future occasion such
a step shall not be taken by a Cabinet vastly ignorant of foreign relations or by Mr. Massey (Lloyd George, Curzon, and Birkenhead outwit ten men of Mr. Massey’s type every morning), but shall at least be submitted to Parliament, as was done in Canada. For, though Lloyd George has gone, Lord Curzon is still in office, and Lord Curzon was the man who, in March, 1922, advised Greece to keep their army in Asia Minor, and to whom Gounaris wrote for supplies.

More than ever, then, more than the domestic or economic situation, does this matter call urgently for attention, the attention, not of one or two Labour members, who seem the only men in the House with any information or ideas on foreign relations, if one can judge from speeches; but of the whole nation.

C.Q.P.

Sonnet

If every wind that shakes our orchard’s gold
Should tremble for the trees its wrenches bare;
If spring should fear the winter’s nipping hold
And spread no self-delighting blossoms there;
If hope should doubt, or fancy lay aside
Her splendid visions and go meanly garbed,
Lest through her air-built landscapes there should ride
Some plague of darkness with confusion barbed,
Then might the poet weigh his thronging words,
And garner some against the famine years,
Or social savours ban our thoughtless herds,
Dreading the Tree and its prophetic jeers.
Yes, life itself might hourly wait for death,
And fairest nosegays blow the rankest breath.

M.E.H.

Heracleitus

(To William Cory)

An old Ionian song, sung sadly long ago
From Death’s pale orchard closes, where sorrowful spices blow:
It mourns the death of a friend, his empty fields and byre,
The ashes cold on his hearth, the flame on his funeral pyre.

I, too, oh Heracleitus, have seen in a fading fire
The caravels of Ephesus, the laden ships of Tyre;
Fire, and its measures changing, in stars and flowers, you said,
In fleeting things and dying things—lo, you too now are dead.

R.F.F.
Impertinent Interviews

I. The Business Manager of The Extravaganza

I climbed the stairs and was ushered into the innermost holy of holies.

Photographs of the Saints and the Early Fathers dotted the walls, and their remains, from locks of hair to nail clippings, were strewn carelessly about in overtumbling confusion.

But the chef d'oeuvre hung on the wall over the bed. It was a life-like portrait of the great man himself, seated serenely in a long galley with the figurehead of a cross in its bows. Various infidels were drowning in the water or being pushed off the sides of the galley by the slaves who executed his orders. Youthful wings sprouted from his shoulders, and beneath in large gold lettering ran the legend

"Safe in the Barque of Peter."

"It makes me feel like Shakespeare," I whispered, "you know where the lily-nai'd, the Lady of Shalott floats down the river to many-towered Camelot; or like G. K. Chesterton," I thought again, "where he tells about King Arthur, the noblest Roman of them all, and how the dusky barge of the three stately, black-stoed queens bore him away from Sir Bedivere to the island valley of Avilon."

"You like it," said he smilingly.

"I will," I said resolutely, forgetting for the moment, in that atmosphere of sanctity, that I was not in church and at one of my frequent marriage ceremonies.

"I mean, I do," I amended hurriedly, recovering my balance with an effort.

"I'm glad of that," he returned. "I've thought at times that it might be a trifle egotistical—but there, my usual good taste rarely fails me."

"You are an art connoisseur?" I asked humbly.

"I've heard it said so," he admitted.

"Sacred art?" I inquired more humbly still.

"Yes," he expanded, "secular art, you know, bores me stiff. Take the Extravaganza for instance. Do you think I'd have consented to take the business managership if it hadn't been for that scene in the Egyptian temple? Not on your life. Religion makes the world go round, and extravaganzas pay."

"Yes," I said, "Opah was certainly an acquisition compared with our mere temporal sovereigns like Elizabeth. And I agree with you that religion has an effect of making things swim round—like beer taken in excess. But what is your opinion of school masters?" I interposed adroitly to switch him off before he went off into a fit of religious ecstasy.

He spluttered impotently, words failing him.

The fit of anger passed and dignified grief took its place. "We'd have given him all the money he made out of that tinpot concert and still made a profit on another performance," he said sorrowfully.

"I understand that you are grievously offended at Mr. Potter's attack on your loyalty to your church and your country," I angled again, avoiding the sore subject of school teachers.
For answer, he opened a cupboard and took out a four-inch nail and a hammer. He shut the door, locked it, drew the blind, and switched on the electric light. Then just as I was meditating crawling under the bed, he approached a curtained wardrobe and drew aside the covering, revealing to my astounded gaze a perfect likeness, a marvellously well-executed effigy in wax of Mr. V. H. Potter, M.P. There was the same lank, well-greased hair, the same thin rakish figure, the same long, lean face. Through the base of the skull was driven a poker which projected out of the back of the neck. Over the lungs and the other vital parts were driven deeply six-inch nails. And a deep gap in the throat revealed a nail which, on the farther side of the neck, fastened the figure to the wall.

"G-i-r-r-r-r-r, you, g-i-r-r-r-r, g-i-r-r-r-r, growled the great man fearously. Then he affixed the nail in place and began hammering.

He stopped suddenly. "It's an old secret of Mother Church this," he said, "the good old way of torturing an enemy... Father Gondringer told me about it, and asked me to give my support to his letters to the papers."

"G-i-r-r-r, you." He became absorbed in his task again. He hammered again. Then he stopped suddenly. "I got an idea from that article of young Baume's in the last 'Spike,'" he said, "the one about the Chinese tortures."

He extended the limb to me into which he was hammering the nail.

I looked—it was the hand. From the forefinger he had removed the finger nail before commencing operations.

I shrieked; the wax figure began to quiver, to tremble in abject terror, to writhe in agony. I fled from that ghastly scene in dismay. Ever since it has haunted me in my dreams, in terror-swept nightmares.

I psycho-analyse myself by revealing the matter to "The Spike," and if I have abused confidences I can plead that the approaching onset of hysteria demanded extreme measures to prevent its devastating ravages on my mental health.

II. The Secretary Of The V.U.C.S.A., Etc., Etc.

He swooped down upon me as I neared his portal and seized me by the arm. "I've been looking for you," he said, dragging me inside and peremptorily indicating a chair. "Sit down there."

His pedagogic aspect stirred in me a feeling which I had often experienced in my schooldays. I sat down. "The public interest," he commenced, distinctly enunciating each syllable and giving particular emphasis to the sibilants, "the public interest, which I have succeeded in centering upon this College, requires that I be formally interviewed in the pages of 'The Spike.' Now, it is undesirable that such an interview be conducted in the customary haphazard manner, on account of the tendency which that method possesses of leaving the person interviewed at the mercy of the interviewer. I have therefore carefully prepared a suitable account of this interview which I desire you strictly to follow. You will start like this: 'Beyond all doubt the most able and energetic member of the local University College is the student
who amalgamates in himself the varied offices of Secretary of the Debating Society, Secretary of the Students' Association, Treasurer of the Central European Students' Relief Movement, Committee of the Free Discussions Club—"

I fanned myself. "Hold on a minute," I protested, "before you claim to be Registrar, Librarian, Senate, and Professorial Board. It is a little too much like Gilbert and Sullivan."

"What do you mean?" he frowned.

"'Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold, and the mate of the Nancy brig,'" I quoted. "There is something in the 'Mikado,' I think, that also applies."

"Don't be silly," he uttered curtly. "I am merely stating facts. As I was saying when you interrupted with your ill-conditioned remark—"

"Cease your regimentation," I said sternly. "The press of this democratic country, as you must know, cannot be made a vehicle of propaganda—except at space rates. Suppose now that the 'Spike' is induced to print your eulogy—'by arrangement'—can you guarantee payment?"

He brightened. "Is that all?" he said, with a relieved air. "It happens that the Debating Society has embarked upon an energetic policy of publicity and I am in a position, therefore, to pass a resolution, here and now, that your account, whatever it is, be approved. To proceed then—"

"Wait another minute," I again interposed. "What will the committee say to this extraordinary procedure?"

"Never mind that," he said, testily. "I am the committee. I am the Debating Society. It involves no immodest claim for me to say that the proud position which that organisation holds in the public estimation today is entirely due to my energy and progressiveness. Who was it, may I ask, that aroused the Society from the moribund condition into which it had relapsed through the discussion of such idle questions as 'Should Bachelors be Single-Taxed?' 'Is Honesty the Best Politics?' and so on, and gave it a Parliamentary, not to mention an International, importance? In this connection let me quote—"

He turned to a cabinet wherein was a number of cards, mainly of a red colour. I seized my chance.

"Then you're the bold, bad Bolshie that they're all trying to catch?" I twittered.

He whipped round with a menacing glare in his eyes.

"An unscrupulous canard," he hurled at me, "due probably to the circumstance that the Society contains a sprinkling of ideologists who are foolish enough to place principle before politics. I would have you know that I personally possess the confidence of such diverse bodies as the Women's National Reserve and the Labour Party, not to mention innumerable members of Parliament, including the Prime Minister himself, in defence of whom I have had the honour of contributing to the Press."

"Why these autographed pictures of Lenin and Trotsky then?" I queried, pointing to the wall.

He hastily reversed them, and lo! excellent representations of the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition appeared on the other sides.

"It is essential for a man of my interests to be prepared for all manner of emergencies," he comfortably explained.
"You are completely exonerated," I said. "Tell me of your other activities."

"I was coming to that," he assured me, ticking off the first paragraph of his brochure and selecting some papers from a pigeon-hole. "I have here in my hand proposals for reconstructing the life of the University and placing the communal affairs of students upon an organised basis."

"Firstly, I propose to effect the abolition of the present shiftless system of College Clubs. These institutions should not be left to struggle along in meek dependence upon the wanton choice or individual whims of study-engrossed people. I propose to obtain the Council's approval of a multiple subscription which all entering the College shall be compelled to pay along with their College fee. The amount must necessarily at first be merely sufficient to provide for the present standard of requirements, but, as in the case of the College fees, it will be increased as soon as the student body has become accustomed to it."

"That will allow of some extensive advertising," I commented. "Precisely," he said. "A more important effect will be to centralise College activities in the hands of a single body, which of course must be the Stud. Ass., with myself as Secretary. The success of this arrangement will, by judicious publicity, be impressed upon the other Varsities, until in due course a union will be effected of all the central student bodies in the Dominion under the leadership of the initiating body."

"Glorious!" I enthused. "One Big Union!"

"I don't like the expression," he remarked, disapprovingly. "It savours too much of the democratic."

"But surely," I said, "you will not stop there. Such an influential combination should be entitled to elect a member of Parliament."

"Undoubtedly," he agreed, with a beaming smile. "As with Oxford. I am quite prepared for that inevitability. In fact, I have been assiduously preparing for some time."

"You leave nothing to chance," I suggested, admiringly.

"Nothing whatever," he said. "I have it all set out in my card indexes. This cabinet contains my proposals for next year. The larger cabinet contains my programme for the following year, and so on with the larger remaining cabinets, until a larger Cabinet still shall contain myself."

"You will not stop there?" I inquired enthusiastically. "Why not follow the example of the Y.M.C.A. and have a World Secretary."

"I am prepared for that also," he said, beaming again. "Here is my proposed itinerary. As Treasurer of the Student Relief Movement, I shall be in an uncommonly excellent position to fulfil the duties of that office."

"Then—the League of Nations," I ventured joyously.

He maintained a modest silence.

"But how will you manage to combine duties which call for your presence in so many different parts of the world?" I thought to ask.

"The Right Honourable the present Prime Minister achieves a certain amount of omnipresence," he enlightened me. "I shall make a special point of improving upon that rudimentary condition of things. To pass on to the next matter..."
I reverently let him pass.

"... A certain amount of criticism will have to be encountered, of course,"' he said. "Now that the critical ability of the College has been awakened, measures will have to be taken to suppress it. I will not tolerate any Bolshevism. Accordingly, therefore, I propose to establish a censorship of expression in the College with a view to achieving harmony of purpose. The 'Spike' first of all must undergo restraint."

"The 'Spike'?" I murmured, with a sinking feeling.

"Of what earthly use is it at present?" he demanded. "Does it ever concern itself with the larger issues of life—such issues, for instance, as will commend it to the respectful attention of members of Parliament?"

"The Labour members read it eagerly," I mentioned feebly.

"Bah!" he ejaculated. "I mean, yes, of course. But I want it to be a mentor to the whole of our noble Legislature. It must contain political biographies, commencing with those of present Ministers of the Crown, as well as carefully-chosen extracts from Hansard. It must include original statistics—everything, in fact, which will endear it to, and create the excited support of, the Powers That Be. I have the whole of the details here on card X23/47 (6) a, and will put them into execution so soon as I obtain complete control of the journal."

"Let me out of this," I moaned, suddenly feeling faint. "Oh, child of my intellect, flower of my imagination—that I should live to see thee dragged upon the ignominious hurdle of politics! Give me some air."

"All right, but take this interview," he said, thrusting a large bundle of closely-typed sheets at me.

