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THE “PETONE” LABEL PROTECTS YOU FROM UNCERTAINTY
In the speech with which he opened the recent Congress of the National Union of Students at Cambridge, Lord Cecil, the Union's Honorary President, said several things that should be pasted up in every lecture-room and printed on the back of every library-card. His subject was "The Ideal of a University," and the burden of it was that "youth owns the future," and the first obligation of the students of a University was to "get into their minds the conception that it was their duty to learn and to make the best of the opportunities that were given to them." But he laid stress upon the fact that the students were the most important part of the University, and he defined his meaning when he urged his hearers to make the most of opportunities. He said that he did not look back with great gratitude to the formal teaching he received at his University. He spent a large part of his time reading Roman Law, and said: "I regard it as the most completely wasted time I have ever spent in my life." What he placed "an immense value" upon was intercourse between the students themselves. He continued: "That is what I look back to in my University career as having been of the greatest value to me—discussing opinions which perhaps we did not understand, opinions on which life depended, which held life together, discussing them with energy, conviction, searching for the truth—that is the great training for the mind which you can get from a properly-used University."

We wish we could impress this message upon every man and woman who comes inside the doors of Victoria College. Lord Cecil's exhortation should remind every one of us that the
measure of education we gain here, and the increased enlightenment, ability to think, or whatever name it is we choose to give to the result of our few years' sojourn, depends entirely upon ourselves. The devoted work of the Professors and Lecturers is magnificent, but they, no less than the students, are subject to a system imposed from without, the failings of which none realises better than they. The very faults of the system aggravate the necessity of each student's looking to his own resources for the completion of what the formal training begins. Some of the ways along which this higher education (for this is the real meaning of that much-abused word) can be achieved are open to every student; some are not yet available to any of us. In England there is a body whose purpose is to bring students of all the English and Welsh Universities into contact with each other, and which to this end maintains an elaborate organisation, with a permanent office in London. It possesses the dignified and imposing title of "The National Union of Students of the Universities and University Colleges of England and Wales." The recent tour of the Empire Debating Team was one of the Union's manifestations. Congresses, discussion groups, travel tours, inter-visitation with students on the Continent, are all part of its work. The second annual Congress was held at Cambridge last March; nearly six hundred and fifty students attended, and the six days were crammed with meetings on careers for students, addresses on such subjects as the International Labour Office and China, a Universities' Parliament, a Universities' League of Nations Assembly, as well as sports and excursions. No New Zealand student has the opportunity of attending such a conference, very obviously. The material scarcely exists here for any gathering on as ambitious a scale; for instance, the League of Nations Assembly was opened by Lord Grey, Professor A. E. Zimmern was elected President, and among the speakers was Herr Von Bulow, of Germany. But a New Zealand organisation comprising the four Colleges is not beyond the limits of the possible. Mr. R. N. May, one of the members of the Empire Debating Team, was enthusiastic in his suggestion that a National Union of Students should be formed in New Zealand, and in a letter written since his return he repeats the suggestion, and urges that such an organisation be formed and made a federated member of the International Confederation of Students. This is one of the tasks that faces us in the immediate future: a motion approving of the formation of such a Union was carried at the last annual general meeting of the V.U.C. Students' Association, and we hope to see the matter taken up in the pages of next year's "Spike." But for those whose ambition it is to achieve an education of the lasting sort that comes from sharing for four or five years in the corporate life of a University, opportunities abound on every side. We have an active Debating Society; debating is the most important form of activity in almost all the old Universities. The responsibilities of office in the Students' Association seem often to repel instead of attract. Several of our clubs are merely clinging to a precarious existence because students cannot be found to devote the necessary time and energy to their support. And then there is the dear old "Spike"—
interest in its welfare is keen; but fewer than half the students in the College take sufficient care or pride in the magazine to possess themselves of a copy of each number as it is published. Opportunities of the kind of which Lord Cecil spoke certainly are not lacking.

"The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Is it worth while to employ ourselves with these things? If any student doubts whether bearing his share in the corporate life of the College is worth the sacrifice that it certainly involves, let him turn back to the words of Lord Cecil, with which we preface these remarks. And Lord Cecil is only the latest to single out intercourse with fellow-students as the really invaluable part of a University education; he is very far from being the first. "The Spike" has more than once quoted John Newman's famous and eloquent passage on the best type of University, a passage that has received the seal of approval and the benediction of the recent Royal Commission on University Education; and "The Spike," during its twenty-five years of existence, has unfailingly pleaded for an increase of the team spirit in College life. We believe that its efforts have been attended with a measure of success. But the vista of the near future is brighter with hope than ever before; "the fuller day" which the earlier occupants of "the Old Clay Patch" sang of and dreamed of seems to be breaking on the horizon. A residential college will be opened in two or three years' time. Student representation upon the College Council—thanks mainly to a little deputation of one that has energetically and earnestly pleaded the cause in season and out of season—has made definite headway, although it does not appear in the new University Act. But it cannot be repeated too often, or with too much emphasis, that we, as the fortunate posterity of those who have brought these things to pass, will be better and wiser men only as far as our own personal exertions are combined with our marvellous opportunities. The burden of education never lifts from the shoulders of the student. It can never to be transferred, not even to the teacher; it is supremely a personal matter.

Dr. H. W. Van Loon, in his book, "The Liberation of Mankind," tells us that there are three schools of statesmanship. The first two we refrain from describing, lest we be accused of indulging in personalities. But the third group may safely be mentioned. "They contemplate man with the sober eye of science and accept him as he is. They appreciate his good qualities, they understand his limitations. They are convinced, from a long observation of past events, that the average citizen, when not under the influence of passion or self-interest, tries really very hard to do what is right. But they make themselves no false illusions. They know that the natural process of growth is exceedingly slow, that it would be as futile to try and hasten the tides or the seasons as the growth of human intelligence. They are rarely invited to assume the government of a State, but whenever they have a chance to put their ideas into action, they build roads, improve the gaols, and spend the rest of the available funds upon schools and Universities. For they are such incorrigible optimists that they believe that education of the
right sort will gradually rid this world of most of its ancient evils, and is therefore a thing that ought to be encouraged at all costs.” “The Spike” will, we trust, never rest its lance until the control of education in this country is vested in men more resembling this type of statesman, in men who have a rational and vital faith in the potentialities of education, and not merely an interest in it as a legitimate field for effecting economies. But such statesmen must themselves be educated—in the fullest sense of the term, and we are entitled to say to the University student of this generation: “There is a task ahead that calls out for educated men. Its fulfilment is the urgent need of this hour. Whither goest thou?”

The Thrush’s Song

The clouds are very round and white
To-night.
A thrush is singing full and clear,
How dear
His song—so round and sweet each note
Afloat
Upon the air, as he would sing
And fling
Unheeded all the joy of flowers
And hours
Of early spring. The sun is low,
Now blow
O breezes, softly freesia’s scent
And vent
Your force so that you will not change
That strange
Shaped cloud that hangs so golden bright
Before the night.
—M.L.

Our Lady The President

Mr. R. M. Campbell enjoyed his privileges as president of the V.U.C.S.A. for a very brief period before being called to brighten a more elevated plane in society.

Our sorrow at losing a leader whose ferocious energy was more than tempered by his benignant expression is, however, lessened by the fact that his successor is Miss Sheppard.

It is the first occasion that a woman has been elected to this office. Is it a proof that the old-fashioned prejudice against women holding any public position of responsibility is dying out? According to the speakers in a recent College debate we are afraid that there are still many seekers after knowledge in these halls who are unable to extricate themselves from this ancient web.

We offer our congratulations, and hope that Miss Sheppard will enjoy a very successful and a lengthy period in office.
Our Friend the Hun

German Students and British Scholarships.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the entry of Germany into the League of Nations coincides with a clearly evident rapprochement between the Universities of the erstwhile enemy countries. In the early stages of the Great War, when it was fashionable solemnly to swear before God that we should never again have dealings with the perfidious Hun, the British legislature arbitrarily modified the provisions of the Rhodes Scholarship scheme by depriving German students of the right to hold these scholarships. Possibly the first step towards righting this wrong, towards repudiating the idea that we, the victors, (in the military sense, at any rate) should not carry over into peace times the petty hatred of wartime, was that taken by the Conference of University students of the British Empire which assembled a couple of years ago. Conference adopted a resolution favouring the restoration of Rhodes Scholarships to German students. Arising out of a similar resolution carried unanimously at the last annual general meeting of the Victoria University College Students' Association, representations have been made to the Rhodes Trust. A reply just to hand states that legal difficulties stand in the way of the restoration of the scholarships in their original form, but that, with the object of bringing about an immediate interchange of students between British and German Universities, the Rhodes Trustees are providing a considerable contribution to a fund for that purpose. This is eminently satisfactory. Presumably the foreign students will not be confined to Oxford, as in the case of Rhodes Scholars, and this will largely compensate for any disadvantages which may arise from the failure to restore the scholarships in their original form.

We are justified in rejoicing at the foregoing as evidence of returning sanity in our international outlook. The impudent assumption that the rabid nationalist has a monopoly of patriotism is coming to be seen at its real worth. As a matter of fact, the most obvious thing to-day is that if, as many believe, the British Empire stands in danger of disintegration, and England herself in danger of ruin, this state of affairs stands to the credit of the war-monger and not of the pacifist. However that may be, the generous action of the Rhodes Trustees, wholly consonant with the will of the great imperialist himself, is to be welcomed. One may at least hope that this will help in the direction of rendering impossible of repetition that wild frenzy of hate, and that intense eagerness to rush into any war at the bidding of politicians, such as we have witnessed in the not far distant past.

"You will be disappointed to learn that I have not seen a sponge since I met you in Nelson." This is an extract from a letter recently received by one of the Science Professors. The Professor offers the explanation that his correspondent had asked his advice as to taking up the sponges as a group for research. We publish his explanation without comment.
Past Students’ Section

Foreword

Looking through the forty-ninth number of the "Spike," I am astonished at the vigour of my former puny child. Its birth was humble and somewhat laborious, but it has grown into a sturdy manhood of marked independence of character. In turning over the pages I am glad to see that the clever little woodcuts at the head of each article are still retained. These were the work of Miss F. Smith, one of the most brilliant and versatile students we have ever had. She and Mr. F. A. de la Mare were my coadjutors in the work of organising and publishing the first number. We recognised that it could only be accomplished with the aid of advertisements. Mr. de la Mare and I spent a wet Saturday afternoon on Lambton Quay procuring these, and in two hours we obtained £20 worth of advertisements, which made the thing possible. As the first editor I can claim the merit of realising my limitations as a writer. The editorials were all that I attempted. A good deal of the writing in the first numbers was done by Mr. de la Mare and Miss Smith, both of them writers with a sparkle, students which we then had. It was surprising how much we and it was also our aim to search for talent among the 250 found—among them one genius, Seaforth Mackenzie. The College must have some five times the number of students to-day, and there must, among so many, be much latent talent. You seem to have quite a number of poets. Even in the first number we had more material than we could use, and the work of elimination was often difficult. What I like best about your forty-ninth number is the spirit of daring freedom of thought and opinion which pervades its pages. This is exactly the outlook on life which I should have wished to encourage in all my children. It is the spirit which should pervade every University worthy the name. It is not only the right but the duty of every thinking human being to dig his own well and find truth for himself. I am glad to think the "Spike" has done something towards fostering this spirit. I am afraid that it has sometimes shocked the minds of a section of our community, particularly during the war, when reason was more obscured than usual, and Hell had no fury like the non-combatant. But it is the spirit which every University needs, and which every country needs which has the ideal before it of making it a better and happier place for our children and successors.

—H. H. Ostler.
A Sussex Fairy

1 In the dusk
   Down the lane
Skipped a fairy
   “Glint” by name.
   Somersaulting,
   Grass-tuft vaulting,
   On he came.

2 He did not notice me, of course.
   Big me!
   I stood stock-still like the trunk
   Of a tree,
   On the bank with the primroses
   Thick in the grass,
   Quiet as a wary bird
   Watching him pass.

3 He was green-gold bright
   Like the sun through trees;
   Somehow alight
   Although it was dusk,
   And the shadows on-crowding.
   Like a gleam he danced,
   And he capered and pranced,
   Answering back to a blackbird’s whistle.
   Taking his height by a tall-growing thistle,
   The happiest thing that ever I’ve seen,
   And I leant with a laugh from the leafage green.

4 He was still in a trice,
   But I must have looked nice
   For he blew me a kiss from his finger-tips,
   A wee kiss plucked from his golden lips;
   And was gone into air
   And nothing was there
   But the things of the day
   Growing dim in the gray
   Of the on-coming night.—M.L.N.

A Non-Crossword Puzzle

One of our past student contributors obviously has exalted ideas of the intelligence of the 1926 editorial staff. He writes: “I enclose a contribution for the Jubilee ‘Spike.’ It suggests a problem: What is the correct course for an Editor, receiving a contribution from an ex-Editor, written at the Editor’s request, which, if the ex-Editor had been Editor, the ex-Editor-Editor would have edited to the limbo of the forgotten?” We had braced ourselves for the task, and were about to draw down our encyclopaedia and logarithm tables when we noticed his next ungenerous remark: “No prize is offered (by me) for the correct solution.” Needless to say, the problem did not engage our attention further.
Good Advice from Invercargill

Dear Spike,—

Thanks for your request for a contribution. I have been sitting, this wonderful spring morning, in an old-fashioned garden, hoping—but in vain—for the Muse to sing again after years of silence. Suspicions of colour can be felt in the English trees, the pussy-willow is a-hum with bees, and the silver poplars shower a cascade of tassels behind. There is a yellow blaze of daffodils on the sward below, terminating in a vasty sweep of rhododendrons, where precocious red buds are dotted here and there. Beyond, the cedar holds its ever-drooping leaves, the tall Lawsonianas sway their fern-like branches, and the clouds drift slowly past the background of pines. For the moment the world of mortgages and probates and writs is a thing apart.

There are many great joys of which I could write you—of the bivouac on the Hump, watching the sun rise over a sea of mist, with the Princess Mountains towering in pink glory above the whiteness; of a week’s camping in the glades of Manapouri; of the mosses and lichens of the fairy-like track to Doubtful Sound; of the long arms of Te Anau; of the Milford track, with its miles of cascades, towering peaks, and rumbling glaciers; and of the mirrored waters of Milford and the greenstone of Anita Bay. But without the leisure I cannot do it justice, and can only advise your readers to come and tarry awhile in this beauty spot of New Zealand.

Yours, with happy memories of V.U.C.,

F. G. HALL-JONES.

The King Dies Royally

The King dies royally; he sinks
Lost in a silver-golden fire,
Like some old Viking chief who went
Adrift upon a blazing pyre

Beyond the lost and desolate
Edge of the grey and ancient sea,
While all the sky burst into flame,
And flaming faded utterly.

Ah, thus may fall the ultimate sun
When all the world is bright with death,
When all man’s passionate race is run—
So royally he perisheth.

—J.C.B.

Bass Strait, 22/8/26.
An ex-Editor’s Memories of the Future

Hell—a device of theology
To frighten the fools and the dolts.
When a man’s at Victoria College, he
Imbibes Free Discusional knowledge, he
Knows that this Hell’s poor mythology
Against which an agnostic revolts.

