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Victoria University College Review

June, 1929

(Registered for Transmission as a Magazine)

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Victoria University College Review

(Published Twice in the Session)

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

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Vol. XXVIII

No. 1 (No. 55)

Editorial

"The truth is that a book which is read for examination purposes is a book which has been read wrongly. Every student ought to read a book, not to answer the questions of someone else, but to answer his own questions."—Lord Ballour.

TODAY in New Zealand our educational system is in the melting-pot. And there is a great deal of confusion as to what is gold and what is scum. From one hand comes the plea for junior high schools, and from another a cry for an extension of the technical colleges; there is a jargon of the pedagogue with his "cognition, perception, attention, the sub-conscious, and all the other half-fabulous fowl of the pedagogic aviary," and the farrago of the politician whose ideas were cradled on school committees and education boards. How long is this wrangle to continue? It appears to us that there are so many side issues and so many people talking at once that there is a danger of the loudest mouths gaining the day. Never has there been a greater call for discernment. The world is faced to-day with intellectual perplexities on the largest and gravest questions which have ever
THE SPIKE

concerned human beings, and at present we are doing little more than putting off the evil day.

In spite of commissions of inquiry, voluminous reports, changes in the methods of control and other expensive luxuries (at least as far as the students paying fees are concerned) can the authorities point to one real reform in the University system that has taken place during the last decade. More degrees and diplomas have been added to the list to satisfy businesses and professions who desire the Universities to set educational standards from them, but in spite of university and college councils, professorial boards, and academic boards, it is still possible for a student comparatively illiterate (so far as English is concerned) to become a Bachelor of Arts of the New Zealand University. The humour of it—English is not compulsory for B.A., but a foreign language is. However, that is an aside.

Never before this year have the evils of the examination system loomed larger in the activities of Victoria College. We do not say that we can dispense with examinations, but we protest against any undesirable developments of the system. The decision of the Professorial Board to hold examinations without notice—a decision, by the way, which was happily not unanimous—has resulted in a distinct falling away in the social activities of the College. This fact is daily becoming more patent. The fear of unexpected tests is stifling the intercourse which should be a feature of our University life, and has driven ambitious students to relentless and harmful cramming. Far better would it be to evolve some scheme for encouraging the highest ideal of study and investigation, than ask young men and women to dull their reasoning powers by swallowing undigested chunks from text books written with one eye on the examination syllabus. Modern education, in endeavouring to meet the exacting needs of industrialism, has tended to remove most of the emphasis from ideals. How long will it be before it is generally realised that in a university at least a grave error has been made? The onus is on those in the seats of the mighty to loosen the bonds of this intellectual servitude—we look to them for enlightenment and not pedagogic strait-jackets.

It appears to us at the present time that the universities are not standing by the ideal upon which they were founded. They are becoming quasi business colleges instead of seats of learning. No one can estimate the full power that science has put in the hands of civilisation, and it is the due control and direction of this power that the civilisation of the future will largely depend. Whether in the end man will survive his accessions of power we cannot tell. Those who believe in the divinity of that part of man which aspires after knowledge for its own sake, the prospect will appear most hopeful. But it is only hopeful if man can adjust his morality to his powers. The thoughts of our academic leaders should be along these lines rather than the fostering of maleficient influences on the loftiest ideals of the higher branches of education.
Bozsi

A Modern Romance

HER name was Bozsi ("Betty"; pronounced almost like "busy" but with the s of "leisure") and she had come with her sister from as far away as Budapest to attend a Summer School at Oxford. There being no other undergraduates then in residence except a young philosopher and myself, we two were commissioned by the head of the college to show them the glories of the place.

It was a task which threatened to sweep us utterly from our bearings. What was to be done with a girl whose very presence was an intoxication, whose every word was intriguingly suggestive of Hungarian lore and folk-song, of rustic waltzing in bright national costume upon the banks of the Danube, of an idyllic life never seen indeed but somehow half-apprehended whether from literature, art, music or perhaps from pure imagination itself; with a young lady again who within five minutes had told as much about herself as an English girl would reveal in as many months; and who on the strength of a first acquaintance—in open daylight and without turning a hair—had enquired whether we were religious and whether we had any sorrows? Secretly, I rejoiced that my ally was a philosopher. Looking back now it seems a matter for congratulation that we were betrayed into nothing more serious than the necessity for making a nocturnal ascent into College after hours by means of a ladder.

That of itself was ticklish enough. It meant climbing up into the Fellows' Building, and besides the risk of waking a slumbering don or two (I'll warrant you they sleep lightly) there were other possible means of detection.

"I've never felt more like the stock 'Varsity 'hearty' in all my life," chuckled the philosopher, as he dropped into the room at my side.

"Nor I."

So far so good, but unluckily the ladder was too heavy to be moved and had to remain where it was as incriminating evidence all night; and the idiotic concern of the workmen in the morning ("Where'd you leave it?" "'Ow'd get there?" etc.) pointed towards the bitterest of consequences. They never developed, however, beyond a few anxious enquiries from the Porter.

But I wonder. Bozsi was a regular Marie Bashkirtseff—intense, ambitious, open-hearted; passionately in love with life—life as it appears to the eyes of youth—with its song, its colour, its romance. To hear her read her favourite poet Jochay, would have made a camel sentimental. Only nineteen years old, yet she had gone all through Europe breaking hearts right and left in her career. Once in Helsingfors, for instance, she had boarded a British Man-o'-War and had found as guide a youthful middy. The result?—one fair and promising young life blighted for ever! The wilds of Australia hold another victim, and were there not the two students
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in Vienna, each of whom flourished triumphantly in the face of the other a note from Bozsi which, on examination, proved to be identical with his rival’s!

Bozsi related these incidents not boastingly but wistfully, with an air of gratitude for the goodness of people, and regret that friendships must inevitably end. But there was a favourite named Humphrey, with a surname—Thomalin—taken straight from the “Shepheardes Calendar”; and with him the romance proper both begins and ends.

Humphrey was a Cave-man, or rather a Man of the Rivers. Of powerful physique and with a determined look in his eyes, he had ploughed all the way by canoe from Reading, or some such incredibly distant place, in eager quest of the lady; when last we saw him he was bearing her off by water to Abingdon; while his plan of conquest included, among other things, the acquisition of a larger ship at Vienna and a piratical voyage down the Danube to the final strongholds at Budapest, whither the prize was to return.

Such methods could scarcely fail, and the sequel as far as I knew it, came in the form of a printed wedding announcement. It looked very well, though apart from the names and a conjunction meaning “that” I own I could make nothing of the language. One expression, however, in the description of the bridegroom disturbed me. It was “e Jaeger Something-or-Other, London.” Jaeger?—a clothing establishment!—and my blood froze.

And now, Bozsi, tell me what does it all mean to you, or, to adopt your own prettily unidiomatic English. What are you doing always? Are Helsingfors, the Blue Danube, the Lido at Venice, and the gardens at Oxford all things of a dim, regretted past? and are your days spent in an atmosphere of woollen socks, pullovers, five-and-elevenpennies and bargain counters? Heaven forbid! (though ’tis ever thus). A honey-bee in a coal-mine, an Eskimo at Aden, a Salamander on ice would not be more out of place than that. I’ll not believe it.—A.B.C.

Dirge

The wind blows all about the crying trees
And plucks their crimson leaves
With careless hand;
Though he may dance with silver on the seas
His dance is cold with death
Upon the land.

—M.L.
Impertinent Interviews

1.—PROFESSOR OF TRAFFIC.

He composed himself in the depth of his sumptuously upholstered chair (how well these professors do themselves!) and, producing a brier that looked as if it had led a bad life, he proceeded to pack it with tobacco of the odorous sort made by camel-drivers for pirates. His twinkling eyes the while appeared to be calculating my intelligence quotient.

"Oho!" he at length observed. "So you have come to interview me on behalf of the Spike?"

I hadn't, but I like to keep in with Great; so I replied in the affirmative—as well as I could through the clouds of smoke that belched from the bowl of the portable destructor.

"I've heard quite a bit about that Spike," he remarked, with some approval. "It's one of the dark goings-on of that gang of conspirators that locks themselves up in that little two-by-four cubby hatch nearby where the railing's gone from the gym. balcony."

"Indeed?" I murmured.

"Too right," he assured me. "I've had my suspicions of what goes on there ever since the Aussie footballers tried to dance the Maypole on the tennis court in the wee sma' hours the other morning. I don't mind the dancing—it sort of takes the kinks out of the asphalt—but it's the wrong time of the day to go singing 'Here we go Gathering Snails in Mud,' or whatever it was. It sounded like that, anyway."

"They were showing us how they found Kingsford Smith," I explained.

"Found nothing!" he snorted. "Unless perhaps over the wireless. I'll give it to you, though, they were fair up in the air that morning. How else could they have let you score 27 against them?"

I admitted that there was something in that.

"Too right there is," said the Professor. He fixed his gaze beyond me and appeared to meditate. "Tell me this," he demanded suddenly, "how many miles did they do the gallon?" Without giving me a chance to hazard a guess he went on animatedly. "Have you heard what that little bus of mine can do? Go on, have a guess. You wouldn't credit it unless I told you. That there little speed-waggon went all the way to Terawhiti and back last Saturday and didn't do an inch less than ninety to the gallon. Hills and all. I didn't have to take her out of top once—except when a traffic cop stopped me and said he didn't think a Ford had it in it. I tell you, she's some bonny little bone-shaker. I don't have to keep her to the roads neither—she takes the fences like a bird. Some of the things that bus can do when she's tanked would make your eyes stick out. Now, just by way of example—"

"Oh, look here, Professor," I remonstrated. "Jimmy Dunn talks like that all day long. It's a pearl of a car, I know, but I don't want to buy it. It's you I'm after. Tell us about yourself."

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "maybe you're right. I won't go so far
as to say as I’m as interesting as that there little juice-hog, but—what is it you want to know, anyway?”

“Well—er—” I said. “Er—” For the life of me I couldn’t think of what I wanted to know. A student is often like that.

“I’ll give you a shove-off,” volunteered the Professor. “Maybe you’ve noticed me about this place of an evening?”

As a matter of fact, I had. Many a delicious little tete-a-tete had been rudely terminated by the same Professor.

“You’re thinking I don’t like seeing this here hall turned into a matrimonial bureau,” he suggested, eyeing me keenly. “Well, there’s something in that. Mind you, I wouldn’t like anybody to think I was a spoil-sport, not for all the tea in China. But I’ve got my orders. Discipline must be maintained in this here place or somebody’ll want to know why.”

He looked at me severely.

“I suppose so,” I murmured feebly.

“You suppose so, do you?” he took me up. “Now look here, young man. If you knew some of the things I’ve got to put up with from you boys and girls, you’d go into a corner and have a good cry. Just look out there now.”

He rose and stood in the doorway. I heard the sounds of hasty adieus from the region of the letter-rack, then a scurrying of feet. The Professor returned and gloomily resumed his seat.

“It’s not a bit of good me talking to them,” he complained, stuffing pieces of bitumen into his pipe. “Result is, I blinkin’ well don’t talk to them any more. I just stand there and look at them instead. Like this.”

I put my hand over my eyes. When I dared look at him again he was smiling in his customary benign manner.

“I won’t mention no names,” he said. “It don’t do. Have you ever noticed that young A.B., now—she’s a blinkin’ caution. She don’t get a letter more’n once a day and then it’s only a bill, from the look of it; but that don’t stop her from blocking up the gangway any more than if she was an old cart-horse instead of a spring chicken. And that little one with the short skirts and silk stockings and shingled hair—you must have noticed her.” Indeed I had—many of her. “She’s a holy terror. Can talk the leg off an iron pot. ‘Oh, Brookie,’ she says, just as if face-cream wouldn’t melt in her mouth, ‘is it really ten past? Go and put the clock back, there’s an old dear.” Now what can you say to the likes of her? If she was one of you chaps, I’d hustle her on quick and lively.”

“I think I’d better be going,” I said, a little nervously.

“Oh, it’s all right, I don’t mind you,” conceded the Professor, “though I won’t say there ain’t room for improvement. Now, that Miss O. X. don’t give me no trouble. Sharp at ten past, no matter who she’s talking to, she takes one flying leap over the bannisters and away she goes, up as far as the clock before you can say Jack Robinson. I wish to goodness P.Q. and A.M., and P.M. and O.K. and that fluffy big thing that’s out there now only knew their basketball half as well. They won’t shift for the old boy himself. And jabber! To hear them you’d thing you’d tuned in on China by mistake.”
"You seem to know them all," I murmured.

"Know them? I should think I did," he declared. "And more besides. I could tell you things if I wanted to. And," here he pointed an accusing finger at me, "it ain't only them. Some of you chaps is old enough and ugly enough, if you only knew it, to get a move on when you're told."

He clicked his fingers. Somebody outside took a header over the railing that led to the men's cloak room.

"I will say this, though," continued the Professor. "When I say 'Boys, get in and under,' they don't generally stop to argue. They know better than that. Next day they'll come hanging around—girls too—and 'Brookie, any inks going about? Anything flying around, Brookie? I want to go to the pictures to-night.' And I says, 'Boys, you'd better keep off pictures to-night.' That gets them going."

He chuckled.

"I'll tell you what happened the other night, though. One of the lecturers was a bit late and the boys were chuckling chalks. You never heard such a row in your life. I'd defy anybody to shut up that mob. Jumping over desks, too. Here's what I did. I just took a trayfull of inks into the room and set them down. Then I walks out, cool as a cucumber. Oh, Lord, talk about hearing a pin drop. You never in all your born days see chaps look so sick all of a sudden. Two of them had to be carried out."

He chuckled some more.

"Have you a bike?" he asked me.

"More or less," I answered, thinking of the payments still to be made.

"Well, he said, "if you bring it here, you've got to put it in the shed and that'll cost you ten-and-six. If you don't put it in the shed, I'm going to grab it. So mind your eye, old chappie."

"You stick to your murder-car," said I. "Tell us something about the other Professors."

"Ha," he said darkly. "Now you're trying to pump me, old son. A true Barbadoan never splits. Me and the rest of the staff—"

"Board," I corrected.

"Staff or board, whichever you like," he proceeded, "sticks together as if we were morticed. I won't go so far as to say as how I don't have no difficulties with them—there's Professor So-and-so, for instance—but that's not for your ears."

"I'm all ears. Go on," I implored.

"Like the rest of the Stud. Ass." he sniggered. "But, my lad, you haven't all the hoofs—not in this here stable."

"Well, then," I said, trying another trick, "perhaps you could unburden yourself a little upon the subject of higher education?"

"How higher?" he asked, in an innocent voice. "First floor, second floor, or top?"

"Oh, bother," I said. "You know what I mean. Wisdom is more than gold and so on."

"Who's been telling you that?" he asked, rather sardonically, I thought.
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I aired my knowledge to him.
"Well," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. You show me the wisdom and I'll show you the gold—piles and piles of it."
"You don't say, "I exclaimed. "You must be a Croesus."
"I didn't say I was anything," he said crossly, "and if you want to call names, don't call German ones. That's all."
I departed rapidly in the direction of the letter-rack, about which a number of visions clustered.

2.—PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENTS' SOVIET.

I STOOD on my head, gyrated three times, turned my back to the door, and tapped upon it timidly with my heel. Stealthy feet sounded within and I followed in imagination their owner as he took down the bar, drew the bolt, unfastened the chain and turned key after key in the series of padlocks designed to hinder the careless from bursting in upon the sacred sessions of the Stud. Ass. Executive. Then the door opened half-an-inch and a cold eye peered interrogation at me.

"Three sheets of notepaper at eightpence, please—" I timidly commenced. The eye gave way to an ear.
"Are you sitting on that notepaper, Bill?" came a voice.
"— and an interview with the President." I concluded.
"Growl!" yelled the voice. "Here's another nut after information."
"Fair dinkum?" I heard.
"I've only his say-so for it," said the ear.
"Perhaps he's from 'Form'," came from inside. "Let him down—I mean, in."

The guardian ear opened the door another five inches and I sidled through. Immediately I was seized and blindfolded. Hands went through my pockets.

"He's paid his levy all right," said a disgusted voice, "and there's no broken hat pegs on him. Put his money back."

I take it that this was done. In any case, the bandage was removed from my eyes and I was able to examine the scene before me.

Around a table upon which rested a dilapidated typewriter—Ford make, T model—sat a number of cowled and hooded figures, their expressionless eyes fixed on me. One, evidently the President, sat on a gas heater. Photos of great antiquity obscured the walls. Rubbish of all descriptions was stacked here and there. Near me stood a piano, with a mutilated kewpie resting on the keys. I was regarding with interest a small silver cup that somehow suggested chocolate sundaes when the voice of the leader of the gang recalled me to the business in hand.

"What's the interview for?" he inquired.
"The Spike," I answered.
"Oh, h—!" I heard him mutter, in perfect English. "What is that jolly rag after now?"

"Something about football would do," I ventured.
“Hum,” he commented. “That’s a jolly lot more sense than it usually displays. Tell it there’s no need to worry—things are going all right. That’s all, isn’t it?”

“Heaven forbid!” I ejaculated.

“I don’t like you saying things like that in my hearing,” said the President, reproachfully. “I don’t hold with any place where you can’t stick up a pair of goal posts. It jolly well doesn’t exist. Fair dinkum, don’t you think so?”

May I venture to suggest,” said I, “that the Cricket Association might hold a different opinion. I seem to remember a perfectly heavenly noise about a certain cricket tour during the long vacation.”

“Well, what can a fellow do?” he protested. “To tell you the honest truth, it’s the only way I can get into touch with the rural Police. There are some jolly fine fellows among them—a bit difficult to reason with. I must admit, but—”

“I never stop to reason with them,” I informed him.

“I often think they’d be broadened a bit if we sang some of our College songs to them,” he remarked. “It’s a pity our chaps can’t sing.”

“Haven’t you ever listened to the Haeremai Club?” I asked, incredulously.

“Drunk and sober,” he confessed, “and fair dinkum, I reckon those fellows don’t know the difference between ‘Aedem colimus’—er. how does it go, Bill?”

“Er—laboriosae, I think,” said Bill, a little uncertainly.

“Yes, as I was saying,” continued the President, “they can’t distinguish between ‘Aedem’—er, that good old College song, you know—and that whiskery old hymn tune ‘Clementine.’ Would you believe it, at the jolly old Undergranulated Supper the other night they got mixed—”

“No, no,” I assured him. “That was at the Smoke Concert. You wouldn’t bar a shandy or two, would you?”

“Eh?” he said. “Oh, yes, I see. No, really, fair dinkum, I like the students to be noisy at those functions. It gives me a chance to be consistent. I’ve got a little speech specially prepared for noisy functions and it sort of loses its kick when I have to alter it to fit a quiet show. Now, at Capping—”

He shook his head regretfully:

“You speak in mysteries,” I confessed. “Tell me—what did you think of ‘The Mystery of the Purloined Cup’?”

“Nothing,” he snapped. “I happened to be occupied in Bond Street when that incident occurred.”

“The culprit was a student, I believe?” suggested I.

“Ridiculous nonsense,” he exclaimed. “I have it on jolly good authority that he was a dignitary of the church.”

“Same church as you?” I hinted, somewhat impertinently.

“Look here,” said the President. “You must lay off that subject.”

“Pardon,” said I. “I merely heard you were converted.”
"That's a football expression," he evaded. "I can talk for hours about Rugby. Fair dinkum. Honest, I think every college student should play it."

"The women too?" I enquired.

"Why not?" he demanded. "They wouldn't come fluttering around me for grants for their Basketball Club then. We can't go on shovelling out grants for ever. Fair dinkum. Honestly now, it really beats me what these clubs want money for. I could understand it if it were football. Give me my way and I'd make even the Professors play football."

"Great, great!" I almost shouted, grabbing my notebook and pencil. "What Professors would you play in the forwards?"

He appeared to ponder this question, then in a moment his manner changed. I fancy he detected some hidden implication in my innocent question.

"Get out of this," he ordered roughly. "Quick and lively!"

I have a confused recollection of what followed, but I feel that if ever I play football again I'll hit the first man I see kicking the jolly old ball.

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**Primum Ver**

Over the hills and far away;  
A voice came floating down  
Out of the heart of the far country,  
Into the heart of the smoky town  
And out to sea.

Over the hills and far away,  
Fragrance came floating down  
Out of the odorous upland bowers,  
Filling each nook of the smoky town  
With scent of flowers.

Over the hills and far away,  
A wind came floating down  
Warm as the touch of a swallow's wing  
Into the cold, close heart of the town  
To kiss and cling.

Over the hills and far away,  
As the fragrant wind came floating down  
And the strange sweet voice, on blossomy wing  
To the stirring heart of the smoky town  
Came the Spring.  

—K.Z.
In the regulations governing the award of the Jacob Joseph Scholarship, the curious reader may find the following passage:

"He (the Scholar) shall submit to the Professorial Board a thesis, or other prescribed written record of his work for the Scholarship. . . . He shall supply a copy of this thesis for the College Library."

That there is nothing extraordinary in this regulation I am well aware, but it prompts me to ask, through your ever hospitable pages, *Spike*, a question which to me seems of more than passing interest. I feel an overwhelming impulse to inquire whether there is anyone so fortunate (excluding the Librarian himself) as ever to have seen any of these theses.

For many years now there must have been an annual accession of Jacob Joseph and other theses to the Library. What has become of them? I have never seen them; neither has anyone of my acquaintance. Indeed, I know of one individual who once (he was very young and bold then) asked the Librarian whether he might be permitted to examine a Jacob or Joseph thesis of fairly recent date. A search was made for it, but it could not be found. It had vanished, presumably, into some dim corner of the annex, there to do its share in educating the more radical of the Salamancan spiders in the intricacies of industrial arbitration in New Zealand.

Is it not time, therefore, that the Senate of this University considered the question of establishing a University Press? Such an institution (for which, as we know, there is ample precedent) would save a great deal of good work from oblivion. In the past few years alone, students of this College (to say nothing of those from other centres) have written admirable theses, not only for Scholarship purposes, but as part of their Honours courses. To name but a few: Mr. R. M. Campbell gave a learned paper on the I.C. & A. Act; Mr. R. F. Fortune on the mind in sleep; Mr. J. C. Beaglehole on some aspects of New Zealand history; Mr. A. E. Campbell on juvenile laughter; and Mr. E. Beaglehole on propaganda and the present status of ethics. Of these theses (with the exception of one on which I am not competent to express an opinion) I have seen only the last-named—a very scholarly and valuable essay—but I am assured that there is not one of them which is not eminently worthy of publication in book form. Two, indeed, have been published—one in England and the other in the United States (a country which, as we all know, is so devoted to the dollar that it is vastly our intellectual inferior). Are we to have it said that some of the best minds produced by our University find their own country so inhospitable that they must seek elsewhere—even in a foreign land—for publication?

It will, of course, be said that a University Press in this country would not pay its way. But why not? At the present time any work published
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in New Zealand dies a speedy death. There is not a publisher worthy of the name from the North Cape to Stewart Island. What self-styled publishers we have are ignorant alike to the technicalities of book production and of methods of publicity sufficient to give them even an Empire market. Every aspiring New Zealand author is compelled to go to England before he can hope for recognition. Has there ever been a book published in New Zealand which has been either a fine piece of craftsmanship from a technical viewpoint or a commercial success? I venture to doubt it.