"No, no!" I cried, waving it away. "I did not come here for any interview. I thought I smelt gas, and I wanted to see where it was escaping."

I retreated, and he advanced upon me, pushing the book-like bundle towards my hand. ... It touched me, and I shrieked. A sternly deliberate voice smote upon my ear.

"There is no rule forbidding a student to sleep in the Library," it said, "but we strongly discourage anything in the nature of disorder. You are requested to leave the room immediately."

My heart suddenly flooded with relief, and I turned one apologetic glance upon the dear old scholar who stood over me—then dived madly for the door.

III. The Editor of "The Spike"

As might be expected, the office of the "Spike" was situated in a remote corner of the basement. Evading a couple of sinister-looking individuals who were obviously watching the College on behalf of the Police Department, I penetrated to the sanctum sanctorum. The furnishing was poor: it consisted of a chair and a table, the latter quite empty save for the feet of a diminutive fellow occupying the chair. The table impressed me as being symbolic of the "Spike"; why, I could not tell. I interrupted the boy in his meditations.

"Boss in?" I queried.

"Meaning?" he countered, nonchalantly.

"His Puissance the Editor," I informed him.
"I am it—I mean, him," he said, drawing himself up. . . Well, well, I had expected a Wallace, or a McRae, perhaps even a Bobby Martin-Smith—but a Napoleon! I recovered myself and sat humbly upon the portion of the floor he indicated to me.

"You have come to interview me," he observed, placing the tips of his fingers together in a characteristically parsonical manner and beamimg benevolence upon me. "They all do. The Prof. Board interviews me. The Stud. Ass. interviews me. And why not, may I ask? None are too old to learn—or too young. So fire away."

"You are very busy?" I commenced.

"Exceptionally so," he stated without a blush, comprehending the table with a sweep of his arm. Now, what was it about that table that so suggested the "Spike"? Its emptiness!

"Literary inspiration," he explained, "is always at its peak about the time when coming exams cast their shadows before. I am entirely submerged then."

"I don't see it," I murmured.

"Very likely not," he conceded. "But you must know that in the darkest hour men yearn most for the light. The intellectual energy which oversleeps itself well into the second term is 'startled into hideous life,' as the poet expresses it, in the third, and then seeks to overleap itself. 'In the spring of a young man's fancy'—how does the dear old hymn go! I remember reading it quite recently in the pages of a Sydney Varsity journal. 'Pondly turns to thoughts of—.'"

"'Trampling Clubs,'" I supplied. "But you fail to appreciate the direction of my doubt. Let me explain. In my youth I studied Evidence; indeed, I studied it under a master, no less than your predecessor, lesser-Professor Wren. . . ."

At the sound of that name he sprang to his feet. I followed suit, and we stood in reverent silence for the space of two minutes. Great Arch! Keystone of Sapience and Erudition! What thought, however taking, could add one cubit to that stature? Solemnly we reseated ourselves.

... and," I went on, after a decent interval, "the incredibly exhaustive acquaintance you may be sure I gained with the intricacies of that serried subject fails to recall to me any principle whatever which will give probative value to the association of an exceptionally busy editor with an absolutely empty table."

I passed to recharge my lungs. When one has lost touch with the Debating Society, one quickly loses the ability to speak lengthily upon an empty lung (to mention lungs only). Looking at the table again, I was reminded of the "Spike" more than ever. The Editor gazed upon it with a sombre flicker in his eye.

"This table," he said morosely, "is reserved for the use of members of the staff only. That is to say, it is not for use at all. Its destiny, I fear, is, as with certain other famous tables, to be broken before it is given to the world. It is an holy table."

His brooding manner as suddenly left him, and a Bolshevik light glowed in his eyes.

"What are tables to us who know?" he passionately demanded, "who scorn dependence upon adventitious materialities and live in a realm of pure thought—aye, even of pure verse? We are the thinkers, the dreamers! Ours not the world of four-legged conveniences or of two-legged inconveniences; ours rather a world of
ideal constrictions, of millenial designs—a world reconstituted by intellecction, a universe dragged from the darkness of night into the brightness of day. . . ."

"Not to mention a University," I interposed.

"You are only too right," he acknowledged with sadness. "The night may be filled with laughter, but it is the laughter of a limet singing upon a blackened bough in hell."

("Holy Moses!" I murmured to the table.)

"This battered caravanserai, this fly-by-night Victoria, this ignis fatuus which we pursue in evening glooms—where does it lead us but into the sloughs and wildernesses of carnal commercialism? We must pierce a way through the deadly murk and flood the future with the sun's effulgence, whereunder to garner wisdom in happy leisure instead of breathlessly and broken-windedly in the flickering glimmer of a glorified night-school!"

"Where have you been hearing it glorified?" I desired to know, for I am not only a reader of newspapers but an observer of the modern student as well.

"When the great desideratum has come to pass," he continued, quelling me with a frightful look, "that day shall see our idol no longer a dull, drab, red-eyed thing sprawled upon a clogging clay, but a giant awakened from sleep and working while it is yet day, a scarlet city set upon a golden hill, for all men to lift their eyes to and not merely look askance at. Then shall it truly be a hive of lore and learning, wherein innumerable B.A.'s shall work like bees to store the comb of scholarship with the honey of all the ages instead of all the money of this. The library shall be a-wing, the laboratory shall hum with life. . . ."

"And not with dog fish," I yawned. It was wearying stuff to listen to. "Do you really believe the Bolschies will do all that?"

He came to earth. "What organisation are you spying for?"

he demanded, truculently.

"The Debating Society, perhaps," I said. "You know its motto, to try all things . . . ."

". . . and hold fast to that which pays," he added, sardonically.

"Well, it doesn't pay. I was talking to the Wellswied League only the other day, and he told me that he had carefully examined the constitution of the Debating Society and was convinced that it aimed at nothing less than the subversion of everything that was fundamental—the League of Nations, the Boy Scouts, the Fascisti, the Yellow Peril, the Rotary Club, and many other organisations too numerous to mention but all qualified for admittance to participation in the process of subversion."

"Horrible," I murmured sympathetically. "Did he offer to explain what he meant by subversion?"

"He'd forgotten for the moment what shade of meaning it was to bear in this case," explained the Editor, "but he assured me that the Society must be pretty bad to merit the application of such a term. For my part, all I can say is that if those terrible infants would only give up their annoying determination to right the world and write the 'Spike' instead, the 'Spike' would be read."

"I'm sure of it," I said. "But why not reduce the price?"

"What would you have me charge?" he inquired, cautiously.

"The 'Worker' charges threepence," I suggested.

"The 'Worker' is worth that," he responded gloomily. "Let us change the subject."
"Well, then," I said, preparing to fix my attention upon that intriguing table, "suppose you tell the world something about the features of the forthcoming issue."

"With all my heart," said he, brightening. "Allowing for adventitious misprints, which occur only when the ignorance of the compositor equals that of the contributor, you may expect the following:

"First, the well-known List of Contents which cunningly conceals the character and quality of the issue and sends the lazy purchaser to the interior of the journal for enlightenment. Next, a thirty-page editorial upon the subject of 'The Ornamental Character of a Divine Discontent,' written and composed wholly by myself, commencing with an anthology of quotations from authorities unknown to the ignorant multitude, and ending similarly—a novel extension to the editorial of the principle underlying that great work, 'Half-hours with the Best Authors.'"

"This will be followed by such of my poetic efforts as can be spared by the 'Bulletin,' 'London Mercury,' etc., etc. I am able to guarantee that it will be ample in quantity, however. The themes will be provocative and amorous—some even imaginative."

"After this there will be some convulsively amusing compositions of my own which I warrant will capture the thrilled attention of the most case-hardened Professorial Board. A novel feature will be a list of the fines imposed by that august body in pursuance of its recently-introduced and ingenious Scheme for Combining the Suppression of Disorder among Students with the Improvement of College Finances. If practicable, the issue will be rounded off with a few Club notes and reports of College activities (which of course do not include anything of a scholastic nature). There is nothing of either literary or artistic value in these last, but one must concede something to the vast body of students whose interests are purely physical. I refuse, however, to publish any Answers to Correspondents. The 'Spike' is not the 'Ladies' Mirror!' That is all, I think."

"You have not mentioned any contributors to the 'Spike' besides yourself," I hinted.

"There are none," he said. "Well, if you insist—a few, but of doubtful genius, if I may say so. For instance, there is G. G. G. Watson, who submits a piece of sickly sentimentality to which he attaches the ludicrous title 'The Poetry of Procedure.' I could swallow what he terms his 'soul-expressions,' but his Procedure!... He is young yet, however, which is more than can be said of S. E. Baume and his 'Opium Pipes of Pan Yan.' It makes my head rock to think where on earth he manages to collect all this Chinese junk! K. M. Griffin's tramping sketch 'Roaming with Romeo' would be almost comic relief if it were not so unconvincing. W. J. G. Davidson's 'War—What Ho!' does not suffer from that fault, for the simple reason that it is avowedly flippant. But the author is a man of very indefinite ideas and much addicted to rail-sitting. 'The Parish Pump,' by F. Haigh, now, is a very thoughtful piece, as one might expect, but it is ruined by the spirit of diffidence which is its prevailing note. Charles Pope on 'Don Q.' shows promise. His second attempt at literary work should be quite readable.... But I will not weary you with any more of these painful amateurs."
“Whatever their faults, they should help to pad out the issue.”
I opined.
“They one and all went into the w.p.h.,” he said shortly. “As I explained, there was matter enough. If, however, you would care to....” He eyed me expectantly.
“Thanks,” I said, feeling hurt by the suggestion, “but I send all my stuff to the ‘Free Lance.’”
“I should have guessed that,” he returned. “Well, good day to you. I am very busy. Don’t bang the door.”
He put his feet back on the table as I went out. . . . That table! I know now why it so reminded me of the “Spike.”
It was wooden, of course.

Auguste Sancteque

Do not vex the violet
Perfume to afford—
Else no odour thou wilt get
From its little hoard.

In thy lady’s gracious eyes
Look not thou too long
Lest the glory from them flies
And thou dost her wrong.

Ordinary readers might easily miss the meaning of George Macdonald’s words quoted above—coarse minds might read into them even the coarsest of meanings—but his thought is fully expressed in the first verse though taken alone, and is but elaborated in the following. What then is his meaning? To put it into bald prose would render us guilty of the very blunder he is warning us against: the rough handling of spiritual things.

Readers of Wordsworth, however, will place alongside the above verses the lines entitled “Nutting,” where after full appreciation of the beauty, in the woods, of a virgin scene—such as only a poet could fully appreciate or fitly describe—he tells how he came to defile and sully it in a rash endeavour to fully enjoy it, and in so doing effectually robbed it of its very being and himself of all enjoyment—experiencing instead a sense of loss. His concluding advice

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

is that of George Macdonald’s warning against rough handling of spiritual things. Both poets felt the same thing—have we not all done so more or less?

Is not reverence—shall we not even say worship—an essential, if it is to be lasting, in aesthetic pleasure? As in much besides, should it not find fuller recognition in our college life?

Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and heart according well
May make one music as before.
Power

(From a Play)

Power! to be able! to have all things come.
Curtseying to my feet, saying, Good lady,
Eat me, and use me, and recline on me!
To feel myself the mistress of the wind
That scarcely breathes below; ride on a bow
About the moon, and toss the falling stars
Unto kings' palaces! to creep above
With the sou'wester clutching at my hair,
And, hardly able, draw myself about
The carved bosses of their golden frames.
Wind's eyes they call them—ay, there's the strange word.
Windows—(we never see them here below,
But use a glow stol'n from the serpent's jaw
That guards the witch's cauldron in our midst).
But back—to sit i' the eye o' the wind, and gaze
And gloom on kingly riches, gorge the sight
With satins, diamonds and diadems,
And know they do not know who casts an awe
Upon their banquet—then below, and dive
Down amongst scaly splendours, glorious cools,
Drink deep the frozen waters of lost wastes
So far, so far, ships iron-freighted sink
Not to a tithe their measure from the sun—
To do this have I lost long years in toil
To learn the magic of the inner seas,
Put on the mysteries of Sargasso, clutch
The immeasurable measure of lost lore
Of seaward-sunken cities, and where rolls
A giant current the dismembered spires
Of old Atlantis, and what of twilit Greece
Jove tumbled with the Cyclops from the steeps.
As I have this, ev'n so shall I have all.
Neptune, beware! Morgenstern and twilight pall
Thine ancient empires; with loud ruin fall
Thy derelict treasures into deeper seas,
And thou shall sit uncrowned where Silence shouts
Shuttling her endless loom.

—E.L.P.
Extravaganza

In choosing the subject of this year's Extravaganza, the authors, who, by the way, preserved a modest anonymity and invisibility which have not always been conspicuously present in the authors of extravaganzas, hitched their wagon to a star. If the couplet broke before the journey was quite completed, they still attained to considerable heights, and are to be congratulated on their success. Love was their theme, Love gilded the scenes (four of them), Love throughout the ages. This central idea running through all the parts formed a connecting link without which, according to the highest authorities, no Extravaganza is worthy of the name.