Heaven—the ancient Elysium,
Where for poets there are pence without kicks;
Where the finding of rhymes won’t dizzy ’em
With Charon right there to tin Lizzie ’em
By the Ford or the Ferry o’er the Styx.
(That’s not heaven surely, that Hades
Where the leafy Vallambrosan shade is).
But heaven—you just ask the ladies:
Will their Rudolf be there or Tom Mix?
There, men just recline at their leisure
With girls waiting round them all day
To dance and to sing for their pleasure,
Whilst they gargle the ages away.
Their favourite gargle is nectar
(Diana tried some but it wrecked her,
And she did what they didn’t expect her—
Oh that Brook had been there to correct her!)

I learnt all of this from John Rankine,
Professor and scholar and classic;
You can see how profoundly we drank in
The Falernian spirit and Massic.

Lastly, there’s Earth where Goliath,
Philistine, by Dave was laid low.
(None knows what he can till he trieth,
Each’s oppo will come ere he dieth;
Be like David and don’t let it go.)
Have the Philistines now any giants?
But we’re getting away from Earth:
Earth, the haunt of the sly ants,
Of beetles, and lawyers and clients,
Of Melody, money and Mirth.

For money I care not a tittle—
Whatever a tittle may be—
And Melody’s worth very little,
But Mirth is the music for me.

Yet, of Mirth
On Earth
There’s a dearth.
Ah! Mirth!

—Julius Hogben.
When the “Spike” Was Very Young

Dear Mr. Editor,—

As one of the Sub-Editors of the first number, I am very proud to be judged worthy to contribute to the fiftieth number of the “Spike.” It is a far cry to the days when I read the first proof-sheets and listened to the howls which greeted the name on that famous night when, in the passage-ways of the Wellington Girls’ College, the first distribution took place. The critics said that the name was unworthy a University; that our high estate was degraded to the dust; that such a selection could not endure. Some were in deadly earnest, and some said they were. I remember in particular some promising lads from a neighbouring boardinghouse—A. H. Johnstone, A. Tudhope and J. A. Brailsford—who were offensive to a degree. But alas! These prophets! The old “Spike” has knocked up a sound half-century, and is still going strong.

I have no doubt, sir, that you will insist, with whatever authority you have, upon a contribution from the first Editor. His name, of course, is Ostler, J. If there should be any discrepancy between his testimony and mine you will please note that he was appointed to your “chair” because of a certain vogue he had as a raconteur. A course of history under F.P. (or John Beaglehole) is one of the several advantages denied him.

It does not appear that the “Spike” was ever christened, although it appears to have been registered within the prescribed time. If there is any obloquy attaching to the omission the responsibility is joint and several. The meeting of the Editorial Committee at which the name was chosen was held at “Kenilworth” in Hill Street, then the abiding place of the Editor. We were of one mind, that the worst fate which could overtake us was the dullness of conventional respectability, and we were determined that, if we could, by the name, establish a character, that character should lack neither point nor freedom. We hoped—not vainly, I think, that a good point could be kept clear of poison. So the decision was made.

The first number contained the first Capping songs of Victoria College, and amongst them was “The Song of Victoria College.” It was to me that Professor Rankine-Brown handed the manuscript of “Aedem Colimus,” and I remember the delight the characteristic emphasis with which the author construed the Latin and underlined the points for my edification. This song is but one instance of the generous interest taken by the first professors in the life of the College.

It is to be regretted that the first Editor had, in 1902, no personal experience of “the New Zealand tradition” in regard to Capping songs. As a result of information with which I helped to supply him he wrote several Capping songs, all of them conspicuously subversive of good order and discipline. Possibly they contain the germ of that “Bolshevism” which some recent observers have associated with the College. The famous “Alma Mater” (Solomon Levi) song would have landed the student body in dire disgrace had it not been for a conspicuous instance
of presence of mind on my part. The first three verses dealt comprehensively and unambiguously with foundation professors. In the fourth verse poetic license gave way to wild mendacity (due, of course, to ignorance of tradition and careless instruction), and the Editor ventured upon his disquisition concerning "Two on a library chair." No wonder the Chairman of the Board, Professor John Rankine-Brown, immediately rang up in protest. He approached the subject with great and laudable circumspection. When, at last, I gathered the strength of the charge, I was filled with noble resolve. "But, sir," I said, "the verse to which you refer is in no way a reference to a Professor, it refers, on the contrary, to a student. In point of fact, I am advised, and verily believe, that I myself have an action against the Editor for a very false and malicious libel." I cannot, at this distance of time, remember whether the sound I heard at the other end of the telephone was a chuckle, a sigh, or a fragment of a Latin prayer of thanksgiving. Sufficient to say that the crisis had passed and that, to this day the details of my private vengeance have eluded the vigilance of the newspapers.

Those who take an interest in the "cause of woman" will be not unprepared to know that the woman sub-editor of the first three years, Miss F. Smith, was not least amongst that happy company as a source of inspiration. Through fifty numbers her strong and characteristic humour has held its place, for the years have not improved upon the block headings drawn by her twenty-five years ago. In June, 1926, eight of the nine headings are from her pencil.

I was Editor during 1903 and 1904, and those years are memorable for the discovery first, of Seaforth Mackenzie and, in the latter year, of Siegfried Eichelbaum. In those years was laid the foundation of "The Old Clay Patch," "The Ode on the Laying of the Foundation Stone," published in October, 1904, would have given distinction to any University magazine in the world. On my way to the printer I dropped in at the University Office, where John William Joynt was wont to sit in judgment. Mr. Joynt delighted to bestow his measured praise on the work of promising youngsters, and he did not disappoint me then. The "Ode" was only one of a series of poems which enriched the pages of the "Spike" during its first decade.

How we had to chase Mackenzie for his "copy." But he invariably struck gold. He was gifted with the rare critical faculty which goes with clear and balanced humour. His approval was as final as his condemnation, and his appreciation was unstunted and wholehearted. His delight at the "Slaughterman's Chorus" of "The Golden Calf" clings to my memory. This succulent morsel had, of course, been handed over to Eichelbaum with the final injunction, "Blood, Ike, Blood!" The first verse set such a standard of sanguinity that we feared for the rest. Then came the second verse:—

"From the meadow to the coop, from the shambles to the soup,"

And Seaforth's chortle would have brought joy to the heart of a stone.

The work of Siegfried Eichelbaum is so well known to all who take an interest in the College that one is apt to take it for
granted. Eichelbaum is now an old vintage—and a rare one. He is the Master Capping Song writer of New Zealand, "a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy." In his verse-making he has kept a level which is truly remarkable. He has a genius for the "inscrutable" word, and he is dogged by constant self-criticism. His more ambitious efforts suggest that, had his critical faculty been entirely free from self-consciousness and he could have trusted himself to be serious, his work would have approached Mackenzie's on the serious plane as it equalled it on the topical. He has served the "Spike" with unflagging loyalty. An Editor with such Subs. as Miss Smith, Mackenzie, and Eichelbaum was fortunate indeed. Across twenty-five years I give them all "good hunting."

I think it may be said that I have read every number of the "Spike" from cover to cover. I may, indeed, have hurried through the C.U. notes and lingered unduly on "Free Discussion." Still, I have two complete sets, and that ought somehow to give me two votes as to the merit of the "Spike" through the years. I venture the opinion that the University has no reason to be ashamed of it. It has maintained a creditable standard, and many times risen to a very high standard, both in prose and verse. It has done more. It has maintained an open forum and has kept its pages open to work of merit even when unconventional and unorthodox were mild words to describe the opinions of its contributors. I can speak with some authority on this matter as I have myself found vent for pent-up feeling in your friendly pages. I am glad to remember that one article I wrote was published despite very serious pressure and that another, though wholeheartedly accepted by the Editor, was withdrawn by myself because, at the instigation of a friend, I agreed to accept an arbitration. There have been years in which one felt that the critical freedom of youth had been superceded by the complaisance of age, but speaking generally, the hopes of the theologically impossible godparents—"who gave it that name"—have been justified. I like to think that the "Spike" has genuinely represented a verile, critical, free-thinking, and intelligent student body.

I was very glad to see in the "Silver Jubilee" number a statement of Professor Rankine-Brown that the "Spike" with all its freedom had, throughout its history, reflected the cordial relations which had existed between the students and the staff. This, no doubt, says a good deal for both sides. It has been found possible to be frank without being offensive and amusing without sacrificing respect. The kindness and consideration, however, which has characterised the relations between those within the gates has not prevented some hard knocks being delivered against the enemy outside. I, myself, find it impossible to regret, even now, two very offensive articles I wrote concerning University politicians who vexed us in the days of the very beginnings. But that is another story.

I see that I was succeeded in the Editorial chair by an abandoned citizen named W. H. Wilson, who still answers to the name of "Spiky." How are the mighty fallen. I now look to this once free spirit for illumination on elementary points of company
Executive of V.U.C. Students' Association, 1926.
law and he is a mine of information on all sorts of subjects consigned by a far-seeing Providence to the black insides of the Law Reports. It is for him to carry on the story. But can the fellow now soar to the heights once so natural to him. I doubt it.

Yours, etc.,

F. A. DE LA MARE.

Or e’er the Silver Cord Be Broken

I think that when I come to that last gate,
Whereo’er there stands the ancient reaper, Death,
I shall go down into the void beneath
Without bemoaning then my poor estate.

Though ceases then all sorrow and all mirth
Within the shadow where all breath is done,
I shall not go as those whose faith is none,
I, who found worship for the things of earth—

That shall continue still when I am gone
Beyond the water still the snows will lift,
And to the east the rose-clad morn will drift;
The sun will shine on earth as once he shone.

Then thought will die with me for ever where
The crowned clay patch lies on the Kelburn hill,
And where the river is white silver still
By Haywards and by Melling, where the air,

A golden mantle, lies on that blue plain,
And where the kowhai lines the shallow lake
Beyond Wairongomai; I would not wake
And ache to tread their memoried paths again.

Then come, O Death, for silence, not for woe.
I would not wake beyond your deep to mourn,
For love is hopeless, save where it was born.
Heap dirt upon my sleep and leave me low.

—R.F.F.
Students of Other Lands

"But there is neither East nor West,
Border nor breed nor birth——"

I part from the poet here, with his "when two strong men stand face to face." Why "strong men"? Let any two people with common interests, speaking a common tongue, come together, and, provided they are of open mind, you will find that colour of skin and slope of eye are utterly forgotten. I have discussed things of mutual concern with students and thinkers of India, China, and Japan. With Dr. Hu Shih, the brilliant young Professor of Philosophy at the Peking National University, I tried to thrash out the question of family ties. He was bitter against the large family groupings of China—the occasion of constant bickerings, but we wondered between ourselves whether some better transition from the old groupings could not be made than by the way taken in the Western world—the class struggle. Perhaps we reached no very wise conclusions. But do you imagine we had a barrier of race between us as we conversed? You might as well imagine that your footballer, racing for the line, was conscious whether the temperature was 49 or 51. Of course, I was conscious of a difference of language when my friend Hsia Yung-yu told me, concerning Admiral Sah, "That man has no skeleton," but, after all, the phrase was quite as expressive as "no backbone."

With my Indian friend Sahay, who had travelled in intimate company with "Saint" Gandhi, I compared notes on the prison life of India and New Zealand. We rejoiced together that in both countries the imprisonment of numerous political offenders had revealed the abuses of the system and brought some little improvement of conditions for all law-breakers. Sahay was one of the non-co-operators. He had gone through two years of the medical course at a British University in India when Gandhi called the great boycott. He gave up his studies, to his own great loss and the intense disappointment of his parents. I argued with him that it was a mistake for boys to make themselves political martyrs; he listened, but had never a word save of reverential respect for Gandhi. I thought I understood.

Sahay had had to resort to trade, and was a struggling young merchant in Japan. He came often to our home and delighted the children.

The children played, too, with their Japanese neighbours, and played happily. The only trouble was that the Japanese yielded too readily when any difference arose. There was never a thought of race among them until another English child came to live near, whose parents had taught her that the Japanese were untouchable. Some day, perhaps, parents will be wise enough to allow their children to bring them up in the way they should go.

Among the Japanese I was specially fortunate, for I had learned Esperanto before I went there, and I found it a great help. Naturally, the peoples of the Orient regard English as a
world-language only by conquest and domination, and the young internationalists of Japan are very keen for the simple neutral language, Esperanto. We met on an equality speaking that tongue. We had no difficulty in discussing anything, from peanuts to cosmic forces. I heard a little gentle man named Sasaki tell in Esperanto of his being pinned under wreckage in the great earthquake of 1923, and of his friend calling for him and rescuing him. Such quiet pathos—I was greatly drawn to the man, and we became close friends.

Of course, close friendship and understanding are often difficult to attain even with members of our own race and of our own family. And the approach is sometimes slower with people of other races, because of differences of tradition and training. I readily confess that I am quite at a loss when an Oriental comes to me in the attitude of flattery. But many of them drop that readily when they find no corresponding attitude of superiority on our part. I said there must be openness of mind. Some minds are closed, or almost closed, by an assumed attitude.

I often regret that students in New Zealand and Australian Universities have not the opportunities that are afforded to those in America, Britain, and other countries of meeting young men and girls from the Orient "face to face."

—John A. Brailsford.

PAST STUDENTS' CONTRIBUTIONS End Here
The Futility of Spenser

In a recent letter from the Shah of Persia, I was gravely thanked for some modest suggestions concerning the improvement of English in schools. The Shah was especially pleased at the practical nature of the hints, and stated that all dissentient teachers and professors had been promptly bastinadoed and executed—a method of procedure to be admired—and that the remainder had then adopted the suggestions with every appearance of alacrity. The Shah went on, however, to say that there were some things which—like his wives—were hard to understand. During his nightly attacks of indigestion, the Grand Vizer had been reading him passages from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and these had left him in such perplexity that the execution of the Vizier and the appointment of a new one had brought no peace to his pillow.

"Your Zane Grey I can understand," wrote the Shah, "but your Spenser, no. When your Zane Grey says: 'Long Wolf's six-shooter roared three times, and each time a man crumpled,' I know what he means. But when your Spenser says: 'A gentle knight was prickling on the plain,' I can but tear my beard. For his hero is a mere woman from the first; he calls him a 'gentle knight.' What, O all-perceiving and upright brother, is the use of a gentle knight? Is not the true hero the un-gentle knight, the young man whose 'six-shooter roars' continually, who meets his rival in fair fight, cuts off his head when he is not looking, destroys his tents, and carries off his bride according to our national ideals? Shall I tell you the fault of your Spenser? He is too mild; he has not enough 'pep.' Can you not—to bring blessed relief to one perplexed heart at least—re-arrange him, enliven him, make him modern? This do, O father of the wise, and the birds of Allah's blessing shall roost, as it were, for ever in thy beard."

Well, after all, the Shah is a particularly old friend of mine, and I see no reason why I should not oblige him, if only to keep his new Vizier from the destructor. I shall not, however, re-write the whole of the "Faerie Queene." One or two stanzas will suffice, as an inspiration to other students, upon whose shoulders my mantle will then descend. Then, should the world of literature some day behold a first gorgeous edition of "The Faerie Queene, Re-written in Jazz Style, with Snappy Additions and Spicy Anecdotes," by Reginald B. Plonke or some such person, I shall feel that my life has not been wasted. Let any such aspirants, therefore, carefully study and master the following specimen, which reproduces along more modern lines what Spenser intended as the blood-stirring battle between Orgoglio and the Red Cross Knight:
He, when the Knighte he spotted, 'gan to rore,
As doe the Studentes on theyre Cappinge Daye;
And after him atte sixtie knottes he tore,
Who truth to telle was not inclined to staye,
But that hys Oxforde bagges gotte in the waye,
And tyde him in a complycated knotte.
Quite sicke with feare he turned atte last to baye,
And rolling up hys shirt-sleeves sayd, "Great Scotte!
As I'm a Dutchmann I'm afraidy I'll catch it hotte."