There is no need to begin in too grand a fashion, nor need we confine ourselves to scientific works. Such a Press, following the example of Oxford, could publish an infinite variety of work, provided it were forthcoming. And it will be forthcoming, is now indeed, to a great extent. Such a Press could bear the costs of production, and look to a capable administration and a sound system of publicity for the recovery of expenses.

And even if there should be for a few years a deficit—would not that be better than that so much excellent work should be consigned to the oblivion of the Library, unavailable even to the student who is brave enough to ask for it, and who is exceptionally qualified in that he knows no fear of spiders?

What do you think about it, Spike?—C.G.R.J.

Caprice

Over he hill the wind is playing,
Over the hill and down to the sea;
High on the hill the spear-grass swaying,
And down on the beach the quivering tree.
All alone in the grassy hollow
The wind is straying and waiting for me;
Calling aloud for me to follow
Follow him down to the winter sea.
Laughing, merry, the care-free rover,
Sprinkling the sand with the spattering spray;
In the whispering shade as the clouds pass over,
O frolic with me and the wind to-day!
Down on the beach the wind is sighing,
Tired in the shivering evening light;
The poppy flower on the wet sand lying,
And the hill all dark with the shadow of night.

—K.M.R.
The Geologist Gay

(With apologies to Past, Present and Future Geology Classes.)

The geologist gay has a real winning way,
He dabbles in rocks and in fossils all day.
He can tell you the length of a Smilodon's nose,
And calculate right an old dinosour's toes.

The geologist gay studies minerals gray
Just set out all nice and with names on a tray.
He puts them all out in long lines and in rows,
And swots off their hardness and see which he knows.

The geologist gay with a nice little spray
Squirts water all over a dish full of clay;
And although he gets dirty, with pleasure he glowes
To see how the water erodes as it yows.

The geologist gay thinks it really is play,
Grinding rock sections which "aft gang agley,"
And if his remarks are not suited to prose,
Then he'll start off again on his work with the hose.

The geologist gay has a great deal to say
Of geomorphology—cliffing and bay,
I'm sure he knows nough of all life's little woes
Till "practical's" done and he's off in a doze.

The geologist gay then awakes in dismay
To find he's not drawn all the Veneridae.
"I wish," he may groan, "they'd all metamorphose,
"And microscopes wouldn't their structure disclose."

The geologist gay much good lucre would pay
For a fossilised egg or echinoderm, say,
Or to see how the genus Ceratodus rose
And why glaciers run from the land of the snows.

The geologist gay for good weather will pray
To go for long rambles on each Saturday,
And although he's as fresh—to begin—as a rose,
He comes back as tired as the Lord only knows.

The geologist gay will, oh never, say "Nay"
If you ask him to give up the dance and to stay,
And to see how the molluse and brachipod grows
And if on its stomach the tribbte goes.

Th't geologist gay then depart from the fray
And goes to the Tea Room for cafe-au-lait.
And yet with this word to you all I will close,
He wouldn't be anything else if he chose.

—L.C.K.
A Slight Mistake

The learned Professor of Ancient and Modern Law, and I, went to see the game between the Australian Universities and Victoria University College. For besides our natural interest in, and affection for, the latter, were we not honourable vice-presidents of the V.U.C. Football Club?

So when we arrived at the ground where play had already begun, we thrilled with loyal pleasure at the sight of the green jerseys with their shields of gold. The green seemed slightly lighter than usual, but the manufacturers might have run out of the exact colour, as has been known to happen. Being rather high up in the grandstand and also a trifle myopic, we could not distinguish the faces clearly, but the colours were enough for us.

During the first spell we were somewhat disappointed that the white jerseys seemed to be getting rather the better of it, but we put that down to the lamentable fact that they had apparently won the toss, and were playing with both the wind and the sun. Also they had the grossly unfair advantage of being the heavier side. Anyway, our men in green were keeping them out, and the wonderful passing rushes of their fleet backs were always brought to nought, just on the line. A great defence, of which we were justly proud. When half-time came with no score, our hopes were high.

In the second spell we noted bitterly that both the wind and the sun had gone down, and the Green and Gold reaped no advantage from the aids of Nature. The Whites were still attacking furiously, and when one of them eventually dropped over the line with the ball, we grieved, but admitted ruefully that the try was well deserved. When the kick at goal was disallowed, we did not know the reason, but felt sure the referee was right.

Up and down goes the game. At last a green back seizes the ball and, with an almost incredible turn of speed, leaves all standing. He is over. We yell with delight, the Professor, in his abandon, quoting an Institute of Justinian written in the lighter vein. That must have been Ramson; the Professor remarks that Ramson is the only man on the field who could possibly run like that. Yes, No. 3 is Ramson! Splendid, and just when we were wondering that he had so far not distinguished himself, and especially that he had taken none of the kicks. He must have hurt his kicking toe, we thought. The extra two points for a conversion would have been most useful. Hard luck!

The game proceeds, and right in front of their goal we are awarded a free kick. An excellent referee! No. 1, who, according to our book of words, must be Cormack, lands a splendid goal. We lead 6—3; we ought to be pretty safe now. When the score goes up on the board, “Australia 6, Victoria College 3,” the Professor mutters angrily: “Look, the silly fool has made a mistake and reversed the scores.” I agree. We had not happened to look at the board earlier.

As the last minutes approach, the Whites make feverish attempts to get over, or kick a goal. Every effort of theirs goes on its way fraught with our adverse hopes. Especially the last free kick, on the call of time,
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is positively weighed down with them, and we breathe a deep sigh of relief as the ball flies wide. The bell rings, and we have won.

Then strange things happen. The score on the board remains unaltered, and we ask a neighbouring spectator why this is so. He replies, with great accuracy, that a try and a penalty kick count 6, while a try alone is only 3. We look at each other, a great light beginning to dawn. So that is why the small boys had all leapt into the air when the Whites scored, and when they appeared to be about to score. We had wondered if they were perhaps Australia’s childhood who had been imported hither to do so.

On my way home, I did two things. I tried to reconstruct my feelings at each incident of the match in the new light. I also remembered that, on the previous day, I had met one of the Australian team, and had remarked on his wearing a rosette of our colours, which I had put down as the gift of a V.U.C. admirer. He had explained that they were his team’s colours, and that the green was not olive but bottle. Most appropriate, I informed him, recollections crowding on me of the first Sydney University Team that had visited these shores in days long since departed.

Many other things became clear, but chiefly the absolute wisdom and necessity of keeping mum. The Professor and I swore a pact. I have broken it. I do not apologize. Truth should out.

S. E.

The Desert At Morning

And the coyote yelps from the desert rim,
And the stars grow pale as the day comes on,
Barren and bare the desert free,
Stretches as though to Eternity,
Boundless and arid the desert stark
Spreads, a wilderness without mark
Save where a clump of mesquites stands,
A living touch in a lonely land,
And on the Eastern Sky there shows
A sudden light that grows and grows
Until the desert once again
Is a Hell of dust and heat that men
Still hate for its endless futile space,
Where so many disappear without trace,
And leave on some desert knoll
A few scarred bones, and a dusty skull,
All that remains of some brave fool,
Who choked out his life ’neath the blazing sun,
And left as a proof that the desert won
A few bleached bones in the sand.

—J.A.C.
Retrospect

And thus, my dear, and thus we loved,
Hugged our contentment, languored, moved
In a lamped mist, felt pulses ring,
Stammered, touched hands, knew kisses sting,
And the whole flame of nearness. We,
Wrapped in our glowing certainty,
Know no pretence. Eye smiled to eye
From a complete, unclouded sky
Of being. Strife and mind’s distress
Could never near us; they were less
Than unmarked fading of a star
From Heaven’s lighted harbour. Far
From the long littleness of day
We walked a calm, resplendent way.
Alert, responsive, each to each
Without the stumbling sounds of speech.
Our level minds, apt parallels.
Reached out together. Never dwells
A look on a loved lover’s face,
Moving with fond and transient grace,
But we looked so. Never a thought
Of tenderness in tribute brought,
But we have paid it; there was caught
From some remote and slumbering sea,
In our minds’ mesh, serenity.
Measured when other were beside
We were a warm, suffusing pride
In one another, and our glance
Shattered the wall of circumstance.

Now in this book I read and find
All that those months have left behind,
A tiny, tragic, mummied flower,
Corpse of dead Springtime, hour by hour,
Tombed in an old and wumbling book
In which but patient scholars look—
The violet which you learnt to pull
That day, blue-gowned and beautiful,
We curled beside the river’s brink;
I watched the slim and spreading chink
Until it suddenly shut, and then
The pages’ straightness stood again.
You are a mood of quietness,
Leisured remembrance, something less;
A dry, dead flower, a faded flame
—And what, I wonder, was your name?

—C.Q.P.
Plunketism For Poets:

A Passionate Plea

It is a sad thought that in most of us a poet has died young, but it is sadder still to think—and one cannot resist it—that in New Zealand where the infant mortality normally is the lowest in the world, the death rate of the inborn poet is tragically high. Where to-day, for instance, are the adolescent poets of the Spike, of yesterday? There was merit in most of the stuff, talent in not a little and here and there sparks of true genius. One has only to read chance copies of the old Spike, or the collection in the “Old Clay Patch” to see quality here that would grace any similar publication anywhere in the Old World or the New. Here are the seeds of literature, but where is the fruit? Nowhere, to the best of our general knowledge. The poet in the writers died young.

Now if this mortality were universally inevitable, regrets would be vain. But it is not so elsewhere, at least in the older countries. In England and in America the names which appeared in the college magazines of yesterday are often those of the rising stars in the literary firmament of our own present. The writers are not lost to literature, but help to carry on the tradition from generation to generation. Here so far we have hardly a tradition or a literature worth the name. Are there any signs of the creation of either? Scarcely more, perhaps less, than in the early years following the debut of the Spike. Are any or many of the young poets or writers now budding likely to be in full flower ten years hence? The odds, unless there is a great chance in the situation, are against it. This is a plea for such a chance.

To write literature it is necessary to be able to live and to have leisure. In other words, it means that the writer must either earn his living by literature or else he must have private means to ensure a living and the leisure for writing. There is no other alternative, if real results are to be achieved. Persons of literary gifts with private means also are rare in any country. They hardly exist in this. In any case they are only freaks of fortune, the remote exceptions unavailable as examples for a general rule. As for earning a living by literature it is impossible in New Zealand. There is no local market for the finer qualities of literary production and but poor pay for journey work. The daily newspapers, when they do accept “stuff,” which is seldom, offer not more than a guinea a column. The weeklies give less, if they give anything at all. Any working journalist could easily satisfy any doubts on this point.

It might be possible to live the Bohemian life, as some of the more notable Australians have done, and carry on for a time, but the atmosphere of this Dominion is wholly alien to that sort of thing and it could not last. Marriage and its responsibilities would needs end it at once for any self-respecting person.

Clear-sighted people, realise this early and, if they have ambitions and confidence in their ability, they shake the dust of the Dominion off
their feet as soon as possible and hit out for London or America. Quite a number of New Zealanders have done fairly well for themselves in this way, but they are lost to New Zealand and to our argument also, which presumes a native literature self-supporting. Thus we come round to an impasse once more.

Is there any way out? In Britain before the days when literature began to pay its way with Scott and Dickens, poets had patrons and posts—sinecures—to furnish food and raiment—such as it was—while the magnum opus was in gestation. Here there are no sinecures, since the Reform Party reformed the Public Service, and our wealthy squatters and moneyed townsfolk prefer to invest in land and property rather than literature and poetry. The Macarthy Trust makes no provision for authors and one doubts whether Mr. Robert Hannah, say, or any of the wool kings would substantially remunerate the dedication of an epic. And yet one might point out to them that to run a poet would not cost much more than running a Rolls Royce, and there is always the chance of an immortality conferred in a grateful epithalamium or an in memoriam ode. What, we would say to them, about establishing a fellowship in literature or the arts for five years to give some of our aspirants in the Spike a chance to make good!

Seriously, though, is it not something of a national disgrace that a country like ours with a century behind it of a brave, eventful picturesque and not ignoble past, with its Maoris, its miners, its missionaries, its pioneers, its railway builders, its soldiers, its wealth of material for fiction and poetry in the conquest of the bush, the floods and fires and earthquakes, the rise and fall of families, the mixture of races—material unequalled in any part of the Empire—should be passing into a middle age of stolid comfort without a worthy record of its gallant adventurous youth? America has celebrated and continues to hymn its West; Australia, even, has produced some literature, but we have—almost nothing. And we shall have nothing until the people who can write can find by hook or crook or through some unforseen beneficence the leisure to do the job. No part time work can ever suffice for the main task, though it may supply the material.

But what does it matter, someone may say, whether we have any literature or not? Well, read what Sallust has to say of a certain little State of the ancient world, a country no bigger than Taranaki with a capital not the size of Wellington (this year's students will be familiar with the passage in the crib):

The achievements of the Athenians were, as I judge, sufficiently great and splendid, yet still somewhat less than they are by report asserted to have been; but because there were produced among that people writers of great talent, the exploits of the Athenians are celebrated throughout the whole world as the greatest. Thus the valour of those who wrought those deeds is reckoned as high as splendid intellects could exalt such deeds by their word.
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Otherwise, to put it vulgarly, one Aeschylus or Aristophanes would be worth a million Jimmy Parris to boost New Zealand.

But why worry? If the present trend of education in New Zealand, particularly secondary education, continues for a few years more, there will be no need, for its deadly work among the young poets will have made the race extinct. If one survives the massacre of the innocents in matric, there is still the ordeal of the night school and the cast-iron course of studies at the university with the pursuit of degrees for their cash value in the professions. How can the poet in us live? It is a pathetic struggle and that explains the title, “Plunketism for Poets,” to reduce this terrible infantile mortality. All one can do is to present the facts as one sees them, and hope against hope that some new Truby King will arise and do for the mind of the young what the founder of Plunketism did for the body.—“Peto.”

Autumn

Autumn is filled with dreams; 'tis in this hour
That Earth draws closer her veils of circling haze,
And rests within her green and golden bower
To dream the ancient story of the days.
The sun shines softly, all his fiery glow
Veiled in the crystal light of thought. The sea
Slumbers and dreams and checks its silver flow,
Pondering secrets of Eternity.
The air is filled with memories; every breeze
Blows from a fragrant Garden of the Past,
Till over silent woods and slumbering seas
A spell of quiet Reverie is cast.
The rivers now are lakes of gleaming dew,
Smooth as the silken petal of a rose,
Where the heaped clouds their pale reflections view,
And willows shine in infinite repose.
In golden showers from the stars they fall—
Dreams, memories, filled with purity and light.
The fair moon, smiling, softly weaves them all
Into the silver mystery of night.
Autumn is filled with dreams; they throng the mind
And hold it captive with a secret charm,
And dreaming Nature gives to all mankind
One hour of deep, unutterable calm.

—J.M.
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Defleamus

Let us not mourn for all the mighty things
That pass away in majesty from Earth.
High anger’s pride, the songs that valour sings,
The fallen pomp of queens and courts and kings—
Regard them not: their requiem have no dearth.

But let us rather mourn for things unseen
By those whose wisdom breedeth not delight;
Who feel no wonder that the leaves are green,
And care not where the watchful owl has been
Through all the lonely vistas of the night.

For these than shall we mourn: for gathered flowers
Who pray that death may bring unwounded ease—
In which to dream of sun-enchanted hours,
Or fragrance-laden winds and cooling showers,
And nuptial visits from overpowering bees:

For morning cobwebs silver-starred with drew
Whose beauty soon is yielded to the sun;
And for the sun himself, who hides from view,
And gives himself to sleep, as squirrels do
When summer days and hazel-nuts are done;

For melodies whose music dies unheard
Except unto the lover’s ear alone:
For songs that surge with word on fleeting word
So swiftly through a heart so strangely stirred
That when the hand would write them—they are gone.

Small tragedy there is in joys that die
If in remembered ecstasy they live,
But when their loveliness escapes the eye,
And leaves us but forgotten harmony—
What boon but sorrow may their lover give?

So therefore shall we mourn the joys that pass
Unknown, unheard of—save for such as we,
Who travel highways insect-hewn through grass,
And hear the willows breathe their soft “Alas!”
By age-old rivers eager for the sea.

—B
The Mucker

By Edgar Wallop

CHAPTER I.

KRUSCHEN KANT, Private Investigator, ran his eyes over the final page of the Directory, then cupped a haggard face in his hands.

"Names and names and names," he murmured bitterly, "and any one of them might be his."

A knock sounded at the door. The great detective's features immediately assumed their wonted expression of inscrutability.

"Come in," he called out, in dynamic tones that gave no indication of his intense mental strain.

The door opened. The detective leaped to his feet in horror.

Through the open doorway, twenty-six corpses tumbled forward into the room and lay in distorted postures upon the carpet.

In the twinkling of an eye, Kant had leaped to the doorway and was sweeping the corridor with his hawk-like gaze. Several people were lounging about, but they took not the slightest notice of him. With a baffled look upon his fine-chiselled features, the great detective closed the door of his consulting-room and stared down at the corpses. He uttered a cry of amazement.

All of them were dead!

He seized a mirror that lay on his desk and held it before his lips. A slight film clouded the glass.

"I appear to be still alive," he muttered.

"Well?" inquired a gentle voice behind him.

He whirled about—and stared into the menacing muzzle of an automatic. There was a man in the room! A thin man with green eyes!

"The Mucker!" came hoarsely from the lips of the detective.

"Well?" inquired the intruder, with sardonic amusement.

Kruschen Kant steadied himself.

"What do you want?" he asked, striving to keep a tremor from his voice.

The eyes of the intruder glittered.

"Your life!" he said, simply.

This was like The Mucker, flashed through the mind of Kruschen Kant. Yet, why not? Who had hunted The Mucker more than he? Whom had The Mucker—that mysterious creature who had messed up the cities of nine continents with his brutal murders—more reason to hate and to fear than he? The Mucker!—whose good name was slowly but surely disappearing before the discoveries of Kruschen Kant—surely The Mucker must desire his life. Kant laughed.

As the automatic spat forth its bullets, Kant moved aside and let them go past. He felt the last bullet graze his collar stud. The Mucker cursed and crunched the weapon into fragments as the detective leaped for him.

There was a startling interruption. Kant, pausing in mid-air, saw from the corner of his eye the door swing open and twenty-six more corpses
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fall into the room. Amazement turned him to stone. Fifty-two murders—if they were murders—all in one day! What a bag! Professional admiration shone in his eyes. Lowering himself to the floor, Kant turned to The Mucker.

The Mucker had disappeared!

The detective dashed to the window and drove his fist through the glass. A man in the uniform of a Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard stood in the street looking up at him. No one else was in sight.

"Bah! the Police!" snarled Kant. He carefully replaced the broken glass and turned from the window. His eyes sought the corpses. His jaw dropped.

The corpses had disappeared!

His brain working with appalling clarity, Kant rapidly recalled, combined, and permuted all the thoughts that he possessed. In vain. His skull bulged under the strain of his efforts, but no solution of the soul-tormenting problem presented itself. He feverishly snatched at his telephone.

"Scotland Yard," he barked. He listened until the sound of a tired feeling came through the earpiece.

"Well?" drawled a voice.

"Is that the Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent of the C.I.D.?" he snapped.

The reply froze him.

"This," said the voice at the other end, "is The Mucker."

Kant dropped the receiver as if shot. His eyes, fixed on the mouthpiece of the instrument, dilated with terror.

From the mouthpiece of the telephone, blood was dripping—drip, drip, dripping. As if in a trance, he counted the drips. There were twenty-six of them!

"God!" he breathed. "The corpses!"

A band seemed to tighten round his heart. Half automatically he turned. Slowly, very slowly, the door was opening.

The air was suddenly rent by a fearful explosion.

CHAPTER II.

Certain masculine qualities in Miss Benzoline Bernarr's make-up must have been apparent to the eyes of Urban Drift, the latest and youngest Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent of the C.I.D. as he watched her glide to the sideboard. Her limbs moved with the suppleness of the tiger. Slim though she was—and she was very slim—her Arto-Sylk hose barely concealed (if concealed be an appropriate word) her muscles of whipcord. The grace with which she rapidly mixed six oyster cocktails and as rapidly tossed them off, more than suggested the movements of a boxer. A certain beauty, not entirely artificial, distinguished her face, despite its almost hatchet-like thinness. Beneath the exquisite artistry of her complexion could be discerned an engaging pallor, relieved by her lambent eyes—pools of mystery, in whose fathomless depths strange green flickers seemed to come and go. Her frock—a daring creation—was of
diaphanous buckram of a deep ultramontaine white that matched the delicate art shades of her closely-fangled hair.

Urban Drift was somewhat akin to her in appearance. A beholder who beheld him beholding her would have leaped to the conclusion that they were brother and sister. Indeed, had either been attired as the other, or conversely, it would have been impossible to tell them apart. The Fates, however, had been content merely to make them affinities.

Benzoline turned from her spiritual exercises with a sigh and faced the young man.

"Can't be did," she said gently, but not unbrutally.

Urban Drift's face clouded.

"Look here," Benz," he entreated. "My preferment guarantees me more of this world's goods than I can possibly use. I must share them with somebody—why not with you?"

"My dear man," said the girl, "you have strange notions of my standard of life, but that is not the point. I simply cannot."

"Won't you tell me why?" he urged.

"No, Urb," she answered, "I cannot. Our lies way apart; isn't that enough? You are a D.D.D.S.C.I.D.; I am a—what?"

"Yes—a what," he murmured despondently. "I often wonder, Benzoline, why you come and go so often and so mysteriously as you do, and where you go when you do go." He sighed.

"Urban," she evaded, "you travel a little yourself. You were in China yesterday, in Patagonia the day before, and in Glaxoslovakia the day before that."

"My work carries me afar," he said, shortly. "How do you come to know so much of my movements?"

She laughed mysteriously. "Woman's intuition, Urban," she smiled. "You look into my eyes so much that I can see everything in yours."

He regarded her queerly.

"Do you know, Benzoline," he said slowly, "these green eyes of yours remind me of somebody."

Her frame imperceptibly grew taut.

"Somebody," he went on, his voice gathering in slowness as it proceeded, "whose eyes are green. Somebody whose green eyes look everywhere and see everything—who is everywhere and is seldom seen, yet is known to all. Somebody—"

She stayed him with a gesture.

"You mean—"" she whispered.

"Yes," he said, harshly.

She broke the tension with a laugh

"Why, Urban," she cried. "Your own eyes are green. Look at them!"

Her mocking finger seemed to work a curious change in him. Not a muscle of his face moved, yet for a moment it might have been a different being that looked from behind it at the taunting girl. If she had been of a shrinkable type, she might have shrunk. But she merely laid her hand on his arm and returned look for look.

"Urban," she said, "I do not understand your moods, but you looked
then as if you might have killed me without compunction. Have you ever killed a human being, Urban?"

His eyes (already mentioned) glittered, but he said nothing. She removed her hand.

"Never mind, then," she said. "Tell me another time. But I would like you to tell me this. Urban—"

"Well?" came from him as if he were speaking from afar. A sinister expression flitted across his thin face.

"Would you," she asked, and as she spoke her manner was that of a tigress about to spring, "would—you—ever—kill—me?"