A refreshing feature of this Extravaganza was that it did not pretend to be what it was not. No lengthy pseudo-philosophical disquisitions bearing very apparent marks of the cloven hoofs of Shaw, no jaded and faded epigrams that Wilde never quite made but very nearly did, several times: just good plain Extravaganza carried through in the highest of spirits and in a manner most pleasing to the eye.

One thing we did miss, and have missed in Extravaganzas for some years past, and that was a College or University atmosphere. Save that behind their disguises we recognised some of the well-known features of the class-room and tennis-court, the Extravaganza might have been written and acted by men and women entirely unconnected with Victoria University College. One College joke, as far as we can remember, reared its shy head. Possibly in these days when, in common with other sports, a College play suffers from the deadly "gate" blight, and the divinities that shape its ends, (and very well-shaped they are too), must keep their eye on the general public, a too academic production might not be considered a safe draw. We still think, however, with that father of Extravaganzas (and of Peter), Mr. F. A. de la Mare, that even a general public, if it comes to a college production, would prefer a few local college jokes that it cannot quite follow, to some of the music-hall "gags," which it can hear equally well just across the street any night of the week.

The first Act, which threw some new light on the loves of the politicians in the Stone Age, went off with a great swing, but the second Act, laid in the Egypt of Tutankhamen and his apparently teetotal queen, was the crowning achievement of the evening. Led up to by an endless chain of incense-bearers, courtiers, warriors, and ladies, impressively and gracefully parading before the drop scene on their way to the Court, with which the scene-shifters were very busy behind, it gave scope for very effective grouping, dancing, and elocution. This Act was carried through on a serious note of high tragedy, though a few jests would not have ruined it entirely. It is true that the incidental choruses contained the jests, but as they were not distinguishable beyond the footlights, they did not affect the result. What a chance was here of bringing together the incongruous, the life-blood of Extravaganza. One un-rehearsed incongruity there was when, on the first night, the stately queen, setting forth to fetch a goblet of poisoned wine, returned majestically bearing on high what from the second row of the stalls looked like a peculiarly small species of medicine-glass. One can imagine the scene in the ante-room when the property master
was asked by Egypt's Queen, a daughter of the Pharaohs, where
the blazes he had put that ruddy goblet for the poisoned wine.

After the climax of the second Act, the third was a distinct
fall, and easily the poorest of the four. The fooling of Queen
Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh was very crude and not very
funny. The fourth Act, a jazz medley on the Styx, which gathered
the main characters of the preceding Acts together, and intro-
duced a few new ones, brightened things up again tremendously
and brought them to a joyous and merry end.

Of the actors, Mr. A. J. Mazengarb stood out, and as Queen
Sheezastumna bore the heat and burden of the night. He was
perfectly at home in the role, gave the audience the impression that
he was enjoying himself, and let them hear every word he had to
say on the subjects that came under his shrewd observation. In
fact he was so good that he could easily have afforded to cut out
the rather low, very strained, and entirely unamusing music-hall
"gags" referred to earlier herein, in which he and the interpreter
of Queen Elizabeth indulged in the last Act. His performance
would have lost nothing in merit thereby. Mr. P. Martin-Smith
as Bill Mushie went down to the serums well, as usual, while Mr.
S. E. Baume, in his flowing beard, looked more like a Chief Rabbi
than a Chief Justice. The minor characters, where they could not
be heard, looked their lines remarkably well.

Amongst the ladies, where all were so charming, it would be
invidious to single out any for special mention, but we cannot help
referring to the very finished performance of Miss M. Cooley as the
Egyptian Queen.

The singing and dancing, both solo and concerted, and the
chorus work generally were very good throughout, while the cos-
tumes were as usual an outstanding feature of the performance,
on which Misses M. Campbell and E. Madeley and their staff of
learned dressmakers are to be congratulated. To be congratulated
too are Mr. Theodore Trezise, who directed the whole production,
and Miss Joyce and her orchestra, who were new to us and of whom
we should like to hear more.

Of the songs incidental to the play, no more need perhaps
he said than that editors of future editions of "The Old Clay
Patch" will not have to linger long over the pages of the book
of words. Their task of selection will be a light, if negative, one.
The chief objection we had to the book of words, however, was that
we had to fork out a bob for the purchase of it. As the old lady
sitting behind us, who borrowed our copy, remarked, she now saw
the force of our motto "Wisdom is to be desired for more gold."
On Sealy Peak

OUTSIDE the hut our light showed nothing but an impenetrable white blanket of fog and when voices ceased no sound came save the bumping of stones down the precipices across the Mueller Glacier and the occasional ground-shaking rumble of an avalanche falling from the ice cliffs of Mount Sefton.

Disregarding the wise counsel of an early bed we sat up late, and at eleven o'clock someone suggested a seance, but no spirits responded—perhaps none moved in that high valley. Midnight had passed before, having taken our blankets from their zinc-lined case we rolled into our bunks, whilst the only man for whom no bunk remained laid himself comfortably to sleep on the table. There were two parties in the hut, the first of three men and three ladies were to climb with one guide. The remaining six intended ski-ing on the snowfields above the hut.

We duly paid the penalty of our late bed-going. It was broad daylight when the first of us rose. In haste we breakfasted and leaving the ski-ing party still wrapt in their blankets, we stepped out into the crisp air of the morning. Sunlight was already streaming over the ridges above us and last night’s fog had vanished. Snow lay in patches about the hut, but for an hour we walked up gentle slopes of rock, whilst the sun coming nearer the crest of the ridge on our right threw long delicate shadows on the patches of clear snow.

Guide Norman Murrell turned, smiling, and inquired who carried a watch, and it was then we discovered that we were without one. It was too late to go back now and we knew that there was ample time.

Straight ahead and nearly four thousand feet about us was the summit of Mount Sealy. It looked ridiculously easy of ascent by a gently sloping rock arete on the left, but only half of that arete belongs to the mountain, and the lower portion is separated from it by the bed of the Metville Glacier, a mile and a half wide.

On we went over the crisp snow which at this time of the day still bore us well. Hours later, when at each steps we sank to our knees, we longed for the crispness of the morning. The peak ahead showed nothing but a series of precipices interspersed with small patches of snow and we felt happy that it was not by that face we were to climb it.

Across the great sloping plateau of the Metville Glacier we plodded towards the rocks ahead. A glimpse behind showed the huge shape of Mount Sefton bright in the early sunlight and further back, and looking more majestic even than from the valley, Mount Cook showed delicately blue and white. It is a truism amongst mountaineers to say that to gain an idea of the relative heights of peaks they must be viewed from somewhere not too far below. From a low valley all peaks seem to tower to a vast height. From our present position we could appreciate Cook’s additional two thousand feet above Sefton.

Approaching the rock mass of Sealy diagonally across the snow fields we skirted it to a point where a break occurs and a wide and fairly steep snow couloir leads to what appears to be a saddle, but is in reality the edge of a higher plateau. Just as we approached the bottom of the couloir there was an ominous hissing and a great
hummock of snow came sliding down the side of the rocks of the couloir and passed in front of us. We halted and waited for a further slide, but none came. It seemed natural to suppose that snow steep enough to slip of its own accord would be scarcely likely to refrain when disturbed by us. Murrell, however, with his usual infectious confidence, began crawling out into the couloir, enjoining us to follow keeping flat on the snow with arms and legs spread out. We clambered along the lower lip of a crevasse, in whose blue depths icicles hung till we emerged on to the track of the snow slide, down which a trickle of snow still ran. Crossing it we climbed the snow outside for a hundred feet or so, then crossing it endeavoured to work up the rocks at the side of the couloir but they were smooth, wet and slippery and striking out on to the snow again we made straight for the col above us.

A great climber has observed that when an inexperienced person finds himself on steep snow his mind becomes obsessed with two ideas, first that the snow is going to slip, and second that he is going to slip with it. That slope proved to some of us the truth of his words. The snow was in that objectionable condition when to kick steps is too hard whilst to cut them is laborious. We emerged over the crest on to a great snowfield, almost surrounded by peaks. In this natural basin we must be treading upon the accumulated falls of thousands of winters.

Following the rocks though always separated from them by a deep moat-like depression in the snow, caused no doubt, by the snow in contact with them melting, we reached another slope, and plodding to the summit found ourselves on yet another snow plateau. To our left a very lengthy slope of snow stretched upward to a line of inaccessible looking rocks. The aneroid showed another thirteen hundred feet to go and probably the slope ahead comprised a thousand feet of that distance. After getting what little drink we could from pools in the rocks, we started up the slope. It soon became necessary to begin cutting and for some hour and a half or two hours we zig-zagged up the face, digging our ice axes in as we hauled ourselves from step to step, for we had unroped. The rocks straight ahead were quite impracticable and we made for the left where they ran down far more gently. Every now and then patches of the surface snow above us would slip and come hissing down, but none of these miniature avalanches came our way though some were uncomfortably close. Just as the crest to our left would seem actually to be getting nearer, a glance upward would show that the leader had made another turn and was cutting away from it again. At last we scrambled on to the first of the summit rocks and although the two hundred feet of rocks above us did not just then seem an attractive proposition, yet, encouraged by the proximity of the summit, we began to work our way along the rock face above the slope we had just ascended. Only one place presented any difficulty. Here a large rock overhung the slope below and it was necessary to climb on to this and scramble up it. A minute or two more and we stepped on to the summit snow.

The highest summit of Mount Sealy is at the northern end of the summit ridge and consists of a mass of loose rocks with a top perhaps of twelve feet square. On all sides except where it connects with the rest of the ridge the sides drop away sharply. Hastening over the last of the snow we stepped on to the summit with the feelings of conquerors. Those who were skiing told us
afterwards that they saw us on the summit snow seven and a half hours after we had left the hut.

Descriptions of mountain panoramas are proverbially inadequate. A catalogue of peaks means nothing to one who has not seen them and very little to one who has. Those writers who are concerned with more than the externals of mountaineering experience may succeed in translating some of their feelings, and that I think is the best that any are able to do. What lay before us now was indeed magnificent in its spaciousness and grandeur, including as it did views of great areas of plain and valley and dozens of snowy peaks. The day had remained almost perfect, only to the south-west white clouds rolled across Barron's Saddle, shutting out a possible view of the West Coast. Far in the north, gleaming in the sunlight of early afternoon, Mount Elie de Beaumont and Mount de la Beche were visible whilst between were snowy summits and rock peaks in profusion.

George Meredith was no mountaineer but he has very subtly described the colouring of distant mountains. He says "Colours was steadfast on the massive front ranks, it wavered in its remoteness and was quick and dim as though it fell on beating wings." On the snow slopes to one side of us we could distinctively see, as tiny black dots, the figures of those who were skiing. On the opposite side Dobson's Valley slumbered in the sunlight six thousand feet below us, seeming so close that to toss a pebble into it appeared an easy task. Far to the south-west over the Mackenzie Plains, a patch of blue indicated Lake Ben Ohau, whilst the Mueller Glacier backed by a long line of bold peaks lay to the westward.

It is now twenty-eight years since the English climber Fitzgerald with his guide Mattias Zurbrigg, his friend Barrow, and a young New Zealander named Clark made the first ascent of Mount Sealy. They climbed it by the northern rock arete, a route unduly dangerous for any but small parties of experienced rock climbers. Previously the ascent had been attempted by Messrs. Harper, Fyfe, Graham and others, both from Birch Hill Creek and from the Mueller Glacier, but a lack of knowledge of the geography of the district and bad conditions had prevented these hardy pioneers from succeeding. It is now a second rate climb from the Mueller Hut.

Sitting upon the summit we ate our bread and cheese and tinned pineapple and drank our small allowance of cold tea and pineapple juice. By the time we had finished eating mists were beginning to swirl over the lower levels to the eastward, so hastening back, we began the descent of the rocks. When we halted at the edge of the snow to put on the rope, the mist was eddying close below us and in a few minutes we were in it.