Thereto hys kindled corage gan to melte;
Yett, gulping downe hys First and Champion feare,
He smote hys foeman one below the belte;
The Geaunt bellowing gan hys club upreare,
To put the Red Cross Knighte cleane out of geare.
Then swung hys tree-trunk like a cricket batte;
And when the wepon grazed the hero's eare,
He muttered as the impacte knocked him flatte:  
"I'm bothered if I wante another one like thatte!"

—D.J.D.

The Song of Rain

Soft message of the falling rain,
Brave song in all the rainbow's hues,
The song of life is whispered down
And sung against the window pane;
Live, hate, love and live again,
You're born, you're born in other things,
And life is filled with pain and joy,
For flowers and fish and plants and men;
'And beauty grows and grows, through all,
It is crying in your spirit now!
You feel its mystic clinging thrall
Around you with the raindrops fall.

—G.H.

Smoke

The smoke from the chimney rises dark
Against the pale spring evening sky,
But dusk steals down and on her breast
Curling the smoke unseen shall lie.

—M.L.
The Weir Bequest

Ever since the opening of the original buildings on "The Old Clay Patch" there have been enthusiasts who looked forward to the day when the College would be able to establish its own hostels, in which students might enjoy the privileges and shoulder the responsibilities of full University life in residential Colleges. We do not under-value those institutions that have been made available to students; they have been of inestimable benefit to many who attend Victoria University College. But we ardently desired university residential colleges. But, keen though the desire was, the large sum of money required for a suitable hostel of University standing was a hurdle that proved unsurmountable. Again and again the problem was considered by College authorities, by the Students' Association, and by the Graduates' Association, but all the proposals were shipwrecked on the rocks of finance.

Quite recently the possibility of obtaining the splendid site belonging to the Hospital Board and leased by the late Mr. Martin Kennedy created renewed interest in the hostel problem. The Government agreed to make a grant of £5,000 towards the purchase of the freehold of the property, and ultimately the College Council decided that, with a somewhat smaller Government grant, it would make itself responsible for the purchase of the western portion of the site. Unfortunately, in the final rush of the Parliamentary session, it was not found possible to put through the legislation that would enable the Hospital Board to part with the freehold.

At this critical point in the negotiations, with the only first-class site in the balance, help came from the clouds. Students of to-day and to-morrow will not need to be reminded of the name of our benefactor, the late Mr. William Weir. Through the influence of good friends of the College, Mr. Weir had become interested in the welfare of our University, and determined that a hostel for men should be provided. His will shows that, after the payment of certain other legacies, the whole of his estate, possibly amounting to £80,000, is left to Victoria University College, not more than one-half of it to be expended in providing a men's hostel, and the income from the other half to be available for the upkeep of the hostel and for general College purposes.

It is a magnificent bequest of a man of large vision, and in the course of the next year or two all obstacles to the erection of the hostel will be removed. But in the meantime we understand that there is a danger that the Hospital Board will proceed with the subdivision of the Martin Kennedy site. It is sincerely to be hoped that those in authority will take the big view, will have the wide vision. After such a magnificent legacy to education, for such a necessary and laudable purpose, it will be a lasting stigma on the community if it fails to show due appreciation of the great gift to the people by allowing the one site that is ideally fitted for the purpose to be diverted to other ends. We sincerely trust that the College Council will leave no stone unturned in the effort to obtain this site for what will be known to generations
of students and citizens of Wellington as "Weir College." Our first public recognition of this fine bequest should be to ensure that Weir College can be erected on a site worthy of the generosity of him who has made the hostel possible.

An Interlude.

A place there was, not far forth on the Hill,
    Where many a dusty volume stood on shelf
And a grim Warden who the time did fill
    With making rules on all except himself
Enforced silence. There the goodly Elf
    Did think to study for an hour or twain
Some antique law; for oft mere lack of pelf
    Doth noble youth to such base toil constrain
That mote more fitly right in Gloriana’s train.

But looking up whereas his wit ’gan tire,
    A lovely lady he beheld in sight,
Whose yellow locks, crisped like golden wire,
    (Which stayeth put), and eyes that twinkled bright
As do the stars amid the frosty night
    So ravisht him that he did stare and stare
Like China doll, of sense bereaved quite.
    The which when that fell tyrant saw, he swore
A griesly oath and bade him play that game elsewhere.

—F.

Imperial Universities’ Shooting Trophies

In the notes on the activities of the College Rifle Club, appearing in the last issue of the “Spike,” was an announcement of considerable moment, namely, the winning of the Imperial Universities’ Rifle match for 1925, by the College Rifle team. This achievement has resulted in a very fine and much coveted trophy being held by Victoria College for the current year. (The trophy is at present on view in the College Library.) It is competed for annually by Universities throughout the Empire, and the success of our team has not only brought distinction to our College, but has put Victoria University College more firmly “on the map” throughout Empire Universities. Further, it has proved that our riflemen have attained a high standard of efficiency in an art which, should occasion ever demand it, can be of valued service in defence of Empire.

The College Rifle Club in their notes in the last issue of the “Spike” make an appeal for more members, for, with their present depleted membership, the Club will not be able to defend the two trophies now held. Surely such a state of affairs should not exist, and the appeal for new members should commend itself to students. No effort should be spared in an endeavour to retain the Imperial Trophy at V.U.C. for at least another year.
James Southcombe Brook

James Southcombe Brook, who passed away on the 14th September, 1926, had been a faithful servant of Victoria University College for the past twenty years. He was born in the village of Petrockstowe, North Devon, on August 31st, 1852. He lived there and at Crediton, seven miles distant, where he carried on business for twenty-seven years as a builder, until he departed from the Old Country for New Zealand. The reason for leaving England was Mr. Brook's ill-health and the necessity of seeking a more salubrious climate. He and Mrs. Brook landed in Wellington in 1904, and two years later, when the first Victoria College building was opened on the famous "Old Clay Patch," Mr. Brook joined the staff as Caretaker, commencing duty on 30th March, 1906. His work at the first conformed to no written schedule: he was available whenever a task called for someone to perform it, and his natural courtesy made him the willing servant of all. But Mr. Brook recognised the interests of the Professors and students as a first charge upon his care, and in this Mrs. Brook was at all times his loyal and active partner. Very early in the history of their association with the College Mrs. Brook opened a tea-room for the benefit of students whom evening lectures and study detain here, and several generations of students have appreciated her faithful service, which is still continued. Two years ago Mr. Brook was the victim of a brutal attack by some unknown assailant, who was endeavouring to rob his home in the College grounds, and this, in the opinion of his medical adviser, was the immanent cause of his death happening unexpectedly three weeks ago. On 16th September, which will be remembered for an unusual fall of snow in the evening, he was laid to rest in a hillside grave at Karori, and the Professors and a little band of past and present students and friends witnessed the service over his burial-place. "The Spike" wishes his widow and sons to accept its sincere and respectful sympathy.

The outstanding virtues of Mr. Brook's character were undoubtedly a keen sense of duty and that kindliness which marks one who is by nature a gentleman. When he took up his position at V.U.C. all outside interests were allowed to lapse, and thenceforth the welfare of the College became his single concern. We believe that the students occupied a genuine place in his affections, and those little incidents that occasionally mar their conduct were to him in the nature of real disappointments. All that came to know him will mourn the passing of a friend. He was indeed a very gallant gentleman.
The Plunket Medal Contest

On the evening of Saturday, September 11th, the twenty-ninth Victoria College Plunket Medal contest for oratory took place. Mr. W. P. Rollings (chairman of the College Debating Society) presided, and by way of a kick-off, commented on the origin of the contest, which had been rendered possible by Lord Plunket during his term of office in the Dominion, and afterwards continued by endowment. The Hon. F. J. Rolleston, B.A., LL.B., M.P., Mr. J. Caughley, M.A., and Mr. H. H. Cornish, M.A., L.L.M., were the judges.

Miss Mary Cooley spoke first, taking as her subject William Penn. Penn, she said, was a man courageous enough to renounce home, wealth and ease in order to live according to his simple religious beliefs. He became a Quaker, sought another life in remote and little known America, and in his dealings with the Indians, became a champion of justice, always adhering to his old policy of "tolerance."

In an excellent and original speech, Mr. Platts-Mills, who spoke next, gave an account of Charles Dickens, of whom, he declared, everyone, "from the Legislative Councillor right up to the man in the street," knew, or thought he knew, something. He sketched the early life of Dickens, his upward struggle from adversity, his modest beginning as a law-clerk, and then as a journalist, and his final and amazing success. In depicting life as he did Dickens showed us its humorous side, while exposing to the light of scorn many of the evils of the time.

The third speaker, Miss C. S. Forde, lauded the name of Michael Collins, Irish soldier, statesman and patriot. With no special education beyond that of hard experience, he began his life work for Ireland at the age of twenty-four. Acting always in what he believed to be the best interests of his people, he went as a representative to the Irish Free State Conference with Great Britain, a step which, as he feared, lost him his place in the hearts of the Irish. Returning unwelcomed, he was charged with treason and assassinated by a rebel of the Free State.

Mr. W. J. Heyting, speaking on Jean Jacques Rousseau, pictured at some length the troubled youth of the philosopher and the development of his questioning mind. Despite limitations and reverses, he rose at length to be the advocate of "Truth and Virtue, and the champion of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Mr. James, the last speaker, claimed that the Duke of Reichstadt, who was little more than a name in history, had, nevertheless, by his lofty ideals achieved unsurpassed greatness.

The judges were unanimous in placing Mr. J. Platts-Mills first, Miss C. S. Forde second, and Miss Mary Cooley third. Mr. Rolleston, amid applause, presented the Plunket Medal to Mr. Platts-Mills. In conclusion, the chairman, Mr. W. P. Rollings, on behalf of the Society, thanked the judges, and the orchestra, under Mr. A. C. Keys, and Miss Reid, who played the violin, and Miss M. Davies, who sang.
The Late James Southcombe Brook.
Book Review

By “Liber.”

Only two important books have come to our notice in recent months. “Great Men Who Have Met Me,” by Mr. Heyting, is remarkable for its range of imagination and its ambitious character. In one place the author describes, in his straightforward style, an interesting discussion he had with Lenin on the subject of one’s delivery in addressing meetings of students. The author contended that, from his experience, the most impressive voice for delivery was one modelled as nearly as possible on the mellow and undulating tones of a young puppy, this being especially successful if accompanied by the knowing wag of the head peculiar to such animals. The great Russian, however, maintained that a medium-sized hand-bomb was far less trouble, and was much more effective, anyway. He went so far, indeed, as to offer to demonstrate on a mob of armed students in the street, but, unfortunately, Mr. Heyting had an engagement with the Pope and was unable to stay.

On another occasion he decided, upon the advice of the Shah of Persia, to cultivate a number of small hairs on his upper lip, the Shah maintaining that with proper treatment the appearance of maturity and intellectuality could be produced. We understand that this decision has profoundly influenced the author’s life. Lovers of fiction will find the book vivid and entertaining. Mr. Heyting is said to be at work already on his new book, “Great Men Who Very Nearly Met Me.”

Mr. McWilliam’s new book, “He Fell Among Thieves,” or “The Reverses of a Good Man,” is in the nature of an autobiography. It depicts in sincere and unbiased style the adventures of the author from his earliest days, and narrates how he had the misfortune to fall in with an unscrupulous society of nefarious heretics, claiming for themselves the right of Free Discussion on all subjects whatsoever. The author modestly describes his heroic but futile eideavours to expose the false and immoral nature of this society, whose members were hardened beyond all hope of conversion, and treated him with the utmost brutality. It appears that these unspeakable ones were actually in the habit of making statements with no foundation of fact! On challenging these, he was met with a storm of ridicule and abuse, so vehement that he had no opportunity of producing the required proofs, which, of course, he had carefully locked up in his travelling bag. Finding it impossible to bring the pressure of truth to bear on these irrevocable people, he managed to make his escape back to the civilized world, bearing his scars as proofs of the indignities he had suffered.

The pathos of the book makes a stirring appeal. It resounds with a wealth of simple piety, tempered, however, with a broad tolerance and a disposition ever ready to forgive.
Elegy on the Letter-Rack

Sob, ye chill winds that stir Parnassus’ trees
And keep the Muses in with shaking knees,
Let fall your tear-drops down each Muse’s back,
’T’ evoke her long-drawn howl;
Then dry them nicely with a decent towel,
And beg their sorrows for the letter-rack.

There was a time long past—now labelled Then,
A time when modest maids and gallant men
Gathered in equal numbers round the rack,
Drew out their notes—and stood politely back.
No nervous undergrad, however small,
Stood disconcerted far across the hall,
Desiring, with the passion of despair,
The little letter which he knew was there.

But the late advent of the Woman’s day
Has spirited those joyful times away.
The clock now strikes, and like a winter squall,
A female host descends upon the hall.
Around the rack they take their martial stand,
Like soldiers, and deploy on either hand,
Until extended far as eye can see,
A mass of women—ranged immovably.
And should one man attempt an entrance there,
Their solid phalanx bids that man beware!

What then avails the small embarrassed cough
Of the lone male approaching blushingly?
Should he but stammer weakly, “Pardon me,”
His head is bitten off;
And the one thing he gave his life to see—
His draper’s bill for clothing ready made—
Remains unwept, unhonoured, and unpaid.

And, more to keep the timorous Man away,
No peaceful silence rules their deep array,
But a vast, high-toned roar pervades that clime,
Much like the noise of fowls at feeding time.
While with their tumult all the hall is full,
Their several letters from the rack they pull;
And men, ejected from their rightful places,
Have nought to pull but long, despairing faces.

Far from me be it to incite to wrath,
Or call Mankind to tread a warlike path,
Yet, should a man grow careless of his right,
The nasty thing will disappear from sight.
Should not the best be only for the betters?
Adam, not Eve, unsealed the family letters.
Then sob, ye winds that haunt Parnassus' height
And keep the Muses coughing half the night.
Drop your chaste tears, ye virgins of the grove,
And send a telegram to highest Jove.
Bear him the woful tale of man's disgrace:
The gods at least kept woman in her place.
Tell everything; he's too benign to doubt it;
And ask him what he means to do about it.

—D.J.D.

University Club.

Since our last issue there has come into being what has been much talked about in the last twelve months, a University Club. Or not quite into being, for the Registrar of Incorporated Societies has not yet granted his certificate, but the members-to-be of the embryo Club are in possession of their rooms and furniture.

The movement began at last year's general meeting of the Graduates' and Past Students' Association, whose committee was instructed to inquire into the "practicability and desirability" of a Club being formed in Wellington. The inquiry took the form of advertising and issuing a large number of circulars for a meeting of those interested, and the meeting, after some general discussion, set up a provisional committee. The power to add to their numbers which was conferred on that committee was largely availed of. The full personnel was as follows:—S. A. Wiren (Chairman), H. McCormick (Secretary), Prof. F. P. Wilson, Rev. Father Gilbert, C. G. G. Watson, J. M. A. Ilott, D. R. Hoggard, S. Eichelbaum, G. F. Dixon, P. Martin-Smith, R. W. Edwards, G. Craig, D. S. Smith, A. R. Entrican, H. F. Von Haast, Dr. P. Lynch, and P. B. Broad.

The Committee then drew up its prospectus. The Club was to have the usual amenities—dining-room, reading-room, card-room, billiard-room, etc.—and the entrance fee was to be £2/2/-, the subscription £1/4/-.