The reply of Urban Drift, D.D.D.S.C.I.D., was to dash incontinent from the room. A moment later his motor-cycle could be heard chugging into the distance.

As the sound died away, the girl did a strange thing.

With a strength that many men could not have equalled, she lifted the massive Eorgian sideboard away from the wall. Her fingers explored the panelling behind until they encountered a button. She pressed it. The panelling swung open like a door.

Through the aperture twenty-six corpses tumbled forward into the room and lay in distorted postures upon the carpet!

Over the corpses leaped a man who was very much alive. A thin man with green eyes!

CHAPTER III.

The Honourable Citron Peale, High Chief Commissioner of the Blundon Police Force, examined with interest the spherical object that lay on the blotter in front of him.

"It's a human eye-ball all right," he observed. "Anybody know whose it is?"

First Assistant Chief Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent Orville Wonk and Second Assistant Chief Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent Ardshott Dagg convinced the Chief by their silence that they were completely uninformed on the point.

"You have advertised it, of course?" prompted the Chief, thoughtfully prodding the eye-ball with the nib of his fountain pen.

"Yes, sir, in next month's Police Gazette, sir," Dagg assured him.

"Good," commended the Chief, "although I shouldn't think its owner would have much further use for it. . . . Where did you get it?" he asked.

"I noticed Bogginson giving it to the Police Cat, sir," Wonk informed him. "Bogg went very snakey when I butted in and took it away. You see, sir. the Orderly of the Cat's Mess is away with the crowd to-day, and the Bogg appeared to think the creature needed food."

"Ghoulish fellow, Bogginson, for a D.D.D.S.," commented the Chief. "I sometimes think that he's a bit of a cat himself, with his queer green eyes and the way he is always on the prowl after something. I shall have to speak to him seriously about pampering that cat. . . . Still, I don't know. It's an estimable cat—a very estimable cat. I know for a fact
that it catches things sometimes. That's more than I can say of you fellows."

He looked expectantly at the others, who, true to their discipline, burst into a loud guffaw.


"Lummy, Chief, but you're a caution," gurgled Dagg, wiping his eyes. The Chief permitted himself a smile and then became serious.

"To get back to our mutons, boys," he said, "did I understand you to say that the lads were away for the day?"

"Yessir," said Wonk. "It's a Policemen's Holiday to-day. There's been a lot of crime lately, sir, and the poor fellows' feet have got so tender from chasing criminals that I thought I might as well let 'em have a day off."

"Um," frowned the Chief, "I can't say that I altogether approve of your action. It leaves me with a feeling of unprotectedness. Suppose a cat burglar were to come around now: what could we do? How many of the men are jollifying?"

"Let me see, now," said Wonk.

"Fifty-two, sir," put in Dagg. Wonk lifted interrogative eyebrows at him. "I saw them fill two buses—one for the cricket ground and one for the football park. Each bus, as you know, is licensed to carry twenty-six passengers. Twice twenty-six is fifty-two. It's quite easy to work it out, sir, if you'd like to try it."

The Chief made some intricate calculations on his blotter.

"By Jove, Dagg, I believe you are right!" he exclaimed. "I must really get you to show me some of your modern methods one of these days."

Dagg looked gratified.

"Oh, by the way," exclaimed the Chief. "There's still this matter of the eye. Do you know where Bogginson got it?"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Wonk. "He found some kids playing marbles with it outside Kant's place this morning."

"What, not that Kant chap who's always trying to take away our customers?"

"The very same, sir."

"Um," mused the Chief. "Come to think of it, there's an evil look about this eye that somehow reminds me of Kant."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the detectives.

"What's stirring in your mighty brains now?" inquired the Chief.

"Kant hasn't been seen since yesterday," said Wonk, in an awed voice.

"Well, what of that?" inquired the Chief. "I haven't seen Father Christmas since I was a kid, and there's lots of people—mostly Police—that I haven't seen since yesterday."

"Yessir, but we've been keeping this chap Kant under surveillance," explained Wonk.

"Damn good word, I must make a note of it," said the Chief. "And why," he inquired, "have you been keeping this Brummagem sleuth under—er—surveillance?"

"Er—pardon, sir," said Wonk, nervously, "but the reason is confidential."

"Confidential be damned!" roared Peale. "Out with it, man."

Wonk moved round the table and leaned over the Chief.
"Fact is, sir," he whispered, reluctantly, "we suspect that Kant is the—oh, my God, look!"

The eye-ball on the blotter was glowing with a horrid life. In the circle of the pupil was an image—an image tiny, yet uncannily distinct—the image of a head—the head of a thin man with green eyes!

"The Mucker!" burst from Dagg.

A low chuckle sounded in the room. The three men looked up. The electric light went out and the room was plunged into darkness.

Through the darkness a pair of green eyes glared malevolence at them.

Crack!

"Flash 'em," barked the Chief.

A beam of light darted from Dagg's torch. In the Chief's hand was a smoking automatic. On the floor, where a pool of blood was slowly forming, twitched the body of—

A cat!

"The pride of the Force," said the Chief, bitterly. "Juggle the switch, Dagg."

Moving to obey, Dagg collided with the table and dropped his torch. The beam shone on the blotter where the eye had lain. But now, in place of one eye, two eyes glittered up at him from their sockets in a decapitated human head!

It was the head of Kruschen Kant!

Dagg hurled himself in the direction of the switch. Someone was fumbling with it. The room was suddenly flooded with light.

In the doorway stood D.D.S. Urban Drift, with a sardonic expression on his face. The bewildered Dagg stared at him.

"Nice quiet place to commit suicide in, Dagg," sneered Drift. "What would the Chief think of it, I wonder, if he were here?"

"Why—why—," stammered Dagg, confused by the other's words, "the Chief is here."

He twisted about—and his hair crept at what he saw.

He saw—nothing!

Gone were High Chief Commissioner the Honourable Citron Peale and the First Assistant Chief Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent Orville Wonk! Gone was the eye! Gone was the body of the cat! Gone was the head from the blotter!

Dagg stood like a man turned to plasticine.

"Who's that?" snapped Drift, pointing to the window.

Peering through the glass was a human face. It was the face of a thin man with green eyes!

"The Mucker!" hoarsely cried Dagg, as his legs gave beneath him.

"Bogginson!" snarled Drift.

(To be continued.)

(Editorial Note.—Mr. Edgah Wallop suggests that we offer a prize of £100 for every successful guess at the identity of The Mucker. We hesitate to do so from a suspicion that Mr. Wallop's collection of characters with thin faces and green eyes is inexhaustible. We have a further suspicion that Mr. Wallop could not himself make a successful guess. Nevertheless, our confident expectation is that the next issue of "The Spike" will see the threads of the story combined in a fashion that will enable it to fit comfortably into the deepest recesses of our W.P.B.)
Disillusionment

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! Come!"

THOMSON—"The Four Seasons."

When (late one Summer's afternoon)
Retarded Spring had sprung,
I took my leave and went abroad
To view the setting sun.
Above the town, now growing quiet,
I strolled among the hills.
I felt not—lonely as a cloud,
Nor saw I—daffodils!
I heard no sap begin to stir,
Nor skylarks' spirits blithe.
No Spring threw out a snowdrop,
And I saw no pathways writhe.
The wind, our blushing, backward swain,
And poets' special bliss,
Refrained from dying in a gorge,
I rushed not for its kiss!
No cloud above looked like a lamb
Nor minded me of surf.
And Thomas Gray's forefathers rude
Seemed not to heave the turf!
The ground was cold and slippery
Pied o'er with daisies dead.
The grass had long since gone to seed,
The sky was stained brick-red!
The brook refused to chat with me—
No trout were in its train.
It went not on forever—no!
It flowed into a drain!
Disillusioned past all word
And, turning footsteps home,
I caught my foot in fernery
And mingled with the loam!
Disdaining all the mire—peeping
Coy through new-born hole,
I raised the displaced turfing up
(But not to soothe its soul!)
I threw it far—against a house
Wherein there chanced to sleep
A host of farmyard denizens,
Who roused from slumber deep!
And the night was filled with music
Oh, the cares that haunt my day!
I did not wait to fold a tent,
I merely stole away!

—I.M.L.
Educating Our Judges

To any civilised being there is scarcely anything more alarming than a few visits to the stuffy dignity of our Supreme Courts when penalties for crime are being inflicted. On the bench sits a man who may be the soul of courtesy to the dullest of counsel in the most obvious of cases (I once saw the late Sir William Sim allow a ponderous fellow to read a statement of claim for half-an-hour), but whose common humanity deserts him when it comes to dealing with a fellow creature in the dock. Judges, of course, are in their place to put into operation the law and to state the penalties for failure to observe that law. And no matter what our philosophical convictions on the subject of property laws, we all feel natural resentment against a burglar. But one does not feel also that these penalties might be inflicted without insult being added to incarceration.

I should have a great deal more confidence in our bench if I did not know it so well. There are one or two judges who show not the slightest understanding of the nature of a sexual offence; there is at least one judge who does not know the difference between reformative detention and imprisonment with hard labour, or did not until recently; there is another who does not desire to know anything about a prisoner’s mental state—he is “weak,” or easily led,” or else he is “dangerous,” and it is “plain duty to punish him”. In either event, gaol is the way out. There is one judge who hates motor-cyclists so heartily that he recently gave a young man who stole to purchase a cycle (and for whom even the Crown Prosecutor pleaded) the same sentence as that which was inflicted upon a youth who had committed a long series of carefully planned burglaries. And not long ago one of the most distinguished of our judges, in a murder case where an old man was plainly insane, directed the jury to find the man guilty of murder unless they were satisfied that he did not know the difference between the child he murdered and a log of wood. One wonders how it would be possible to conduct mental hospitals if no inmate could tell the difference between another inmate and a log of wood.

This fatal prejudice and ignorance upon our bench is the worst feature of the system of justice. More intelligent sentences than are passed in our Courts every week could be devised by a committee of three men in the public gallery. The thing arises from the fact that barristers, for all their work, are seldom men of the world. Leaders of the profession—the men who find their way upon the bench—are more usually men versed in legal argument than in criminal pleading, and they are forced to spend so much time at legal problems that their experience of living is limited. Naturally, their ability removes them from poverty and realisation of the precariousness of the footing of many of our people, and, equally naturally, their sympathies are restricted. In their eyes, the higher a man in the world, the more inexcusable his offence. They have no realisation that the early circumstances which mould a man’s character may be just as unfortunate in a good family as in the worst slum. They have scarcely any appreciation of mental conflict,
and thus we had one of our best-known judges in recent years describing the thefts of an hysterical and unfortunate woman as "original sin." A prey to the intolerance of ill-health, as was the late Chief Justice for some months before he went into hospital, the natural reaction to hardening arteries, and the conscious dignity of their positions, they are human—all too human. And they are squeezing human feeling out of Courts, subject to the most extraordinary vacillations. The remedy appears to be education for our judges. A course of experimental work in psychology, and some experience of psychiatry would be invaluable to them. Some action must be taken if our system is ever to be altered for the better; and this way, only, can the judge learn to discriminate between the man to be punished and the patient.—C.Q.P.

The Miser

When the fragrant earth receives me
And wraps me round in sleep,
Let no stone be raised above me:
    I would keep
All that God may give of sunlight
For mine own;
I would have no darkening shadow
On me thrown.

Let the grass grow green above me,
And let no stranger know
That one by Loveliness befriended
Lies below.
Let me hear the feet of children
    Overhead:
    Hear their laughter—tell them nothing
Of the dead.

Dearly have I worshipped Beauty,
And I shall worship still,
Though I rest in shaded valley
    On the hill;
May her face be turned towards me,
    And her eyes
Speak of joy that never passes,
    Never dies.

—B.
THE SPIKE

A Syllogistic Soliloquy

THE other night, while wandering absently hither and thither, I wandered into a foreign lecture room. My first instinct was to wander out again, but deciding to be broad-minded, I found an unoccupied nook, and with the hope that I might possibly extract Some Facts That Might Prove Useful In After Life, plunged into the study of the most amazing Science.

The first all-British statement that I managed to disengage seemed to me to be an excellent joke; but as my companions treated it with the utmost deference, I changed my mind about roaring with laughter and made a note of it. "For everything that is, there is sufficient reason why it is so rather than otherwise." I chuckle when I think of it. None of the students realised that the Professor was yielding to his flair for leg-pulling. He and I exchanged a sympathetic smile.

At first, owing to the frequent repetition of the world "relation," I was of the opinion that I had become enmeshed in a lecture on Current Events, and waited for the inevitable reference to that extraordinary process known as the "cementing of friendship." But here the lecture skidded a trifle, and we dealt extensively with a young lady named Barbara—evidently one of the relatives. She seemed to be popular with the younger set. If things evinced the slightest tendency to drag, one of the youths had only to mention her name and matters would assume new life. A rather interesting disclosure was made in this respect. "Assymetrical and non-symmetrical relations are related to symmetrical relations as intransitive relations are related to transitive relations." I may be a Zoilus—but I do not think the word "Relatives" might be substituted for "relations." By some cruel stroke of Fate I had spent the whole of my life in ignorance of this important sidelight on kinship, and felt half-ashamed of exposing myself to ridicule by noting it in my book. Everyone else looked as though he had known about it from infancy and had gone on knowing it harder and harder ever since.

Three minutes later the versatile Professor had a spelling bee going in full swing. It brought back those good old Play-lunch Days.

"S-I-P-!!" shouted someone.

"S-A-P-!! chorused three or four in the front row.

"S-O-P-!!"

"S-E-P-!!"

Having received an exceptionally good grounding in spelling during recent years at V.U.C., I raised my voice and tendered a husky "S-U-P-!!"

Immediately the letters left my mouth, I realised that I had been guilty of some serious breach of etiquette. With the class my little effort went down well as being quite a Good Joke. The Professor, however, seemed to be on the brink of tears. He looked at me in much the same way as Queen Elizabeth must have looked when she said: "God may forgive you, but I never will." Rallying nobly, he took off his glasses, wiped them, made
two attempts to put them on again by taking his ears unawares, and then
a more subdued man, resumed without them.

Although for the most part so far as I was concerned, the discourse
might just as well have been carried on in Chinese, I must admit that in
some respects it was correspondingly unaffected at times. The answers to
two staggering questions were, respectively, “No cows are horses,” and
“No birds are non-flyers.” In addition, I heard one or two facts that will
prove useful to me throughout life. A dilemma as I had previously known
it was an awkward predicament. Imagine my surprise when I learned that
on the contrary, a dilemma was “a syllogism with a compound hypothetical
major premise and a disjunctive minor.”

There could be no more fitting ending for this than another quotation
from my notes.

“Have you a strawberry mark on your left shoulder?”
“No.”
“Then you must be my long lost brother!”

—“X.Y.Z.”

An Evangelist

[Thoughts inspired on seeing the cloak-room door
after hearing Joey Mountjoy advocating Gowns for
students.]

Men’s Robing Room!
Artistic hand which wrote that there,
Did’st have sense of impending doom
Or just a touch of humour rare?

O! Champion of Debate,
O! Academic figure
Why dost thou wish to scal our fate
And robe us all with monkish vigour?

For this you keenly strive
Is it to build tradition?
Or dost think we’d better thrive
As Oxford’s young edition?

—Anon.
The Old Hall Clock

With its hands so weary and worn, with its works as heavy as lead
It hung in the Hall against the wall, and this is what it said:
"Tick—tick—tick—sometimes varied with—tock—
All day long I sing a song—I sing the song of the clock!

Work—work—work—till my wheels begin to swim.
Work—work—work—till my beat is painful and dim.
Half-past six—then seven. Half-past seven—then eight,
Day after day I plod my way with never a second to wait.

Oh, Students with clocks of your own—and knowing not what it feels,
It's not just "Time" you're wearing away—but little watches' wheels.
Work—work—work—midst gossip and laughter, I tock—
And still in a drone of dolorous tone—I sing the song of the clock.

At night they meet at the staircase and there by the letter-rack,
Gathering round in eager groups as close as they can pack.
They touch upon the weather, then they deal perhaps with the "'Strav."
They talk of "profs." till my mainspring coughs—Oh what a time I have!

Work—work—work—in the dull and wintry light,
And work—work—work—when the weather's warm and bright.
And always there to the open space the students steadfast cling,
A stalwart youth—on either side a shrinking, coy, young thing.

Oh, but for one short hour! A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure—just THEIR Loves, THEIR Hopes, that are my grief.
If they'd meet elsewhere—if only they'd not meet at all!
If only they'd leave me alone to rest, here on the wall in the Hall.

But no, I must keep on going—I'm wound and wound again.
(Tho' their faces change with the ages, their habits remain the same).
To drop a few tears would ease my cogs, but tearless stay I must
If my face were blotched with tears in time my works inside would rust.

During Easter the clock broke down and was quietly moved away.
And now there hangs another clock there to tick away the day.
It does not chime as the old one did—its face is not so plain,
But it has the yeast-vite feeling and is very glad it came.

"Ha—Ha—Ha"—the new one sings on the wall.
"Ha—Ha—Ha"—what fun it is here in the Hall!
The pink and fawn garbed student choking over his tea—
To keep one eye on the face of his love—while the other one's glued on me!

Oh, how I laugh when it's ten past the hour and only the die-hards remain,
Wondering when Mr. Brooks will appear—onlookers see most of the game!

With punctual hands, contented, with its face all bright and clean,
It hangs in the Hall, against the wall, a model of health serene.
At present its heart is light, its springs work well for they're new.
But those who saw the other clock know—what society life will do!

—I.M.L.
WINNERS OF WELLINGTON SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP, 1928.

Second Row: E. A. Brown, T. Bishop, C. J. O'Regan, W. R. Hart, F. W. Grant, N. G. Whiteman (Hon. Sec.).
Sitting: F. W. Ramson, J. D. Mackay, Professor R. E. Murphy (President), R. H. C. Mackenzie (Captain), P. Martin-Smith (Coach), H. W. Cormack, J. M. Blakeway.
Front: E. T. Leys, A. Irwin.

W. H. Vinson, Wellington.
Boys Who Have Become Famous

2.—MR. VRYN EVANS, M.A.

THOMAS GRAY, in a poem which authority assures us is a Pindaric Ode, tells how a rare species of Bard sat on the summit of an inaccessible rock on “Snowden’s shaggy side” and uttered

“... sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay.”

Before terminating his career by means of a spectacular dive such as could be taken only from a Welsh mountain height, the venerable old gentleman predicted dire misfortune for this Edward person and his race, who would in due course be supplanted by royalty of Welsh extraction. The prophetic spotlight unhappily did not penetrate the mists of futurity in this impressive ode the good old Cymric name, as familiar as it is dear to as far as our own time, else we should have been overjoyed to encounter us of Victoria University College, of Vryn Evans. No wonder that Gray’s ode has an air of incompleteness about it. Nevertheless, we deem it no inconsiderable tribute to the name and fame of our hero that the completed prophecy must of necessity have made considerable mention of him.

We are so unfortunate as to be entirely unacquainted with the Welsh tongue, but we have no hesitation in asserting that the word “Vryn” cannot bear any other meaning than “great.” Great Evans! What else could the word signify unless (if we are to defer to philologists of almost equal authority) it be held to mean “good.” Good Evans!—a pleasing and appropriate interpretation, no doubt, but barely acceptable in these times, when people desire to be great rather than good. Our preference receives illustration from an apocryphal incident in the early career of our hero, feelingly recounted by Mr. Culford Bell, an instructor in the Art of Elocution. It appears that our hero approached this gentleman for the purpose of securing the final touches which, to his diffident soul, his command of histrionics seemed to require. No sooner, however, had this favoured preceptor heard Mr. Evans enunciate the classic line—

“Uh hawss, uh hawss, muh kingdum faw uh hawss!”—

than he was overcome by a feeling of profound abasement and, casting himself down before his intended pupil, he murmured in broken tones: “Master!”

... Aye, master! Such is the genius which Mr. Evans infuses into his art, that the significance of his lightest word is immeasurably richer than that which any dictionary might assign to it. The lurid effects which simple-minded persons attempt by means of profanity, Mr. Evans, through the perfection of his art, obtains by means of words that the most delicate-minded curate would not hesitate to use at a meeting of the Maiden Aunts’ Morality Guild. Indeed, it is related that a whole chorus has been known to react so violently to the sound of his mere whistle as to require repow-dering.

For a time it was thought that Mr. Evans, responding to some Byronic chord within him, would take a part in the regeneration of Italy. His famous Plunket Medal speeches on the Italian heroes, Garibaldi, Vermicilli, and Pixie Uno, no doubt gave rise to the expectation. The heart of our hero was not to be weaned, however, from the love of the land whose moun-
tains reminded him of the home of his fathers, and in due course he occupied himself with the invigoration of the amateur stage in New Zealand. Mr. Evans's characteristic modesty would lead him to deny that the current amateur enthusiasm for the Thespian art was largely due to his inspiring example of the degree to which this art could be developed by part-time study. For, let it be noted, our hero did not not allow his dilletante efforts to distract him from his fixed determination to lay bare the fundamentals of our social arrangements. At the conclusion, however, of the day's work proper, Economics being laid aside, he

"Roused the house to laughter, or brought forth the silent tear,

And made enthusiastic gods vociferously cheer."

Yes, "those were the days, the palmy days, of histrionic art." Never had such acting been seen in New Zealand before. Who can forget the thrill that passed through one as the lithe figure of our Roscius darted from the wings? "Marry mhu! Marry muh, or he muh wife!" he would cry. And the silly heroine's answer, "Nevah, villain, nevah!—not though yah gave muh uh sealskin Chrysler," would leave one uncertain whether to laugh or to cry, so balanced was the appeal of the player and the play. In Mr. Evans's hands—mouth, perhaps we should write—villainy became a thing of sweetness and of light.

It is not in the nature of him who can soar to stand still. As did Hugh J. Ward, Allan Wilkie, Oscar Asche, and famous others before him, our hero determined to proceed from acting to producing. After the intimate acquaintance he had gained with the meaning of such complicated technical expressions as "upstage," "downstage," "footlights," "Spotlights," "electric lights," "nose paint," "barn storming," "cues," and many others most bewildering to the uninitiate, it would have been a pity had he not presented the world with the fruits of his experience. And to the struggling Extravaganza tradition of Victoria University College it would have spelled calamity. In his heart of hearts, although wild horses could not have dragged the admission from him, Mr. Evans knew that a V.U.C. Extravaganza could not be other than a "dud show." A shining example of what is known as the College Spirit, Mr. Evans has valiantly co-operated in concealing this characteristic of the show from the public; through his untiring zeal and superhuman skill, the Extravaganza has time and again been saved from itself. In the art of transmitting the dross of commonplace into the pure gold of a paying proposition, our hero has had no equal at V.U.C. Load the gun with shavings and sawdust, an you will; he will make it pop like a Big Bertha. Learn your parts overnight, and lo! before the finger-prints are dry on your script, you are on the boards, with a simple-minded public swallowing a dress-rehearsal in the belief that it is the finished thing. Could any but Mr. Evans do this? In the words of the famous ditty—could Lloyd George do it?