The form of A——in the lead became spectral as the mist eddied round him. The air turned bitingly cold and the slope below us dropped away into invisibility. Norman Murrell, from his position of "anchor" at the rear, called occasional cheery advice to those in front to step gently and dig in deeply with their ice axes. A——in front searched for and endeavoured to clear of snow the morning steps. A hundred and fifty feet from the bottom of the slope we unrope and glissaded the rest of the distance in a glorious whirl and flurry of snow. The mist was already rising, and where we stood was now clear, though the peaks were still
covered. Down snow slopes and over seemingly endless snowfields we plodded, following the footsteps of the morning. Whilst we were crossing the Metville Glacier the mist finally cleared and the afternoon sun shone forth, and we listened to the almost continuous thundering of avalanches. At last we began the descent of the last snow slopes towards the hut. The snow had now become so soft that at each step we sank above our knees, and slopes which in the morning could have been glissaded down at twenty miles an hour had to be laboriously overcome. At half past five we were close to the Hut, and to our surprise figures appeared. We expected to find that the ski-ing party had long ago departed for the Hermitage. On arriving we found that this was so, but that another party had just arrived for ski-ing on the morrow. To stay meant a crowded hut. The newcomer’s guide cooked us a substantial tea on the kerosene stove, and we felt that if his ability as a guide equalled that as a cook his party were in most capable hands. At half past six we shouldered our packs and hurried down the track. This skirts the hillside for a mile or two and then drops into the boulder-strewn moraine of the Mueller. Darkness fell as we descended the rocks into the moraine, but luck was with us. The moon appeared over the towering wall of Mount Sefton and gave us some assistance. Holes looked like stones and stones like holes, but on we went at a surprising rate, faster indeed than in daylight, for we were taking less care. Then at last up fifty feet of steep loose gravel and we were upon the wall of the moraine with the Hermitage lights twinkling invitingly three miles away. Those three miles seemed remarkably short and at a quarter past ten we marched into the Hermitage. Our faces were still thickly smeared with white ointment and our general appearance was disreputable. With that, however, we were unconcerned. We announced the first ascent of Sealy that season, and having celebrated the event in the ancient manner we tumbled into hot baths ere retiring to sleep a sleep deeper than that of the just.

J.T.

Lake Michigan

I walked beside the mighty Lake to-day,
Around her vastness was a rim of rue—
The crouching greyness of a storm at bay,
Her twisted wavelets had a greyness too.
I think the melancholy landscape knew
The changing lake to be untrue to skies
That long had decked her with their inmost-blue,
And yet it knew no threats would calm her eyes,
No storm may hope to make inconstancy grow wise.

M.E.H.
Beautiful Wellington

"And all that mighty heart is lying still."—Voltaire.

W HO among the multitudes treading day by day the streets of Wellington, descending horrific slopes into its flowing bowl, converging upon its golden centre from a fringe of green suburbs—who doing these unique and awful things pauses amidst the raptures of his pursuits and ponders upon the beauty and the blessing of living in this our Capital City? Few indeed. Not even I. * It is during some depressing interruption, in the examination chamber, on the carpet of some juvenile Departmental head, in the course of a desperate introspection in the Psych. Lab., when one feels "a weight of awe not easy to be borne," that one's soul comes to a realisation of the poetry of its environment. Perhaps it even flows into the poetic grooves made familiar to us by the "School Journal" and apostrophises right and left; to the harbour saying—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

or to the hills—

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again. I hold to you the hands you first beheld To show they still are free. . . ."

or to the smoky congestion of hovel* and hospice, tavern* and tabernacle,* bank* and beauty-parlour*—

"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

Perhaps, and it is more likely, one's work-worn soul is not stirred to such depths.

But oh, wondrous city, whose stucco and roof-iron* and worm-worried timbers cannot mar the surroundings never constructed by, human architect or dim the colours never compounded of the pigments of commerce! Barrier after barrier of deepened blue or vivid green—snowtops rosy-pink in the evening sun!—waters that change like a maiden's mind, sparkle like a poet's eye, toss like the fortunes of men, lie placid as the feathers of a dove, or flicker like the movies!* Bead after bead in the rosary of beauty, line upon line of loveliness—the mere enumeration of which would merit one hundred per cent. in a Matriculation* essay! Must we be compelled to stop looking around us, before we discover what is there?

Stand in the path of the moonlight on the surface of that glimmering sea on some calm evening and gaze at the hill and harbour lights. Can anything to equal it be seen elsewhere—unless one goes to see? The soul cannot suffer it without a camera.* The press cannot find sufficient space for the laudations of admiring strangers. But raise your eyes upwards, admiring stranger, and behold between the sea and the stars the lights of the great educational institution* which slumbers peacefully among the habitations of such as can pay appropriate rentals.*

Now amble around the crescent bay where lovers stroll and democracy laves itself. Through the intervening ridges may be seen, blinking from afar through magic casements, the dream palace of Salamanca, home of the happy folk who gild their lives with learning and curl their lips in scorn at gold when it is referred to as "auro." On a height behind and again beyond may be seen
the brothers wireless, the elder, black with age, telling plain things to mariners about craft adjacent; the younger, born only yesterday, telling mysteries things to the marines about craft everywhere; past and present staring across the ether, the yardarm and the aerial. From both vantage points a thrilling view may be obtained of Victoria College.*

An impressive glimpse of this great educational institution may also be obtained from a point midway, which would be somewhere about Courtenay Place.* Now in Courtenay Place is located the Ford depot, where a beautiful new five-seater may be purchased for £78 down and £9 a month for 12 months,* which makes up the total price of £178 plus the wages of waiting. The beauty of this arrangement is that at the end of the 12 months a non-purchaser may purchase from the purchaser for the £78 down alone. Thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa is the Ford in Wellington, thus bringing the enterprising visitor within the immediate vicinity of the great place of learning to which I have already faintly alluded.

Who shall tell of the beauties of Victoria College? Fain would I, but space forbids. One must attend lectures to see them, and Extravaganzas, and social teas, andcetera. Most beautiful of all are its dreams, for it gazes upon Wellington—without awaking.

(Note.—The Financial Secretary, acquiescing in the tendency of student societies to find their truest expression in the making of money, begs to draw the attention of the business public to the possibilities of the above article as a profitable advertising medium. He has secured a large number of similar articles, all of which make provision for the inclusion of details of approved commercial propositions, and will publish them for the benefit of applicants at very moderate rates. A small additional charge will secure the inclusion of footnotes to the text, such as "Do your Shopping in Courtenay Place!" "Buy your knowledge from Victoria College!" "Obtain your Bait from J. Brook, Esq."

No footnotes are appended to the above article, but asterisks (*) indicate where such might be appropriate. No time should be lost in taking advantage of this excellent and intellectual method of bringing superior goods before the notice of the purchasing public.)

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On Reading Aristotle, His Ethics

"This has given room for a doubt whether friends do really wish to their friends the very highest good—that they should become gods—because in case the wish were accomplished, they would no longer have them for friends."

Be bad, sweet maid, and let who will be moral;
Do wicked things, nor dream that they are wrong;
God made all cabarets, all lips of coral
One scruptious song.

T.U.T.
The Goose Step

"The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honoured and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of peace into its paid wage-labourers."—Karl Marx.

"When wealth and the wealthy are honoured in a State, virtue and the virtuous sink in estimation."—Plato.

Upton Sinclair’s new book, "The Goose Step," is merely an application of these old truths to the universities of America. The professor there, however, is not merely despoiled of his halo, but encompassed within an iron mask, particularly if he is a professor of economics. If he teaches Romance Languages, or Greek literature he may breathe the free air of Heaven, although at a somewhat low salary. But if he teaches advertising or public speaking he may inhale the ozone of Olympus at a comparatively high salary. Indeed, he may even be made President of his University as was Brown of New York, Kinley of Illinois, and Scott of North-Western University. But if he is a professor of economics and protests against sweated child labour and unemployment as Scott Nearing did at Pennsylvania, or if he is a chemist and analyses the typhoid infected water supply whence comes the profits of a wealthy trustee of the university, as did Allan Eaton of Oregon University, then he is summarily dismissed without any hope of redress.

At Illinois, Nebraska and South California they teach millinery; and at New York University there are "three professors of marketing, four professors of finance, four professors of accounting, four of business English, one of salesmanship, one of merchandising, one of foreign trade, one of life insurance." President Scott, of North-Western University, who was promoted from his former position of Director of the Bureau of Salesmanship Research, has written books on "The Psychology of Advertising," "Increasing Human Efficiency in Business," "The Psychology of Public Speaking," "Influencing Men in Business," etc. Fortunately, we have the two former in our own library, and have been able to check independently what Upton Sinclair says of the type of man that is honoured and placed foremost in the American university.

"Thus 'Uneeda' is a name which cannot be forgotten," he writes in "The Psychology of Advertising." "It pleases by its very ingenuity, although most of the attempts in this direction have been futile. Thus "Uwanta" is recognised as an imitation, and is neither impressive nor pleasing. "Keen Kutter" is a name for tools which is not easily forgotten."

Below an advertisement he reprints on p. 209 is the legend:—

"A slimy frog associated with White Star coffee kills the desire for coffee."

In an eloquent chapter on food advertising, he says:—

"Of course there are certain cuts of pork which do not resemble certain parts of turkey, but the question has to do only with those parts of turkey and pork which cannot be easily discriminated with closed eyes. The correct answer to the question is that we prefer turkey to pork because there is a certain atmosphere or halo thrown about turkey which is not possessed by pork. We are inclined to think of pork as 'unclean,' gross and unesthetic. Turkey has enveloped itself in visions of feasts and banquets."

And on page 27 are some other statements on utilitarian
aesthetics, concerned not with taste but with vision, which laboratory tests proved to be utterly untrue.

Some idea of the state of affairs may be gained from the spectacle of America’s richest university, the paragon of millionaire mobsmen—Columbia, the gem of New York State. Nicholas Murray Butler, surnamed “the Miraculous,” here reigns supreme over 1500 professors, lecturers, demonstrators, sycophants, bullies, and dullards, with one or two honest men. All problems of academic freedom are in the hands of a committee, whose meetings only two or three attend, who often give no reason for dismissals, and who seem to accept the word of Butler for everything which they wish to believe. And the University which they control is nothing more nor less than an offshoot of the house of Morgan. Its resources are estimated at 75,000,000 dollars, its annual income is over 7,000,000 dollars. Not one of its board of trustees is a scholar. There is an engineer, a physician, a bishop, ten corporation lawyers, eight bankers, railroad and real estate owners, in short plutocrats, and they range from Marcellus Hartley Dodge, son-in-law of Wm. Rockefeller, and chairman of the Remington Arms Co., to Herbert L. Slatterlee, Morgan attorney and Morgan son-in-law. The President of the University is nothing but a snivelling seeker after political honours, for ever fawning at the feet of the rich and powerful (this is America’s “greatest educationalist!”). What he is and how his German education has left him may be gauged from the fact that when Senator La Follette said in a public address: “Our forefathers shed their blood in order that they might establish on this continent a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, in which the will of the people, expressed through their duly elected representatives, should be sovereign,” Butler rushed to the rescue with the statement: “Our forefathers did nothing of the sort; they did something quite different.”

“Official trickery and deception, threat and insult,” are the mildest of the words of Professor Joel Spingarn, a poet and scholar, in describing the state of affairs in America’s biggest University. “No device, however unworthy, is forbidden by custom or by honour. A professor may be asked to put in a purely formal resignation as a compliment to a prospective new head of his department, and then be dumbfounded to have his letter acted upon by the President.” And behold the intellectual honesty of Butler! In 1914 he denounced the warmakers in unmeasured terms. “One thing this war had done,” he said in a speech, “it had put an end to the contention, always stupid and often insincere, that huge armaments were an insurance against war... This argument was invented by war-makers who had munitions of war to sell.” But Butler publishes this speech, and has time for thought in the meantime (remember the Remington Arms Co., which cleaned up 24,000,000 dollars in one deal). These phrases are softened to: “The contention always made with more emphasis than reasonableness,” and “Those who really believe in war armaments as ends in themselves.” Butler always bows to the millionaires.

President Day of Syracuse is another character straight out of a comic opera. “The strike,” he says, “is a conspiracy and nothing less.” “God wants the rich man... Christ’s doctrines have made the world rich, and provide adequate uses for its riches.” But even where the Presidents selected by the wealthy boards of
trustees are not as ludicrous as Professors Butler and Day, they are all determinedly set against freedom of speech.

At Harvard, under Professor Lowell, radicals are barred from the platforms of the Union Debating Society on the ground that partisan questions must not be discussed. Speakers who discuss contentious contemporaneous questions of politics or economics or religion are debarred—and this rule was used to exclude Mrs. Pankhurst.

Professor Smith of Pennsylvania is reported to have summoned some erring members of his staff before him, and said: "Gentlemen, what business have academic people to be meddling in political questions? Suppose, for illustration, that I, as a chemist, should discover that some butchering company was putting formalin in its sausage, now surely that would be none of my business."

This tone is symptomatic of American university life, for the president, selected by a board of millionaire trustees, has the power of dismissal over his staff; so that Sinclair is able to tell that in the home of big business, where the evils of the competitive capitalistic system are most rampant, there is not one professor of political economy who openly avows himself a Socialist. Indeed, men have been arbitrarily dismissed for much more venial offences. Ross, of Stanford, for advocating free silver and denouncing the importation of cheap Chinese labour, and Lovejoy, also of Stanford, for recording his protest at Ross's dismissal, are two examples of the hundred or so that are quoted in the "Goose Step." The exercising of this rigid censorship over the teaching of economics has, of course, promoted student intolerance. Professor Laski, of Harvard, was driven out by the force of this carefully cultured public opinion rather than by the direct exercise of the presidential authority. We cannot resist quoting one gem from the Laski lampoon printed in the College magazine:

As you sit there growing prouder,
With your skilful tongue awag,
As your piping voice grows louder,
Preaching Socialist gag—
Stop a minute, let us warn you,
Nature's freak,
That we loath you and we scorn you—
Bolsheviki!