The Committee were anxious, above all things, to be on a stable basis financially. They therefore fixed on 200 as their minimum membership, but, unfortunately, couldn't quite get that number. The enthusiasm on the part of the 150 who had signified their intention of becoming members was, however, marked. It seemed to the Committee that the work that had been done and the keenness that had been aroused should not be allowed to be dissipated. Another scheme was drawn out, for a reading-room and a card-room only from which a larger Club could grow. The 150 who had said they would join are almost all becoming members; and those who may not have been approached, and those who were not anxious to join until they saw what they were joining, and those who doubted whether they would be wise in paying a large subscription should help materially to swell the numbers.

The Club has secured two large and comfortable rooms in the National Mutual Building, at the corner of Customhouse Quay and Hunter Street. There is a smaller room at the back which will be useful for many purposes. The rooms are bright,
and, thanks to the very handsome donations of many enthusiasts, are extremely well furnished. Others have donated magazines and the like, and there is every reason to think that the members will be able to spend many happy hours together.

The inaugural meeting was held on 27th August, when it was enthusiastically resolved to form and incorporate the Club. Professor H. B. Kirk was elected as the first President, Messrs. S. Eichelbaum, J. M. A. Ilott, and G. G. G. Watson as Vice-Presidents, Mr. H. McCormick as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs. S. A. Wiren, D. R. Hoggard, D. S. Smith, G. Craig, and R. W. Edwards as Committee. Mr. McCormick’s address is 131 Featherston Street, and the subscription is £1/1/-, entrance fee 10/6.

The meeting then adopted the draft constitution. Perhaps the membership clause should be quoted:—

“The Club is open to all men who are 23 years of age and are graduates or past students or present students of the University of New Zealand or of a University ‘recognised’ by it.”

Afterwards a general discussion took place. Mr. Watson stressed the necessity for every member bringing in another member. Mr. Stubbs hoped that everybody would be a regular attender. Mr. O’Regan and Mr. Eichelbaum expressed the wish that the Club would enable past students to keep in touch with University matters and with visiting intellectual leaders.

Hitherto in Wellington a place where University men could meet has been noticeably wanting, and the present venture should remove that want. The Dunedin Club, with somewhat different activities, has been a thorough success, while in larger towns, such as Sydney, University Clubs are flourishing. We trust that the Wellington Club will be the means of keeping our former students in touch with one another and with us.
THOUGHTS FROM THE YEAR'S SHAKESPEARE.

Our strange garments' sleeve not to their mould, but with the aid of use (Macbeth)

But this blow might be the brunt and the end-all here (Macbeth)

Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? (Macbeth)

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand (Hamlet)

At least two glasses. The time's too short and now Must by us both be spent most preciously (Tempest)

O dear father. Make not too rash a trial of him (Tempest)
The Everest of the Spirit

MACMILLAN BROWN PRIZE ESSAY FOR 1925.
(By Clyde Carr—Whitecombe & Tombs, 6d.)

We have long been wondering what the examiners demanded who set forth the subjects for the MacMillan Brown Prize, and one morning in the midst of our meditations on the subject, the postman arrives with an elongated vermilion pamphlet.

Ha! a Communist tract, we think, but we are wrong as usual. The title reads, "The Everest of the Spirit," and on further perusal, we find that the author is the Reverend Clyde Carr, the winner of the coveted prize.

We were informed that the subject was "The Call of the Mountains," so let us give it all our attention. Let us try to capture the terror of the amateur mountaineer on scaling a precipice where every foothold proves to be of rotten rock; the bliss of sixty miles an hour glissades, headfirst, feet first, sideway, all together; the appalling sensation when on walking over a snow covered pass we stray from the track and plunge up to our necks in some hidden icy tarn; the comradeship of such holidays in the mountains immeasurably far from the dust and swirl of the city; the colour and brilliance of the stars in those altitudes; the blue of the ice caves and avalanche boulders; the silence of a windless snowfield. Let us look within the pamphlet and quench our thirst!

We skim the history of the Everest Expedition in the first page or so, and then are rudely plunged into the midst of the fortunate congregation who sit beneath Mr. Carr's eye, Sunday after Sunday, in some sunless church. We listen to an impassioned harangue upon "The intimate connection between mountaineering and the struggle upward of the inner self, between 'Everest' and the 'Spirit'."

Mountaineering is only valuable in that it opens to us "avenues of approach to the heavenly places," and we need not even go mountaineering for "it may be the human countenance that proves to be the open sesame to the unseen,— or the word or deed of truth."

The mountains have, of course, a certain value, "every respectable eminence woos the aspiring soul." So on we go, leaping from quotation to quotation, over the dangerous crevasses of "impotence and futility," where Mr. Carr leads us, till at last we reach the grand finale, the topmost peak—fifteen lines from Rabbi Ben Ezra—and with sighs of relief, the congregation stands and begins fumbling for its threepennybits.
The Promontory

Even the methodically unobservant will have noticed that drastic changes have been taking place at the northern end of the University grounds. The earth there has the appearance of some historic gold diggings, with its swarm of toiling men and its yellow soil laid open to the sun. The shovels clash from daylight till dark—almost; the tractors roar continually—and so does the foreman; a horde of men strains and pants and perspires, and—to cut a long story short—several cubic feet of dirt are removed daily from the University grounds and spilt into the yawning gully on the other side of the road.

Much more lively was the scene during the winter, when vast pools of water placed the workmen under the necessity of diving for each shovelful, and rendered stilts an urgent requirement. What thoughts filled the minds of great Professors as they stood knee-deep on one leg, fishing for a fast-sinking golosh left behind in the mud, no one can say; yet rumour has it that more than one of these great men was mistaken for the foreman of the works, because the language in which he gave expression to his feelings was not dissimilar to that habitually employed by the latter well-known personage. All these little unpleasantnesses, however, will be forgotten, we are informed, when the work is finally accomplished. Not only is the Salamanca gully to be filled up—putting at our disposal a first-class area of level ground for sports; but the northern portion of the University grounds is to slant gently toward the road—a flower-enchanted, tree-sequestered slope, with winding gravel walks and seats resplendent with fresh green paint. Moreover, the informal activitites of University life will no longer be a sealed book to the general public, but interested women and bright children passing by will have ever facility to study the posture and appearance of students lunching under the trees, and there will no longer be any doubt as to whether undergraduates wrap their lunches in serviettes or merely enclose them in newspapers. A general air of familiarity and good-fellowship will thus be fostered, and the ties that bind the University to the community will be drawn yet closer.

It is beautiful to think that, even in this philanthropic age, the hearts of men are so full of hope and kindness.
Capping in the Library

Students of an earnest and sympathetic frame of mind will be sorry to learn that in less than twelve months from now the everlasting silence that decorates the Library will be severely and rudely disturbed by the vulgar proceedings of a Capping Ceremony. At a recent foregathering of the College Council it was decided, upon the recommendation of the Professorial Board, to stage the annual presentation of bouquets that occupies chief place in Capping festivities in the Library for one year, as an experiment. It will be very nice, we have no doubt. We hope the books will look their best, that there will be enough Library cards to go round, and that the Vice-chancellor will have no difficulty in manipulating the curtains on the western window at the appropriate moment. The only hitch that is likely to occur in the proceedings is a sudden shortage of seating accommodation. The Chairman of the Council and his gallant company can doubtless all be stowed around the galleries; the M.A.'s are usually well-proportioned, although few in number; but when the Lecturers have snapped up the last couple of rows of seats, and the B.A.'s have covered every available inch of floor space, and the flower-girls have filled the corridor, with an overflow gathering on the back stairs, where will the mere student come in? That is what "The Spike" wants to know. We refrain as far as possible from using the word "undergraduate," which would only be waving a red flag at the bovine occupants of the Professorial Board. But we are here to protect the interests of the undergraduate, and we share at this moment the feelings of an aggrieved Trade Union secretary whose proteges have been maliciously deprived of the right to demand free cigars with every meal. These others are not students—these creatures in cap and gown, looking as ridiculous and top-heavy as any zany ever did in cap and bells. Most of them have already turned their backs upon V.U.C.; but they will be seated in places of honour and privilege, and the real student, like the twelve foolish virgins, will find the double doors firmly slammed in his face. There will indeed be wailing and gnashing of teeth. As a matter of fact, the whole performance will probably defeat its own ends and degenerate into an undignified scramble, more resembling a bean-feast then a Capping Ceremony. Procrustes himself could scarcely cram into the Library the requisite number of parents and camp-followers, as well as their reverences the Graduates of the year. He would have to stack them in several tiers, at any rate. We know of at least half-a-dozen students who, in consequence of this decision to go in for a degraded and attenuated form of ceremony next year, have definitely decided to postpone completion of their degrees for another twelve months.

Is it pertinent to ask the reason for this obviously retrograde step? Everyone was mildly startled when the College Council allowed itself to be persuaded into holding the recent Capping Ceremony in the evening. It seems that the members of the Council on their slippery eminence, having ventured one step forward, must now take two steps backward, assisted in no
small measure by the Professorial Board tugging at their coat-tails. We know what they will say. We know perfectly well the arguments they must have used to convince one another of the absolute, crying necessity for such a reform. But can they, or any of them, deny that the Victoria College Capping proceedings are the most orderly of any in New Zealand? Can they deny that the last Capping Ceremony was the most orderly of Victoria College ceremonies within recent memory? Let us remind them that every speaker who had anything to say on that occasion was able to say it all: there can be interjections that do not amount to interruptions. And let them remember that certain speakers could not make themselves heard from one end of the Town Hall to the other if the silence of death pervaded the place. Are the rendering of an old song which concerns nothing but an incident in the American Civil War and a Professor's face that more than matched the hue of the Vice-Chancellor's gown to be sufficient reason for this undemocratic departure from custom? The Capping will be performed in camera, that is all, and we shall probably see the spectacle of another meeting of the Council called to decide whether the Press shall be admitted or excluded. We fear that the decision is now beyond recall; but let us fervently hope that one demonstration of this type of ceremony will convince Board and Council alike of the hasty unwisdom of their measure.

A Departure

On the 30th July a small but representative gathering was present to farewell J. C. Beaglehole, Lecturer, Tramper, Heretic, and ex-Editor of this magazine. The luxuries of the Women's Common Room were kindly made available for the occasion. A select little company entertained us with the reading of a play, some who are more musically inclined than the rest of us sang and played, and the women produced an excellent supper at the appropriate moment. Mr. Macarthur, Vice-president of the Students' Association, in a happy speech presented Mr. Beaglehole with a V.U.C. blazer. (We shall not perpetuate his pun.) Professor F. P. Wilson added his best wishes and expressed his regrets at losing so keen a student and lecturer. The victim of the evening's proceedings replied in a characteristic speech that made us feel absolutely heroic and almost brought tears to the eyes of some of our lady friends. The College songs were sung more heartily than we remember ever hearing them sung before or since, and we dispersed, consoling ourselves with the thought that our friend would return, perhaps to V.U.C., bearing with him the ripe experience of the coming years abroad. In the meantime, the sincerest wishes of all those students and professors with whom he came in contact accompany him. A poem written when he was on the steamer on his way to Australia appears elsewhere in this "Spike."
Farewell

On August 6th the Honours and Advanced Chemistry students held a very delightful "At Home" to farewell Mr. A. D. Munro on the eve of his marriage. Tea was served downstairs, and the guest of honour arrived in company with Professor Robertson. Tea was poured out and handed round (see Cummin & Kay, page 16; milk jug patent applied for), but somehow there was a feeling of tension in the air. At last it was relieved, when Mr. Richardson, in a few faltering words, tried to express to Mr. Munro the feelings of all those present, and presented him with a slight token of their goodwill. Mr. Munro then replied, making reference to the events that were so near—so very near, in fact, too—no, he did not say "too near"—though it sounded very like it. Then we cheered him, then we sang that good old song about his being a very fine fellow; then followed more cheers and songs. Feeling very much cheered, our guest departed, taking for Miss Reader the last chocolate biscuit, which we had all been too polite to eat. Altogether, it was a very happy party, and the chemical students are ready to guarantee a like send-off to all those of the Science wing who will take a similar plunge. Applications, together with a slight fee (1/4) must be in the hands of the Lab. boy at least three weeks before the day.

Paragraphs More or Less Personal

H. L. Richardson, M.Sc., who left this college two years ago with an Empire Exhibition Scholarship, has been studying at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. He has now been fortunate enough to win another Exhibition Scholarship, which has been subsidised by the New Zealand Government. This scholarship enables its fortunate holder to spend a year doing research work at the Rothamstead Experimental Station at Harpenden.

Doctor Cotton, for many years the only bachelor upon the Professorial Board, has taken upon himself the bonds of matrimony. On July 17th, 1926, at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, was solemnised his wedding with Miss Josephine Gibbons, second daughter of the late Captain J. Gibbons, of Devonport, Auckland. We hope that the happy pair will accept our congratulations.

J. G. Myers, M.Sc., who won the 1851 Science Scholarship two years ago, and has since been working for his Ph.D. at Harvard, has accepted a position in the Imperial Bureau of Entomology, London.
We extend a welcome to Dr. Sword, who is to be Chemistry Demonstrator in place of Mr. Monro for the next year.

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An engagement which has produced a little more than the ordinary commotion is that cabled from England of Vera B. Reader, M.Sc., Ph.D., to Ronald Syme, M.A. Students that were at V.U.C. in 1923 will remember them both.

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A visitor to the last debate was J. d'H. Morel, a son of the late E. D. Morel, who was widely known as the liberator of the Congo slaves and in later years as the editor of "Foreign Affairs." He was the subject of a Plunket Medal oration a year ago. Mr. Morel is in Wellington awaiting news regarding a position he is to take in Hawke's Bay as a photographer of bird life.
Miss 1926

The journalistic world intends
   By means of competition,
To seek in unsuspected ways
   A beauty with ambition.

Each day I try to classify
   The types in the "Dominion,"
To ascertain which satisfy
   The modern world's opinion.

This nose (I hear) but not this ear
   Its an abomination!
And Eton crop and tousled mop
   In turn find admiration.

But where is Cleopatra's brow?
   Fair Rosamund, your fears
That men to-day would disavow
   Fair charms, excuse your tears.

And where is Mary Queen of Scots?
   (The artists all adored her,
Tho' scape-goat in a petticoat,
   She fled across the border).

The ghost of Queen Victoria
   Stirs in the grave with fright.
"I do declare, a naked ear!
   What a disgusting sight!"

The Grecian fain is out of date,
   And Dante's dream beyond repair—
Behold the "boyish silhouette,"
   The sleeveless arm and shingled hair.

There are no Walter Raleighs now
   To lay their velvet in the mire—
There are no skirts to justify
   The soiling of their neat attire.

Where, once, a dainty slippered foot
   Peeps shyly from the graceful folds
Of blue brocade and flowery chintz,
   The average person now beholds
Substantial looking legs and feet
   Walking boldly down the street.

—D.H.
Magazines Exchanged

First of all, we must mention "The University," the magazine of the National Union of Students. The Easter and Summer numbers have reached us, containing a neat little note inscribed "With the Secretary's Compliments."

On the cover is the N.U.S. Owl, with whom we made our acquaintance during the visit of the Empire Debating Tour, and inside each number is exactly thirty-two pages of very readable gossip. "The Factors of Success" by Frank Gray, is a little piece of disillusionment for the "young idealist fresh from the successes and applause of University." Dr. Harold Balme on "The National Student Movement of China" is informative and frank. A Cambridge humourist entertains us with a discourse on "The Lecture, the Lecturer and the Lecturee." We have cause to agree that "Lectures in English Literature are invariably delivered by Scotsmen or other distinguished foreigners." A delightfully humorous sketch reminiscent of Wembly and "The Evolution of Edna" abound in literary merit.