In a corner of the College grounds—here in our common clay—a little shrub struggles up to meet the light. In appearance it is extremely classical. Some say it is laurel; other say it is bay. The science students pour all sorts of decoctions about its roots in an endeavour to accelerate its growth. In the fulness of time it will produce leaves sufficient for the purpose of decking somebody's cranium. Whose? Oh, Mighty Mummer! Oh, Peerless Producer! Dare we say?
THE SPIKE

The Extravaganza

The profits of the 1929 Extravaganza are in the neighbourhood of £400. This is very gratifying indeed, if one is interested in that sort of thing. A fat profit is not to be sniffed at, of course, but this year the aim which the Executive of the Students’ Association set itself was a much more admirable one, namely, the revival of the Extravaganza as a Capping reva. In the opinion of the writer, the decline of the Extravaganza during the past few years commenced with the notion that this function could possess a vitality apart from Capping. If the College is ever again tempted to depart from tradition in this respect, the experience of the past few years should bring it up with a round turn. Capping-time is the appropriate to the Extravaganza was several reasons. The College year is too short to allow of serious interruption outside of the season set aside expressly for the purpose of blowing off steam. Next, a College show separated from Capping cannot normally have much of an excuse apart from money-making, and cannot recommend itself to the public as well as a College show with a Carnival setting. Again, the enthusiasm for student revels attains its peak during the flutter at the end of the first term: a long Lent is to follow the Carnival. Last, but not least, and a consideration not to be overlooked, the Staff can be depended upon not to feel too unkindly towards ebullitions which expend their force before the work of the year commences in deadly earnest.

In its inspired wisdom, the Students’ Association went further than a mere revival of the Extravaganza—they restored to it its traditional character, which is burlesque, and they made a distinct break with recent tendencies by presenting this burlesque in the large Town Hall, with (here is a remarkable thing) no scenery whatever. Black silk hangings, some absurd notices, a few properties, and meagre lighting effects certainly throw a show upon its merits, but at the same time they open up possibilities which future Extravaganza writers might find it interesting to explore. From past experience in connection with the hiring of the Opera House, it appears likely that the Town Hall will house the annual Extravaganza for some years to come. There is no need to be appalled at this prospect. There is need, however, for performers to remember that the acoustics of the Town Hall are not all they should be. The two-bob seats have as much right to hear what is being said on the stage as the fortunate holders of front-row seats.

“G.G.” (as this year’s show was entitled) made no pretension to the customary central idea—although, when one thinks about the matter, one notices that a certain amount of emphasis upon the theme of modern advertisement and the uses to which this is put—but the absence was not noticeable, for the character of Gaudeamus Groatz (not Gordon Coates, surely?) supplied a thread upon which the action was strung throughout the three acts (“escapaded,” the programme termed them). Act 1 saw Groatz banished from Cockieland. Act 2 saw him escape from a “bottleship” after being court-martialled for “being too beautiful to live.” Act 3 saw him
THE SPIKE

reach the island of Sambo, where he fell into the hands of cannibals, then into the arms (very nearly) of the ladies of the United Party, and finally into the ob of Administrator. It seemed to the writer that Acts 2 and 3 displayed more spontaneity in dialogue and action than Act 1. We could have wished the Conspirators’ scene in Act 1 shortened a bit, despite the superb acting of Mr. W. J. Mountjoy and the excellent chorus singing of the Plotters. On the other hand, Act 3 could, with advantage, have terminated with the cry of the three women, “No, the United Party!” The libretto was, we understand, hastily constructed, and the authors, Mr. P. Hohepa Emihi (why this anonymity?) and Mr. D. J. Donald, really did very well.

So did the performers—very well indeed. Some of them might have done better—a remark which can be made of anything at all. Beyond this criticism (if it can be termed criticism) we have no business to go. Our College performers are not professionals, nor are they in training to become professionals. Besides, it must be remembered that Victoria University College has for some years been without an Extravaganza whereby stage experience might have been gained. Some of the performers in “G.G.” deserve, however, special mention. As Gaudeamus Groatz, Mr. A. D. Priestley gave an excellent rendering of the part of a male “beauty actor.” His appearance in each act was the signal for a delighted stir among the members of the audience. After seeing and hearing Mr. W. J. Mountjoy gloat, we wouldn’t meet this gentleman in a dark street at midnight for quids. His acting was, among the men, easily the most finished. Mr. H. J. Bishop and Mr. M. C. Read made the best cannibals the writer has had the good fortune to meet outside of the movies. The former has the makings of a very good dramatic actor, and the latter of a very droll comedian. Mr. Fear possesses some talent for comedy, but, as Bosun Bung, was obviously hampered by the difficulties of the nautical jargon allotted to him. Mr. Hastings had little to do, but impressed us by the manner in which he did it. We did not fail to notice that the performers appeared to know their parts quite well.

But we were impressed most of all by the performance of the women participants, not only their acting, but in their dancing. For some obscure reason, only three speaking parts were provided for women students, but these were magnificently filled. Misses Edna Purdie and Sinclair Breen proved themselves finished artists. In addition to taking part in the dialogue, Miss Purdie sang sweetly, and Miss Breen danced ravishingly. The ballads, thanks to the skill of Miss Dorothy Buck, who arranged the dances and trained the dancers, were prettier than we have seen in Extravaganzas for many a long day. The Sailors’ Hornpipe was in particular excellently done.

You must forgive us, Spike, if we make no mention of the names of quite a number of people who were deserving of praise. This is hardly intended to be a complete report. It would be a pity, nevertheless, to omit special reference to the work of Miss Rona Munro, who, we understand, had not previously appeared in a stage production. To use a slang expression, this lady was “out on her own,” and should not be lost sight
of in any future casting. It might be as well to provide in future Extravaganzas for more women parts than "G.G." permitted.

The crowning good fortune of "G.G." lay in the circumstances that the Students' Association were able to secure the very valuable services of Miss Marie Richmond, Miss Mary Cooley, Mr. Vryn Evans and Mr. W. H. Stainton in the work of production. What these people do not know about the College Extravaganza is not worth knowing. Miss Richmond saw that the performers were properly and adequately clad, and Mr. Stainton caused the three nights of the show to be filled with music, the best of which was of his own composition. Our knowledge of Mr. Evans and Miss Cooley secures us in saying that they made the show possible. Rumour hath it that a certain Mr. Styche, who refused to allow his name to be printed on the programme as "the man who gets things gone," also did service worthy of record.

Our bedside book for this night will be a copy of the excellent songs written by Mr. D. J. Donald. Some day we shall bind it together with our copy of Gilbert and Sullivan.

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Editorial Note.

One of the authors of "G.G.," having been permitted to peruse the foregoing, begged leave to comment thus by: The fellow who wrote this thing is more intent upon re-establishing the Extravaganza in its traditional character as a part of Capping than in criticising "G.G."—quite a proper attitude and, may I be permitted to hint, a very safe one, for critics of College productions go in danger of the judgment. I see no reason for disagreement with his remarks, but I heartily disagree with his omissions. Did he really attend complete performance? If so, why did he not mention the Plunket Babies and the Sea Anemones and the Sailors' Hornpipe and the Men of the Meow and—oh, Great Unimpressionable!—the Hula Hula Hussies? Surely he did not miss the tender kiss that Mr. W. P. Rollings imprinted upon the parietal of the fair Semolina—or the magnificent spectacle of Mr. A. E. Hurley in naval uniform—or the wonderful suggestion of Wooden Nutmegs in Mr. G. R. Powles—or the preposterous efficiency of the Gun? I am afraid that he did miss these things as well as much more that a Great Critic might have praised. There are also a cauldron and a skull. The latter (I am convinced) once belong to a—but never mind; I will content myself with a civil leer in the direction of our anonymous friend and leave him where he leaves us—guessing.
Playing For Outside Teams

In the last issue of *Spike*, an article, headed "A 'Varsity 'Sportsman' who Plays for an Outside Team," was printed over an anonymous signature. Several of the statements, and in fact the whole general tone of the article, do not betray the sportsmanship which the anonymous writer extols.

As an undergraduate who has represented V.U.C. in two sports, and who has mixed freely with others who are well known in the athletic world, I ask the right of reply to the anonymous writer.

It should be the ambition of every student of V.U.C. to represent his college in some line. When a fresher joins the ranks of the undergraduates he should make this his goal at once.

This is the way in which I think every 'Varsity student should regard this question. So far, "Anonymous" and I are in accord.

Where we differ is in the way the former decrys certain individuals who play for outside clubs. He mentions the case of a man who plays for Institute. He has not bothered to approach this man to find his reasons for playing for an outside club. Probably, he realises in his heart that it is really none of his business after all. Instead, he talks a lot of drivel about a mythological enquiry board. Apart from the fact that the player in question chooses to play for another club from reasons best known to himself, the impression conveyed by the article is that, had the gentleman in question not gained his New Zealand cricket cap, my "anonymous" friend would not have bothered about him. Another gentleman, whom I know personally, plays for one club in one sport and represents 'Varsity in another. He joined the outside club before he came to V.U.C. and made friends there. Afterwards, when he became eligible to play for a 'Varsity team instead of his old club, he refused, as he did not want to keep someone out of the senior team who had worked his way from Junior D upwards. Surely, the anonymous writer of the article will admit that this object was a worthy one. Then, when it came to taking on a winter game, this man gladly joined up with 'Varsity.

Consider the following example:—A man who has gained New Zealand honours in a particular branch of sport (and who incidentally plays for 'Varsity in another) was asked why he did not play for 'Varsity. He pointed out that he had joined his club before he went to 'Varsity, and had worked his way to captain of its senior team. If, after going to 'Varsity, he turned his old club down and played for 'Varsity, he would either have to play in another position (and not as captain) in their seniors, or keep his old position in the junior team. His refusal to play for 'Varsity is surely quite justified?

I would recommend the writer of the article to bear in mind the fact that there may be quite good reasons existing in each case, why a man should play for an outside club. Before rushing into print it is at least due to the
men in question that the writer enquire into the circumstances fully, in every case. Of course, I wish it to be clearly understood that I am holding no brief for a man who has no weighty reason for refusing to “do his bit” for the College he attends. My main point is that where a man has such a reason, and especially where he represents Varsity in another branch of sport, he should not be the subject of well-meant, but wretchedly written, diatribes from the hand of a person who refuses to disclose his identity.—H.J.B.

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**In The Cotswolds**

Yes, it is beautiful, this old, old land:
These houses root their being in the earth,
These walls, these stones, share in a larger birth
With strong-set trees and pointed blades that stand
About the slopes, the russet furrows; and
Join in the deep impulse that through the girth
Of hill and valley's limit, moulds ith worth—
So meet for love, to hold within the hand!

I tread these roads, and know once more the race
Of blood, and tissue's balance with the bones;
A wind strikes—and my opened eyes are blind
With a gazing on an unseen distant place;
My deaf ears hear Orongo-rongo's stones—
Broom bursts on wind-swept hills within my mind.

—J.C.B.

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**Melodies**

My brain is filled with melodies;
But I cannot take them
And make them heard.
They escape me:
Though I drape me
In shrouds of thought
They escape me—
Like a bird.

—B.
Dear Spike,—

I would like to draw the attention of the student body to the very bad system, or rather, lack of system, followed by the University of New Zealand in respect to examinations, generally and specifically, in the hope that the students, by continued agitation, may have these matters put right.

(I.) The time-tables for the examinations should be in the hands of all students at least 14 days before the commencement of the examinations. The University collects thousands of pounds annually in examination fees, and the students benefit only to the extent of receiving a time-table a day or two before the examinations actually commence, and I need hardly point out that nearly every year these time-tables are altered during the progress of the examinations. Most students received a notice from the University that entrance fees for the November examinations must be paid by July 10th, but this does not mean that the students will get an accurate time-table well before the examinations; it merely means that the University pockets the interest on the fees collected, and unless some reforms are instituted or a change made in the University office, the time-table will this year be as late as in the past.

(II.) The results of the examinations in many subjects are published before Christmas, and the notification of marks is usually given in January, but the Law students are kept waiting till the end of January before the results of Jurisprudence and Constitutional History are even published.

It is understood that this unnecessary delay is caused by the practice of sending the papers to Australia to be marked. The mere fact that the University of New Zealand will not allow the New Zealand professors to set and mark the papers, is a grave reflection on the professors, but it also reflects back to the authorities who appoint the professors, whom they thus acknowledge to be unequal to the task of examining their own classes. It is a farce to call a degree a degree of the New Zealand University when at least in some subjects the examiners are men of another country.

A certain professor stated after a trip to Australia, that the New Zealand professors were as good as the Australian. Taking this statement as correct, it is ridiculous to have equal, or perhaps inferior, men examining the students, and even if the examiners are superior to the New Zealand professors, it is time our professors were changed for ones who know their jobs. The results of this practice of getting Australia, or any other outsiders, are:

(1) Waste of time sending the papers away and the waste of time in sending them back.

(2) Unnecessary expense involved in postage and cabling the results and marks,—assuming that they are cabled as they should be, under present methods, to save some time.
(3) Considerable sums of money to pay the examiners leave this country every year and show no return.

(4) The examiner can only have a vague idea of what is required. For example, in the Constitutional History paper for the LL.B. examination in 1928, the Australian examiner omitted to ask any question which had even a remote bearing on the subject of the British Empire overseas, although the University calendar distinctly sets it down for inclusion in that paper.

(5) It is no satisfaction to be examined by a person who is not a New Zealander and who has no connection with the New Zealand University.

(III.) The marks are not sent out to the students till after the executive meeting of the Council in April; most received their notices in the beginning of May, that is eight weeks after this College has started on another year.

This is the present position. A mere matter of form keeps the students waiting two months after the University year has begun, and the absurdly long time of six months after the examinations, for their results, and yet the University demand that the fees for examinations be paid four months before examination and 10 months before the results reach the students.

It is apparent that the largely useless and not very ornate figure-head, called the University Council, does not worry itself about such a trivial fact that students are expected to decide upon their course of study for the year two months before they know definitely whether they passed or failed in the examinations of the previous year.

It is not difficult to find remedies. I suggest these following, which occurred to a person of such mean intellectual powers as myself:

(1) Specify a time before which the marks must be released, such time to be at least fourteen days before the commencement of the University year.

(2) Delegate power to the Registrar to release the marks as soon as they are received from the examiner.

(3) If the power of the Council can not be so delegated, compel the Council to have special meetings to release such marks as soon as possible after they are received from the examiner, the time limit being as above.

It should be unnecessary to point out to the Council that without students there could be no University, but that the University could exist without the Council; therefore, the students are entitled to received consideration in matters so important to themselves.—I am, etc.,

"KOTARE."
An Appeal

(Published by Arrangement.)

Dear Fellow-Student (per Spike),—

Do not be in such a hurry to get off to your swat to-night. Stop and think with me for a while. Last night you met with a crowd of others in the common-room to discuss why so-and-so was off his game last Saturday. Why did you want to talk it over with the other fellows? You wished to make your mind clear on the point in question and to improve your knowledge of the game. Does it never occur to you that you are playing the game of life every day and every hour of the day, and that it would pay you to meet your fellows to discuss its problems? You play games and you do your level best to improve in them. Have you ever given a thought to the matter of how you are going to get the best out of your life in the same way that you get the best out of your sports?

Perhaps you do not play games. Then, remember that your life was intended not as a routine of "swat," but as an opportunity for you to take your place in society and so benefit your fellows. As a University student you are given more than average facilities to learn. But, surely, you are not given this added opportunity merely so that you can learn the Institutes of Justinian. It is rather to learn how to make the best of that life of yours. Book-study, you know, is only one of many means to that end. You profess to be a law student; then you should know the Institutes of Justinian. If you profess to be a Christian, surely an understanding of what Christianity is, what it is for, what good it is to you, and how you can use it to advantage in your work, your study, and your home and student life must be a question vitally interesting to you.

Again I appeal to you to stop and think. Question yourself a little. Why do I call myself a Christian? Have I any right to do so? What do I mean when I say that I am a Christian? If you cannot answer yourself, then come along with your fellow students in the Students' Christian Union and let us talk it over together. We, too, are in the dark on many points, and we would like to know what you think. Perhaps, too, we may, by friendly discussion, help you to solve some of your own little problems.

Think of the time that you waste every day. You must be able to spare one hour out of the one hundred and sixty-eight that go to make up a week. Come along to one of the Christian Union's weekly circles. You will find that the time spent will repay you two or three times over. Every one, you know, has some principles that guide him in his every action in life. Come along and discuss them with young men and women of your own age and you will be taking a step towards one of the highest goals of man expressed in the words of ancients as the command to "Know thyself."—I am, etc.,

FELLOW-STUDENT.

(Leave a note in the rack for the Secretary, or see one of the Committee for further particulars of the activities of the S.C. Union.)
Care Of Students

The Editor, "Spike."

Sir.—Thinking students of Victoria College as a result of the recent earthquake are wondering what steps the Council is taking in order to safeguard the many promising young lives entrusted to its care, from the danger resulting from further shocks. When it is considered that the whole future of our country is housed in a three and four-storeyed brick building without fire escapes, automatic lifts or even parachutes, it is seen that the Government is not cognizant of its responsibilities.

It has been suggested that poles, similar to those in use at local Fire Stations should be installed at intervals throughout the buildings. (It is doubtful whether the installation of one in the library would show sufficient return. Most of the habitues look as though they would really prefer to remain there and die rather than to stir from their seats for a moment). However, at the first warning of the approach of a 'quake all those who wish, may run to the nearest pole and slide to the ground floor where an escalator—somewhat swifter than that to which they have been accustomed, will deposit them safely on the tennis court or among the waving cabbage trees without. [Without what?—Editor.]

It is recognized that the pole is not proof against feminism. It is practically a certainty that some of the more emotional of the zoological women students will take their crayfish and wetas with them, and in their efforts to grip the pole with their teeth alone, will fall off somewhere on the journey. But misadventure is only to be expected. They would be V.U.C.’s contribution to the martyrdom of science.

Then there are the philosophers of floor “C” who, in their excitement, may attempt the journey headfirst. Certain rules prohibiting this will be included in the Pole Regulations. The most stringent of these will be the “One Way Traffic” rule. Some highly strung lady on successfully covering half the distance might suddenly become panicky and make frenzied efforts to climb to the top again. If she persisted, debates may take place halfway down the pole. All this would tend to delay matters and delay is what we are striving to avoid. We might even go to the extent of greasing the pole to hasten descent—but it is to be feared that most of the women students in their dislike for dripping and second-rate butter, would most probably go on the roof to hide from the OFFICIALS.

The pole system is only one of many that have been mooted. The engineering faculty is hoping to bring out a patent shute in the near future. Each student, on entering V.U.C. will be fitted out with an asbestos mat which he will be obliged to carry with him on all occasions. When the alarm sounds, instead of stampeding down the bannisters, rolling down the spiral or jumping out of windows, everyone will calmly unstrap his mat, place it on a nearby shute and slide to safety.

In the meanwhile, if anyone else is suddenly seized with a bright idea, will he please connect with official circles immediately. The matter is one
that requires instant attention. Already many prospective students for 1930 have decided with the V.U.C. structure in mind, to do what politicians have always begged them to do—to go on the land.

Since writing this, I find that it has been decided to order an airship similar to the Graf Zeppelin for the express convenience of V.U.C. students. When the next 'quake comes, the whole student body will muster on the roof and embark in "Victoria," until conditions regain normality. For further particulars, apply to the Registrar.

—XYZ.

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To Contributors

"Turf Notes" have been sent for a gallop.

*  *  *

"Marigolds" have been forwarded to the Biology Lab. for analysis.

*  *  *

"The Bishop and the Dancing Girl"—The point might not be noticed.

*  *  *

"Encouragement During an Earthquake" has suffered serious damage. However, we have rescued two stanzas from the debris:

"Never think to turn and flee,
Flee across the classroom floor,
The College is built solidly
And shall stand for evermore—evermore!

"Till the day that the ringing sea,
Singing 'cross the classroom floor,
Shall cause it engulfed to be,
Engulfed for evermore—evermore."

*  *  *

"The Mucker" has been mucked up and the remains are spattered over a few of the preceding pages.

*  *  *

A special coloured supplement has been issued with this number of "Spike." Unfortunately it has dropped out of several copies, including this one.
A Review

(Captain Hobson and the New Zealand Company: A Study in Colonial Administration.—J. C. Beaglehole (Smith College Studies in History).

Many valuable studies in New Zealand history have been written during the last ten or fifteen years. Each year some fifteen to twenty honours students in the four University Colleges attempt some original work, based upon contemporary records, official reports, Parliamentary papers and the newspapers of the day. Much of the work so done is, needless to say, immature, and, without considerable revision, not worth publication; but a great deal of it is valuable and should be put on record, for only by such means can the history of New Zealand be written. Unless, however, the student is so delighted with his own work and so financial that he can afford to publish it himself, it does not reach that considerable section of the public that is deeply interested in such matters. There is no fund out of which the costs of publication may be met; we have not even an official University Press. So, unless a typed copy be presented to the College Library, that work is lost so far as future students are concerned, and, from one point of view, might just as well not have been done. Fortunately, Mr. Beaglehole—or rather, Dr. Beaglehole as he is now—found in the Smith College Press, Massachusetts, U.S.A., a means of putting his work on record, and, by his critical examination of a great deal of available material, to throw some light on a much-disputed question, and one on which most previous writers have been strongly partisan. According to Rusden, the New Zealand Company in general and the Wakefield Brothers, in particular, were unmitigated rogues and land sharks, whose chief missions was to delude the simple Maori and to counteract the influence of the benevolent missionaries. According to Edward Jerningham Wakefield the missionary had “an eye to the main chance” and was ready, if it were to his advantage, to wink at some of the Company’s deals. Most historians have sided with either Hobson or the Company. Dr. Beaglehole does neither. He gives Hobson credit for sincerity, but shows that he took up his position with preconceived ideas as to the Company, ideas which were strengthened by the influences which surrounded him during his first year of office. One wonders what would have been the outcome if Hobson, instead of landing at Kororareka, and remaining in splendid isolation in 1840, had repaired at once to the shores of Port Nicholson, where the first settlers in the “Aurora” had arrived a week before the Government set foot in New Zealand, and where in the first two years there were to be found some thousands of settlers instead of the few hundreds who had been attracted to the north. He had no means of learning at first-hand the conditions or the settlers of Wellington. Captain Pearson, of the “Integrity,” a Sydney adventurer, who was arrested by the self-appointed magistrates of Wellington, but who escaped to carry his tale of republican tyranny to Kororareka, convinced Hobson that Wellington was a nest of disloyalists. In hot haste Colonial-Secretary Shortland, with all the small military force at Hobson’s disposal, was sent off to scotch this reasonable gang. The ensign which
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had been adopted by the "Federated Chiefs of New Zealand," was rudely torn down from the Company's flag pole and the Union Jack hoisted. Strange to say, the officials of the Company and the settlers welcomed this assertion of the Queen's authority—was it not what they had always begged for, and what the "Little England" ministering of the day, with the energetic Secretary of the Church Missionary Society wearing out the back stairs to the Colonial Office, had always refused?

Many picturesque incidents of the first two years of the Company's settlement at Wellington are told in this interesting work. It is a book that every New Zealander should read. It shows something to the credit of Lord Normanby, Colonial Secretary in 1838—that when Hobson desired that convict labour should be used in New Zealand, his demand was refused very emphatically.