Passing over all considerations of respect that is due from student to professor, and Laski's brilliant record, there is Harvard's attitude towards liberalism.

The dragooning of opinion in the universities, of course, cannot easily confine itself to economic teachings. The bulk of American academic opinion has submitted tamely to the shackles imposed on it, and has relapsed into political quiescence. The few men who defended their principles were unorganised and impotent, and intolerance has spread like a bush fire in consequence. But once the chains are on they can be riveted tighter, once the forest is afire it devastates every settlement in the vicinity.

Those men who acquiesced in the suppression of Socialism by the magnates of the university boards, because, forsooth, they did not agree with Socialism themselves, men who were unscrupulous or careless enough to hold that the end justified the means, are now in the ignominious position of finding the instrument of suppression turned against themselves. Capitalistic intolerance is
dragging religious oppression in its wake. The Honourable W. J. Bryan has succeeded in putting through measures in the States of South Carolina and Oklahoma providing that no public appropriations shall be used for paying the salaries of professors who teach Evolution or Darwinism. In Kentucky a similar bill was defeated by one vote. And the late Secretary of State is now touring the country to advocate similar measures elsewhere.

Such repression can lead nowhere but to the return of mediævalism—the tyranny of high finance in place of the tyranny of the Church and a reversion to the gloom that overspread Europe between the fall of Rome before the Goths and the fall of Byzantium before the Turks.

No opinion that mankind has ever held true has been true enough to justify the forcible repression of conflicting opinions. The inquisitors of Spain, the bishops who condemned Jeanne d’Arc to be burned at the stake for witchcraft, were as certain that God was on their side and the right was theirs, and theirs alone, as is any American university president to-day in his defence of the existing order. There is but one way to test opinion—by free discussion. The upholders of the status quo need no repression to kill falsehood or error; that they may leave to the commonsense of mankind. And if they are concerned to suppress truth, then it is to the truth that we owe our highest allegiance. Facilis descensus Avernii, especially when our new aristocracy of beer bottles and beef barrels shies at the bogey of freedom of economic teachings and leads the vehicle of civilisation in one last frenzied bolt down the hill to the cliff edge beneath.

And what will the sequel reveal when, in all lands and among all peoples, failing effective opposition, the means of production, distribution and exchange are aggregated in as few hands as in the United States of America, when freedom of thought is efficiently muzzled in its last, born stronghold, the universities of the world, as it is to-day in those of the Land of Liberty?

The two following extracts from Upton Sinclair’s “Goose-Step,” and “The Nation” (New York) of July 4, 1923, and H. J. Laski’s article, from the “Adelphi” (an excellent London monthly magazine recently started) throw a greater light on American university life than any review can do. We publish them as a dreadful warning to ourselves, for even if we have nothing like the American system in New Zealand yet, still as the Navy League says, the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. And it isn’t so very long since a prospective professor, recommended by the highest authorities in England, was turned down by one of the New Zealand University Councils because his religious views were suspicious.—Editor “Spike.”

Cities of Refuge

“Also, there is a New England college of considerable reputation whose president has taken a firm stand for openmindedness, and that is Amherst. President Meiklejohn was one of the live men who got out of Brown when it began to die. He is now trying to make one small college in which young men are taught to think, instead of just to believe in dogmas. He is in the midst of a fight with reactionary trustees; in 1920 they asked for his resignation, but he consulted a lawyer, and told them they had no authority in the premises. He is still in office, for how long I do not know.”—“The Goose-Step,” p. 432.
A Chapter Ends at Amherst

"There was a sound of revelry by day and night. Amherst's chivalry had gathered for commencement. Alumni had come back for a season, parents had turned up two by two, interested girls by ones and dozens. The professors were really relieved and relatively merry. Then, out of an unclouded sky, broke the storm which had for a long time been threatening. President Meiklejohn resigned his post and the trustees accepted his resignation, having first asked for it. The news, more or less expected, went across the continent; reporters dashed to the scene for more details; the story adorned the first pages of metropolitan dailies. Enthusiastic rumours went out to the effect that the graduating class would refuse to graduate, and that the members of the faculty in favour of President Meiklejohn would resign in a body. Nothing quite so impressive happened. Mr. Meiklejohn told the devoted boys that 'this is my fight, not yours.' At commencement thirteen students left the hall without their diplomas, to the accompaniment of cheers from the spectators. Half a dozen teachers have resigned and others will, or will be forced to do so.

"This is the outward end of a chapter. Eleven years ago the trustees, in calling Mr. Meiklejohn to the presidency of Amherst, understood that they were bound for something of an adventure. He made it clear then, as he has made it clear regularly since, that he believed in experiment in education, and that he was at many points out of sympathy with certain older traditions of Amherst and of other American colleges. He has worked ceaselessly to bring it about that the students of Amherst might learn something about the changes which are going on in the world instead of being held to the intellectual goose-step which the old guard everywhere prefers. He has attracted to Amherst some of the most promising young teachers in the country. He has worked with his advisers to bring the curriculum into touch with the thoughtful life of our times. He has been a conspicuous element in making Amherst deserve to be called our liberal college. And now, after a decade of the experiment, his trustees have lost courage and have stubbornly turned back to safe ground." —"The Nation."

Big Business and the Universities

"The commercialisation of our daily life proceeds apace. Where the last age regarded men like Mill and Huxley as its leaders, our own is being taught that the fountains of wisdom are the protagonists of business enterprise. University societies compete for speeches from Lord Riddell and Lord Leverhulme; they are being made a Marcus Aurelius for the undergraduate. Presently, doubtless, we shall have Sir Eric Geddes as a University Chancellor. Yet as guides to the art of living there is something lacking in these prophets. They speak as descendants of Samuel Smiles. They scatter their little maxims about the glory of private enterprise, the duty of early rising, the folly of altruism in a civilisation built upon competition. They exalt the volume of trade without ever looking beyond the scale of living into its substance. They assume that the making of a great fortune is equivalent to the conference of benefit upon the public. They lack all sense of the State. Literature for them is some tag clapped on to a peroration. Knowledge means
the amassing of information that can be expressed in terms of increased profits. Of that passionate inquiry into truth for which the university exists they neither know nor care. The professor they regard as an amiable dilettante, unrelated to the serious business of life. Research they judge in terms of the improved industrial process to which it gives rise. The universities will do well to remember that it is better to be poor than cheap. If they look up to the business superman for their endowment or their ideals, there will be an end to their freedom. They will become institutions controlled in their teaching and deprived of their spontaneity. Their students will seek not the discipline of mind but the professional technique. They will be judged not as they serve truth but as they enrich commerce. America has already paid a high price for assuming that business talent is the same thing as intellectual ability. We should profit, before it is too late, by her example.

"It cannot, indeed, be too often emphasised that it is not the function of universities to teach that practical success in life of which men such as these are illustrations. There will always be a plethora of people to worship their type of solid and tangible eminence and their useful knowledge. Universities are concerned partly with teaching the discipline of mind and partly with the great art of discovering and imparting "useless" knowledge. They invoke as their only true goddess a passionate curiosity in the face of a mysterious universe. To satisfy that impulse is not less truly an end in itself than self-preservation. The justification of science and philosophy does not lie in better machinery and greater wealth. It lies in themselves as ends necessary to the fulfilment of life. The acolytes of science are those who realise that thoughts are weightier than things. As they preach that faith, so they guard a fortress less accessible, perhaps, but ultimately greater than fortune. And by so guarding it, they keep alive the yearning which is the ultimate motive-power of civilisation. For the increase of civilisation comes not when a contract goes to England rather than to Germany, but when, as with Einstein or Darwin, some dark hinterland of science is brought within the range of human understanding. What the university must seek is the men who will devote themselves to that search. It can promise them no reward save the zest of inquiry; it cannot even proffer the joy of discovery. But by insisting upon the value of impalpable and incommensurate ideas, it more surely hands on the torch of conscious life than when it trains accountants and lawyers and men skilled in the bastard art of salesmanship. The preservation of that unpractical austerity is the more urgent now when things of the mind are asked to justify themselves in terms of a cash return. If the universities yield to that Philistineism they will have surrendered the keystone in the arch of knowledge."—H. J. Laski.
The Book of Tribulations, Called Exams.

1. The burden that was set upon the tribe of the sons of Zeal, by the prophet of the Higher Learning.

2. Thus saith the prophet Pah, the son of Pa: Unto you, O men, I call; hear ye my words.

3. Get wisdom: forget it not; and with all thy getting get understanding.

4. For wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared with it.

5. Do this now, my sons (all the words of my mouth are righteous); receive my instructions and not silver, and knowledge rather than choice gold.

6. And urged by the words of Pah, the young men and maids of that country did congregate in Silent Places; and there they strove mightily before the face of their teachers to perfect themselves in Wisdom and the understanding of all Mysteries.

7. The burden and heat of the day, and the quiet hours of the night they devoted likewise to this cause.

8. Yet, not forgetting the words of Pah, in the place of Wisdom and Understanding, they erected a molten calf, and worshipped it: the name of this god was Cram.

9. And they said: This be your guide, O students, to lead ye out from the desert of Learning: unto it they made sacrifice of many books, since indeed of making many books there is no end.

10. Yet much study is a weariness of the flesh, and few were they who kept their heart with all diligence in the way; many there were whose steps followed the path of the frivolous.

11. So that as the last days drew nigh, when should fall the time of Terms, a snare was laid for them and many were taken; the least diligent did stumble and fall and none could raise them up.

12. And still another trial befell the children of Zeal: after terms came the test of Degrees, whereby the World or a small part thereof might know whether the students were possessed indeed of any virtue.

13. So before the appointed Day did they send a great store of silver, and of gold, and of paper that is worth less than gold, unto the house of the Regis. For only by so doing might they be permitted to stand up against the Examiners.

14. Then sent the Regis an answer unto each of this multitude, with Signs, and Times, and a Word. And whoso forgettesth his Word is foredoomed to failure.

15. Thereupon, equipped with the Word, and a Rule, and a Pen (for verily the Pen is mightier than the Sword in this warfare), on the day appointed they went up, strong in heart and valiant of purpose: to the end that they might vanquish for all time that old enemy, the Examiner.

16. Woe to those poor fools! For that day is a day of trouble and distress, a day of waste and desolation, a day of darkness and of gloom: yea, of clouds and thick darkness on the minds of men.
17. The Papers by surprise overwhelmed them; the Cramming of years is poured forth like water upon the dry sand of the desert, availing nothing.

18. How is their knowledge confounded! and how is their trust in the golden calf surprised! The Papers go over the heads of the children of Zeal; they are overcome with the magnitude of the questions thereof.

19. For a space therefore was there deep mourning and great tribulation among the children of the sons of Zeal; they rent in imagination their answers, and refused to be comforted.

20. But wait ye upon Us, said the Examiners: comfort ye, be not too soon cast down. Is there not yet another day, the Day of Results, when it may be ye shall not be ashamed for all your doings wherein ye thought to have transgressed against Us?

21. For then We will take away out of the midst of you all them that may rejoice in the pride of their Success; who knows whether ye may not join the happy throng who have not laboured in vain. Then shall ye be glad and rejoice for ever, for behold, ye shall have won your Degree.

R.

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To Lorrie

(With apologies to J.C.B.)

Like Hermes of the eager flashing limbs
(We trust like Artemis he kept them clean)
Who erst on Thracian forest-paths was seen
Watching the shepherds troll their Bacchic hymns—
The urgent Hermes, who perchance still skins,
Scorning the sceptics of the years between,
Amidst the thickets and the pastures green,
And speeds unwirelessable Olympian whims—
Like him you poised upon the slippery crags
That bound Orongorongo’s restless stream,
And caught the sun-sprayed splendour of the morn;
And then—a frightful splash; and we, forlorn,
Midst language most ungodlike, must redeem
Our blankets, sugar, onions, wet as shags.

DICTON.
College Notes

DEAR "Spike,"—I should like to make public to the students of this College through the medium of your pages an agreement that has been arrived at between the Professorial Board and the Executive of the Students’ Association. This agreement was the outcome of a meeting between the Executive and the Deans of the Faculties held some little time ago.

The agreement is that the Capping Ceremony shall in future last one hour, after which the students will be free to take charge of the hall and carry on with a mock capping or any other form of entertainment they choose. The students’ part of the agreement is that there shall be complete silence and solemnity given to the ceremony.

This to many students will seem perhaps to be a sudden break with the local traditions of Capping Ceremonies. I feel sure, however, that every student who has been connected in any way with the ceremonies of the last few years already feels that such fiascos cannot go on, and that it is indeed an insult to our graduates to have to put up with such futile exhibitions.