The Summer number is largely taken up with "Reports"—one on "The N.U.S. Talking Tour," several pages on "The Cambridge Congress," and three on "A Visit to Poland" by some lucky fellow as the guest of the Polish N.U.S.. The Editorial might almost have been culled from the "Spike" and brought up-to-date. It is headed "The Ideal of a University."

"The Kiwi" for May and August (A.U.C.), and the June issue of "The Canterbury College Review" have come our way, and they deserve a word before we pass on to mention of "Hermes" from Sydney University.

We gather that "Kiwi" has suffered a resurrection, or a revival, or a something, and that the "Present Management" has radically improved upon the handiwork of its predecessors. It must have been necessary. An air of cheapness seems to pervade its pages. We are not sure whether it is the get-up of the magazine, which too closely resembles a Rugby Programme, with all poetry set in Italics in the "Ladies' Mirror" style, or the excess of cheap humour whose leading properties are exclamation marks and inverted commas (of which last there are far too many in this review). However, we congratulate our friend Kiwi on attaining this, his twenty-first year of existence and shall look for something definitely better next year. Two poets and a comic artist do not make a University magazine.

"The Canterbury College Review" has not managed to achieve a classic title, but one peep into its charmingly printed pages dispels any fears the name may have aroused. Canterbury possesses several literary people; the verse is excellent, although it is all the same kind—Punch style with faint touches of Chesterton—and the only two prose efforts are good.

"Hermes," with a representation of that gentleman on its jolly grey cover, is Sydney's magazine, published in Lent and Trinity. It is a production to be proud of, from cover to cover; the "Oxford Outlook" has been compared with the "London Mercury" and survived the ordeal—one could safely compare
"Hermes" with any but the few best of Australasian magazines. In the Trinity number, two long poems on theological subjects vie with each other; but for the rest there are sketches, playlets, fantasies and reviews, all of which we enjoyed immensely. To mention them separately would be too long a job for this page.


—P.R.

The Rhyme of an Earnest Tramper

Tramp, tramp,
What if you've got the cramp?
What if your heel's begun to peel and your nerves are on the ramp?
The peace of the dusk is round us and we'll soon make camp.
So tramp, tramp, tramp.

You of the huddled houses, who've never humped a load,
What do you know of the free life and the lure of the winding road,
Of the pain and the joy undreamed of in our weariness and scars,
And the fresh tang of the dawn-wind, and the friendship of the stars?

The rains may fall and the storms come and the suns blaze down,
Its all the same to our Brotherhood of the Lean and Fit and Brown.
O this is the life for a free man to prove his spirit's worth
In the grim peaks and the silences of the wise old earth.

What if the world declares we're mad?
Its a saying the world has always had
For those who escape its toils:
We carry peace in our bulging pack,
And laughter races us up the track
To the place where the billy boils.
So,
Tramp, tramp,
What if your blanket's damp?
What if the track is inky black and the moon's not raised her lamp?
The rain's stopped and the wind's dropped and we'll soon make camp,
So tramp, tramp, tramp.
"Dreams are but Dreams..."

The grey gloom of an autumn twilight was gathering slowly, wrapping the hills in its soft folds and touching the world with fairy fingers. The rugged steeps and the scarred valleys lost their sharp outlines, and became merged into the grey dimness. It was the enchanted hour when the magician waves his wand, and mortals for a while forget their cares. It was the dream-hour.

The silence of the Common Room but deepened the spell. Recumbent forms, motionless, occupied dim nooks. Once more my eyes sought the Great Beyond. The Dream-man took me by the hand.

Through wondrous ways he led me, nor paused until at length we reached the foot of a high hill. There, far up upon its verdant slopes, I spied a wondrous castle—strange, and yet familiar. I longed to reach it, but how attain to those far heights? True, a road wound upwards to it, but the way was steep and long. Then opened in the hillside a cavern full of light. I stepped within and found a room, snug and gay. A door closed. I sated myself, and found a room, snug and gay. A door closed. I seated myself, and found that I was swiftly moving upwards. A lift by Jupiter!

In the twinkling of an eye the goal was reached. The place I sought was here, before my eyes. Strange I should think I had been here before, and yet, and yet...

What legend burned so brightly over the portals? "Wisdom is more than gold!" Sadly I turned away. Alas, I knew that I had but little wisdom to offer at the shrine of the deity who might inhabit these bright walls. But hark! What sounds of revelry were those which smote my ear? "Wikitoria Ha!" Fascinated, I drew near to a door at the north end of the great building, and entered. A corridor led past the banqueting hall, from whence issued the sounds of merriment and feasting. An attendant, gorgeously and wonderfully attired, sprang to view. I followed to a large, well-lighted room. Row upon serried row of hat-peggs stood out from the walls. Row upon row of hats hung there, while well-ordered space invited yet more. A large table occupied the centre of the room. Ranged in neat order stood the property of the heedless hundreds, and yet there was room for more!

And now the mirth rose higher. I followed to the doors of the banqueting hall. They swung wide to receive me. What a scene of revelry met my bedazzled eyes! It almost seemed as if—"Wellington's capital had gathered then, her beauty and her chivalry, and bright the light shone o'er fair women and brave men."

Every nook was aglow with radiance. From the tables the scintillations of crystal and silver added their charm. Slipping into a vacant place, I watched the gay throng. Many danced on the polished floor to the subdued strains of an orchestra. Others refreshed themselves at the laden boards. Waiters dashed hither and thither with laden trays, returning ever and anon to dwell upon the words of the presiding genius. A sweet girl near me
pointed out some notables in our vicinity. "The tall distingue on your right—whispering sweet nothings in his partner's ear—
he's keen on dates. History is his forte. Ahead of him is the
Economics Oracle." I stared. "Oh, he dances perfectly," she
smiled. "He waxes eloquent upon golf, too."
And so on, ad lib. I gathered that within these walls there
reigned a Professorial Board. Its special care and pride were its
students. These they loved to cherish and to cheer. The Board
had instituted dancing in the tea-room in the hopes that it might
banish the blight of study which threatened to extinguish these
young lives.
While we talked, swift hands set before us viands which
would have satisfied an epicure or good Haroun Al Raschid him-
self. Around us the merry chatter mingled with the music's
swell.
At length I tore myself away from the gay scene. A short
flight of steps led me into a long corridor, thickly carpeted.
Then up a disjointed flight of stairs and along another silent
corridor I went, until another hall was reached. Through doors
of purest crystal I espied an honourable dignity who moved with
stealthy tread among his books. Other movement there was
none. Seated in deep chairs were rows of seemingly petrified
humans. Each face wore an aspect of deep oblivion.
Drawing a deep breath, I entered. The deep silence of the
place wrapped me like a garment, and yielding to its charm I
sought the nearest resting-place. It seemed I had not known
till then how blissful rest could be. The seductive comfort of the
chair had almost proved too much in that languorous atmosphere,
when the gentle clasp of Morpheus was loosed by honeyed tones.
Before me stood the Warder, in silken robes and tasselled skull-
cap. He placed a pile of books in front of me. "Choose which
you will," he said. "I am at your service." Bowing low, he
withdrew to his bookshelves again. A glance revealed a feast of
fiction—Galsworthy, Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Wells—the best of
the moderns—and, besides, the half a dozen pleasant trivialities
one longs to read. The book-shelves revealed unending hoards
of like treasure, mingled with fluff from lighter minds. With a
sigh of rapture—
A dazzling brightness filled my eyes. Strident voices reached
me. The Common Room pulsed with life. I awoke to the hard
facts of life, and fled to a near-by lecture-room lest the voice of
the Prof. be already heard in the land, and the wrath which falls
upon the late-comer completely overwhelm me.

—S.C.H.
The Extravaganza and "Spike"

Dear "Spike,"

Once I believed the Victoria College University College magazine was a mouthpiece of intellect, genius and virtue; a magazine whose opinions were sound, whose prose was not tainted with journalism, and whose criticisms were just. What a shock was then mine when the June issue was produced.

I knew that a new management had taken charge and scarcely expected that the elevated standard which had been so characteristic of your pages in recent years would be maintained, but ten thousand times more painful than my worst forebodings was the shock I received.

My copy was apparently minus the editorial, search as I would there was only an introductory paragraph to be found, and what it was introducing was nowhere discoverable.

Some gentle poet's ode to some gentle maiden was then sandwiched before a dissertation "of clothes," chiefly remarkable for its verbosity. There followed a shocking piece of Latin doggerel, an evident proof of the fact that the editorial committee was woefully ignorant regarding that language. Then some account of Tournament and Capping proceedings. My spirits were somewhat revived by an "Ode on a Man," but almost immediately shattered by a play, crammed with passion and pep, by some mysterious E.L.P. suffering, apparently, from a course of Bulldog Drummond and Zane Grey. With a weary hand I turned over the next few pages, whose headings, "Entomological Notes" and "The Butcher's Shop," saved one from perusal of what was appended beneath.

At last page forty-five lay before me, an account of the Extravaganza—a subject that should be interesting. I read it through once, got my spectacles out and read it again, and yet a third time was I nauseated, scarcely able to believe that what I was reading, in sober black and white, was a part of the "Spike." Truly this magazine has changed! A paper that sets forth the truth it is generally maintained to be. Is the editorial committee then of one mind with the vile perpetrator?

Who is this C.Q.P., with his basket of mud and rotten eggs? He must be brave if nothing else when he does not even attempt to disguise himself under a nom-de-plume.

Has he written an extravaganza himself that he lays down his opinions with such calm assurance? It is evident that the "Laughter that stings self-satisfaction" has never touched that in which he is so amply robed.

It is pleasing to note that in spite of the scathing criticisms which he has so freely lavished upon "Just as You Say, Dear," the public of Wellington did go to see the production and was a good deal more amused than C.Q.P.

Incidentally, this extremely weak play, "which consisted of a superfluous act, poor scenery, too many words and not enough humour," paid its way, though not, perhaps, in a degree great enough to render seasonable Mr. R. M. Campbell's generous motion that 60 per cent. of the ensuing profits should go towards the building of a residential hostel.
C.Q.P. announces that it would be well for us to know the body of opinion of past students. By what right has he constituted himself their mouthpiece? It is difficult to recall anything of particular note in the past history of this college that is associated with those initials. But perhaps we are unjust and have unwittingly stumbled upon one of those unhappily too familiar desert flowers “born to blush unseen.”

The article finishes with what must be confessed is a sound criticism of the caste though the statement that Mr. Pope lacked the experience to simper effectively was rather amazing. So the “Spike” publishes without a word of criticism an article which if it were true would bring disgrace on the Executive of the Students’ Association and on every member of that Association, for all these are ready to scrap tradition and merely regard the Extravaganza as a source of easy revenue.

I am,
Yours, etc.,

SHOCKED.

To M. J. McW.

Rare spirit in our wordly halls,
Where Mammon’s footstep loudest falls!
Quaint relic of the Middle Age!
Yours is the grand, unreasoned rage,
The ardour, that in days of yore
Oft kindled the religious war.
Your fire it was that martyrs fought,
Who said exactly what they thought.

If Providence had favoured me
With your straightforward piety,
I’d turn and thank kind Heav’n again,
For simple mind, for stagnant brain,
For purpose undeterred by rumour,
For freedom from a sense of humour,
And censure them as devil-taught
Who said exactly what they thought.

Had I the colours to portray
Your straight and very narrow way,
Your process of extracting truth
By curbing unsagacious youth,
Your cry for Proofs to lead the blind,
While somehow yours get left behind—
Had I the fire of passion caught,
I’d say exactly what I thought!

—D.J.D.
Some Lies and a Challenge

"A lie gets half way round the world before Truth gets its boots on."
—Wise Saying No. 499621.

Since the war, there seems to have been a revival of interest in Religion. Whether we consider the destruction of the Caliphate or the vague theorising of the Theosophists with their new Messiah, the Ku Klux Klan in the U.S.A., or the P.P.A. in New Zealand, the cry that Christianity has failed or the Lambeth appeal for Unity, the Soviet and Mexican attacks on religion or the religious revival in France, the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England or the Eucharistic Congress with its million attendants in Chicago, it is evident that there has been an increase in thinking about Religion. At Victoria University College, the revival has taken the shape of the introduction of debates on religious topics.

Now, such debates are of value when they are conducted without bigotry, and by persons with a good knowledge of facts. Of bigotry, the writer has seen just a little evidence, but of a good knowledge of facts, either of history or of present day affairs, on the part of the debaters, no evidence whatsoever.

For 3,000 years or more men have argued about religion, and each man seems to think that his own particular beliefs are correct in all respects, even though, in the great majority of cases, he has given no time at all to the study of religion. Nor is University life and thought free from this valour of ignorance.

Here, at Victoria, a lack of knowledge of Christianity is no bar to a confident discussion of the Impossibility of Christianity; a complete ignorance of Buddhism is the cause of its more than favourable comparison with Christianity. The Genesis account of creation is held to be an integral part of Christian belief (even by a judge of debate); the doctrine of Evolution is held to be incompatible with the idea of the immortality of the soul; Christianitiy is described as responsible for the break up of the family.

One student is sure that H. G. Wells is a better authority on religion than some cleric who has given his whole life to it; another believes that God is not omnipotent because there is evil in the world; a third accepts the pretended marvels of Spiritualism while denying the miracles of Christ. Then it is confidently stated that Christianity is dying out (though it is numerically stronger to-day than it ever was); that some of the more popular essayists, like Dean Inge and L. P. Jacks, are properly representative of Christian opinion; that a Bishop in a church council 1,400 years ago declared that woman had no soul; that woman under the mediaeval church was in a worse position than at any time under paganisim; that a cardinal who had recently left the R.C. Church admitted the impossibility of Christianity; and so on, ad nauseam.

Now, there has recently been published a most fascinating book, having nothing whatever to do with religion in any way, which no person who wishes to be up-to-date and to have a mind free from silly beliefs and secular superstitions should leave un-
read. Hardly anyone will read through the thousand or more fallacies described in the book without finding more than one in which he has always believed. The work referred to is "Popular Fallacies Explained."—Acherman. As stated before, it does not include religious topics.

It is even more desirable that many of the local debaters should read some of the numerous books dealing with popular delusion as to Roman Catholic faith and practice or with the history of the Roman Catholic Church.

Critics of religion display a strange unanimity in attacking the Catholic faith. How many non-Catholic students or members of the Faculty of Victoria University College can read through the following list of fallacies without finding one at least which he or she has always believed to be true? Here is the list:

That the church withheld the Bible from the people.
That there was at one time a female Pope.
That the Middle or Dark Ages were really as bad as they are generally painted, and that their condition was largely due to the church.
That the church is, or was, generally opposed to science.
That the church authorised the sale of indulgences, or that an indulgence is a license to commit sin.
That the Spanish Inquisition was instituted by the church and that it was one of the most inhuman institutions that the world has seen.
That the Massacre of St. Bartholemew was authorised or approved by the Pope or church.
That several of the important doctrines of the church at the present day are not discernible in the writings or teachings of the early Christian Fathers.
That Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries because of their immorality.
That one Pope issued a bull against a comet.
That Catholics believe the Pope can do no wrong.
That Catholics pay money to have sins forgiven.
That Catholics believe that all non-Catholics will be damned.
That Catholics worship the saints or images of the saints.
That nuns are frequently detained in convents against their will, or that it is impossible for a nun to leave convent life if she wishes to.
That the Jesuits taught that the end justifies the means.
And numerous others of which lack of space will permit no mention.

Some of these are continually thrown up against the Catholic debater, though any person interested in learning the truth will soon discover that they are merely old lying slanders whose complete refutation exists in many books.