Dr. Beaglehole's literary style is admirable—flippant perhaps, but infinitely more entertaining than most of the books on historical subjects; for example, Hobson was "accompanied by a band of officers selected by Sir George Gipps for the money their absence would save New South Wales, and distinguished by their collective and almost incredible incompetence"; of Lord Stanley, "though that admirable statesmen made admirable speeches and an admirable translation of the Iliad, his views on colonization were restricted, and his sympathy for colonizing companies negligible."

A good tale is always worth telling. This is a good tale, and it is well told.

—F.P.W.

Interior

These daffodils within a London room,
The golden trumpets of the listening Spring,
These sweet evangelists, this lovely ring
Islanded yellow in the sea of gloom.
Remind me of a day—how long ago?
It is an age!—that misty day we came
Up the lost track, into the wide bright frame
Of sky, and wind that hurried to and fro
The grasses. How it blew within our hearts!
The air sang with our happiness; we ran
Together, and all earth was in our span.
It is all gone; but in me something starts
And I remember on those ancient hills
The wild delight of shaken daffodils.

—J.C.B.
Personal

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. J. S. Brook, who, with her husband, who predeceased her, have been identified with the College since its erection in 1906. It was Mrs. Brook and Professor von Zedlitz who first saw the need for meals on the premises, and they started in a humble way in a small vacant room on the top floor. Since then the site of the tea-rooms has twice changed, until we have, as the result of Mrs. Brook’s untiring efforts, the refreshment room of to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Brook were Devon stock, and were wonderful representatives of their county. In the death of Mrs. Brook the students of Victoria College, past and present, lost a sincere and generous friend.

Apparently J. C. Beaglehole’s researches in the musty tomes of the British Museum and elsewhere have borne fruit. To-day he is Dr. Beaglehole, Ph.D., of the London University. With the help of a Post-Graduate Scholarship he has been working for the last two years at King’s College and the Institute of Historical Research, London, the subject of his investigations being the relations between Downing Street and the colonial Governors, based on the instructions issued to Governors in the period 1783 to 1854, and his work has been highly commended by competent authorities in England. Last year, Smith College, America, published an essay of Dr. Beaglehole’s entitled “Captain Hobson and the New Zealand Company: a Study in Colonial Administration,” written in the best ironical style. Dr. Beaglehole, who is still in London, has undertaken to write a volume on Pacific exploration in a new series to be published, and has other literary work in contemplation. We look forward to these feasts of reason and flows of soul.

At the beginning of the year, our President, Mr. E. F. Northcroft, deserted the blackberry pest in New Zealand for fresh scientific fields in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Mr. R. H. C. Mackenzie was elevated to the Presidency. The vacancy in the office of Vice-President was filled by Mr. G. B. Richardson. Mr. C. A. Steele succeeded Mr. Richardson as committeeman.

Another defaulter on the Executive was Mr. H. I. Forde, who resigned the secretaryship. His place was taken by Mr. W. E. Goodwin, and Mr. W. E. Wilson was appointed as committeeman.

Amidst tankards of tears from the Football and Social Service Club, and in fact every other club in need, Mr. A. W. Miller, Treasurer of the Executive, Secretary of the Social Service Club, and the best of good fellows, departed on transfer to Napier. His place on the Executive was taken by Mr. E. K. Eastwood.
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Mr. R. M. Dalby is the winner of the latest 1851 Scholarship.

A national research scholarship and a travelling scholarship in science were collected in one fell swoop by Mr. F. W. G. White.

Mr. Fraser Mackenzie has been awarded a travelling scholarship in French, and is leaving in August to challenge the Parisians on their own ground.

Another science scholar to achieve fame this year is Mr. R. J. Cunningham, who has left for England on exchange from the Dominion Laboratory after winning a scholarship. The science wing has been working hard this year.

Mr. R. M. Campbell, M.A., LL.B., who left here two years ago on a post-graduate scholarship, has been awarded a Doctorate by the London University for a thesis and criticism on Empire Preference. Dr. Campbell is to continue his studies in America. He has been awarded a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship, tenable for two years at an American University. He will leave England for America about September.

At the end of the year Professor J. Garrow, who had been professor of English and International Law since 1911, resigned from the chair on account of ill-health. Professor Garrow has played a big part in building up the Law Faculty of Victoria College, and, in spite of his "Crimes Act" (annotated, with brass fittings and bevelled edges), he is remembered well as a learned man, a great teacher and a good friend. We are glad to report that since his retirement Professor Garrow has enjoyed much better health. His place has now been filled by Mr. H. H. Cornish, M.A., LL.M., who has joined the staff as a lecturer.

Casualties

SLIGHT (Engagements).
Miss Emilie Macaulay to Mr. Howard Paul.
Miss Joan McRae to Mr. W. Read.
Miss E. Breen to Mr. A. W. Miller.
Miss Eileen Nicholls to Mr. G. R. Powles.
Miss Freda Line to Mr. H. I. Forde.

SEVERE (Marriages).
Miss Eva Tonks to Mr. C. H. Hain.
Miss Rule to Mr. G. N. T. Goldie.

STATISTICS.
Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Martin-Smith—a son.
Mr. and Mrs. E. McLeod—a son.
ROWING CLUB.

Capping

THE PROCESSION.

Allusions—topical, semi-topical and pointless, undergraduates showing Spartan fortitude to the elements, an effort to out-Sidey Sidey with the town clock, and the patronage of the College authorities were the features of the Capping profession this year. We give the prize to "Major Neargrave and his Golden Barrow" for the best caption to a "stunt" with "Scramble and Feed, Unlimited," next. There were a lot of also starteds, and not a few took short cuts in order to be in at the finish. The speech at the Post Office Square was a masterpiece—at least, we have the speaker’s word for that, because no one else heard it—but it was left to those two intrepid alpinists who gave a daring demonstration on the P.O. tower to give the folks of the city a treat. Altogether, the procession was one of the feeblest for many years, and it is a pity that a more auspicious start had not been made under professional patronage.

CAPPING CEREMONY.

Last year our under-graduates were not officially "capped," but the members of the Council and other prominent men decided that in view of the parlous state of the Government trading accounts, they would post the degrees to the recipients and so increase the P. and T. revenue. However, it is rumoured that an unofficial ceremony was held by the Students’ Association, and that our dignitaries were so pleased with the general tone of the proceedings that this year they forgot all about the postage revenue and revived an ancient custom to its full status. No half-measures in the Library for OUR professors, but with all the embellishments of academic distinction that made bold array before a large concourse. An old student, Mr. Justice Smith, helped to pass the time away with a few well-chosen remarks. As they came from the Bench, they were appreciated; from anyone else, they might have sounded dull and trite. Several others extolled everything there was to extol, and happily the hall was cleared away in good time for the annual ball, which was also a success, according to the "Post" and the "Dominion," and the balance sheet of the Students’ Association.

UNDERGRADS’ SUPPER.

Coinciding with the public re-appearance of the professors at the Capping ceremony was their muster at the ungrads’ supper. Professor Rankine Brown was in the chair. Mr. H. H. Cornish told the graduates what a fine lot they were, and they seemed pleased, and Professor Kirk endorsed these remarks with a twinkle in his eye. Mr. A. E. Hurley blushingly returned thanks. The thanks and gratitude of the students for many small mercies was expressed by Mr. R. H. C. Mackenzie in proposing the toast of the Professorial Board. The reply by the chairman told of some of the good things to come without being a policy speech. Mr. W. D. Goodwin, on behalf of the graduates, expressed their appreciation of the
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free feed, and Mr. W. P. Rollings, replied, "C'est rien." "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," so Mr. Mountjoy with the dearly-beloved-brethren touch, when toasting "Absent Friends." Misses M. Davies and E. Purdy, and Messrs. Rothwell and Goodwin gave appreciated items, and the students and their songs were sometimes in unison and frequently in tune.

SMOKE CONCERT.

The report of this function has been held over until the second edition, which will be sold to-morrow night in the men’s common room.

The Shining Cuckoo

There, where the willow bursts her early buds
And where the kowhai droops her clustered gold,
Where the magnolia lifts her curving limbs
The pipiwharauroa comes again;
Long and so sweet he calls till Spring’s first day
Dies in a windless dusk and songs are done.
Then the round moon swings high above the hills
And drowns the brightest stars. Oh, pale and cool
Sleeps the old town behind her shuttered doors;
Only the night-wind dancing on her way
Flits as a dream about the silent streets.

—M.L.

STOP PRESS—EXTRAORDINARY.

The women’s junior hockey team has won its first match for three years. We deny the rumour that the Free Kindergarten has a team.

Crown: There was never a “k” in “archives.” You are confusing the word with Noah’s boat.
The Fairy Ring

Dear Little Learners,—

Do you know, dears, there is a moral for everything. Think, little ones, of the unexpected exams. They mean that you all should work hard like your dear professors did when they were at university. When your dear professors were studying, they won all the prizes and also found time to join the Boy Scouts. And can't you guess? They learnt from Baden-Powell to be prepared. Now they want you to be prepared. Isn't that just charming of them? You say they looked so pretty in their gowns at the Capping Ceremony? Yes, dears, but you all must be very quiet or else they might not appear again. . . . Wouldn't that be just awful. And there would be no procession and no one to pass the time at the Post Office Square. However, dears, you could all go to the Ritz for coffee and cups—or should it be cups of coffee?

Darlings, you all must remember the nice man at the Winter Show buildings last year. Well little ducks you will soon be meeting him again. He simply loves little learners, and is so sure that you enjoyed yourself last, you are going to set your exams there again. Isn't that thrilling!! The sparrows—yes, they will be there again—chirping and everything.

Oh, darlings, now isn't it just delicious. The exam. fees are raised. You know the Winter Show buildings cost money, and so do COMPETENT supervisors. For myself, I am too happy to say any more.

Love from

PROFARIEL.

R.H.C.-k-z.—An irreverent noise or an irreverent silence!—we cannot say which is the more disdifying, dear one. Why don't you admonish them, darling? . . . No, I have never gone into the cemetery at night, but I am told that it is a perfectly lovely place to sit out a dance in.

Sinclair B.—But what an original entrance, darling! The soles of your feet looked quite wonderful. Yes, indeed, I do think it showed a total lack of artistic appreciation for "Dorrie" Leslie to swear so horribly over such a trifling thing as a few broken boards. Sit on him, dear one!

H.J.B-p.—It followed you around, didn't it, dear! You got rid of it as soon as you could, I suppose? Did the kind big men take you for a nice ta-ta? . . . I'm sure you will enjoy your nice holiday, but do not let them keep you away from your little mates for too long, precious.

H-gh-t.—Are you a boy or a girl, sweetie? No, really, you mustn't—no matter how much they laugh. Remember, they whom the gods love— . . . Look under the clock to-night, birdie, and perhaps you will find a nice little Boyproof all for your very own self.

R-a N-l-n.—Yes, really, I think the back seat of a Fordy-Wordy is the sweetest place in the world to listen to fairy stories. Did the light disturb you, darling? Big Boy will turn the car the other way round next time if you ask him prettily.

C-ce W-st-n.—Not really on the wharf, before all those people, darling? What a sterling little soul you are! . . . I think boxing people have such taking ways, don't you?

A.H. I-w-n.—Are you really and truly going to join the Red Army, pet? I am sure you will make most tremendous strides. Do let me have a photo. of you in your regimentals . . . but, then, you do not care to wear them outside, do you, darling?

Bill F-r.—It was so clever of you to think of putting your arm around her waist, darling, to keep her from being dazzled by the headlights. Aren't these motor cars a nuisance sometimes!
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M.O. Gth-e.—Naughty old things to get broken so easily as that! But, darling, you really ought to keep your toys off the road. Then nastly old motor cars wouldn't bump into them and run over them, and so on.

Bl-ck-r.—How I envy you, the lovely trips you had when you were in Auckland! Did they really cost a lot of money, dear? What a lot of little girls you must have met. Girls are not very good at walking, are they, dear one?

S. C-rm-k.—I'll tell you a secret, darling. I've a teeny weeny liking myself for playing on the roads. There is a perfectly lovely dirt-track in Glasgow Street. I think it would be ever so thrilling if all our roads were bumpy bumpy, don't you?

K.L.-l-r.—Did the boat really break under your weight, chickie? My, what a fine, big lump you must be growing! . . . Oh, yes, do tell me about the First Fifteen. Aren't sports nice! I love them, too.

D.L.-t-h.—So you are now singing alto in the choir. If you cannot reach the top note, little one, catch it coming down.

W.J. H-ll.—How wonderful it must be to be an author. How splendid of you to tell people how to make money. Do you make much yourself? Dearest, your idea is positively delicious. What does Professor Hunter say about it?

G.R. P-wl-s.—So you are a lieutenant in the army? Now is that wonderful, and you can tell ever so many people to march. I heard someone say, "Thank God we have a Navy," but it can't be true. I won't believe it, darling.

W.D. F-dw-n.—You know the story about the medical professor. Well, little one, "there is a divinity that shapes our ends."

P.S. M-rt-n-Sm-th.—But you mustn't be rude to footballers. Now promise me you will speak to them prettily.

Dear Profairiel,—

I had such lovely adventures last Christmas holidays. The jolly old Cricket Association chased me all the way up the Manawatu, but couldn't catch me. One night while I was sleeping in a place called "Soft Drinks," I felt a hand on my foot. Square dinkum, I thought the Association had got me. I lashed out with my foot and aw, crimes, what do you think? A jolly old cat went flying out of the jolly window.

Can I come into the Ring, please? With love from—

—"CROW."
CRICKET.

Senior Team.

Considering the calibre of the players at the disposal of the Club, the season cannot truly be called a very successful one. No club in the City had more promising material to choose from, and in view of that, the record of "Won 5, lost 5." does not read very convincingly. Nevertheless the team finished fourth in the Wellington Championship table, and had the distinction of beating the team which afterwards won the Championship.

Owing to the comparative failure of the more sparkling batsmen of the side, the burden of making runs fell largely on the more sedate members of the team. Mackenzie, the wicket-keeper captain, was in excellent form with the bat and with the gloves. He was remarkably consistent, scoring two centuries—158 and 128—and on two other occasions made the two fine scores of 94 and 87. Hollings, our all-rounder, finished up the season with a batting average of 29.09. He had hard luck in the manner of his dismissal on several occasions. Although he was not in so good form as two seasons ago when he was hailed as the most promising young batsman in the City, he was always a very valuable member of the side. His fielding was again a lesson in itself. We sincerely hope that the rumour, that he will not be playing for V.U.C. again next year, is unfounded. Vietmeyer batted remarkably well during the season. Originally placed in the team as bowler, he finished up third in the batting averages for the season. Theo. Nelson was very consistent, but for some reason, Tripe, Osborn, McLeod and Leys could not strike form, although "Tiny" scored a good 56 against Institute. These were the freest batsmen in the side, and their failure weakened the side as a match-winning combination. Bailey was always painstaking, and possessed a splendid defence, while Peter Caldwell was a real find, and should do extremely well in the Senior Grade next season. Jack Greig batted very well, saving both the Old Boys and the second Petone games. His transfer to Palmerston North has left the Club minus a fast bowler. We wish him luck in the future.

The Club lacked a good match-winning bowler. Eddie McLeod, with his sways, bowled excellently throughout the year, while Vietmeyer, Nelson, Greig, Hollings, Bagge and Tripe all took over ten wickets, and were dangerous at times. "Tiny" Leys did not have much success at the bowling crease either. Bagge, a new-comer with a delightfully easy action, was a decided gain for the Club, but although a steady bowling side, the team never possessed a real "shock attack."

The fielding of the side in general was good, and although catches were dropped the team compared more favourably in this department with any other team in the Competition. McLeod and Hollings were the best of a keen lot.

Notes on the Games.

After a bright opening performance against Kilbirnie, in which Mackenzie started off the season with a fine 128, and in which our bowlers did such damage that Kilbirnie were dismissed for 88, we made a dire collapse against Wellington, after having only 153 to get—Cousins was the destroying agent. Against Midland, however, the team shaped much better, Mackenzie notching his second century—158—and Hollings getting 94—he had hard luck in failing to reach the century.

Petone caught the team at sixes and sevens—a weakened side through vacation, and Hope and Rotherham, the Petone fast bowlers, played havoc amongst our men.

However, on meeting Old Boys, who later won the Championship, the team gave one of its best performances, winning outright. Although Old Boys were without Lamason and Lambert on the second day, they could hardly have won even with these men. We batted only ten men in our first innings. Johnnie Greig and Vietmeyer put on a great last-wicket stand.

53
THE SPIKE

The Hutt game ended in an even draw. After a poor bowling performance, the side managed to avert defeat by bowling soundly all the next day.

A very exciting finish in the Institute game saw us just beaten after a great last-wicket stand by Henderson and Rogers, and another close-fought game all through saw us win outright on time at Petone in a return match.

The last match of the season resulted in a poor performance by the team, Mackenzie redeeming the side by making 87 out of 165. Midland piled up a big score, and we had to resort to our wicket-keeper to bowl out one of their batsmen who was nearing the century (?).

AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Batting.

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Bowling.

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HIGHEST PARTNERSHIPS (50 and over).

143 by Hollings (94) and Mackenzie (158), v. Midland (first round), for 2nd wicket.
124 by Bailey (36) and Mackenzie (158), v. Midland (first round), for 1st wicket.
96 by Bailey (31) and Mackenzie (94), v. Hutt, for 1st wicket.
73 by Hollings (39) and Mackenzie (94), v. Hutt, for 2nd wicket.
73 by Greig (46) and Veitmeyer (55 not out), v. Old Boys, for 9th wicket.
72 by Leys (30) and Mackenzie (128), v. Kilbirnie, for 3rd wicket.
67 by Veitmeyer (32) and Nelson (26), v. Kilbirnie, for 8th wicket.
61 by Bailey (16) and Mackenzie (87), v. Midland (second round), for 7th wicket.
58 by Hollings (32) and Mackenzie (41), v. Petone (second round), for 2nd wicket.
51 by Nelson (24) and Osborn (22), v. Wellington, for 7th wicket.

WICKET-KEEPING.

R. H. C. Mackenzie stumped one and caught 17. Total, 18.
V.U.C. SENIOR TEAM, 1928-29.

v. Kilbirnie.—V.U.C., first innings, 338 (Mackenzie, 128; Leys, 30; Nelson, 26; Vietmeyer, 32; Greig, 26; Bagge, 18). Kilbirnie, first innings, 88 (Greig, 2 for 14; Bagge, 1 for 17; Nelson, 3 for 9; Hollings, 2 for 2; McLeod, 2 for 14), and second innings, 99 for 6 wickets (Nelson, 4 for 25; McLeod, 2 for 31). Won on the first innings.

v. Wellington.—Wellington, first innings, 152 (Greig, 4 for 28; Nelson, 4 for 42; Bagge, 1 for 25), and 185 for 6 wickets (Bagge, 2 for 24; Vietmeyer, 1 for 25; Osborn, 1 for 13). V.U.C., first innings, 108 (Bailey, 13; Mackenzie, 11; Nelson, 24; Osborn, 22; Greig, 17 not out). Won on the first innings.

v. Midland.—V.U.C., first innings, 402 for 8 wickets (Mackenzie, 158; Hollings, 94; Bailey, 36; Nelson, 37 not out; Greig, 10; McLeod, 10; Vietmeyer, 14 not out), and Midland, first innings, 221 (Greig, 1 for 40; Bagge, 2 for 38; McLeod, 3 for 38; Hollings, 3 for 21; Tripe, 1 for 10). Won on the first innings.

v. Petone.—V.U.C., first innings, 112 (Hollings, 21; Mackenzie, 22; Hall, 13), and second innings, 105 (Hollings, 38; Dormer, 12; Leys, 20; Vietmeyer, 10; Bagge, 10). Petone, first innings, 257 for 9 wickets (Vietmeyer, 3 for 38; Bagge, 3 for 82; Leys, 1 for 49; Osborn, 1 for 25; Greig, 1 for 14). Lost outright.

v. Old Boys.—Old Boys, first innings, 180 (Greig, 2 for 42; Bagge, 2 for 21; Hollings, 1 for 53; Tripe, 3 for 22; Bailey, 1 for 12; Leys, 1 for 11), and second innings, 95 (Vietmeyer, 4 for 31; Tripe, 3 for 8). V.U.C., first innings, 236 for 9 wickets (Mackenzie, 41; Leys, 19; Osborn, 39; Vietmeyer, 55 not out; Greig, 46), and second innings, 44 for 3 wickets (Hollings, 26; Vietmeyer, 7 not out; and Dormer, 4 not out). Won outright.

v. Hutt.—Hutt, first innings, 322 for 6 wickets (Greig, 2 for 32; Vietmeyer, 2 for 41; Hollings, 1 for 43). V.U.C., first innings, 249 for 7 wickets (Mackenzie, 94; Bailey, 31; Hollings, 39; McLeod, 39; Greig, 19; Nelson, 13). Drawn.

v. Institute.—V.U.C., first innings, 248 (Leys, 56; Hollings, 22; Nelson, 46; Osborn, 31; Vietmeyer, 37; Bagge, 14; Tripe, 28 not out), and Institute, first innings, 284 (Vietmeyer, 3 for 52; Greig, 2 for 33; Bagge, 1 for 56; Leys, 1 for 7; Hollings, 1 for 12). Lost on first innings.

v. Petone.—Petone, first innings, 149 (Greig, 3 for 33; Tripe, 2 for 43; McLeod, 3 for 21; Hollings, 1 for 9), and second innings, 135 for 7 wickets (declared) (Tripe, 4 for 44; McLeod, 3 for 25). V.U.C., first innings, 179 (Mackenzie 41; Hollings, 32; Caldwell, 27; Tripe, 13; Greig, 21; and Wilson 15 not out), and second innings, 106 for 5 wickets (Caldwell, 52; Hollings, 19; Vietmeyer, 20 not out). Won outright.

v. Midland.—V.U.C., 165 (Mackenzie, 87; Bailey, 16; McLeod, 20 not out; Vietmeyer, 10; Greig, 10). Midland, first innings, 304 (McLeod, 3 for 33; Wilson, 2 for 23; Bailey, 1 for 20; Mackenzie, 1 for 12; Leys, 1 for 15; Hollings, 1 for 56). Lost on first innings.

Junior B.

At the beginning of the season, H. J. Bishop was elected Captain and R. W. Osborn Vice-Captain. In spite of this brilliant conjunction, however, the fates were unkind to us, and for a long time it seemed as if we were going to finish the season without a win. The chance came at last, however, and while the Captain was away performing military duties at Trentham, the Vice-Captain succeeded in leading the team to victory against Old Boys—a three-point win which, with a little more luck, would have been a four-pointer. Fired by this, the eleven determined to win the next match, although they were handicapped by the presence of their captain (who had been sacked from the Army). In spite of his efforts, Varsity were in a strong position, with only 89 runs to get and 45 minutes in which to score them. This task proved too great, however, and we were beaten by six runs, the last wicket falling with a bare three minutes to go.

Apart from the meritorious draw against Hutt, in which we still hold that we would have won by for the fact that there was no play on the second day, the one win represents the sum total of our success. We finished up in the Championship table with 4 points—an easy last.

The only feature of which we can be proud is our fielding. On several occasions we were complimented, and on the second day of the match against Railways, on Anderson Park, and against Marist in the last match, the team fielded splendidly. Bishop and Osborn were the best in this department. The former took eleven catches, one of
THE SPIKE

which, against Hutt, was almost as spectacular as the one taken (under exceedingly trying conditions) at Wanganui by him on New Year's morning.