As far as I can gather the tradition of a witty (alas! how have we fallen!) ceremony is a purely local one. Capping time certainly is the time for student revelry and jollification the world over, but the actual Capping Ceremony is treated as a most solemn and sacred proceeding. And indeed such it is. It marks the crowning achievement of years of study, years that in many cases have been full of self-sacrifice and self-denial. To many it means the severance of their connection with the University and all that the University means to them—the spirit of reverent seeking after Truth, and the friendships that are welded thereby. Surely this is a sacred and solemn moment in one’s life! Surely it is worthy of a little reverence for a moment amid all the jollifications.

It is for these reasons that I appeal for the help of the students as a whole to change the senseless tradition of now that we now have in connection with our Capping Ceremonies and lay the foundations of a new tradition—a tradition that will be far more in keeping with the spirit of Capping than the present unworthy proceeding.

The Executive has pledged itself to this plan and now seeks the cooperation of the students to carry it out—a plan that I feel sure will commend itself to all serious minded students.

P. MARTIN-SMITH, President V.U.C.S.A.

Finance

Our readers may remember the frantic way in which in the last number of the "Spike," we urged reform of the Students’ Association finances. We understand that the necessary steps have been taken twice before, and been approved by the Students’ Association, the Professorial Board, and the College Council, only to be disallowed by the Government, which has hitherto had the right of veto in these affairs. This right has now been removed by the Act on general University matters passed last session, leaving the way open to inaugurate some rational system in place of chaos and imminent bankruptcy.
A move has therefore been made by the Executive of the Students' Association in the direction of reorganising the whole system of financing the various student activities in connection with the College. It is proposed that every student should be required to pay to the Registrar, in addition to his ordinary fees, an annual sum of half a guinea, which will entitle him to membership of all clubs and societies. The total amount thus received will then be paid over to the Students' Association, and the Executive will make appropriate grants to the different clubs.

A scheme on the lines proposed is already in operation at Canterbury College and at the University of Otago, and has proved very satisfactory.

The proposal was submitted to a special general meeting of the Students' Association on the 19th September, and was unanimously approved. It has now been sent on to the Professorial Board and the College Council, and it is hoped that the new arrangement will be put into effect at the opening of the 1924 session.

Farewell

It is with considerable grief that we say goodbye to Mrs. Myers on her departure from these scholastic walls. Mrs. Myers, who is a one-time Senior Scholar and Habens Prize-winner, has put in some good work in the last few years as assistant to the Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and we are really sorry that she is thus relinquishing the direction of our minds and morals. We can only wish her the best of luck and happiness in the future.

We say goodbye also in rather a grief-stricken way to Miss Vera B. Reader, B.Sc., who is leaving for England almost immediately as the second Sarah Anne Rhodes Scholar.

At the same time we are privileged to announce the return of Mr. I. L. G. Sutherland, M.A., the Travelling Scholar of 1920, who after further study at London University under Professor L. T. Hobhouse, is coming back to New Zealand to fill the position vacated by Mrs. Myers.

Marriages

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."—Hamlet.

Eileen Adams to Arthur Fair, LL.B.
Myrtle Bell (Christchurch) to E. Evans, M.A.
Garden Verse

(To S.)

I know a little garden close
Where violets grow and blows the rose;
Where marigolds do nod their heads
Resplendent in their leafy beds—
A little daphne bush grows there,
And makes a richer scented air.
There in the sweet and early dawn
The little winds play on the lawn,
The sparrow hops upon a tree,
And shouts his cheerful litany;
The sunlight dances on the leaves,
And whimsy-patterns brightly weaves.
There, when the morning is half-through
A cloud comes sailing in the blue—
He peeps within and turns away
Regretful that he cannot stay;
And comes the bee, with golden breast,
To banquet there, an errant guest,
A connoisseur, this buzzing bee,
Who sips his wine most delicately.
There in the languid afternoon
The purple butterfly floats, soon
To shake his wings and drift again
Over the placid airy main.
Then with the night the stars come out
And set themselves all round about,
And watch my garden-close for me
With winking eyes unceasingly.
And sometimes there's a mist drifts down
Which covers all the sleeping town,
And gently wraps the flowers and trees
And fills the lawn with mysteries;
A Spirit moves about it then,
But what she does is not for men
To know or guess at... So the hours
Pass swiftly for my slumbering flowers.
Silver Jubilee Celebrations

At a meeting of the V.U.C. Graduates and Past Students' Association Executive held on July 5th, Mr. G. F. Dixon reported on his preliminary work in regard to the Silver Jubilee of our College; and it was decided that all the matters in connection with it had better be dealt with by a special committee, which was elected as follows:—Mrs. Hannah, Mr. Pair, Mr. Wiren and Mr. Dixon (Hon. Sec. and Convener), with power to add to their number. Later on, Mr. D. S. Smith, Mr. H. McCormick (V.U.C. Tournament Delegate), and Mr. P. Martin-Smith (Pres. Stud. Ass.) were made members of the committee, and two meetings have already been held at which preliminary matters were discussed, letters from past students read, and a tentative programme (appended below) submitted by Mr. Dixon.

The College Council has expressed its approval of the scheme, and has written to Dunedin to arrange that the Memorial Window be ready early in the year, so that the unveiling may take place on Good Friday, Easter 1924. The chairman of the College Council, Mr. P. Levi, and Mr. C. Watson will represent the Council on the Jubilee Celebrations Committee.

The Professorial Board has also agreed to participate in the celebrations, and Prof. Boyd-Wilson, the Board's president, will be its representative on the Jubilee Committee.

Past students, both in New Zealand and abroad, have been written to on the matter, and most gratifying and enthusiastic replies have been received. Practically every past president and vice-president (man or woman) of the Students' Association, and many ex-students once prominent in other clubs and activities at V.U.C. (all, that is, now resident in New Zealand), have sent letters of encouragement, promising whole-hearted support.

In Christchurch, a meeting of past students has been held, at which the Jubilee proposals were discussed and warmly approved, and several suggestions forwarded. In Dunedin, the Otago Association of Ex-Students of V.U.C. is also considering the matter, and promises hearty support. In time, the committee here hopes to get into touch with past students in every centre in New Zealand.

A feature of the Jubilee will be, it is hoped, a special edition of "The Spike." Mrs. Hannah, Messrs. S. Eichelbaum, G. F. Dixon, and J. C. Beaglehole (Ed. "Spike") have been appointed as sub-committee to deal with this publication, and are hoping to have contributions of varied character from both professors and past students, now scattered through many parts of the world.

The Hon. Secretary has no doubt that with such enthusiasm and warm-hearted loyalty to V.U.C. as has already been evinced, the Jubilee will be a great and memorable success.

The following is a copy of the circular which is being sent to all connected with V.U.C. who can be reached thus:—

Silver Jubilee of Victoria University College

Victoria University College first opened its doors on the night of the 17th April, 1899, when two of the four pioneer professors delivered their inaugural addresses. The two further inaugural addresses were delivered at 5 p.m. on each of the following afternoons.
These inaugural addresses, however, were public ones, and it was on the night of the 18th April, 1899, that the real work of the College, i.e., lectures to students, actually began. The 25th anniversary of that important occasion will therefore fall on the 18th April, 1924. That happens to be next Good Friday; and by what seems to be a most auspicious coincidence the University Tournament (which owes its birth to Victoria College) is again due to be held in Wellington next Easter.

Moreover, a Memorial Window to those who fell in the war is at present being made in Dunedin, and the College Council is being urged that, if at all possible, the official unveiling of the window should take place on the afternoon of next Good Friday and be the first act in celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the College. Would not such an act be in the highest degree appropriate both to the day and the occasion, and set a standard for the whole celebrations?

So with the triple event—Silver Jubilee, University Tournament, and unveiling of Memorial Window—there is presented a unique opportunity for past and present students to combine in a special effort to celebrate the occasion. There would thus be presented at one and the same time means whereby:—

1. Fitting honour would be done to the memory of students who fell in the war;
2. Tribute might be paid to the devoted services and enthusiasm of the pioneer Professors, and of other members of the staff subsequently appointed;
3. Many old friendships would be renewed, and new ones formed. So would past and present students be drawn into closer union and mayhap find opportunities of common service in the interests of future students among whom will, in many cases, be their own descendants;
4. Old memories would be revived in a hundred and one ways, possibly providing material of historic interest worthy of permanent record in "The Spike" and elsewhere;
5. The attention of the public and of the Government would be focussed on the position that Victoria University College has already attained in the community, and the still greater part it may be expected to play—more especially if provided with further endowments and benefactions;
6. The gratitude of past and present students might be publicly expressed to (1) the Hon. Sir Walter Buchanan for his recent munificent gift to the College; and (2) other benefactors;
7. Increased interest might be stimulated in matters pertaining to the College, not only among past students but on the part of the public generally;
8. The University Tournament might be made a bigger function and a greater success than even its four predecessors in Wellington have been. The University Ball in particular, one is justified in thinking, might be made a really splendid function, providing a fitting climax at the close of both the Tournament and the Jubilee celebrations.
9. A special number of "The Spike" might be published to include:—
(a) Special articles on the growth and development of V.U.C.;
(b) Special messages or articles from distinguished graduates now overseas, former Rhodes Scholars, etc.;
(c) A reproduction in colours of the Memorial Window (copies of this to be sent to the next of kin of students commemorated in the window);
(d) Plates showing V.U.C. as it is to-day, contrasted with one of the site as it was when excavations first began, and another showing the building before the recent additions were made, etc.;
(e) If possible, a Jubilee Ode.

10. An Annual Commemoration Day might be instituted.

SUGGESTED PROGRAMME.

Good Friday (April 18th)—
Afternoon: Unveiling of Memorial Window, College Library.
Evening: Free.

Easter Saturday (April 19th)—
Morning: Official welcome to Tournament visitors and past students attending the Silver Jubilee; University Tennis Championships (preliminaries); University Boxing Championships (preliminaries).
Afternoon: University Tennis Championships (continued); reunions of past students, according to five or six yearly periods of attendance at V.U.C.; Tennis matches between past students.
Evening: University Boxing Championships (Finals—Town Hall).

Easter Sunday (April 20th)—
Morning: University Church Service (in academic dress if arrangements can be made).
Afternoon: Visits to places of interest.
Evening: Free.

Easter Monday (April 21st)—
11 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., 2 p.m. to 5.15 p.m.: University Athletic Championships (also an event or two for past students only).
Morning (9.30 a.m.): Further tennis matches between past students.
Afternoon (12.30 p.m.): Luncheon reunions of past students, according to five or six yearly periods of attendance at V.U.C.; (6 p.m.) Silver Jubilee dinner.
Evening (8 p.m.): University Debating Championships.

Easter Tuesday (April 22nd)—
Morning: Tennis matches between past students (continued); University Tennis Championships (finals).
Afternoon: University Tennis Championships (finals).
Evening: University Tournament and Silver Jubilee Ball.

Wednesday (April 23rd)—
Unofficial reunions, morning and afternoon tea parties, tennis matches, and farewells to visitors.
Past Students' Association

Auckland Reunion

A Reunion Dinner of V.U.C. ex-students was held in Auckland on August 4th, at which about thirty were present. Mr. A. H. Johnston was in the chair and proposed the toast of "V.U.C." Mr. F. A. de la Mare made a characteristic speech; and Prof. Burbidge, Messrs. L. P. Leary, F. L. G. West, and J. Hogben contributed to the programme. Mrs. J. Moses (Julie Fruauf) played the accompaniments. The Silver Jubilee proposal was outlined, and all present expressed themselves as keenly interested, and a strong contingent from Auckland may be expected in Wellington next Easter.

Wellington Reunion

The second re-union of the year was held at the Pioneer Club on the evening of July 18th. There was an attendance of over thirty, and a very pleasant, friendly evening was spent. Mrs. Hannah, Miss Hind and Miss Fair contributed a short programme of songs and recitations. It is proposed to hold a third re-union shortly.

X

THERE is something very pathetic about X, the little unwanted letter. There it stands in its place in the alphabet, seeming just as important as any other letter; but look at it in the dictionary, what a small train of attendant words it has! It has so little work to do, nearly all of which could be done, as far as sound is concerned by two or three other letters, by z, by k and s.

But there is more than pathos about X—there is mystery; for Algebra steps in and says: "Let X be the unknown quantity." Plenty of work for X there. Stephen Leacock could write inimitably on the multidimensional affairs of hard-worked X, and all that he is equal to. What illimitable possibilities, what wonders, what mysteries cluster round the 'unknown quantity'!

There is a piece of work given to X as a letter which I greatly dislike, and I used to wonder as to its origin—X standing for the word "Christ." Is it because X is like a cross? I used to think "Xmas" for "Christmas" seemed to rob the word of all its associations and beauty. There is no snow and silent spaces; no shining starry skies about "Xmas." It merely smacks of shops and crowds and advertisements and the noise of a commercial festival of the streets.