Now, if any of the readers of this article believe that any of the above slanders are true and is prepared to defend his views, the writer will be pleased to take the negative. To make the matter interesting, it is suggested that a judge of the debate be appointed who will give his decision purely on the nature of the evidence adduced, and that the loser shall pay some suitable forfeit such as agreeing to refrain from speaking on
religious topics for one year, or crawling on hands and knees twice around the college, or some other equally intellectual penalty.

To many minds religion or relationship to God, is the most important thing in the world, but religious controversy should not be indulged in by those who are, like many debaters, ignorant alike of history and present day facts. Bigotry is born of ignorance and slanders must inevitably produce bad feeling. Why cannot debaters keep in their minds St. Paul's advice to the Ephesians: "Wherefore putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbour; for we are members one of another."

CATHOLIC STUDENT.

Bibles and Bones

"The body of Wycliffe was dug up and burned, and his ashes scattered to the four winds, for the heinous crime of translating the Bible into the language of the common people."—Statement of a student at a meeting of the Free Discussions Club, 1926.

John Wycliffe was born about 1328 in the little village of Wycliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was educated at Oxford, where his ability soon made him prominent. He spent many years at Oxford, and received in 1366 the highest academic honour of the day—the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At one time he held the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, a now extinct foundation, and at another time was Master of Balliol. It is doubtful whether he received Holy Orders, but, stirred by the luxury, unedifying life, and relative ignorance of some of the clergy, he commenced writing against such. From this he proceeded to attack the temporal power of the Pope. His field of criticism gradually widened, and soon he was denying one of the fundamental Catholic beliefs, the doctrine of Transubstantiation. In 1377 he was summoned to answer for his heretical opinions before the Primate and the Bishop of London.

Wycliffe's cause had been supported by John of Gaunt, who was opposed to the Papal party for political reasons, and the trial ended in a riot between the rival factions.

1382 saw the condemnation of ten of his doctrines by a synod of divines convened by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On May the 21st, at the second sitting of this synod, London experienced a severe earthquake shock. Bishop Courtenay—one of Wycliffe's chief critics—declared that it was the effort of the earth to purge itself, "though not without violence," of heresy. Wycliffe found it necessary to issue a counter declaration that "the earthquake was the outcry of the world against the heretical prelates and friars."

Two of Wycliffe's chief followers, Nicholas of Hereford and Repingham, were excommunicated in July, 1382, though Wycliffe's name was not inserted, perhaps owing to his powerful supporter—John of Gaunt. However, the King sent a letter to the Chancellor of Oxford, ordering him to expel Wycliffe and his followers and seize all their books and writings.
Wycliffe thereupon retired to Lutterworth, whose Rectory he had been granted some time previously, and spent the two remaining years of his life in writing on various religious subjects. His tracts were largely circulated by a band of itinerant preachers, called "Poor Priests," which he organised.

Towards the end of his life Wycliffe bitterly assaulted the Papacy. "No words became too strong with which to attack the whole institution." He styled the Pope "Antichrist" and "the most accursed of clippers and purse kervers."

While hearing mass in his parish church at Lutterworth Wycliffe received a fatal paralytic stroke, and died a few days later, in 1384. He was buried in the churchyard.

The Council of Constance in 1415 condemned 250 propositions in Wycliffe's writings and ordered "his bones to be dug up and cast out of consecrated ground, provided they could be distinguished from those of Christians buried near." After some years of delay the decree was carried out by the ex-Lollard, Bishop Fleming of Lincoln, acting on the orders of Pope Martin V. So in March, 1428, "his vile corpse they consigned to Hell, and the River Swift absorbed his ashes."*

Wycliffe was undoubtedly a learned, able, and sincere man, a vigorous controversialist, and possessed of a vitriolic tongue. He has been called "the Morning Star of the Reformation," but had only a few beliefs in common with the later Reformers. He agreed with them in denying Transubstantiation, the supremacy of the Roman See, the use of Indulgences, and appealed to the Bible as the sole rule in matters of faith. On the other hand, he believed in the efficacy of the Mass, in Purgatory, and admitted seven sacraments, including sacramental confession. John Huss was a disciple and made a national religion of Wycliffe's doctrines in Bohemia. But in England he left no permanent mark, and Lollardy, which carried on Wycliffe's ideas to some extent, had almost completely died out one hundred years later.

It is interesting to note that the Wycliffe family, at the time of the Reformation and after, were noted for their intense loyalty to Rome.**

It is in connection with the translation of the Bible that Wycliffe's name is best remembered. To properly understand this matter it will be necessary to consider what early translations existed, and to some extent the question of pre-Reformation Bibles generally.

Among the many strange fallacies connected with the Middle Ages is the idea, still held by perhaps the majority of people, that there were no translations of the Bible from the Latin or from the Greek into more modern tongues, or that the Bible was little read by the clergy and not at all by the laity, or that the Church deliberately withheld the Bible from the people. Such notions are born of an ignorance of history, being absolutely contrary to fact, and are disproved by various authorities.

The Protestant historian, Dean Maitland, says:—"I know

*The burning of Wycliffe's bones was no part of the Pope's orders, but was an added expression of hate by one who had previously supported his doctrines—Bishop Fleming.
of nothing which would lead me to suppose that any human craft or power was exercised to prevent the reading, the multiplication, the diffusion, of the word of God.”—“The Dark Ages,” p. 252.

“The notion that the people of the Middle Ages did not read their Bibles . . . is not simply a mistake; it is one of the most ludicrous and grotesque blunders.”—“Church Quarterly Review” (Protestant), October, 1879.

“There is good deal of popular misapprehension,” writes Dr. Cutts (Protestant) in his “Turning Points in English History,” p. 200, about the way in which the Bible was regarded in the Middle Ages. Some people think it was very little read, even by the clergy, whereas the fact is that the sermons of the Mediæval preachers are more full of Scriptural quotations and allusions than any sermons of these days; and writers on other subjects were so full of Scriptural references that it is evident their minds were saturated with Scriptural diction.”

As regards translations into the vernacular, Gigot (“Biblical Lectures”) says:—“Six hundred and twenty-six editions of the Bible and portions of the Bible, of which 198 were in the language of the laity, had issued from the press, with the sanction of and at the instance of the Church in countries in which she reigned supreme, before Luther’s German version appeared in 1534” (p. 311).

Cranmer writes: “When the Saxon language waxed old and out of common usage, because folk should not lack the fruit of reading, the Scripture was again translated into the newer language, whereof yet also many copies remain and be daily found.”

That “stout champion of Protestantism,” John Foxe, records his view thus, “If histories be well examined, we shall find, both before the Conquest and after, as well before John Wycliffe was born as since, the whole body of the Scriptures translated into this our country tongue.”

“The whole Bible,” says Sir Thomas More in his “Dialogues,” iii, 14, “was long before Wycliffe’s days by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and goodly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read.”

Lechler, in “John Wycliffe,” when referring to Anglo-Saxon and Norman versions, even before 1200, says:—“It is indeed a remarkable fact, attested by men of special learning in this field, that the French literature of the Mediæval Ages was extremely rich in translations of the Bible, that it surpassed, indeed, in this respect the literature of all the other European peoples.” (P. 206).

Hoare (Protestant) states, in “Our English Bible,” when referring to Anglo-Saxon versions of the Gospels, two of which are now in the British Museum, “They bear witness to us of the high esteem in which the Scriptures were held by the native clergy of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and by their lay friends too, with whom they shared them.” (P. 38-39.)

** Readers who wish for further details and authoritative references may refer to “The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics” and Lechler’s “John Wycliffe,” both available in the City Library.
Finally Wycliffe himself writes, in his "De Officio Pastous": "As Lords in England have the Bible in French, so it were not against reason that they hadden the same in English."

For further information regarding the various metrical translations of the Psalms, Gospels, and Acts, for particulars about the Ormulum, and several prose translations, the reader may consult Gasquet, "The Old English Bible," which probably gives the most complete and authoritative account of the matter in English.

However, due to the changes in the language and the gradual establishment of English as the national tongue, it does not seem that any of the translations of the whole Bible referred to above were sufficiently modern in Wycliffe's day to be easily read by the mass of the people. Also, since Wycliffe appealed to the Bible as the sole guide in matters of faith, it was only natural that he should conceive the idea of making a fresh translation.

The weight of evidence is that he commenced the translation during the last years of his life, and completed only part of the Gospels when death ended his labours.

"The popular idea," says Blunt ("Plain Account of the English Bible," p. 17), "of Wycliffe sitting alone in his study at Lutterworth and making a complete new translation of the whole Bible with his own hands, is one of those many popular ideals which will not stand the test of historical inquiry."

In the introduction to the edition of the Wycliffe Scriptures by Forshall and Madden, which Gasquet considers "may be taken as gathering together every particle of evidence on the matter," it is stated that "only the Gospels can with any probability be assigned to Wycliffe himself." Gasquet further points out that none of the chief adversaries of Wycliffe, such as Woodford Walden, Whethamslede, and others, make any reference in their numerous writings to Wycliffe's translation, nor do Wycliffe's own writings lay much stress on having the Bible in the vernacular, except as noted above, where he declares that it were not unreasonable to have it in English, seemingly unaware of the already existing English translations.

But Gasquet goes further, and shows with much evidence, of which lack of space will not permit the statement here, that what are now generally supposed to be Wycliffite Scriptures are more probably approved Catholic translations. One or two reasons only may be mentioned.

Speaking of the two versions which are known as Wycliffite texts, Gasquet says:—"There is nothing inconsistent with their having been the work of perfectly orthodox sons of the Church," and later he states, "I cannot but think that an unbiased mind which will reflect upon the matter must see how impossible it was for a poor, persecuted sect like the Lollards, for the writings of which frequent and rigid searches were made, to produce Bibles now ascribed to them. Many of these copies, as we may see for ourselves, are written with great care and exactness and illuminated with coloured borders executed by skilled artists. These must surely have been the work of freer hands than the followers of Wycliffe ever were allowed to have in England." (P. 189.)

It is held by some authorities that after Wycliffe's death the
work of translation was carried on by Nicholas of Hereford and John Purvey. The former was a Doctor of Divinity at Oxford and sided with Wycliffe. As is stated above, he was excommunicated, but appealed to the Pope, and appears to have given proof of his orthodoxy, so that later he received the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Hereford. After some years he resigned the Chancellorship and became a Carthusian in Coventry Charterhouse, where he died. There is evidence that he translated the majority of the Old Testament.

John Purvey was a disciple and friend of Wycliffe's latter days, but there does not appear to be any evidence that he had anything to do with the translation, except the appearance of his name in a single copy of the Wycliffite Scriptures as a former owner.

Finally, there remains to consider how the legend arose that the Church was opposed to the laity having access to the Bible in the vernacular. The origin of this were undoubtedly the various prohibitions made from time to time against unauthorised versions.

The Council of Oxford in 1408 decreed: "That henceforth no one translate any text of Holy Scripture into English or any other language in a book, booklet, or tract, and that no one read any book, booklet, or tract of this kind lately made, in the time of the said John Wycliffe or since, or that hereafter may be made, either in part or wholly, either publicly or privately, under pain of excommunication, until such translation shall have been approved by the diocesan of the place, or (if need be) by the Provincial Council."

Two things are to be noted here. Firstly, the prohibition is plainly and simply against unauthorised translations, and secondly, no mention is made of any translation of the whole Bible by Wycliffe.

In connection with this decree Sir John More writes: "For I trow that in this law ye see nothing unreasonable. For it neither forbidde the translations to be read that were already well done of old before Wycliffe's day, nor damneth his because it was new, but because it was nought; nor prohibiteth new to be made, but provideth that they shall not be read if they be amiss, till they be by good examination amended." Gasquet quotes several non-Catholic authorities in support of this obvious interpretation of the intention of the decree of the Oxford Council. The same author quotes another bit of interesting evidence. Among the Harleian MSS. at the British Museum is a copy of interrogations addressed to suspected Lollards. The subject of the vernacular Scriptures is not mentioned. Among other recorded examinations of persons charged with holding Lollard opinions, Gasquet can find only one reference to the Scriptures in England: "In 1469 one John Turner, of Sydney, abjured, amongst other errors of which he had been convicted, the following:—'That religious people from mere envy prevent lay persons having the Holy Scripture translated into the English language.' As John Turner retracted this opinion, we may take it that in some sense or other the assertion was untrue." (P. 127.)

In 1530 a Royal proclamation was issued by Henry VIII against translating the Bible into English, French, or Dutch. It
stated:—“Having respect to the malignity of this the present time with the inclination of the people to erroneous opinions, it is thought that the translation of the New Testament and the Old into the vulgar tongue of England would rather be the occasion of an increase of errors among the said people than any benefit towards the weal of their souls and that it shall be now more convenient that the said people have the Holy Scriptures expounded to them by preachers in their sermons as it hath been of old time accustomed.” The people were also ordered to deliver up all copies of the printed Testament “corruptly translated into the English tongue,” and the King promised “to provide that the Holy Scripture shall be, by great, learned, and Catholique persons translated into the English tongue, if it shall then seem to His Grace convenient to be.” Henry VIII had just broken with Rome, and there was being published Tyndale’s Bible. Of the latter, Canon Dixon, in his “History of the Church of England,” writes:

—“Every one of the little volumes containing portions of the Sacred Text that were issued by Tyndale contained also a prologue and notes written with such a hot fury of vituperation against prelates and clergy, the monks and the friars, the rites and ceremonies of the Church as . . . was hardly likely to recommend it to the favour of those who were attacked. Moreover, the persons themselves were held to be hostile to the Catholic faith as it was then understood and to convey the sense unskilfully or maliciously.” (P.451-2.)

Tyndale printed some 3,000 copies of his Bible at Worms and sent them to England in 1526.

Various other English Bibles, such as Coverdale’s Bible, 1535; Matthew’s Bible, 1537; the Great Bible, 1539; the Geneva Bible, 1560; the Bishop’s Bible, 1568; and the Rheims Bible, 1582 (New Testament only), were published before the Authorised Version in 1611.

—M. McW.

[A word of explanation may be necessary in publishing the above article. It is by way of reply to the statement regarding Wycliffe, which appears at its head, attributed to “a student at a meeting of the Free Discussions Club.” The author of the article considers that statements were there made which were totally false, and has been at the pains to justify his contention. He also claims that the report of that meeting in the last “Spike” was deliberately misleading and incorrect. Where charges of misrepresentation have been made (whether substantiated or not), we have thought it better to publish the accuser’s statement in full, although we doubt whether its subject matter will be of general interest to students. It may be permissible, in a very meek spirit, to endeavour to hoist the engineer with his own petard. We are very well acquainted with the student whose alleged misstatement our author attacks. He did not say that the ashes of Wycliffe’s body were scattered to the four winds, although he has been persistently credited with saying it. What he did say was that the body was burned and the ashes thrown into the River Severn: they were actually thrown into the Swift, a tributary of the Severn. But the main content of
the article that we have published seems to be addressed towards disproving the statement that this ghoulish performance was in any way connected with the victim's work of translating the Bible. The article seems to us to establish very clearly four points: (1.) That Wycliffe translated at least the major portion of the New Testament. (2.) That "due to the changes in the language and the gradual establishment of English as the national tongue," there was need for such a translation, and "it was only natural" that Wycliffe should undertake it. (3.) That the Roman Catholic Church, by the Council of Oxford in 1408, prohibited the publication or use of any translation not approved by itself, making special mention of Wycliffe's translation—twenty-four years after his death—and (in the words of good Sir John More), "damning his not because it was new, but because it was nought." (4.) That only seven years after this decree the same Church, by a different Council, ordered Wycliffe's body to be dug up and cast out of consecrated ground. We may perhaps be allowed to observe that whatever reasons the Council of Constance had for its command, they were not in any measure offset or counterbalanced by the fact that the victim of its displeasure had performed the task of translating the gospels at a time when none of the existing translations was in the language of the common people. But for the rest of the verdict, we put ourselves upon our readers.—Ed. "Spike."
Since the last issue of the "Spike" we are pleased to report that the Society has maintained its activities with a most encouraging degree of success, despite the disturbing influence of such necessary evils as influenza and vacations. Nor have we during this period kept our light under a bushel, but rather (rightly or wrongly) have sought to justify ourselves in the eyes of the public, and also to satisfy a somewhat uncertain object of the Society, that of forming a link between the University and the public. For the third time this session a public debate was held on 31st July, on the question of the Navy League, and despite a counter-attraction in the form of a rendering of Carmen by the Choral Union in the Town Hall, a very substantial audience found its way to the debate in the Concert Chamber.