In batting, Campbell alone achieved the distinction of notching a century. His innings against Y.M.C.A. was an exceedingly fine one. Macfarlane played a fine 97 against Railways, when it was a question of scoring fast against time. Osborn played one good innings against Wellington, but failed to strike form apart from this. Bishop came to light twice when runs were wanted, and played a stubborn not-out innings, but on these occasions could get no one to stay with him.

While Campbell was with us, he was easily the steadiest bowler, and we missed him greatly when he was promoted. McKenzie and Smyth bowled well, but Sherwood failed to show his true form. He atoned for this, however, by a fine innings of 52 against Old Boys. Frost came out with the best average of the stock bowlers, and on several occasions bowled really well. Osborn bowled only in two matches, but obtained a sensational average.

The team was unfortunate in losing Moore and Macfarlane for the greater part of the season, in which they played with the Junior A team. Campbell, who went up half-way through the season, was badly missed, as he was easily the best all-rounder. Smyth also played several games Junior A. After the Christmas break, we were fortunate in obtaining the services of Martin, who promises to do really well, and C. G. Frazer, who played in the last two matches, in which, besides keeping wickets excellently, he played three innings of over 50. Martin batted and bowled very well, and was a great acquisition to the team.

The team had a most enjoyable season, although an unsuccessful one, and even if we did forget the main object on occasion, as at Porirua, we hope that we gave our opponents a game, and always took our licking in the proper way.

Junior A.


After winning the first five matches in succession, we seemed to have every chance of becoming the champion team, but in the later games, the batting fell short of requirements, and V.U.C. occupied a modest fourth place in the Championship. The season was a very enjoyable one, however, as most of the games were closely contested, and there were some exciting finishes.

The batting averages were headed by Dormer, who batted very consistently in the few games in which he played. Robinson early displayed his capabilities by scoring two centuries, and thoroughly earned his place in the Junior Representatives. Chadwick developed into a reliable, hard-hitting batsman, and made a succession of solid scores in the latter part of the season. Wilson and Macdonald also proved their worth as run-getters. The team was unfortunate in losing Hall early in the season. Williams proved very effective with the ball, especially at the beginning of the season. He scored the best average, with 28 wickets at a cost of 15.1 runs apiece. Macdonald, resourceful as ever, accounted for 34 batsmen during the season. Not the least of his achievements was the dismissal of a Hutt batsman with an under-arm delivery. Campbell and P. Caldwell, who took 21 wickets and 19 wickets respectively, also rendered good service. The team's fielding was better than that of the previous season, but was hardly up to standard except at Johnsonville, where the fielding was little short of brilliant and won the match.

The following are the averages:

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Bowling.

(Averages of those who took 10 or more wickets.)

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TOURNAMENT BOXING TEAM.
Sitting: G. B. Rickardson, G. J. Scotts, R. Bööen (trainers).
Crown Studio, Wellington.
v. Petone.—Won by 50 runs on first innings. Petone, 238 (Macdonald 6 for 75). V.U.C., 288 (Chadwick, 68; Hall, 67; Robinson, 39; Williams, 26).

v. Johnsonville.—Won by 25 runs. V.U.C., 115 (Robinson, 24), and 105 (Hall, 46). Johnsonville, 85 (Williams, 6 for 41; Chadwick, 3 for 6). A close game noteworthy for a fine bowling “double” by Williams, who was supported by splendid fielding.

v. Institute.—Won by 7 wickets. Institute, 73 (Williams, 6 for 32; Chadwick, 4 for 14), and 328 (Macdonald, 4 for 73; Dormer, 3 for 89). V.U.C., 333 (Robinson, 141; Dormer, 68; Macdonald, 42 not out; Arndt, 25; Hall, 21), and 73 for 3 wickets (Wilson, 23; Dormer, 22 not out). Institute recovered well after a sensational collapse in their first innings, and M. Bilby scored the only century recorded against us during the season. For V.U.C., Robinson showed that he is a first-class batsman, and in compiling his big score, hit one six and 20 fours. Robinson and Dormer scored 153 for the third wicket.

v. Karori.—Won by 4 wickets. Karori, 162 (P. Caldwell, 4 for 2), and 153 (P. Caldwell, 4 for 48). V.U.C., 172 (Wilson, 51; Moore, 29; Arndt, 33), and 145 for 6 wickets (Wilson, 67 not out; Macdonald, 5; McFarlane, 22). Wilson batted very well in this game in passing the 50 mark in each innings.

v. Hutt.—Won by 151 runs on first innings. V.U.C., 490 for 9 wickets (declared), (Robinson, 112; Macdonald, 96; McGavin, 26; Smyth, 24; Williams, 23 not out). Hutt, 339 (Macdonald, 5 for 95; P. Caldwell, 4 for 75). Robinson scored his second century of the season by sound batting, and hit 17 fours. Macdonald gave a remarkable display of hard hitting in making a score of 96, including seven sixes and 10 fours in 28 minutes.

v. Midland.—Lost by 4 wickets. V.U.C., 145 (Chadwick, 76 not out; McClure, 18), and 206 for 7 wickets (declared), (Wilson, 67; Arndt, 48; Chadwick, 31; G. Caldwell, 31 not out). Midland, 213 (Campbell, 4 for 64; McClure, 3 for 38; Macdonald, 3 for 43), and 144 for 6 wickets. In V.U.C.’s first innings, after 9 wickets had fallen for 54, McClure and Chadwick added 91 for the last wicket. McClure played a valuable innings for the side in keeping his end up while Chadwick, whose score included five sixes, rattled on the runs at a great rate.

v. Kilbirnie.—Lost by 58 runs on first innings. Kilbirnie, 242 (P. Caldwell, 4 for 75; Williams, 3 for 55), and 211 (Campbell, 4 for 34). V.U.C., 184 (Dormer, 34; P. Caldwell, 33; Chadwick, 24), and 155 for 4 wickets (Chadwick, 64 not out; Dormer, 44; Wilson, 26).

v. Old Boys.—Lost by 59 runs on first innings. Old Boys, 310 (Campbell, 7 for 81), and 185 (McClure, 3 for 21). V.U.C., 251 (Dormer, 87; Chadwick, 45; Paety, 35). Campbell bowled very ably in this match and Dormer was in his best form with the bat.

v. Wellington.—Lost by 5 wickets. V.U.C., 159 (Macdonald, 65; Osborn, 26), and 180 (Arndt, 44; Chadwick, 32; Robinson, 29). Wellington, 218 (Osborn, 3 for 21), and 124 for 5 wickets.

Junior D Cricket Team.

The fourth eleven of the Varsity Cricket Club spent a very enjoyable season. The personnel of the team changed considerably towards the end of the season, but at all times the members were enthusiastic.

The team was beaten in many of its games by the smallest of margins, and was unlucky to secure only eight championship points.

The batting department of the team discovered to the club a very promising player in McCarthy, who captained the St. Pat’s College First Eleven last year. This player had eight completed innings with the good average of 36 runs per innings. Bad wickets accounted for his downfall on each occasion, and next year should see him in the First or Second Eleven of the club.

Supporting batsmen were Nicol, Richmond, Stace, Struthers, Frazer and Carey. The bowling of the team was equally divided among Nichols, Stace, Struthers and Richmond, while Taylor also bowled.

The fielding of the team was of fair order all the season, and most players improved every match. Struthers and Schofield were two players who took three catches each in a single innings.

The team pulled together during the whole season, and the captain’s part was a wholly enjoyable one.
THE SPIKE

THE TOURNAMENT.


Boxing.—Heavy-weight, L. E. Sowry; Middle-weight, F. C. Moore; Welter-weight, M. E. Mahoney; Light-weight, H. Petrie; Feather-weight, D. G. Edwards; Bantam-weight, J. K. Logan.


Debating.—G. R. Powles and W. J. Mountjoy.


Delegates.—G. B. Richardson and G. J. Seates.

The Aucklanders arrived in Wellington on Thursday at mid-day and were entertained at tea at the Y.M.C.A. The majority of our team left by the Lyttelton ferry on the Thursday night, making, with the Auckland team, a party of over a hundred. The trip down, fortunately, was smooth, and our spirits still high when we were met next morning by our Canterbury hosts on the Christchurch station. After receiving the various packages and meeting our billets, we were conveyed to our various destinations. The remainder of the day was spent in preparation for the coming conflicts, or at the “rendezvous” where dancing, music, girls, suppers, books and many other delightful things were to be obtained all through the Tournament. The boxers, after the weighing-in ceremony, in preparation for which they had duly fasted since leaving Wellington, made tracks for the nearest victuals.

On Saturday morning, everyone was up bright and early to avoid the rush on the cars for Wilding Park, where the official welcome was being held. The Hon. G. J. Smith, Chairman of the Board of Governors of Canterbury College, and Dr. H. G. Denham welcomed the representatives in a few well-chosen words. The tennis preliminaries were then proceeded with, and at ten o'clock the boxing preliminaries were also commenced at the Municipal Concert Hall.

The afternoon was devoted to tennis and the evening divided between boxing and debating. Whether the debate was held at the same time as the boxing to exclude the more riotous spirits from the former, or not, we cannot say for certain, but judging by what happened at the debate, it would seem that some few of these spirits found their way there all right.

On Sunday afternoon, we assembled at Canterbury College for the Tournament photo, which was taken after the customary delay, and after this we had a delightful motor drive through Tai Tapu to Sumner, where afternoon tea awaited us. We left Sumner for Bishop Court to have another tea, which could not be resisted even by the athletic team, and after tea we listened to an address by a gentleman whose name we have forgotten, but certainly not his eloquence. At 7 p.m. the Cathedral service was so well attended that many of those who had tarried overlong at Bishop Court were compelled to stand throughout the service.

Monday's programme began with the basketball at 9 a.m. on the College courts, followed by the athletics at 11 a.m. at Lancaster Park, and ended (perhaps we have omitted some unofficial activities here) with a dance at the Rendezvous by way of training for the Tournament Ball.

Most of the tennis finals were decided on Tuesday, and on Tuesday night came "the piece de resistance," the ball, held at Winter Gardens, and to say that it was a sparkling affair is to say very little indeed. Only pleasant memories remain.

Wednesday saw the tennis finals concluded, and farewells were exchanged when the Otago team departed on the south express, and later when we left with Auckland on the good ship "Maori."
THE SPIKE

Canterbury are to be congratulated on running a most successful tournament, for the arrangements in the hands of Messrs. F. J. Bennett and D. J. Macdonald left little to be desired. V.U.C. sent the smallest team. Its policy of including only those of a definitely high standard was again justified by the results. Four men did the deed for us. Of these, and indeed of the whole field, Ramson stood out as the most classy performer. His wins in the 120 and 440 hurdles were anticipated, as also the long jump, but his performance in the high jump came as a pleasant surprise. Leach's mile cracked him up, although Taylor was only a bare 5-10 yards to the good, after a clinking race run for him by Bain. His effort in the 880 championship was prejudiced by the strenuous mile. He made amends, however, in the relay, holding up well. Fabian is not in championship class yet, but a season or two should see him more in the running. Mackay's leg troubled him on the long jump and fixed him for the 440 hurdles. Gooden did well to land a second to Morgan. Eastwood did all the good things recent form had made us expect. His double success was the result of beautifully judged wins. Harley was a big surprise in the half. It was a great performance, and on a lighter track would easily have broken two minutes.

E. B. Smith was not his old self. His shift to Auckland's humid climate resulted in loss of weight and consequent loss of form.

Boxing.

At long last V.U.C. has its talons on the Boxing Shield, but only partly, for it shares its possession with Otago. The team as a team, was stronger on the whole than previously, and good contests were expected, although the results were better than we hoped for.

Logan drew a bye in the preliminaries, and boxed McAlevey in the finals. He shaded his man in round one, as a result of quick in and out work and good evasion. Rounds 2, 3, 4 he lost through wrong tactics—stood up and mixed it with too strong an opponent. Both were exhausted at the gong.

Edwards defeated Perry (C.) in his preliminary and won his final against Dallas (O.). Round 1 was good, Edwards wading and going in and out to head and heart effectively with great lefts. There were some willing "set-tos,‘ and heavy hitting. After a very close bout Edwards came out superior as a boxer.

Petrie had a bout of flu prior to our departure for tournament and was unable to take part, which was unfortunate, as he had shown promise enough to make us fairly confident of a good bid for this weight.

Mahoney K.O'd Mayhill in the second round, and was too long and rangy for Nixon in the final. The latter did superbly against his sizable opponent so well that an extra round was ordered, and our man, connecting more frequently and using his reach, just did the trick. Nixon gave a very plucky exhibition considering the natural disadvantage in reach and height.

Moore met the champion, Allen, in his preliminary, and did extremely well in the face of an experienced and well-set opponent. He went down to a better man after a lively run.

Sowry exceeded expectations against Frear, who subsequently won. But for one bad fault—bad footwork—he most likely would have been heavyweight champion to-day. Despite a big disadvantage in weight and size he came out with an enhanced reputation.

Basketball.

V.U.C. went down to O.U. in the first round, 7-5 the final score. But for stale-ness, due to too much training up to the last minute, they should have been easy winners. Their play was lifeless. To realise how our chances had been prejudiced one needs but look at the score in the losers' round. Against C.U.C. we won 18-7, and A.U.C., who came out victors, defeated them 17-7 in the first round. However, every lesson must be paid for, and next time should see us in a more favourable position.

Haalam Shield.

Despite last minute alterations in the personnel of the team we came second to A.U.C. Considering also that some members had not been able to practise we did excellently. There were no outstanding, brilliant performances, the range from highest to lowest being appreciably less than in previous years. This is desirable for the more every individual member approximates to the average, the more likelihood of the raising of that average. Our failure can be attributed to a sudden lapse in practice 2-snap, where we were 22 less than the winners.
THE SPIKE

Tennis.

Our team did what was expected of it, and in one or two cases, surprised and delighted us by the good fights put up.

Malfroy was too good in the singles, and met opposition only in the final against A. C. Stedman, which match provided some great tennis.

Both ladies in the singles did well to take the first set from their redoubtable opponents, Miss M. Line, 6-3 in the first set against Miss M. O. Miller, and Miss M. Carty 6-3 against Miss E. E. Miller.

The results spoke more eloquently than any report. They are:

Men's Singles.—First Round: G. N. Goldie went down to A. C. Stedman (A.), 2-6, 1-6; C. E. Malfroy defeated C. J. Bowden (A.), 6-0, 6-0. Second round: Malfroy defeated E. H. Adkins (C.), 6-0, 6-0. Final: Malfroy defeated A. C. Stedman (A.), 6-1, 3-6, 6-4.

Men's Doubles.—First Round: R. McL. Ferkins and C. S. Plank lost to Beatson and Dart (C.), 6-1, 1-6, 4-6. Malfroy and Goldie defeated McDonald and Turner (A.), 6-2, 6-4. Second round: V.U.C. defeated Adkins and England (C.), but in the final the Stedman brothers were too good, and we lost 6-1, 3-6, 3-6.

Ladies' Singles.—Miss M. O. Miller (A.), defeated Miss M. Line, 3-6, 6-0, 6-1.

Miss E. E. Miller (A.) defeated Miss M. Carty, 3-6, 6-5, 6-4.

Ladies' Doubles.—First Round: Misses Line and K. Zeisler defeated Misses James and Armstrong (C.), 6-2, 6-5. Misses Carty and M. Dyer defeated Misses Sharpe and Scott (O.), 6-2, 6-4. Second round: The first pair lost to Otago, the second to Auckland.

Combined Doubles.—First Round: Miss Carty and Malfroy lost to Miss Mueller and McDonald (A.), 6-8, 4-6. Miss Line and Goldie won from Miss Scott and Stallworthy (O.), 7-5, 6-4. Second round: The second pair lost to A.U.C., 0-6, 2-6.

Although V.U.C. won by one title, it was enough to make Tournament Shield secure, but the results cannot be said in any way to flatter us as a team.

The Debate.

The contest for the Joynt Memorial Scroll was held in the Choral Hall on Saturday evening before a fair gathering of the public and a large gathering of students. The subject was "That State Interference in Industry and Commerce should be discouraged." The judges were Messrs. A. K. Anderson, M.A., J. H. E. Schroeder, M.A., and A. F. Wright. Bishop West-Watson was in the chair. The first debate was between Victoria College and Auckland University College.

Although the Victoria debaters, Messrs. G. R. Powles and W. J. Mountjoy, were successful in defeating the Aucklanders, they were only adjudged second on the whole debate, Otago winning with 154 points, as with Victoria's 160 points.

We consider that our speakers were very unfortunate in that they had to speak the explosion of huge crackers, and severe heckling were few of the obstacles they had to contend with.

Indeed, the rowdiness reached such a pitch that the chairmen were forced to adjourn the debate for quarter of an hour.

The speeches of our representatives were extremely fine and showed evidences of careful preparation, while W. J. Mountjoy is especially to be congratulated in being bracketed equal with Mr. J. A. Stallworthy, of Otago.

RESULTS IN DETAIL.

ATHLETICS.

100 Yards: Morgan (A.), 1; Goodson (V.), 2. Time, 10 3-5sec. 220 Yards: Eastwood (V.), 1; Morgan (V.), 2. Time, 23 3-5sec. 440 Yards: Eastwood (V.), 1; Harley (C.), 2. Time, 52sec. 880 Yards: Harley (C.), 1; Webber (O.), 2. Time, 2min. 0 2-5sec. (record). One mile: Taylor (C.), 1; Leech (V.), 2. Time, 4min. 30 3-5sec. Three Miles: Taylor (C.), 1; Douglas (O.), 2. Time, 15min. 16 3-5sec. One Mile Walk: Cabot (O.), 1; Fraser (O.), 2. Time, 7min. 4sec. 120 Yards H.: Ramson (V.), 1; McGregor (C.), 2. Time, 16 2-5sec. 440 Yards H.: Ramson (V.), 1; Malcolm (O.), 2. Time, 59 2-5sec. High Jump: Ramson (V.) and Adkin (C.), equal, 1. Height, 5ft. 5in. Long Jump: Ramson (V.), 1; Watkins (C.), 2. Distance, 22ft. Hammer: Wilson (O.), 1; Henderson (C.), 2. Distance, 117ft. Shot: Henderson (C.), 1; Orbwell (O.), 2. Distance, 35ft. 0in. Relay: V.U.C., 1; C.U.C., 2. Time, 3min. 45sec.
THE SPIKE

BASKETBALL.

(1) A.U.C. v. C.U.C., won by A.U.C. (17-7); (2) V.U.C. v. O.U., won by O.U. (7-5); (3) C.U.C. v. V.U.C., won by V.U.C. (18-7); (4) A.U.C. v. O.U., won by A.U.C. (12-6).

DEBATING.


TENNIS.


BOXING.


SHOOTING.

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Tournament Shield Points.

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Tournament Shield: V.U.C.
Athletic Shield: V.U.C.
Tennis Shield: A.U.C.
Athol Hudson Cup: E. B. E. Taylor.
Boxing Shield: O.U., V.U.C.
Haslam Shield: A.U.C.
Ladies’ Cup: F. S. Ramson.
De la Mere Cup: E. B. E. Taylor.
Sievwright Cup: G. S. Cabot.

BASKETBALL CLUB.

The Easter Tournament was the first important event for the Basketball Club this year. The team made good progress under the able coaching of Mr. W. G. Campbell, but the play at Tournament did not show the true form of the V.U.C. representatives. In the first game V.U.C. was defeated by O.U., while in the second, V.U.C. defeated C.U.C. The results were disappointing, but were probably due to the fact that the team had not had enough practice in the new style of play.

The successful results of the coaching have been very apparent in the improved form of the Senior A team in the Inter-Club matches. So far the team is unbeaten, and is one of the two leading teams for the Championship. Two other teams were entered in the Senior B and Third Grades. These have not had much success as yet, but coaching and practice should give them combination and enable them to do better in the second round.
THE SPIKE

BLUE AWARDS.

Football.
Noble-Adams, F.
Brown, E. A.
Ramson, F. S.
Mackay, J. D.
Irwin, A. H.
Mackenzie, R. H. C.
Leys, E. T. C.
Childs, S. C.
Hislop, T. G.
O'Regan, C. J.
Diederich, R.
Blacker, E. E.
Cormack, H. W.
Blakeney, J. C.
Grant, F.
Hart, W. R.

Tennis.
Men.
Malfroy, C. E.
Goldie, G. N. T.
Perkins, R. M.
Plank, C. S.

Women.
Carty, M.
Line, M.
Lenz, O.
Dyer, V.

Basketball.
Scarfe, I.
Hardy, E.
Patterson, M.
Line, M.
Morice, I.
Wilson, V.

Cricket.
Mackenzie, R. H. C.
Nelson, T.
Viemeyer, W.
Bailey, H.
Greig, J.
Leys, E. T. C.

Boxing.
Sowry, L.
Moore, F. C.
Mahoney, M. E.
Edwards, D. G.
Logan, J. K.

Shooting.
Grant, R.
Mills, W.
Bollard, H. F.
Macarthur, C.
Page, P.

Hockey.
James, K. C.
Massey, H. B.
Francis, V.
Sykes, W. D.
Frazer, C. G.
Simpson, G. S.

Women's Hockey.
Huggins, M.
Bade, B.
Campbell, I.
Bade, J.
Selwood, M.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The Club this year promises to have an extremely successful season. Most of last year's players enrolled again this season, and so many new recruits joined the Club that we were able to enter six teams in the Competition, which represents a record for the Club. Two Senior A teams have been entered, and at the time of writing the First VI. is leading in the grade, being unbeaten. The other Senior A team, though not so successful, has justified the action of the Committee in entering it in the Senior A Grade, by showing itself to be well up to the necessary standard. The Senior B team, most of the members of which played Junior last year, have so far not met with much success, but have won both the last two matches played. They have showed excellent form in the field, but poor shooting has caused the loss of the first four matches.

The Junior team is performing well, and are more than holding their own in their grade. After a bad defeat at the hands of Huia, they have improved out of sight, and in each game they show better form. In the Third Grade we have been able to enter two teams. The A team met Karori in the first match and were beaten 10–0. Since then, they have done better, and have won two matches. The Third B team, composed almost wholly of men who have never played before, has shown much promise, and is looking forward to meeting (and beating) the A team, at the end of the first round.

The Tournament.

The Annual Inter-Varsity Hockey Tournament was held at Christchurch this year on 31st May and 1st June. Victoria, after drawing with Otago in the first game, in which they were unlucky not to win, met and defeated Canterbury in their second game. Otago also defeated Canterbury, and accordingly Victoria and Otago were declared joint winners, and each Club will hold the Seddon Stick for six months. This is the first time the Club has won the tournament, and we trust that we shall be able to win outright next year, when the matches will be played in Wellington. Owing to the fact that Auckland could not get a team away, the tournament was this year a triangular affair.

The V.U.C. team which played in the tournament was as follows:—Goal, L. H.

On Monday, 3rd June, a team picked from the three Colleges played a Canterbury representative team, and was defeated 2–0 after a good game. V.U.C. players who were selected for the New Zealand Varsity team were:—H. B. Massey (full-back), P. D. Wilson (centre-half and captain), G. S. Simpson (centre-forward), and G. J. Ferris (right wing). We wish to congratulate these players on their inclusion.