X, with its small following of words, almost all culled straight from the Greek, is a terrible stumbling block to the indefatigable "pillars of children's ABC's, where every word must be simple and picturesque. They nearly always fall back on an "ex," or else in their desperation put in just the letter itself; and the disappointed child hurries on to "Y" and its big-sailed yacht, and "Z" with its attendant striped zebra.

But my ideas on X are exiguous—so I make an end.

M.L.X.
Things continue to flourish with the Debating Society. In common with other clubs, we notice that an intense lack of interest in the corporate life of the College is characteristic of some hundreds of "students"; still, there has been no lack of speakers, and audiences have generally been well beyond the seating capacity provided in the gymnasium. The attendance of the public is welcomed at all debates, and motions discussed are submitted first to a vote of the entire audience and then to a vote of Debating Society members alone.

On the 23rd June the annual debate with the local Social Democratic party gave way to a debate on the disfranchisement of conscientious objectors, the principal speakers on each side being members of the House of Representatives. Messrs. G. R. Sykes (Masterton) and J. A. Young (Hamilton) upheld the disfranchisement, whilst Messrs. W. J. Jordan (Manukau) and J. A. Lee (Auckland East) opposed. A spirited debate ensued, the audience, which included a seasoning of a score or so of politicians, entering with great zest into the proceedings. The meeting ended peaceably after the C.O.'s right to the franchise had been endorsed by the meeting and by ourselves alone.

The motion on 7th July was: "That Mr. Massey's dictum that in international questions the Empire must always come first is to be condemned as incompatible with adherence to the League of Nations." Messrs. G. Black and W. P. Rollings appeared in support, while Messrs. J. B. Yaldwyn and A. W. Free led for the negative. The movers explained that the dictum under debate had been uttered by the Prime Minister when he was invited to identify himself with the local branch of the League of Nations Union. They claimed that it was typical of the general attitude adopted by our statesmen towards other nations, and that it embodied all the bad features of the narrow and exclusive nationalism which leads to war. Their opponents urged that there was nothing in the Prime Minister's utterance inconsistent with his support of the League of Nations. In view of the state of the world, it was vitally necessary to safeguard the Empire. The opposers also reverted to the reality of the Yellow Peril. The motion was carried twice and the judge, Mr. C. H. Taylor, gave places to Campbell, Davidson, Yaldwyn, Black, and Miss Patterson.

At this juncture the regular routine of fortnightly debates was rudely disturbed by the much-postponed Extravaganza and there was a lapse of a month between the last debate and the next. On the 4th August the Government encouragement of immigration was upheld by Messrs. S. E. Baume and C. E. Ball and opposed by Messrs. R. M. Campbell and H. A. Heron. A more or less animated discussion centred around the intensity of the cry for settlement arising from the unexplored prairies of this young land; the quality of the immigrants offering; and generally the relative merits of a large and a small population. The audience as a whole voted with the negative, while the case for the affirmative was upheld by members of the Society. Mr. R. Kennedy awarded places to Baume, Campbell, Hurley, Rollings and Heron.

The Bible-in-Schools question was dissected on 11th August, when Messrs. J. C. McCaw and W. P. Rollings moved: "That approval is to be given to the principle of introducing the Bible into all State schools in New Zealand." The leaders for the negative were Messrs. R. F. Fortune and H. A. Heron. The affirmative stressed the inadequacy of the home and the church in bringing before the rising generation the great spiritual truths of the Bible. They argued that there was at last substantial agreement
amongst the people of New Zealand on the vexed question of religion in schools: granted a conscience clause for parents, pupils, and teachers, the proposed instruction by teachers from an approved book was acceptable to ninety per cent. of the people. The opponents vigorously condemned the attempts to impose upon children the creeds and dogmas of any religion. Not a single tenet of the Christian faith, they contended, was free from ambiguity, and the very conception of a personal God was repugnant to a large and increasing number of people. The history of England was an eloquent argument for the separation of the State from the Church, a separation which could not be maintained if the principle advocated in the motion were given effect to. The motion was eventually defeated when submitted to the entire audience and the same fate befell it at the hands of the members of the Debating Society; the Religious Exercises in Schools Bill, then before the legislature, was not proceeded with. The Hon. J. A. Hanan adjudged as the best speakers: Campbell, Martin-Smith, Fortune, Rollings, and McCaw.

For the third Saturday in succession we had a highly successful debate on the 18th August. Perhaps, in the light of this experience, we shall some day grow ambitious and emulate the Debating Union of Oxford, where debates are held every Thursday night "and last from eight o'clock to about half-past eleven, when we trudge home, elated or depressed, according to the result, through the dark old streets to our respective colleges." However, we were about to record the fact that on this particular occasion the Debating Society touched upon the field of politics, and the fixture was a Visitors' Debate. Mr. J. A. Lee seconded Mr. J. W. G. Davidson in moving: "That the attitude of the New Zealand Labour Party in foreign affairs, as manifested in the events of recent years, is the only attitude that gives promise of world's peace." Mr. A. B. Sleewright supported Mr. H. McCormick in opposing. The mover urged that the Labour Party, in New Zealand as elsewhere, was the only political party that stood for the fundamental changes that must be made if the world were to be saved from wars without end. Its attitude at the time of the late crisis in the Near East had been fully vindicated by the course of subsequent events. The opponents of the motion saw in the doctrines of the Labour Party the certainty of disaster for New Zealand, for the Empire, and consequently for the peace of the world. The verdict of the audience and of our own members coincided in favour of Messrs. Davidson and Lee. Places were awarded by the judge. Mr. E. P. Hay, to the following College speakers: Campbell, Davidson, McCormick, Rollings and Miss Patterson.

**Dramatic Club**

To the Extravaganza and its belated production in the middle term of the year is due the shortness of this report of the Dramatic Club's activities since the last appearance of "The Spike."

Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was the first play read in the second term. It is a very satisfying play, combining plenty of action with a large amount of humour, not ultra Shawian. As to the characters, Lady Cicely who proved that faith, which moves mountains, was a feeble force compared with her own guileful charm, was, under the combined art of Bernard Shaw and Miss Thyra Baldwin, by no means an incredible character. Mr. Fair, as Rankin, the missionary whose tale of bricks for fifteen years' labour in Morocco was one convert found Mr. Rankin's Scotch rather difficult, but Mr. Wiren, as the convert, Drinkwater, was highly successful with his Cockney.

The next play, "The Gay Lord Quex," was less adapted to reading purposes. A manicurist's "studio" may be easier to set on the stage than a Moorish robbers' stronghold, but as an imaginary background it is more difficult to keep vivid. The play nevertheless supplies some very amusing situations, and the brightness of the dialogue never flags. The honours again went to Miss Baldwin as Sophy Fulgarney, the manicurist.

After this reading the Extravaganza intervened, and for the last five weeks of the term the Club's activities were suspended.

During the vacation "Love's Labour Lost" was read. A certain amount of courage is required for the attempt to read even the lightest of Shake-
spearian plays, but the effort is always well rewarded. The “snappy dialogue,” which the playwrights of to-day strive for, gives little chance for the exercise of, and no chance for elementary self teaching of elocutionary art.

The one reading which remains to be reported is that of “A Single Man,” H. H. Davies’ highly diverting commentary upon the minor dangers of marriage between youth and age. The middle-aged author, Robin Worthington, decides to marry, decides further that he needs the company of happy youth, and accordingly becomes engaged to the eighteen-year-old Maggie Cottrell. Sunset of the first day of his engagement finds him a physical wreck refusing his fiancée’s entreaties to come and play “just one game of hide and seek.” His opinions as to the joy of youth are being changed rapidly, and at this stage he has a narrow escape from the husband-hunting intellectually poseune Louise Parker. Then he realises that his true mate is his unobtrusively wonderful secretary. Miss Hesseltine, the secretary, was portrayed by Miss Lattey with a delightful charm and sympathy which, with the general excellence of the rest of the cast, made this reading probably the best of those described.

The Club’s work has been sadly curtailed during the session, and it is hoped to make up for this during the long vacation when indications are for a very productive season.

Christian Union

With the coming of the winter term the C.U. has again taken up its social activities in the College, and the success of the social teas has fully justified its action. The usual retreats have been held from time to time on both sides of the Union and have proved a great source of inspiration.

Miss Moncrieff paid us a visit before the holidays and left us with our minds full of this year’s Annual Camp, which is to be held at Waimate, near Dunedin. An excellent programme has been arranged, and the Conference bids fair to be the best on record. So, members, adherents, friends, plan your Xmas holiday with Waimate Camp in view!

The S.C.M. has been exceptionally fortunate this year in receiving visits from two distinguished Indian gentlemen. Bishop Azariah arrived in Wellington early in the second term and gave us a very informative address on life in South India. Dr. S. K. Datta came to New Zealand at the joint invitation of the Y.M.C.A. and S.C.M. He spent five days in Wellington and our only regret was that it was not fifty. It is not often that students in New Zealand have the privilege of coming into close contact with men such as Dr. Datta—leaders of world-wide movements. Certainly it is an occasion which most of us will never forget.

The General Committee meeting of the New Zealand Student Christian Movement was held in Christchurch from August 25th-28th. The President, Mr. McCaw, and Miss Bell represented V.U.C. When the leaders of our work in the four Universities are thus able to come together to discuss their successes and failures, and to plan out the work of the coming years, it is then that one realises the magnitude and value of our movement. Yet as a College C.U. are but an infinitesimal part of that immense world-wide student organisation, the World’s Student Christian Federation, which challenges the students in the whole world to seek the Truth. Dr. Datta, during his visit, graphically painted the picture of Asia seeking for self-expression, equality and freedom, which, as he said, could never come by mere politics, nor simply by prescribing for the economic ills, but which would come through the higher things, those of the spirit. The student world is rousing itself from its lethargy—India, China, Japan, to mention only a few, are beginning to question their old forms, ceremonies and customs, and Renaissance is imminent. Where are we in these momentous world-movements? Who but the student can take up the challenge with which the world bombards us? Numerically the V.U.C.C.U. may be small, but it is composed of men and women who are studying the greatest problems the world has ever faced: “What are we going to do with Jesus Christ?”
Free Discussions Club

The second meeting of the 1923 Season was opened by the Rev. Father Gilbert, Rector of St. Patrick's College and a graduate of the College. The subject was "Evolution," and the leader set forth the attitude of the Catholic Church towards evolution. He maintained that evolution as applied to the human animal was still merely an hypothesis and that the correct attitude to take up in regard to same was one of doubt. He deplored the dogmatic assertions of certain scientists who in their zeal to prove the theory of evolution completely overstepped the mark and proclaimed to the world as facts untested theories and hypotheses. At the present day we heard many people assert that there was and must be a conflict between religion and science. Such a statement was quite untrue. There was no real conflict between the two and the apparent conflict arose through the dogmatism of many scientists. The Church was not opposed to evolution and so soon as the theory should be proved beyond doubt the Church would accept same. Considerable discussion ensued, the Chairman, Professor Hunter, giving as his opinion that there must always be a conflict between science and religion. The dogmatism was on the part of the protagonists of religion and not on the part of the scientists.

The next meeting was held to consider the subject, "Marriage and Divorce," the leader being Mr. W. E. Leicester, who pointed out that the public attitude towards marriage had now changed, matrimony now being regarded with cynicism. Women had previously entered marriage much more freely; now with other spheres of action open to them there was not the same desire. Nevertheless we find many girls are hypnotised by chocolates, pictures, dances and certain writers such as Elinor Glyn. If the dissolution of the marriage tie was made easier and more rational the husband and the wife would be able to seek their individuality. At the present time this was impossible owing to the existing ideas on morality. Women should not give up her ideals because she bears children. Divorce in New Zealand at the present time was saturated with hypocrisy. There should be much more satisfactory ways of obtaining the dissolution of a marriage. Divorce should be made easier. A period of three years' separation to constitute a ground for a divorce was too long; about four months would be more satisfactory. What was needed was a new set of values. Child-bearing should not be dependent upon marriage. The speaker closed with a fine quotation from Bertrand Russell. A vigorous discussion ensued, the present system finding several faithful supporters.

"Theosophy" was the subject at the following meeting, the leader being Colonel Smythe, of the Theosophical Society, who outlined the tenets first received by Madame Blavatsky from certain celestial agents. Each member of the human race served a period of probation during his life upon earth and then proceeded to one of the seven astral planes, according to the progress towards goodness by each individual. Arrived on the allotted plane the probationer finds that his every wish is gratified, including the right to return to this world in an invisible form. The individual having exercised a given amount of self-restraint and gained further knowledge returns to this world to obtain further righteousness. In time you finally reach the stage of perfection and find that there are seven different avenues of employment open to you. A number of questions were answered by the leader.