The desirability of increasing the number of public debates seems indeed to be somewhat of an open question, especially by reason of the fact that visiting speakers taking part in the debates means that the number of members of the Society who have an opportunity of taking a leading part in debates is correspondingly limited.

The 286th meeting of the Society was held on the 5th June, when Mr. J. T. V. Steele, seconded by Mr. C. G. R. James, endeavoured to dispose of Royalty as expensive luxury, while Mr. Raymond, seconded by Mr. Heyting, fired by loyal sentiments sought to justify its existence. The motion was "That the early disappearance of the Monarchy is to be welcomed." The following also took place in the discussion:—Messrs. L. W. Fraser, Hurley, and De Montalk; Misses C. S. and K. Forde; Miss Cooley and Mr. J. Platts-Mills. Mr. S. A. Wren acting as Judge, placed the speakers in the following order:—Messrs. C. G. R. James, J. Platts-Mills, Heyting; Miss K. Forde; Messrs. Steele and Raymond (5th equal).

On the 19th June, Miss Cooley and Mr. A. E. Campbell in seeking a more even distribution of wealth moved: "That the existing right of inheritance of wealth should be abolished." Mr. Heyting, seconded by Mr. C. G. R. James, opposed the motion. Miss Cooley and her seconder failed to convince either the members of the Society or the Society as a whole of desirability of the motion, as it was lost on both votes.

Mr. V. Evans, in the course of his judgment, placed the speakers in the following order:—Miss Cooley, Messrs. Heyting, Campbell. Rollings, Platts-Mills, Miss K. Forde, and Mr. James (5th equal). The following also took part in the discussion:—Miss C. S. Forde, Messrs. J. T. V. Steele. Pope, and Arndt.

On 3rd July, Mr. C. E. de Montalk, seconded by Mr. T. M. Hughes, opened an attack on the recent bus regulations, by moving: "That the gazetting of the recent bus regulations is to be deplored." The action of the Government was justified by Messrs. J. Platts-Mills and R. E. Tripe, who opposed the motion. The following also took part in the discussion:—Messrs. A. E. Hurley, W. J. Heyting, J. W. Fraser, Morton, H. F. Bollard, F. D. O'Halloran, W. P. Rollings.

On both votes the action of the Government was substantially endorsed. Mr. O. C. Mazengarb, in the course of a very helpful critical judgment, placed the speakers in the following order:—Messrs. W. J. Heyting, W. P. Rollings, A. E. Hurley, J. Platts-Hills, T. M. Hughes and R. E. Tripe.

A subject with religious implications was debated on 17th July, when Mr. C. G. R. James, seconded by Mr. W. J. Heyting, moved: "That the effects or organised religion are such that its early disappearance would be beneficial to the community. The following also took part in the
discussion:—Miss M. Cooley; Messrs. Hurley, Bannister, Morton, Fielder, Graham, Smith and Rollings. Both votes at the conclusion of the debate seemed to indicate that most present still had confidence in organised religion.

The Judge, Mr. A. B. Sievwright, placed the speakers in the following order:—Messrs. Rollings, Graham, Steele, Mr. C. G. R. James and Miss Cooley (4th equal), Bannister.

On 31st July the third public debate of the session was held in the Town Hall Concert Chamber, when the ideals of the Navy League were discussed. Mr. W. J. Heyting, seconded by Mr. R. Darroch (secretary of the Wellington Branch of the Navy League) justified the existenCe of the League, while Mr. C. G. R. James, seconded by Mr. P. J. O'Regan, sought to undermine the ideals of the League. The following members also took part in the discussion: Miss Cooley, Messrs. C. De Montalk, O'Halloran, and Hurley. To vary the monotony of conventional voting at the close of the debate, a vote was taken before and after the speeches. The first vote disapproved of the Navy League by 107 to 87, but at the conclusion of the debate the audience was even more emphatic in its denunciation of the League, this time by 159 to 50 votes. The judge, Hon. J. A. Young, placed the best speakers in the following order: Mr. Heyting, Miss Cooley, Messrs. James, O'Halloran, and De Montalk.

The progress of woman was called into question on 14th August, when Mr. R. E. Pope, seconded by Mr. W. Harris, moved, while Miss M. Cooley, seconded by Miss I. Watson, opposed the motion, “That woman had more than come into her own.” The following members also took part in the discussion, Mr. Heyting, Miss K. Forde, Messrs. De Montalk, Steele, Platt-Mills, Misses C. S. Forde and Wood, Messrs. O'Halloran, Darroch, McKenzie, and Arndt. Both the audience and the members of the Society seemed to be of the opinion that woman's progress had not been too expeditious. The judge, Mr. A. W. Blair, placed the best speakers as follows: Mr. J. Platts-Mills, Misses K. Forde and M. Cooley, Mr. Heyting, and Mr. Steele.

The last ordinary debate before the Plunket Medal was held on 28th August, when the second subject having religious implications was debated. Mr. F. D. O'Halloran, seconded by Mr. W. J. Heyting, moved, while Mr. W. P. Rollings, seconded by Mr. I. W. Fraser, opposed the motion, “That modern science is irreconcilable with Christianity.” The following also took part in the debate, Miss K. Forde, Messrs. A. E. Hurley, R. M. Campbell, M. McWilliams, Darroch, Arndt, and Miss K. Forde. The motion was lost on both votes. Mr. D. Smith placed the best speakers in the following order: Messrs. R. M. Campbell, W. J. Heyting, W. P. Rollings, F. D. O'Halloran, I. W. Fraser, Miss K. Forde, and Mr. A. E. Hurley.

We desire to congratulate Mr. J. Platts-Mills on his winning the Plunket Medal. He indeed delivered a speech for which in the history of the Plunket Medal contest it is very difficult to find a precedent. It was a great victory for originality and in all a not unworthy achievement. We hope to hear more of Mr. Platts-Mills in later years.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

After some months of inactivity the Dramatic Club has roused itself from its lethargy and is now, if not wildly enthusiastic and universally popular at least awake. During the second term we read two comedies—"The Title," by Arnold Bennett, and "Mr. Pim," by A. A. Milne; these, despite the hideous noise occasioned by basketball practices on the floor above, were both very successful. The Club has sent to England for several new plays; it is intended that some of these be read by members in town during the long vacation. It is hoped that by the beginning of next year the Club will be on a thoroughly satisfactory footing and that students will join and support what is the only purely literary Club in the College.
FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.

"TRUTH—that elusive lady."

The efforts of the Club to nail down Truth, or at least to get some glimpse of her, have been pursued with more than customary vigour and enthusiasm since our last Spike report, and members have done their best either to support, or to tear to pieces, many interesting subjects.

On 10th June, Mr. F. Miles, M.A., opened the evening with a paper on the Place of Patriotism in the Modern World State. The world, said the speaker, was not economically equal to the task of producing enough wealth and food which might enable all men to live on equal terms with one another. The reason for this was that the interests of the working classes in different countries, instead of being similar, and thus allowing all to strive for the common good, were radically different and often in actual conflict. In one way, however, this state of affairs might be considered desirable in that it could be argued that unity in variety was better than unity in uniformity. It was apparent, continued Mr. Miles, that true patriotism should aim at bringing about the state of affairs where each country makes a contribution to civilization, most educated people in modern times have become so nauseated by glib talk of the Bottomley sort that they dunb the claims of patriotism altogether. This is really illogical, for the right teaching of a country's greatness is the best antidote to national system. Moreover, nobody should be in the service of the State unless he is prepared to support the State with this exception, that if the individual conscientiously believes a certain course of action to be correct, and can will it to become a universal law, then that individual has the right to defy the State. Finally, in times of special emergency, the State has the right to enforce its unity by whatever means its executive officers consider to be necessary. The fraternal unity so evident in England during the Great War, and especially in the army and navy, showed the possibilities of the heights to which patriotism, once aroused, might rise. Desultory discussion followed on various points raised by the speaker; the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Miles for his penetrating and interesting address.

On July 1st we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Ogilvie, B.A., on some of China's Present Problems. Miss Ogilvie, herself a missionary in China, put before us a lucid and extremely sane and balanced analysis of the situation in China. In that country, apparently, there are two chief problems: the first is internal, and is due to the lack of communication between the various provinces, to the language difficulty, to the difficulty of exercising political control over such a large population, to the almost impossible task of providing any sort of education for the masses, and finally, to the incessant civil war, and to the ravages of the industrial revolution. The second problem is external, and is largely the result of the unequal treaties which the western nations have forced upon the Chinese for the purpose of exploiting the country; especially also the opium treaties, tariff autonomy and foreign concessions for British, American and Japanese financiers rankle in the minds of every true Chinese patriot. The speaker also touched briefly on the riots in Shanghai, and the awakening of the student class; on the anti-Christian agitation, directed against the missionaries, who are supposed to be agents for foreign exploitation; and on the so-called Bolshevik influences which are considered to be turning Chinese thought away from Western ideals. Miss Ogilvie showed that this latter was really a bogey raised by interested parties as a cover to the real causes of discontent. Summed up in a few words, what China wants is tariff autonomy, extra-territoriality, leaders, and mony. Given these, she would be in a position to take her place among the leading nations of the world.

The speaker was kept hard at it answering the host of questions, which soon suggested themselves, and the meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks for the trouble Miss Ogilvie had incurred in addressing the Club.

Mr. Brailsford, B.A., a journalist recently returned to New Zealand after some years residence in Japan, opened the discussion on July 8th with a talk on Japanese Contrasts. Mr. Brailsford briefly traced the history of Japan, contrasting the ultra conservatism of the earlier period with the spirit of progress so evident in the last fifty years; that is, from the opening
up of Japan to Western influences. He mentioned also how strong were the bonds which bound families together, the paternal bond being specially evident in the relations of employer to worker. The Government, though nominally parliamentary, was not parliamentary in our sense, since Ministers were not responsible to the people’s representatives, but to the Emperor himself. Difficulty was experienced too in the government of the country owing to the isolation of the Islands which are included within Japanese sphere of influence. The treatment of Korea, of China, and also of foreigners by Japan was also touched upon. Then Mr. Brailsford considered the people themselves, and we had interesting sketches of the young lady, the student, the matron and so forth. We learnt of a new religious teacher who was rapidly gaining a following by the holiness of his life and work. Finally, militarism was painted out in lurid colours, and it was made evident that the military spirit which has a hold upon the Japanese owing to its being founded on the feeling of self-sacrifice so characteristic of young Japan, was leading the country straight to destruction. Mr. Brailsford professed to see no ray of hope for Japan while militarists controlled the destiny of the country. Discussion was turned into a process of asking numerous questions, which the speaker answered to the best of his ability. A vote of thanks for an interesting and instructive address closed the meeting.

A week later the Rev. Father Gilbert, S.J., honoured the Club by speaking upon The Roman Index and Freedom of Thought. Previous to tackling his subject Father Gilbert laid down several immutable principles, the one eternal nature of Youth, etc., i.e., the infalibility of the Church, on which he wished to base his discussion of the subject. From thence the point was made that the Index was a law, and the Church, being a divine institution with a mission from Christ, was honour bound to enforce that law. The Rev. Father professed to show that non-Christians live under a heavier censorship, i.e., that of the State, than do Catholic Christians; ignoring the fact that Catholics, living within the State, have imposed upon them a double censorship. A few remarks were made about the condition of the history section of V.U.C. Library; it was unfavourably compared with the Library at St. Patrick’s College. The principle of the Index was apparently this:—If a work is subversive to the truth of the Church, as she sees it, the Church would be unfaithful to her mission and her flock, to allow revealed truths to be flouted, her children corrupted, and led away into darkness. Therefore, she is in honour bound to guard the morals of her children who put absolute faith in her wisdom, to decide all manner of questions which might perplex their security and fill them with honest doubt. Father Gilbert then gave a short account of the method of procedure whereby a book is placed on the Index. Finally, the impartiality of the Hibbert Journal was impugned, modern philosophers, such as Bosanquet, Bradley, Dewey, etc., were, in the Rev. Father’s opinion, not in the same rank as the scholastic philosophers, and the Dublin Review was instanced as the best all-round literary journal of the day. Discussion was not as bright and forward as might be desired, members being more or less overwhelmed by Father Gilbert’s arguments. Mr. J. C. Beaglehole endeavoured to clear V.U.C. Library of its slur. Mr. Steele mentioned having looked into Cardinal Mercier’s dusty volumes, but he could not understand the Catholic attitude towards the infallibility of the Church. Mr. Miles said a few words about the necessity of some kind of censorship, at least in the modern state. Mr. Wilson waxed eloquent about the evils of censorship. Between them, Father Gilbert and Mr. P. J. Smith endeavoured to clear up misunderstandings and possible misapprehensions. Whether they were successful or not, only those present could tell. As usual, Mr. Campbell had a few pointed remarks to make regarding, in this instance, the weight of the censorship. If we remember rightly he also quoted J. S. Mill with no apparent effect. A vote of thanks closed the proceedings.

July 20th was the date of a unique event in the history of the Club; for it was on this evening that a determined attack was made on Freedom of Speech within the Club. Mr. McWilliams wrote a long letter, touched with attempts at humour, to the Committee. (1) Charging the “Spike” reports with deliberate misrepresentation, unfairness and incorrectness; (2) Calling upon Mr. James, Mr. Heyting, Mr. Rollings, and Professor Hunter to answer, and if possible, to prove, certain statements made by them at a meeting earlier in the year. To
allow the gentlemen concerned to answer these charges the meeting was convened. Mr. E. Beaglehole, one of the culprits in the "Spike" reports, considered there was nothing for which he could apologise. Mr. Steele, the other criminal, resented hotly any implication of deliberate misrepresentation; while apologising for any annoyance he might have unintentionally caused, he still considered the reports substantially correct. Professor Hunter had to prove that the statement made by him about a certain synod of Catholic bishops, which said that "Women have no souls," was literally correct. In reply, Professor Hunter admitted that the statement was not the official declaration of the synod itself; he proved, however, that all reliable authorities, i.e., authorities from Mr. McWilliams' point of view, considered to be biased and of no account, attributed the statement to a certain individual bishop who was present, but who was not speaking officially. Furthermore, the Professor quoted with good effect from Lecky and Draper, to show what was the general contempt in which women were held at the time. Mr. Rollings, by quoting at length from several reputable histories, proved conclusively, to our way of thinking, that John Wycliffe was burnt and his ashes dug up and cast to the winds by orders of the Catholic Church for the heinous crime of translating the Bible into English. Mr. James repeated his statement of a case where a Catholic priest had broken up a home in which the father was a Protestant and the mother Catholic, by informing the mother that her children were not legitimate in the eyes of the Church. This he proved by the production of written statements from an impartial person who knew the case, to the effect that the facts were as stated. Finally a letter was received from Mr. Heyting which practically stated that the writer was too busy to be troubled with McWilliams' trivialities. After the principal's statements, discussion was general. Mr. J. C. Beaglehole read Mr. McWilliams a homily on Historical Method. Mr. Davidson made a few pertinent remarks about Wycliffe. Mr. Pitkowsky considered, for no understandable reason that the "Spike" reports were unfair. Mr. Cook's remarks were to the same effect. Mr. McWilliams' trivialities. After the principals' statements, discussion interest of Truth, with a capital T. He also stated that none of the speakers had proved his case, apparently because the evidence was, according to Mr. McWilliams, either biased or unreliable. Incidentally, Mr. McWilliams produced no evidence for many of his astounding statements, save once when he quoted from a work by a certain unknown gentleman, by name Father Hill. As the hour was now late, and as interjections were becoming more and more frequent the Chairman declared what proved to be a memorable and educative meeting, officially closed.