We wish to remind members that the Club has the use of the Gymnasium on Tuesday evenings, from 8 p.m., for training purposes. All members are asked to turn up and endeavour to reach that standard of physical fitness which is necessary before the game can be played properly. A pleasing feature is that the new players are turning up every Tuesday. They will soon begin to realise the benefit gained from this regular training.

The main weakness in the Club, as in the past, is the weakness in shooting. All the teams possess forwards who are good in the field, but far too many scoring chances are lost in the circle. This weakness is, of course, primarily due to the lack of field practice, which is more or less unavoidable. If all the Club’s forwards would follow the example of one of their number, this weakness would soon disappear. His idea is to obtain the help of a small brother or sister to roll the ball hard at him, so that he can practice quick stopping and hitting. The amount of success achieved may be gauged by the fact that the summerhouse (which is used as a goal in this system of manoeuvres) has several slates broken and cracked off the back. We regret that, owing to family opposition, this scheme cannot be exercised more frequently, but even occasional use will make it valuable. We recommend other players to this scheme.

Inter-University Tournament.

This year the Inter-University Tournament was contested at Christchurch from May 31st to June 3rd, in beautifully fine weather. We were able to send a strong team, although not our best, as McLeod and Paul were unable to travel, and were really optimistic about being able to bring back to Victoria that much-prized trophy, the Seddon Stick, for which we had been runners-up for the three seasons. This year, Canterbury College, Otago University and Victoria competed, Auckland being unable to send a team. This necessitated a three-cornered contest.


On Friday, Victoria played Otago. This was a very fast game, though unsatisfactory, and ended in a drawn, 2–2. Scorers for us were Read and Simpson.

On Saturday morning, Otago played Canterbury, and won, 3–1.

In the afternoon, Victoria and Canterbury tried conclusions. Canterbury, playing a superior game to their morning one, made us extend ourselves fully to defeat them by 2–1. A draw would have been a fairer indication. Scorers for us were MacDuff and Simpson.

The result of the Tournament was that Otago and we each had 1 point, so Otago and Victoria each held the Seddon Stick for six months.

Canterbury College entertained the visiting teams with a dinner, followed by an entertainment at Fullers'.

On the Monday, a New Zealand University team played a Canterbury provincial team, and after a very fast and even game, the Canterbury representatives won by 2–0.

We wish to congratulate Ferris, Wilson, Simpson and Massey on gaining places in the New Zealand University team, and especially congratulate P. D. Wilson on being captain of that team.

WOMEN’S HOCKEY CLUB.

The Women’s Hockey Club, after several lean years, in which the membership has varied from eleven to sixteen, has found itself in its twenty-ninth year with twenty-two players. As a result, two teams were entered, one in the Senior A Grade; the other in the Junior A Grade.

Seneca has said that the greatest thing in life is not to win, but to play a bad game well. The teams have played hard and have frequently been unfortunate in losing, but the other side rarely have their own way entirely. Injuries to players and games in the vacation have resulted in some big scores, Hutt, 10 goals to our 4, being the largest.
THE SPIKE

Last year the Club decided that the navy blue gym. dress and green jumpers had not that artistic touch which deceives opposing backs, so, with the aid of scissors and pins, the players proceeded to camouflage themselves. It has frequently been asserted that clothes make the man, and apparently the uniform has something to do with the make-up of a team. But enough!—it is a forbidden topic.

The vogue of the beret suggested a further addition. Plain green ones replace those worn by the Haeremai Club.

The hope that some day there will be a hockey tournament in which teams from the four Colleges will take part, has not yet died, although some of the enthusiasm with which we looked forward to the Christchurch trip has waned. All the Colleges are desirous of such a happy event, but alas! sufficient money is not forthcoming for the Clubs to send the teams. It rests with the players.

Critics in the "N.Z. Sportsman" and "The Dominion" both said that while the backs leave little to be desired, the forwards do not make the most of their opportunities. There have been many glowing tributes to the "A" goal-keeper, Miss Huggins, whose work has favourably impressed selectors. The "B" team has as yet won no matches, but it seems to be quite as good as some of the others.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

Pindar, the Greek poet who has most often sung of the Olympic Games, summed up the feelings of every victor in the words: "He that overcometh hath, because of the games, a sweet tranquility throughout his life for evermore."

Although not all victors in the usual sense, we subscribe to the soul of the quoted passage.

The Club has been numerically quite as strong as in previous years, with a slight increase due to the infusion of younger men's enthusiasm and participation. They are the ones who really overcame the biggest obstacle, the little effort of will to take part, "get going." Once begun, the beauty of the game grows, and therein lies the "sweet tranquility."

The Club was well represented in most Centre meetings, especially after the vacation, and thereby much valuable experience was gained for Inter-Faculty, and to the fortunate ones, for Tournament.

The Inter-Faculty sports were held on Kelburn Park this year, and were as happy as a family gathering. Performances were, on the whole, of a high standard, and spectators and participants alike could not but be satisfied with such a glorious day and good fare.

The team for Tournament was selected on the season's performances, and can be seen in Tournament Notes. The deeds are there chronicled and speak for themselves.

The results of Inter-Faculty were well in favour of Arts and Science, who easily won the Banner (which, sad to say, is more or less in tatters and needs replacing by something more substantial).

Jenkins had things his own way in the 100 and 200, and Goodson, Eastwood and Wilby divided honours in the other positions. Leech won the 880, mile, and three miles in good style, and Watt, O. J. Richardson, and Fabian were battlers for the other positions. Ramson had both hurdles earmarked, as also the long jump and high jump. Mackay jumped well in the long jump also, both Ramson and he breaking the record. Jones collected discus and shot, Secats broke the javelin record. the new rules governing them.

Ramson was the only one to show out in Provincial and New Zealand Championships, but Barker was unfortunate in not being given a chance for the New Zealand long jump.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS.

On the 24th May, 1929, a team of athletes representative of the N.Z.U. left by the Marama for Sydney. It was a small band with a most important mission: the inception of athletic contests, similar to football, between the New Zealand and Australian Universities.

Before giving a detailed account, it is interesting to know the history leading up to this departure.

In 1926-7 V.U.C. was fortunate in having an ex-Olympic representative of Great Britain as honorary coach. Two N.Z.U. records, the mile and high jump, stand as monuments
HOCKEY TEAM.

Winners Senior Championship, 1925.

Played 12, Won 11, Drawn 0, Lost 1.


Crown Street, Wellington.
to his capabilities in this capacity. Mr. E. V. Dunbar was transferred, however, to a higher post in Sydney, and his fertile brain conceived the idea of inter-colonial contests. It took him a long time to interest Sydney, but success at last came, and Sydney issued an invitation to V.U.C.A.A.C. to send a team. As some of the star performers had either retired, married or were injured, the full strength of our team was so weakened as to necessitate communicating with other colleges. Only one had the courtesy to reply early—in February. The others were interviewed at Tournament and were keen. V.U.C.A.A.C. offered the control to N.U.S., thinking it would be but too pleased to show its worth. The offer was rejected on the plea of lack of time. V.U.C. went ahead with negotiations, definitely committing itself to see the trip through. Negotiations with the other colleges for equal financial support brought the knowledge that contributions would be forthcoming only if the N.U.S. was in control. One of its members, a very southern one, adopted a most unfortunate, and, in the face of V.U.C.'s hard toil of the last two years, a most ridiculous attitude. Fortunately it was quite unofficial, but he should have had more sense than to let it get in the Press and tend to create a prejudice against the N.U.S. itself. Its other members, however, appreciated V.U.C.'s attitude and supported it. V.U.C. did the work on the understanding that N.U.S. looked after the finance, and we were a special committee—and thus after much useless correspondence came back to V.U.C.A.A.C.'s first offer, and all was well.

V.U.C. may feel proud of the fact that a contest of such importance had its origin in the work of some of its members and supporters. It is only fair to mention Mr. Dunbar's and Mr. McCormick's names in this connection.

An account of the trip, by one of the V.U.C. members, is here given.

**Sydney Trip.**


Arrived Sydney 28th May. Most of team felt to a certain extent the effects of the boat trip, but with a run on the Wednesday and Thursday had settled down for the meeting on Saturday.

First meeting held on Church of England Grammar School grounds at Northbridge. Heavy rain overnight had soaked the ground, and frequent showers during the day made conditions unpleasant for running. In spite of this, good times were registered in most events, and the State team was beaten by seven events to two. This victory was very heartening, as, although the State team was not in the best of training, it included Norman and Hunt, two Olympic representative runners.


On Wednesday, 5th, met Australian University team on University Oval, Sydney. The Australian University team was on paper a particularly strong one, and lived up to its reputation. The N.Z.U. team won only one event, shot putt (H. A. Henderson). Although beaten in most of the events, the N.Z.U. team gave a good account of itself and nearly all the events were closely contested.

Mr. E. V. Dunbar managed the team, and was assisted by a member of the team, E. B. E. Taylor. The team is indebted to Mr. Dunbar for his unfailing enthusiasm, his assistance on the track, and his generous support for their entertainment.

THE SPIKE

I. H. Seppelt (A.), 36ft. 8in., 3. Hammer: M. Rosenblum (A.), 113ft. 8in., 1; T. B. Dodds (A.), 108ft. 5\(\text{\textfrac{1}{2}}\)in., 2; H. A. Henderson (N.Z.), 107ft. 10in., 3. Medley Relay: Australia (C. Grant, A. H. Young, J. B. Rowe, and E. M. Davidson), 1; New Zealand (J. H. Webber, E. K. Eastwood, F. S. Ramson and J. N. Goodson), 2. Time, 3min. 43sec.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

"Spit in the hole, man, and tune again!"—Shakespeare.

The only appearance of the Orchestra to date has been in connection with the Extravaganza. In the course of the laborious process of orchestrating the score, much MS. paper had been marred with wild dots and dashes bearing remote resemblance to minims and crochets: and this we were called upon to interpret with "heavenly harmony." Armed with our instrument and well-known musical nous, we set out thus to wage the unequal war that always wages between Chorus and Orchestra. Under the conductorship of Mr. Stainton, the Orchestra supplied appropriate accompaniment to the noises emanating from the stage—labouring, of course, under the disadvantage of inferiority of numbers; but for overture and entr'actes our regular conductor, demoted for the rest of the warfare to the ranks of the string section, played us victoriously and unopposed through pieces already very familiar to our members, and perhaps not quite unknown to the ears of our audience. We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks and appreciation for assistance given by those outside the College in the drums and brass section, who frequently had to bear the whole brunt of the battle.

It is pleasing to note that we may venture to call an uplift in College musical life; the general improvement—with the definite exception of the Freshers' welcome and one item at the Undergraduates' supper—of the singing at College functions. At the Science Society's two social evenings the results were almost encouraging. If presumptuous criticism be permitted, it should be pointed out that the College songs at the Freshers' welcome, where the majority of new students hear them for the first time, are left in far too casual hands—hence their not unexpected and almost farcical flatness. Attention drawn to this important point may be the means of putting things right next time.

Recruits from the Freshers this year numbered two—just two more than last year. It is hoped that the hitherto latent talent will yet have an opportunity of coming to the fore in the forthcoming activities of the year.

ROWING.

One does not have to search very far into the past to reach the inception of the sport of rowing in the Universities of New Zealand.

To a few Auckland enthusiasts must be given the honour of first awakening the University Colleges of New Zealand to the fact that rowing, the one sport which is bound up with University life the world over, had for years been lacking in the sporting lives of the students of New Zealand.

The first inter-University boat race in New Zealand had very humble beginnings at the Easter tournament in Auckland, in 1927. This race was rowed on Auckland Harbour in clinker four-oared boats, over a course of a mile and a half.

The first endeavour resulted in Auckland's boat being swamped, and on the race being re-rowed, Victoria won. This race was between Auckland and Victoria only. At this time the Victoria University College Rowing Club was not actually in existence; but, at a meeting called some time after the race, such enthusiasm was shown that it was decided to form the Club.

The 1927-28 season was conspicuous for the successful inauguration of an eight-oared race, still between Victoria and Auckland. This race was rowed over a distance of three miles on the Wellington Harbour, and was followed by a large crowd, mostly in motor cars, along the Hutt Road. Victoria again won by three lengths.

After this race, the first New Zealand University crew was selected to row a crew picked from Wellington oarsmen, five members of the Victoria crew being selected, and the race resulted in a win for the Wellington crew by half a length.

Easter, 1929, saw the third race of the series, and the second eight-oared race, on Lyttelton Harbour, this time the contest being a triangular one between Auckland, Canterbury and Victoria. After being twice postponed because of boisterous weather
conditions, the race was held on Easter Monday morning, in perfect weather, over a distance of 1½ miles, finishing at Corsair Bay. After an excellent race Victoria registered their third win in succession, this time by 1 ½ lengths.

The Misses Heberley donated a shield, to be known as the Heberley Shield, and this is at present held by Victoria. Next year it is hoped to have Otago included, when it may then be said that rowing will have at last taken its deserved place in the sport of the New Zealand University Colleges.

Tentative suggestions have also been made for a visit from an Australian University crew, but suitable dates and lack of money have been a big handicap. This project, however, has not been abandoned by the Executive.

The Victoria College Club is composed of members of the various Rowing Clubs in Wellington, and members of the Students’ Association have the privilege of using the Star Boating Club’s plant during the winter months at a reduced subscription. This privilege should be availed of by intending oarsmen; and any old members of the Victoria Club will be pleased to coach them. The Club is, of course, doing its best to raise money for the purchase of its own plant, and already has some funds in hand for the purpose of purchasing a racing eight.

After the race last Easter at Lyttelton, the New Zealand University Rowing Council was formed, which will have the effect of standardising the sport in New Zealand. Several important remits were discussed at the inaugural meeting of this body, notably in respect to the qualification of oarsmen and the length of the race.

This year four “Blues” were awarded to the Victoria crew, the recipients being F. H. Mullins, F. M. Bell, C. Steele, and S. G. Rees, all of whom have been in the crew at least twice; this number is low, but it is the desire of the New Zealand University Rowing Council to keep the standard of the College Rowing “Blue” as high as possible.

While not wishing to be unduly optimistic, it is not an idle dream to visualise University rowing in New Zealand in, say, ten years’ time, with each Club having its own complete racing and pleasure plant, and a large membership, and when the boat race will be as much in the limelight in New Zealand as it is in England. It is most probable that the race will be as much discussed each year in the future as the boat race is at Home.

In the near future, we hope to see Victoria College with its own club and plant, and a large membership, and when that time comes, the pioneers of “Varsity” rowing in New Zealand, and more especially of Victoria College, will feel that their efforts have been rewarded.

**TENNIS CLUB.**

The Tennis Club showed a large increase in members last season, and owing to this was able to enter four teams in the competition at Miramar. Though the teams were not very successful, it was found that the lower grades were on equal terms with most of the other clubs, except two or three of the more outstanding ones. The seniors, however, could not register a win, but they must be considered unfortunate, as they lost Cam. Malfroy early in the season, while several of our leading ladies were not able to play during the Christmas vacation.

The Club held a Yankee Tournament for the Freshers on the 9th March, 1929, which was attended by what must have been very nearly a record crowd. This event was won by Miss J. Anderson and Mr. K. B. Lockett, who played consistently rather than brilliantly, and went through the tournament without a loss.

Our tournament team was stronger than usual, but owing mainly to lack of practice together, we managed to win only one championship—that of the men’singles, and we must congratulate Cam. Malfroy for winning this event. The same player, playing with N. Goldie, was beaten by the two Stedman of Auckland, in the final of the men’s doubles. Nor did our ladies disappoint us. Miss Carty ran Miss Miller, the winner of the event, to three sets in the ladies’ singles, while Miss M. Line also ran her opponent to three sets. We have great hopes of our team for next tournament, and, if they keep on improving, should be well in the running for pride of place. The team was constituted as follows:—

Ladies.—Miss M. Carty, Miss M. Line, Miss V. Dyer, Miss K. Ziesler.


Another fact which showed the enthusiasm of the members was the way in
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which most of the championships have been finished. Three of the events have been decided, one has only the final to be played, while the remaining one has one semifinal, and then the final to be played. In the final of the men's singles, Goldie beat Paul, —2, —3, in a match in which Goldie, though always having the upper hand, was never able to ease up too much. Goldie, partnered by C. Evan-Scott, won the men's doubles from W. Hollings and James in two straight sets, 6—3, 6—1. This score, however, was no indication of the game, which was more even than the scores show. The losers volleyed well, but were more erratic than their opponents. The tennis in this match was, on the whole, of quite a good standard.

The ladies' doubles fell to Misses F. Line and O. Lenz, who beat Misses M. Carty and M. Briggs after a very gruelling and even match. They took the first set, 13—11, and the second 6—3. This final was well fought, and either pair might have lost without disgrace.

The finalists in the mixed doubles are Miss M. Line and K. Longmore, and Miss V. Dyer and C. S. Plank. This match has not been played, as C. S. Plank has been absent from Wellington. When this match is played, it should be one well worth watching, as all the players are well matched and play good tennis. The ladies' singles will be contested between Miss M. Line, and either Miss M. Carty or Miss V. Dyer.

The activity on the ladder this year was astonishing, so much so, that the Committee decided to enlarge the ladder from 15 to 20 places. At the end of the season, N. Goldie held pride of place on the men's side, with C. S. Plank second, while Miss M. Carty was first on the ladies' side, with Miss M. Line second.

Early in the first term the Club held a dance in the College Gymnasium, which was attended by a huge crowd and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

BOXING.

The Boxing Club is proud of the performance of the team at the University Tournament. It was a source of pleasure and gratification to all interested in the Club to learn that boxing at V.U.C., after a somewhat lean spell, has at last come into its own.

The success was due in no small measure to the efforts of the instructor-trainer, Mr. R. Brien, who sent away every man brimful of knowledge, and in the pink of condition. At the tournament it was noticeable that whereas the other colleges had their own masseurs and trainers, Victoria College had to rely on the services of other members of the tournament team. This year, fortunately, they were in the capable hands of Messrs. G. J. Scoats and G. B. Richardson, who deserve great praise for their invaluable assistance. However, the services of a masseur are essential, and in future it is desirable that one should accompany the team.

For the first time in a number of years the lessons held every week in the gym are being well attended. In view of the flourishing state of affairs it is proposed to revive an old custom by having the college championships towards the end of this term. This should sustain the present enthusiasm as well as stimulate others to come to the practices, and so give the selectors a line on form for the next tournament team. V.U.C. has never as yet won the Boxing Shield outright, but with such a wealth of new material and with so many excellent facilities for improvement, it seems that the time is now ripe for bringing the Boxing Shield to V.U.C.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The activities of the Dramatic Club have necessarily been restricted during the early part of this year, owing to the participation of most of its members in the Extravaganza. One evening was, however, given to the reading of two one-act plays—"Catherine Parr," by Maurice Baring, and "St. Simeon Stylites," by Sladen Smith. "Claude," a short play by Herman Ould, and "Yellow Sands," a comedy by Eden Philipotts, have also been read recently. The Club has now a modest library of plays, to which it is hoped to add during the coming year. Regular readings will be held henceforward, and some enjoyable evenings should be spent in reading the excellent plays which are in hand. Encouraged by the success of the last two plays produced, "To Have the Honour" and "Cousin Kate," the Club has decided to produce another play this year. A number of plays are under consideration, and the choice will be announced shortly. It is to be hoped that people who took part in dramatic work for the first time during the "Xtrav," will keep up their interest in drama through the medium of this Club.
SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on March 15th, 1929, when a fair number of students were present. The election of officers resulted as under:—President, Professor T. Hunter; Secretary and Organiser, Mr. G. J. Scents; Treasurer, Mr. G. McKenzie; Committee, Misses L. Mitchell, A. Duff and A. Mason. Messrs. M. Raymond and L. Page.

Special mention was made of the solid work put in by "Mick" Millar, who, unfortunately for the Club, has been transferred to Hawke’s Bay. A vote of thanks for his untiring efforts was carried with acclamation, and he was wished the best of luck in his new sphere of life.

Although not heard much of, our fellow-students can rest assured that the Club is putting in good work at Porirua, the Miramar Receiving Home, the Boys’ Probation Home in Austin Street, the Girls’ Home in Tinakori Road, and the Girls’ Borstal Institute at Point Halswell.

A party visits Porirua every second Saturday and distributes tobacco, cigarettes, fruit, sweets, etc., to the huge delight of the patients, who look forward to our visits. They are indeed grateful for the few luxuries we give them, and students who have been out there feel amply repaid for the time so spent.

A concert party, assisted by Mrs. Mitchell, Stanley Warwick and Trevor Fisher, visited one of the villas on May 30th, and gave the patients a very enjoyable evening, and on the 5th June, Mr. Leigh Hunt, under the auspices of the Social Service Club, gave a lecture, in the main building, on Scott’s Last Polar Expedition, and you would be surprised how very interested some of the patients were, quite a number of questions being asked the lecturer at the end of his address, which was illustrated by some fine lantern slides.

Other than Porirua, we have not done a great deal so far this year, but hope to make up for it as the year goes on. We have taken several parties to the homes, and our girls have visited the Borstal Institute on convenient Saturday afternoons. We greatly appreciate the help we receive from the Prisons and Child Welfare Departments, who do their utmost to further our work.

But for various firms, the Club would have difficulty in carrying on owing to financial reasons. Motor firms supply our transport, Aulsebrook and Co. our biscuits and fruit, auctioneers our fruit. And recently, through the efforts of one of our committee, W. D. and H. O. Wills, Ltd., gave a handsome donation of cigarettes and tobacco. So, when our dance comes off, be there, and help our finances.

Any student desirous of joining us in our activities, has only to drop a note in the rack for one of the committee, when he will be welcomed with open arms.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

"A word spoken in due season, how good its it."—Prov. xv, 23.

Many things may go together to constitute such a season, but S.C.M. members know that when out of the tumbling mass of activity all too frequently about to overwhelm us, certain specific relations emerge and are recognised as a S.C.M. activity, then almost magically this type of word will be spoken.

Perhaps youth talks too much. As a movement we do talk about life and religion and philosophy, since many of us can look back to times when out of a heart-to-heart talk around a camp-fire, from the nature-inspired reflections of an easy hike, or even from the mutterings of a head wrapped in a perpetual rug, a new view of life has opened up before us—breathlessly we have grasped at a nearer approach of the values in the pursuit of which lies the essence of life.

But what do we do? Let us give a partial answer and an important reflection. The inspiration of Cambridge Conference—student life at its best—has been recalled at three week-end camps. The presessional camp at Trentham and a recent one at Lower Hutt had their rivalities. From the men we learn that a cold week-end was spent in song and in luxury at the top of a greasy flight of steps at Haywards.

Unfortunately, we have to say good-bye to a pair of leather shorts and clear blue eyes; to a ready song and a good one; a smile which makes us wonder—in other words, to Donald Grant. We shall never forget him.