Thursday, 13th September last, Mr. A. Harper, of the N.Z. Welfare League, opened a discussion on "The Revolutionary Movement in Great Britain." He commenced by pointing out that he had documentary proof of all the statements he would make, but owing to lack of time would be unable to refer to same. However, he would be pleased to allow members to peruse same at his office. After Mr. Harper's address several evinced a keenness to inspect the proofs. The leader stated that he had recently conducted investigations in England and had discovered a revolutionary menace. The objects of the revolutionaries were three: (1) The abolition of existing Constitutions; (2) the abolition of private ownership, and (3) the abolition of existing religions. The results to date had been fairly satisfactory and included murders of prominent men, sabotage and terrorism, strikes, class war, industrial unrest and mystical association. The plan of action was, first to attack the British Empire as the bulwark of capi-
talism, and having beaten Britannia to her knees, to proceed to the land of the Star Spangled Banner where several hundred negroes were lynched each year. The methods of the revolutionaries were very subtle and included the capture of existing societies, especially those connected with labour, a vague subversive permeation by propaganda into universities and training colleges, and the establishment of Socialist Sunday schools. During the ensuing discussion several members appeared rather sceptical as to the reality of the menace. The prospects of the wicked Reds capturing the British Empire might be regarded as distinctly gloomy.

The meetings this year have been remarkable for the large number of students present and the enthusiasm displayed by members. It is evident that the problems of the day are receiving increasing attention from the students, and this fact must be particularly pleasing to the founders of the Club.

Rifle Club

The past few months having been the "off" season, so far as shooting is concerned, the Club has not been much in evidence. It has, however, been suggested that in future winters arrangements might be made to practice one night a week on a miniature range and so keep in form.

The Area Officer is being approached concerning the affiliation of the Club as a Defence Rifle Club, and also in connection with the sale of rifles to members. These matters should be arranged in time to be put before the annual general meeting to be held within a week or so of writing.

The programme for the coming season is to consist chiefly of service shooting, i.e., without sling or aperture sight. Not only is service shooting less expensive in initial outlay than is shooting as practised by most clubs, but it is also the form taken by the shooting in the Hasiam Shield Competition. Besides such considerations, those who have spent much time on the range will know that service shooting goes with more of a swing and does not entail long waiting as club shoots often do. This latter point should weigh heavily with us, for a Saturday afternoon is not very long, nor do time or trains wait for any man.

Practice is to commence in October and will continue right through the summer, ending in the firing of the Shield Match at some time before Easter.

All those interested in rifle shooting, whether or not they consider themselves good shots, are urged to join up at once, so that a good team can be picked to compete for the Shield next year.

Haeremai Club

The Club continues to flourish, although there have been numerous counter-attractions, which have entailed the postponement of some of the Club Socials.

The Annual Dance was held on Friday, 29th July, and notwithstanding that the dreaded "flu" was then at its height, there was a large attendance and the dance proved a huge success. The decorations and supper were an improvement on those of previous occasions and in addition the Club obtained the services of an orchestra which undoubtedly had the effect of brightening up the dance.

Everyone present had a most enjoyable time and are now looking forward to the dance next year. It is hoped to hold at least one more social during the third term, and notice in reference to this will be posted up at a later date.
Mathematical and Physical Society

"Here might they learn what men have discussed."

This term has been one of unusual activity as far as meetings have been concerned, and the attendances have been comparatively good. On July 13th, the fourth annual meeting, we had the pleasure of hearing Professor Sommerville, D.Sc., who gave a paper on "Mathematical Puzzles and Fallacies." The roars of laughter from the twenty-three present gave every indication that the subject was most interesting and amusing. It is not every one who could discover the fallacies in such difficult problems as—

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At our last meeting, "Positive Ray Analysis as Applied to Isotopes" was the subject discussed. In this Mr. Henderson, B.A., B.Sc., opened up to those present very valuable scientific notes, which Mr. R——son, B.Sc., very diligently recorded at 50 h.p. The diagrams which Mr. Henderson had drawn and the lantern slides illustrating the theory made the subject in question very interesting.

"The Teaching of Mathematics" given by Mr. Lomas, M.A., on August 10th, proved to be a very wide subject and questions of great importance were raised and discussed during the meeting. Mr. Lomas was of the opinion that the present course of instruction was not of a sufficiently high standard. The speaker deplored the fact that time was spent over the so-called "practical mathematics," and dealt with what he considered the uselessness of many long and tedious problems found in some textbooks. Mr. Lomas advocated a standard in line with that of the London Matriculation. The curricula in our primary and secondary schools could and should be altered to advantage. The present system not only fell short of requirements, but also made the acquisition of a good knowledge of the subject more difficult. The chairman, Mr. Beagilehole, requested Professor Sommerville to express his views on the teaching of Mathematics in Universities. Professor Sommerville emphasised the importance of the "showing of the working" of problems.

Mr. McWilliams gave an illustration of the method of condensing the enunciation of problems, which method greatly simplified the work.

Mr. Ruston was of the opinion that the whole course in our secondary schools required remodelling. He advocated two consecutive courses. The aim of the first course would be to provide the pupil with a knowledge of the subject as required by the average man or woman. The second course would give the pupil a thorough and wide enough understanding of mathematics to enable him to continue his studies in relation to science, engineering or any other work requiring a knowledge of the higher branches of the subject. The first course would be taken by all pupils and extend over one year for bright scholars and two for others.

On August 31st, Miss Marwick was appointed to the chair for the meeting, as our worthy chairman, Mr. Beagilehole, was to give to us the "Life of Lord Kelvin." A very full and interesting account of the inventions and wanderings of this scientist's life was given. Among the many experiments Mr. Beagilehole related, the following will be of valuable service to egg-eaters: A hard-boiled egg, if spun on its end will "sleep" like a top; if spun on its side, will rise up and spin on its end. An unboiled egg cannot be induced to spin on its end.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to "Electric Shocks" which Mr. McWilliams explained in an exceedingly interesting way. "Lightning was included in this subject, and some tragic yet humorous Incidents were quoted.

Before storm: A man clad in full apparel.

After storm: Boots disappeared—one shirt sleeve remaining—suit torn to shreds—head hanging over a cliff—man recovers astounded to find himself in such a queer condition.

There are only two more papers to be given this year. Miss E. Leech, B.A., on September 14th, will trace "The History of Conic Sections." Let
be pointed out that the sections are not comic as one leading scientist of V.U.C. stated, but are of a more serious nature.

At the last meeting, Mr. Brent, B.Sc., will give to us the art of "Telephone Switching." We feel sure Mr. Brent will give us material that is nothing "short" of excellent.

The society extends a hearty vote of thanks to those who kindly contributed papers at the various meetings.

The Song of (X, Y) the Point

(AFTER JOHN MASEFIELD.)

I must go off to Infinity
To the lonely circular points,
Where the parallels meet, as if in their length
They were fitted with angular joints.
And all I ask is a very small thing,
That's often called epsilon,
That I can approach as near as you please
Though many a mile on!

I must go off to Infinity
To the line called Z equals nought,
Which parabolos touch, and hyperbolas cut
In real points, so it's thought.
And all I ask is a limit to reach,
For you can't say I'm in clover.
My force, periodic, disturbs me much,
Till the long trip's over.

---

Tramping Club

"Come out, come out! ye trampers all, and take the open road.
Oh, leave your must and inside dust, throw off your daily load—"

The number of trampers who answered the call during the winter months might have been larger, for on those tramps that were not vetoed by the weather, the conditions were generally very pleasant. The days, sunny but not too warm, were ideal for walking; in the clear air, too, distant snowy peaks provided a noble setting for many beautiful scenes.

Of the tramps accomplished, two were on Saturday afternoons: one traversed Makara Peaks—a height of land that is often neglected by trampers; the other trip was along the Parkvale Road, and over what our geomorphologist asserted was a peneplain. It might have been. Anyway, the tramp was continued over the Crow's Nest, and back to town through Ngaiho.

The first Sunday tramp since our last report led from Silverstream towards the head of the Mungaroa Valley, and then along a ridge towards the harbour. After a mile or more of handsome bush, there was open country that revealed the whole district from a new aspect; the inevitable descent was made in rapid time, for the party followed (more or less) a winding shute designed for tobogganing logs.

Another trip had Pipinui Point as its objective (this lies about half-way between Titahi Bay and Makara Beach): the Crow's Nest and Old Mill Creek lay on the outward route; the return, after a few dolorous miles of beach and a detour around a long lagoon, was made by road through Makara and Karori.
Next Sunday we left Trentham for the Moonshine Valley: the varied and attractive scenery, and the botanists' search for nodules, and some glorious sunset scenes viewed over the Pahautanui Inlet, all conspired to make the trip a pleasant memory.

The last tramp of the term led from near Titahi Bay, over Colonial Knob and along the ridge between Ohariu and Tawa Flat. The last stage was through Johnsonville and over the "bridle track" to Khandallah: from there to Kaiwarra by a track that overlooks the harbour; and so to town.

A reminder for all trampers—those who haven't yet joined the Club, as well as those who made their debut this year and those older members who have been forgetting the lure of the open: the programme for the Third Term includes three week-end tramps of real interest, traversing country of unusual beauty: the success of the tramps depends on your being there. And in anticipation of camp-fire sings, it would be well to memorise the Tramping Song (see last "Spike"). Come out on the shorter tramps as well: especially now that the exams, draw near—study hard during the week if you will, but spend Sunday in the open.

Athletic Club

The great weakness of our Club is that the greater portion of the athletic season is included in the long vacation and consequently our members and potential members lack opportunities for training and competition with outside athletes.

This coming season Easter falls fairly late, and as the Easter Tournament is to be held in Wellington and is to be made the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the College it behoves us to put our very best athletic talent on the track. There are undoubtedly the makings of many first-class athletes among our students could they but be persuaded to try themselves out, and it is up to every student to do his best to regain the Athletic Shield next Easter. There are several instances of Victoria College students who have taken to athletics with no previous experience and have turned out to be champions, so that no one should let the opportunity pass without having a good try out. It must be remembered, however, that an athlete does not depend on natural brilliancy to win his events, but that the most successful are those who put in really hard and regular work at their training. Students are therefore urged to start training during the long vacation and to come back next year bursting with athletic vigour. To those who reside in Wellington training facilities will be available at Kelburn Park, and numerous meetings are held during the season by the local clubs where students may gain track experience in handicap events. The Club will hold a small meeting early in the term followed by the Inter-Faculty Tournament a fortnight before Easter Saturday, when the team for the Tournament will be picked.

Our weak point ever since the inception of the Tournament has been the field events, and in nineteen tournaments Victoria has won the long jump three times, high jump twice, hammer once and shot never. In addition to these four, throwing the javelin and hop, step and jump have been added to the programme for next Tournament. These field events, perhaps more than others, require long practice and careful attention to details of style, and any member having an aptitude for such events is urged to start preliminary training at once.

In the "Spike" for October, 1921, appeared a number of hints on training contributed by prominent athletes, and these may prove useful to any desiring to start an athletic career. Any further information may be obtained from the Secretary or members of the Club Committee.
Olla Podrida

"PEOPLE I HAVE MET"—A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.
SIR JOSEPH WARD ON WORLD-WIDE CELEBRITIES FROM KINGS-DOWNWARDS.
(“New Zealand Times”)

We cannot conceive why he did not mention you, G.G.G., especially after meeting you so recently. There seems no reason for omitting you from the “downwards” class. Why not go after an O.B.E.?

* * * *

“Mr. Fair was present with his battalion in the suppression of the Egyptian riots in 1919, and sat on a number of courts-martial and military courts, which tried rioters who assassinated some British soldiers, and caused disturbance generally.”—“N.Z. Times.”

This confirms our suspicion that some fellah caused those disturbances. We regard as an Arthurian legend, however, the statement that he is a descendant of the Pharaohs. As to the propriety of admitting such dangerous characters into the ‘Varsity, we venture no opinion; it appears rather a Christian Union affair.

* * * *

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Do not worry, Prof.! Put your Property I. aside and concentrate on your “Wills”. If you get it on the market within three score years and ten, it should not be too late to catch the last flicker of interest in matters testamentary. Then you may proceed with the preparation of your ardently-awaited Prop. I.

Errata

Owing to the haste with which the June “Spike” had to be seen through the press (due to the incidence of the vacation, the slackness of our writers in forwarding their writings, and other unavoidable inevitabilities) some unfortunate printer’s errors crept into “Spike’s” usually immaculate pages. To our outraged contributors we herewith apologise, and ask our readers to note the following corrections: Page 21, Sonnet, line 10, omit “distant”; page 46, line 8 from bottom, omit “not”; page 47, line 1, for “Eros” read “Eris,” and refrain from your cultivated sneer at P.J.S’s mythology. P.J.S. states that he invariably verifies his classical references in Lempriere, and that Eris is on no account to be confounded with Eros, though Eros is certainly better known to some students than any of the other gods. Also, pp. 17, 40, for signature to verse C.L.P. read E.L.P.; the verse on p. 62 is also by E.L.P.
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