The last meeting of the second term was held on August 13th, when Mr. F. J. Dyer addressed the Club on the Principles of Communism. Mr. Dyer launched a vigorous attack upon the present capitalist organisation of society. Class monopoly of the means of production, education, civics, professional classes, industrial competition, distribution of wealth, trusts, cartels, both national and international, banking concerns—all came under the vigorous lash of the Communist whip. We were so overwhelmed with figures and with authorities, proving that and proving this, that at last those of us who were not well up in economic theory were beginning to feel slightly dazed and bewildered. However, we brightened up when Mr Dyer painted in lurid colours the down-trodden condition of the workers and the simple inevitability of a bloody revolution in which the capitalists would be trampled under foot by the victorious workers, and on a foundation of mangled capitalists would rise the splendid edifice of the Communist State: quite inevitable all this, if one could only believe revolution was an economic necessity, and had nothing whatever to do with moral considerations. In the following discussion, Mr. de Montalk proved an illogical upholder of the present economic state, including the League of Nations, the British Empire and trusts: his statements, however, seemed to impress nobody. Mr. Wilson expressed his faith in Communism, and looked towards the ultimate triumph of the Cause. Mr. Steele wished to know more of the Marxist interpretation of history; Mr. Dyer's exposition of Marx evidently being not enough to satisfy Mr. Steele. Mr. E. Beaglehole stressed the futility of looking towards revolution and class conflict to usher in the new world. Education, though a slow process, would seem to be the hope of the
world. Mr. Cook quoted copiously from some favourite author in a strain derogatory to Communism, until the Chairman ruled that long quotations were not in order. Mr. R. Smith attacked Communism from the view-point of academic economics and showed to his own satisfaction, if not to Mr. Dyer's the impracticability of Communism. He mentioned also the lack of any constructive Communistic programme. Finally, Dr. Sutherland pointed out that although according to Marx, Communistic principles were due to take root in the most highly industrialized countries of the world, i.e., America, nevertheless they had started in Russia, which was hardly developed industrially at all in comparison with America. Mr. Dyer's reply was a good example of the attempt to pass a camel through the eye of a needle. We are still unable to grasp the why and wherefore of his statement that Russia relatively, was the most highly industrialized country in the world before the debacle of the Great War. Probably we are dull-witted. We are indebted, however, to Mr. Dyer for his trenchant criticism of modern society, even if we do not agree with him that the future lies along the red road of revolution. A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker closed the meeting.

MATHMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The meetings this session have as usual been devoted alternately to subjects connected with Mathematics and Physics. Since the last notes for "Spike" were written six meetings have been held. This concludes the syllabus for the year.

On the 8th of June, Miss A. M. Downes, B.A., gave an interesting paper on the Geometry of the Triangle, and Mr. J. R. Dixon, B.Sc., gave an account of the invention of Logarithms by Napier.

"The Continuity of the Spectrum" was the subject taken at the next meeting when Miss T. C. Marwick, M.Sc., dealt in a most interesting manner with the work which had been done in showing that all electromagnetic radiations may be arranged in a continuous series, ranging from X-rays to radio waves.

On July 6th Mr. M. J. McWilliams gave a most interesting paper on Variable Stars. The lecturer dealt with most of the chief types of variable stars, and the theories which have been put forward to explain the various phenomena observed.

The next meeting was devoted to the subject of modern developments in radio. Mr. F. W. G. White gave a paper on the polarization of radio waves—a subject which has been investigated only within the last few months. Mr. G. A. Peddie explained some of the principles of radio, and then proceeded to a very interesting account of some of its applications, describing its use in locating mineral deposits, and in the transmission of photographs.

A somewhat formidable mathematical subject, "The Geometrical Representation of Complex Numbers" was dealt with in an extremely clear and interesting manner by Mr. F. F. Miles at the meeting on August 3rd, the lecturer explaining in chronological order the various methods which have been developed.

The final meeting on August 17th was devoted to the subject of Colour. Mr. I. W. Fraser gave a very well illustrated lecture on Colour Vision, demonstrating a number of the phenomena, and describing the theories put forward to explain them. Mr. R. M. Dolby described the application of these theories to the subject of Colour Printing, explaining the methods employed in the production of coloured prints.

The average attendance throughout the year has been about 18. It is a pity that larger numbers do not attend, as most of the subjects are dealt with in such a way that the audience do not require much previous knowledge of the subject. It is to be hoped that next session will see an increased attendance.

The thanks of the Society are due to Professor and Mrs. Sommerville, Professor and Mrs. Florance, Miss Marwick and Miss Downes, who have most kindly provided excellent suppers after the meetings.
TRAMPING CLUB.

Since last in print we have lost John C. Beaglehole from our ranks. He was one of those who went to the Orongorongo Valley on the first Club tramp. The outing was a memorable one, and the party, about 50 in number, the largest on record. The levy, even though it covered the things now brought by everybody, rose to an exorbitant figure, 6/-! The party were outfitted in varying degrees, and some came prepared as if for a picnic. Needless to say, the consternation in many quarters was acute. Added to this, many who had left their boots and shoes to dry overnight awoke to find only the heels. Such was the initiation of the new Club at V.U.C., and in spite of this it has flourished these 5 years. But to return to J.C.B. He has been an ardent devotee of our gentle art more or less continuously since that first trip. That he enjoyed himself we are certain, although, as everyone knows, he did write "The Truth About Tramping." Though sorry to lose him we wish him the best of luck in the "Old Dart," and many happy tramps with the English branch of the V.U.C. Tramping Club.

Mr. H. R. Holt, Dr. J. S. Yeates, and Mr. H. L. Richardson send their kindest regards to all old tramping friends.

During the term we were given a very interesting Lantern Lecture on the Godley District by Mr. T. A. Fletcher. His photos were, as usual, wonderful, and he varied the lecture by numerous hints and jokes. His kea stories were quite novel.

Mt. Hawtrey, like Mt. Cecil, is another of those elusive peaks. Trampers are warned lest they should come upon either of these by mistake.

Hutt Forks were conspicuous by their absence. The party after getting rid of their leader spent a busy day looking for him again.

The Little Akatarawa River could be more pleasantly explored in dry weather. We will have to have another shot.

A short visit to the Rimutaka Ranges made near the end of the term on a very cold day showed many possibilities of new tramps. Unfortunately the dense scrub on the top prohibits fast and easy travelling.

Notes.—The equipment necessary for week-end tramps is as follows:
- Pack (large and comfortable; hung low).
- Sleeping bag or blanket.
- Toilet gear (not necessarily extensive).
- Eating gear (cup, plate, fork, spoon and knife).
- Warm woolen clothing, enough for a change.
- Boots well nailed and stout but soft.
- Food as listed on notice in the Entrance Hall.
- The men will find khaki shorts and blue engineers’ flannel shirts as serviceable as most. It is however advisable to carry longs for night wear.
- The women favour "drill frills" or gym. dresses, with a handkerchief for the hair. More detailed information may be obtained from members of the Committee.

On Sunday outings rough country is often covered, and it is best to be always on the safe side by wearing the week-end attire. Lunch should be taken in a small knapsack or haversack.

Advice.—When undertaking tramps over new country, take a map and a compass. The former gives you advantage of the experience of others, while the compass enables you to read it correctly.

Remember that the map does not show all the little twists and turns as you see them, and don’t go imagining that the map is wrong because you can’t make things fit. If you imagine yourself lost just sit down and have a smoke. Things will straighten out considerably afterwards. Though at times you may miss your way, you cannot lose yourself in New Zealand so long as you don’t lose your head.

TENNIS.

A Wellington winter and the limited hours of play available to the busy student are not exactly conducive to winter tennis, with the result that the courts have not been much used during the last few months. However, with the approach of spring and the lengthening of the days, players are beginning to take up serious practice. It is this year proposed by the Wellington Provincial Lawn Tennis Association to revive the Saturday
afternoon inter-club matches, and as our Club will probably be entering several teams members should keep this in mind and endeavour to strike form early in the season. It is hoped that in these games our members will gain match practice which should prove very helpful to them when they come to compete in the Easter Tournament.

Arrangements have been made with the Wellington City Council for the topdressing of the courts, and as they are able to complete the work in one day, the courts will fortunately be closed only for a very short time.

As soon as possible after the opening of the season the Club Championships will be commenced, and it is hoped that members will endeavour to play their matches to time and thus lessen the heavy work which usually falls upon the Committee.

The Miramar Courts, which have so far been completed, have proved very satisfactory, but more money is still required and, as has been pointed out by the Association, great assistance can be given to the game in Wellington by furthering this scheme and providing opportunities for the growing number of players in Wellington who are finding it difficult to become members of the, in many cases, already overcrowded clubs.

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CHRISTIAN UNION.

All the most interesting events of the year seem to have come in time for the previous issue of "Spike." We have had quite a full year, and I think we can claim at least a fair measure of success. Our meetings have not suffered for want of interesting addresses, and have been well attended. Our finance schemes have been successful in enabling us to reach our quota of £50. But all these things have been published in the Annual Report, and in the last "Spike." It seems that the Secretary is on the verge of falling into an "Ignoratio elenchii," as Aristotle would put it.

However, there is one thing which has not yet been ventilated fully, and it is the most important event of the year, viz. Conference. Conference is to be held this year at Solway (only 64 miles from Wellington), from December 29th to January 4th. The cost will be only 30/- The object of the Conference will be to study "The Challenge of Jesus Christ to the Modern Student." Arrangements have also been made for addresses by the best speakers, on subjects such as "Religion and Education," "The Problems of the Pacific," and "New Zealand and the Maori." The afternoons will be spent in recreation, and an all-day excursion has been arranged for the Saturday. We hope that as many students as possibly can will make sure of spending a really good holiday by COMING TO SOLWAY.

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CRICKET NOTES.

In a little over one month's time we shall be once again wielding the willow—this season to some purpose we hope. Having regained our pre-war status after many years of hard struggle we may now expect, and may look forward with confidence to a season which should prove to be the most successful and enjoyable in the Club's history.

Unfortunately many of our members who have helped to set the Club on its feet again will not be turning out for us—we wish them luck, one and all, and may we meet them often on the cricket field. Now is the time for all the many enthusiastic cricketing students to don flannels for 'Varsity; we can assure those that do so that they will find their hours of cricket of the brightest.

During the off-season the Club has not been inactive, and the coming season's material is already being overhauled, so that there will be no reason why an early start should not be made. The Club's Annual Dance took place on the 24th of July, and was a great success both socially and financially. We wish to take this opportunity of thanking those members of the Students' Association who so willingly lent a hand and helped to make the dance the success it was.

The Annual General Meeting will be held early in September, and all members and intending members are requested to be present—we must make the most of this season!
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel’s of by the blow;
Some kicked until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat’s leather.
—Hudibras.

MEN’S HOCKEY CLUB.

The season just finished has been an excellent one for the Club. Both teams have maintained their strength and have finished in good positions in their grade. The senior team especially proved itself of a higher standard than any other team which the Club has put into the field during the past two or three years. At the end of the season its position was 3rd in the Senior A grade, while its record is as follows:—

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<tr>
<th>Games played</th>
<th>Won</th>
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<td>15</td>
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The following are detailed scores of the games played since the last issue of “The Spike”:—

V. Karori.—Lost 2—4. Simpson and McLeod scored.
V. Wellington.—Won 8—4. Simpson (3), Priestley (2), Macdonald (2), and Paul (1).
V. Wakatu.—Won 7—3. Macdonald (3), Simpson (2), Hain and Paul one each.
V. Wesley.—Drawn 3—3. Simpson (2), and Macdonald (1).
V. Karori.—Won 4—3. Macdonald (2), Simpson and Paul one each.
V. Wellington.—Won 4—2. Simpson (2), and Paul (2).
V. Wakatu.—Won 3—2. Simpson, Paul, and Macdonald one each.
V. Wesley.—Lost 1—3. Macdonald (1).
V. Hutt.—Lost 3—4. Simpson (2), Macdonald (1).

A friendly game played against Old Boys of the Club resulted in a win for the present team by 6—3.

Junior results are as follows:—
V. Petone.—Won 2—1.
V. Y.M.C.A.—Won 3—2.
V. Karori.—Lost 1—8.
V. Huia.—Won 4—1.
V. Hutt.—Lost 0—3.
V. Huia.—Won 2—1.
V. Hutt.—Lost 2—3.
V. Y.M.C.A.—Won 4—1.

E. McLeod, of the Senior team, is to be congratulated on having Captained the New Zealand team which defeated the Indian Army team in the Second Test match at Auckland.
In 1923, a few enthusiasts entered a 'Varsity team for the Wellington Basket Ball Championships. After a stormy season of defaults and losses and sundry other inconveniences, this team was given the lowest rung in the championship ladder. Their heroism, however, was not purposeless. It put Varsity on the map of the Basket Ball world. Scarcely three years afterwards, Varsity achieves not only second place, but also the honour of being the only team to challenge seriously the present champions for their place. It is to be hoped that next season we will be fortunate in securing a good coach at the beginning of the season.

This team also, in the seven-a-side finals, tied with Wesley for second place. Extra matches were arranged with the Wellington Girls' College, and the Wellington East Girls' College. Both were well contested and were an interesting addition to our Saturday's matches.

A match was also arranged with the Auckland Training College team. The "Post" describes the game as follows:

"The first half of the game was evenly contested, for 'Varsity were playing brilliantly. At half time the score stood at Auckland 25, Varsity 22. After half time, Auckland, by speeding up their centre work, gave their goals more opportunities of scoring. The goals were accurate shooters and rarely missed scoring when they obtained the ball."

The final score gave the victory to Auckland, from whose style of play we gained considerable benefit. It also gave us valuable hints on Auckland's style of play, which ought to be of some use when we meet them at Easter.

We are at present arranging matches with the Senior A and Senior B Rugby teams. Five members of the Senior A team were members of the Training College Old Students' team which defeated the present students' team by a wide margin of points.

The Senior B team has not had as interesting a season as they would have wished. Nevertheless, they achieved fourth place in their grade. It was found necessary to withdraw the Intermediate A team for the last matches of the season, as several members could not guarantee their regular attendance at Saturdays' matches. This was rather discouraging to the team's keener supporters, but this ought not to happen next season if any student at present not engaged in any kind of recreation joins this team. Past experience is not essential, and not over many brains are needed for intermediate standard.

The season, on the whole, has been a successful one. The Club members have worked well for the welfare of the College. We can only hope that next season will hold as much interest and pleasure as this year's has.
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