Sel Sewell has returned from India, and has enlightened many an untravelled soul. We have discussed with her the preaching and practice of religion in the East and West—a subject which supplemented an address on “Students in China,” by Rev. J. M. McKenzie.
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We may talk about “Sunday Teas” and “Study Circles,” or about a well-attended “Universal Day of Prayer,” and an address from Mr. M. A. Tremewan, but to the uninitiated all this may mean little. To us it means an escape from the devotion of our days to finding the rightness and wrongness of things that are never wholly either. In the S.C.M., activities are so arranged that we can adopt the position of viewing the phenomena of life as a whole, as a mixture of truth and falsehood, and as a continual struggle for a truer balance between them. The achievements of the United Student Movements, of the World Federation, its activity and undoubted scholarship, give us cause for pride for virtue lies in the exclusive pursuit of neither goal. Here we try to follow; to work and play in harmony, achieving something of the sense oneness which, because of the nature of file, permeates all activity. We make a call to all to try this with us.

“Stand in the multitude of the ancients who are wise and join thyself from the heart to their wisdom”.—Ecclus vi., 34.

TRAMPING CLUB.

“An optimist is a fool, since he can’t see what awaits him—disillusionment.”—(Gerhardi.)

Yet who can say that the tramp does not remain an optimist until the end, in spite of his frequent disillusionment? How many times have we inwardly (and sometimes outwardly) sworn that we would give up this tramping game once and for all, but does not the temporary disillusionment only add to our keenness? Perhaps the inference is that we are fools—but enough of this stupid philosophy—let us discuss our activities and recall happy memories.

The Tramps.

Last Christmas a trip was again organised to Tongariro National Park, and the party of twelve thoroughly enjoyed a fortnight at the Waihohonu Hut, on the eastern side of the park. Ngauruhoe, Tongariro, and other places of interest were visited, but two attempts at Ruapehu proved of no avail. We even got up at 2 a.m. to take the old mountain unawares, but failed. Some blame the weather, but others are inclined to take the more moderate view that too many helpings of stew at 3 o’clock in the morning are not conducive to good climbing. During the bad weather, the bridge fiends of the party tormented the more restless members by playing until the small hours of the morning. And what of the games of cricket and rounders played on the “lawn” in front of the hut? They certainly put all Test records in the shade for fast scoring. We finished up with enough “ducks” to start a poultry farm. But quickly the time passed, and soon we were drifting back to civilisation and work.

A few trips in the long vacation included a Sunday tramp to Fitzroy Bay, where we found it necessary to define the boundaries of this locality to certain members. Then a record-breaking trip round Palliser Bay and back over the little Mukamuka enabled the four (male) members of the party to freely express righteous indignation at the little and other nuisances on the way.

Just before the commencement of the first term, a party of five made a weekend dash for the Tararuas. We arrived weary, but cheerful, at the Otaki Forks at midnight on the Friday night, and were away at 7 o’clock the next morning. The beautiful calm of the morning (this is not poetry) soon changed to a steady downpour of rain, but nothing daunted, we proceeded on—but Oh! by the time we reached Hector, what would we not have given for a glimpse of a cherry, warm fire. How we managed to scramble and fight our way through the wind, mist, and rain we do not know, but eventually we arrived safely at Alpha Hut, and two more had conquered the Tararuas for the first time—probably also the last time, unless the feeling wears off.

The syllabus of tramps for the year opened with a Sunday trip to Belmont Trig, when we failed to convince the people at the Woollen Mills that it was a tramp’s privilege to go through the property.

Immediately afterwards came the Easter holidays, and a trip from the Otaki Forks up to the Waiopu Hut, and then down to Levin. The party of twelve thoroughly enjoyed themselves, even although we had to sleep in a creek one night. It seemed to be the unanimous opinion that Waiopu Hut was the coldest spot on earth; certain members deemed it advisable to reinforce their calorific capacity with hourly drinks of hot cocoa, whilst others found that even the warmth of the fire could not cope with the coldness of the atmosphere. Those who were too lazy (or possibly, too cold) to move, had to be content to remain at absolute zero the whole night.
A party of ten spent a pleasant week-end at Open Bay. Among the attractions for the Saturday afternoon were a swimming exhibition given by the ladies and an axe-throwing competition for the men. General regret was felt on the Sunday at the abundance of fish and the lack of any fishing gear. Those on the Easter trip will vouch that some of the fish could almost equal in size the elusive eel we tried to capture in the Otaki River.

Rain caused a postponement of the trip to Long Gully, but members made up for it by turning out in great numbers to the Mt. Matthews' trip. As usual, the weather played up on the Sunday, and eventually we decided that we were near enough to the top, and returned.

The tramp to Mt. Hawtry was also postponed on account of bad weather, but on the following Sunday we were rewarded with a glorious day for the trip to the Wainui Trig. Those who ventured on this new trip were well rewarded by finding that it was one of the best trips the Club has yet done.

On account of the Capping celebrations, the Reeves' trip was postponed, and in its place a week-end trip to Hutt Forks was substituted. Once again we were almost overwhelmed with the numbers attending—surely a sign that the Club is at last coming into its own. Those who indulged in a swim on the Sunday decided that there were other places just as cold as the Waiopuhi Hut.

The second term commenced with the trip over Mt. Reeves on the King's Birthday week-end. In spite of attractions nearer home, a party of ten made the trip. We decided to break some new ground and go over the new tracks from the Tauherenikau to the Totara Flats. On reviewing this trip we have come to the following conclusions—opossum tracks can deceive even the most innocent trampers; the words "high ridge" on a map are meant to indicate something of the altitude of Mt. Cook; carrying a kerosene tin full of water up a track at 4 o'clock in the morning may provoke some bad language—but the ladies in the tent might have had a bad nightmare (who knows?); flashlight photos (and others) do not always show us off to the best advantage. However, we had a most enjoyable trip, and have decided to view Totara Flats at closer range later.

Apparently the trip advertised as Colonial Knob recalled painful memories to some of last year's trampers, and even inspired terror into new members, for the attendance on the trip was disappointing. But the weather was excellent, and those who made the trip had to rest and explore caves in order to fill in the time. (We know some people won't believe us, but our word is above suspicion.)

The trips for the remainder of the term should prove extremely interesting, as many of them are entirely new to most members of the Club. We would also take this opportunity of extending to students a hearty invitation to join up with the club and forget their cares and worries over the week-ends.

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.

After a temporary dormant period the above club recommenced activities on May 30th. After the business of the general meeting was over Mr. Barwell led an interesting and stimulating discussion on "Censorship." The speaker reviewed recent cases of the exercise of the censorship by the late Home Secretary, and gave evidence to show that it was not so much the alleged paragraph of the works that was objected to as the ideas behind them. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's ruling, which has since been taken as a precedent in regard to obscenity, was objected to as it ruled out witnesses and reduced the matter to the personal equitas of the judges. Logically, if a work had a bad effect on him it was obscene and not otherwise. If the Act was thoroughly carried out the Bible and most classical literature would be classed as obscene. Mr. Barwell's contention was this purity campaign was staged merely to deflect public opinion from the Government's incompetence.

The censorship of economic literature was obscured. In Australia the position had become so bad that the economic faculties at the university were compelled to protect in the interests of their own studies. The censorship in New Zealand, where a book importer does not know what books are prohibited until he is before the magistrate, was roundly condemned both by the leader and numerous subsequent speakers.

Professor Hunter referred to the extensive use of censorship during the war. He deplored the existence of a Board of Censors, and considered that really harmful
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literature could be dealt with by the Law Courts. Mr. Miles, Dr. Sutherland, Mr. Scott and others expressed diverse views.

"Revolution."

On 31st May Mr. Riske addressed a small, but appreciative audience on "Revolution." He listed as characters of a revolution:—(1) Exploiting and an exploited class, and with the latter conscious of their being exploited. (2) A strongly organised group to lead the exploited. (3) The use of a capable leader. (4) Some spark to ignite the conflagration. The speaker then enumerated the advantages that arise from a revolution, a new vitality, revival of artistic expression, etc.

When the subject was thrown open to discussion Mr. Miller disagreed with the speaker as to the beneficial results of a revolution. He suggested that revolution broke out after the oppressed class was beginning to gain enlightenment. He disagreed with the view that the romantic revival was connected with the French revolution, and made it clear that Oxford did not regard revolution as part of the scheme of things. Mr. Scott defended revolution and deplored Mr. Miller's lack of knowledge of the distinction between the bourgeois French Revolution and the proletarian Russian one. Mr. Miles made quite clear that revolution was anathema to his philosophy of history. Miss McDonald defended the French Revolution as a breaker of barriers, and instanced the fact that one of Napoleon's generals had risen from the ranks. Mr. Crossley objected to too much generalisation. Mr. MacIntosh agreed with Mr. Miller that the results of the French Revolution were prejudiced to liberty, equality and fraternity. Mr. Barwell suggested that revolution was only evolution held back so long that it made a rebound forward. After the speaker had replied the meeting broke up.

The rules of the club are those of Parliament in Committee, although the subjects are infinitely more interesting. The list of subjects already prepared for this year is wide in range and deep in interest. Here are some of the titles:—"A Case for Dogmatic Religion"; "The State"; "The Examination System"; "China of To-day"; "Soviet Russia."

All these discussions will be lead by speakers who know their subject thoroughly.

SWIMMING CLUB.

Under the enthusiasm of Dave Lindsay, the idea originated of making swimming an event in the annual 'Varsity Tournament. With this purpose in view, a meeting was called in October last, and the Victoria College Swimming and Life Saving Club came into being. It was unfortunate that the Club was not formed until vacation, as many students did not know of its existence, but in spite of this, many enjoyable outings were held. It is the intention of the Club to enter competitors in the various swimming carnivals, and also to form a polo team. If the other Colleges co-operate it is hoped to have swimming as an event at the next Tournament. So, if you want to taste the joys of a 'Varsity tourney, and happen to be one of those individuals as much at home by sea or land—boost the Swimming Club.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

Three years have passed since the revival of the Women's Club, and it is promising great things for the future.

On March 27th a welcome was given to Freshers. This included a ping-pong competition, musical and other items, and supper. The new students were soon made to feel at home, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

On June 18th we had the pleasure of a most interesting lecture by Mr. Johannes Andersen, of the Turnbull Library. His talk on "Language" was by no means as solid as would appear from the title. Mr. Andersen led us along fascinating by-paths and a genial atmosphere pervaded the evening. This year we have had only one cultural evening, as several well-known speakers whom we approached were not available. However, Miss McLean and Professor von Zedlitz have consented to speak to us in the very near future.

We are hoping to obtain a grant this year from the Students' Association, as the Women's Common-Room is sadly in need of new cushions, curtains and chairs. So far our lack of funds has made this much-needed expenditure impossible.
SENIOR "B" HOCKEY TEAM. Winners Senior "B" Championship, 1928.
Sitting: A. W. Lucas, J. L. MacDuff (Vice-Captain), C. H. Hain (Captain), A. D. Priestly, Lord Waleran.
—P. H. Jauncey, Wellington.
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A recent innovation has been the formation of three Book Circles. These meet every week under the leadership of Misses K. C. Birnie, S. Marshall, and J. Wright. There is a discussion on the books which the members have been reading, and opinions are exchanged.

Dates have been arranged for a social and later a dance in which we shall again combine with the Haerema'i Club.

We need still more support from the women of the College, as the Club is not yet as representative of the women students as we feel such an organisation should be.

HAEREMA'I CLUB.

The Haerema'i Club, now greatly strengthened by its recent rejuvenation, has now become an active force in college affairs. On the social side of college activities it is now one of the few things that prevents V.U.C. from becoming a "glorified night school." The Club regrets that it is this year without the helpful aid and wise counsel of the previous chairman, Mr. G. A. Nicholls, and also that of its past secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. D. Goodwin. The thanks of the Club are due to these two members who above all others reformed the Club in 1927 and carried it from the lean years towards those of prosperity and plenty.

The Club's activities are still limited to the form of socials and god's parties. It has, however, tried to teach the freshers some of the college songs, including several of the unofficial ones, and has tried to instill into the men students as a whole the meaning of "college spirit." It has to the best of its ability attempted to control, if that is possible, the actions of the students as a body when outside the portals of the V.U.C. The Club, however, is handicapped by the fact that too few of the older students are prepared to do their bit by the Club and by those younger members of the student body. Up to the time of going to press the Club has either been responsible for or assisted in several functions.

The first of these was the usual saveloy evening for the purpose of teaching freshers and members of the tournament team the "haka" and Club songs. Owing, however, to the fact that we were only allowed one night in the gym. before Easter, the Club regrets that the results were not all that could be wished for. As far the social side of the evening was concerned, the saveloys all went, including the Committee's, and the unofficial opening of the hoary S.Y.C. was greatly appreciated.

The Club to a man turned out to farewell the Tournament Team on their tour to Christchurch, and, we understand, had some misunderstanding with the Harbour Board officials even—shades of Jay Dee—to the extent of being the subject of letters to the paper. A visit to the "Country Girl" was enjoyed by some 70 Haerema'i-ites and the audience. For the first and perhaps the last time in history the usher did not speak to us harshly. Many thanks to the bald old gentleman in the dress circle who took our remarks so kindly.

The Club, with the exception of its members on the stage, patronised the "Extrav" on the last night. Such few remarks that were made would, we were told, have done the show a lot of good. Some 60 members after the show visited the Ritz, and there indulged in their usual practices, even forgetting to pay when they left—"Shame"—and think of the nasty letter John Rankine got about his hoodlums and the vulgar songs they sang.

The main items of the Club's activities are connected with Capping Week and are dealt with elsewhere. Suffice it to say that though we realise that the procession was not all it could have been, several factors were against it. We admire the nerve of two of our younger members in their "clock" episode.

As part of the celebrations on the Saturday of Capping Week, the Club tendered a congratulatory Smoke Concert to the graduates of the year. Professor B. E. Murphy presided over an attendance of about one hundred members. The customary toasts were honoured and many unofficial ones—not wisely but too well. Musical and other items were presented for the amusement of members. The show closed down at 10.30 p.m., but we are informed that some members were unfortunate enough not to get to bed until 2 a.m. through no fault of their own.

Up to the present the Club is fulfilling its parts in College life, and the members are looking forward to the socials and parties, mixed and otherwise, to come.
THE SPIKE

N.U.S.

The Easter Tournament held this year at Christchurch will go down in history, not only because V.U.C. won the shield, but also because it was officially founded the New Zealand National Union of Students, or N.Z.N.U.S.

At the inaugural meeting, after Messrs. Cabot and Hanan, of Otago University, the sponsors of the movement, had outlined their past activities, Professor Shelley gave the inaugural address. He spoke of the importance (and, incidentally, the frequent futility of conferences to-day, and of the importance of international contacts for students. The University of to-day, he said, had outgrown its block of buildings and should provide opportunities for travel, including foreign travel, for those who are really students. This problem the N.U.S. intended to attempt to solve. He referred also to the question of text books and of the lecture system which were to be investigated by the N.U.S. and which certainly needed attention.

After the public meeting, a meeting of the delegates from the four colleges and the Federation of University Women was held, at which the constitution of the N.U.S. was adopted. The delegates held frequent meetings during Tournaments, and elected a Council, which will meet once a year, and an Executive. Mr. P. S. de Q. Cabot was elected president and Mr. E. B. Taylor secretary. Standing committees were set up in the various colleges to deal with Travel, Internal Affairs, Sport, Debates, Books, etc. Those allotted to V.U.C. were Books and Debates.

The N.U.S. is now the official body representing the students of the New Zealand University. It will act whenever combined action on the part of the students is desirable and will arrange matters such as athletic tours, debating tours, importation of text books. Through it New Zealand is connected with the C.I.E., or International Confederation of Students.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society is fortunate this year in having an abundance of speakers. In a "Spike" of some years back the writer of the Debating Society's Report expressed the wildly extravagant hope that the Chairman might soon have to enforce Standing to reply at 10 o'clock." With some measure of satisfaction we record the fact that we have attained this Utopian state, for we have had as many as fifteen members speaking to one motion; had time permitted there would have been more. Considering that many of them were "new speakers," we think the prospects for the rest of the year are bright indeed. The holding of debates on Fridays and Saturdays alternately is a new venture, but there are already indications of the growing popularity of Friday night debates. Another new venture this year is the institution of supper, which, giving opportunities for a freer discussion than the conditions of debate permit, is likely to be very popular.

The Union Prize for 1928 was won by Mr. Walter J. Hall; while the New Speaker's Prize was awarded to Mr. Crossley.

The 315th ordinary meeting of the Society, held on the 6th October, 1928, was a Visitors' Debate on the subject of "Bible in Schools." The motion, "That the Religious Exercises Bill should have been passed," was moved by the Hon. L. M. Isitt, M.L.C., seconded by Mr. W. J. Hall, and opposed by Mr. F. L. Combs, M.A., seconded by Mr. Mountjoy. An audience of about a hundred listened with great interest to Mr. Isitt's eloquent statement of the case for the Bill and Mr. Combs's crushing reply. The "speakers from the audience," Professor Kirk, Messrs. Bannister, Forde, R. H. C. Mackenzie, and W. P. Rollings, all spoke against the Bill, and in view of this opposition Mr. Combs waived his right of reply. Mr. Isitt, in replying, spoke with much fervour, attacking what he called the students' levity of manner. The students objected to having their ideas classed as frivolous because they differed from Mr. Isitt's, and interjected freely, and Mr. Walter Nash conducted a woody wrangle with Mr. Isitt for several minutes. In spite of the eloquent peroration of the veteran debater, the votes both of the audience and of the members of the Society showed a large majority against the Bill. The judge, Mr. Parry, placed the speakers in the following order: Rollings, Bannister, Hall, Mountjoy, Mackenzie.

The first debate of 1929 was held on Friday, 22nd March, when the Tournament subject, "That State Interference with Industry and Commerce in New Zealand
is to be discouraged," was moved by Messrs. Powles and Mountjoy and opposed by Messrs. Rollings and Crossley. After Miss Forde and Messrs. Arndt, Curry, Hurley, Riske and Vickerman had expressed their views on the subject, Mr. D. F. Beauchamp, of the "1928 Committee," gave an interesting account of the growth, operation and aims of the "1928 Committee." The motion, on being put to the vote, was defeated. The first five speakers were placed in the following order by the judge, Mr. A. B. Siewright: Rollings, Mountjoy, Powles, Arndt, Hurley. Messrs. Powles and Mountjoy went to Christchurch to endeavour to retain the Joynt Scroll, but were defeated by the audience and Otago. The Tournament debate is reported elsewhere.

At the next debate, held on Saturday, 20th April, Messrs. Bannister and Dormer moved "That the New Zealand University should exist solely for the purpose of general culture and not for the provision of specialised training for any particular career." This motion was opposed by Messrs. Mountjoy and Baillie. The following gentlemen also addressed the meeting: Messrs. Powles, Rollings, Crossley, and Arndt. On the invitation of the Chairman, Mr. N. R. Jacobsen gave his views on the subject. The motion, on being put, revealed no desire on the part of the audience for learning for learning's sake alone. Professor Hunter, who judged the debate, after commenting on the students' ignorance of their own University, placed the first five speakers as follow: Rollings and Mountjoy, Powles and Baillie, Arndt.

On Saturday, May 18, a debate on the subject, "That a policy of extensive immigration is not in the best interests of New Zealand," was held. Messrs. O'Shea and Crossley attacked immigration, which was championed by Messrs. Hall and Powles. Mr. O'Shea asserted that immigration was not in the interests of the farming class, while Mr. Crossley contended that from the point of view of industry immigration was undesirable. Mr. Hall, pleading for vigorous, fearless statesmanship, suggested a policy of assisted immigration to organise and discipline "labour patrols," who would increase New Zealand's production to an undreamt-of degree, and drew an alarming picture of the teeming and ambitious East and a half-populated New Zealand. In his contentions he was ably supported by Mr. Powles. Others who expressed their views were Miss Forde and Messrs. Brown, Palmer, T. P. Rollings, Shields, Perry, W. P. Rollings, Mountjoy, Bannister, Wright, and Arndt. The first six of these were placed in the following order by the judge, Mr. Vyrn Evans: Hall, O'Shea, Powles, W. P. Rollings, Crossley and Mountjoy. The motion was carried by an overwhelming majority.

The next debate, held on Friday, 7th June, was on the subject, "That fewer facilities should be given for secondary education in New Zealand." The subject had evidently aroused considerable interest as, when after 10 o'clock, the Chairman called on the leaders to reply, there were still some members who wished to speak. Messrs. Ferris and Gallus criticised the secondary school system and pointed to the comparative excellence of technical education, while the value of the present system was urged by Messrs. Espiner and Hurley. Of the other speakers, Mr. Riske said that half of the teachers were only hacks, and quoted Russia as an ideal State; Mr. Cahill favoured an agrarian policy; Mr. Mountjoy challenged Mr. Ferris's definition of secondary, and talked of democracy; Mr. Brown quoted the W.E.A. and the "Encyclopedia Britannica"; Mr. Bannister, postulating that we must start at the bottom of the ladder and crawl up before we can run, said we should pay more attention to primary education and Mr. Arndt, expressing his intention of "saying a few words," said that of all the weak quibbles he had ever heard, Mr. Mountjoy's quibbling definition was the weakest. The judge, Mr. F. L. Combs, characterised the arguments as round rather than deep, and placed the speakers in the following order: Mountjoy, Hurley, Ferris, Riske, Bannister. The motion was defeated by a large majority.

We can hardly close this report without an appeal for larger attendances. The Society has endeavoured to select subjects of general interest and varied character, and surely there are a hundred or two students of Victoria College who could overcome their indifference and come to listen, interject, and speak.

American Tour.

Debating tours are beginning to occupy an important place in student affairs. New Zealand has been visited by teams from Oxford, the English N.U.S., Bates College, Maine, U.S.A., and Sydney. Many teams from English Universities have debated in the States, while American and Canadian debaters have gone the round of the English Universities. Last year a team of three women from Oxford, Cambridge and London
toured the States, while a Sydney team included New Zealand, Hawaii, U.S.A., and England in their itinerary. This year a V.U.C. team, the first New Zealand team to travel, will visit about thirty Universities in Canada, U.S.A., and perhaps Hawaii. The members of the team will be Messrs. W. J. Hall, G. R. Powles, and W. J. Mountjoy, and the subjects to be debated are:

"That the British Empire is in grave danger of disintegration" (V.U.C. will oppose); "That democracy has failed" (V.U.C. will affirm); "That the continuance of the capitalist economic system is in the best interests of civilisation" (V.U.C. will affirm); "That all international disputes can be settled by arbitration" (V.U.C. will oppose); "That East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" (V.U.C. will oppose); "That the jury system should be abolished" (V.U.C. will oppose); "That the American system of Government is more democratic than the British" (V.U.C. will oppose); "That the emergence of woman from the home is a regrettable feature of modern life" (V.U.C. will affirm); "That the modern sporting girl makes a better wife than did the girl of fifty years ago" (V.U.C. will affirm).

This tour is the result of an invitation received from the National Student Federation of U.S.A. after negotiations had been made by Mr. W. J. Hall. International debating, generally arranged by students organisations such as the N.U.S. through the Confederation International des Etudiants, is being recognised as one of the best ways of establishing international contacts, and the N.Z.N.U.S. has establishing a standing committee, stationed at V.U.C., to arrange for visits of teams to New Zealand and for tours of New Zealand teams. This should be a great step towards the widening of our University thought and should prove more useful to New Zealand Varsities in this way than scholarships, for scholarship winners seldom return to take an active part in our University life.
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