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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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Editorial

In political life, is there any tendency among intelligent people to be dissatisfied with the passive role of voters and to attempt, in all sorts of ways, to exert a direct influence on common affairs? In intellectual life, is there an increasing tendency to discuss world-wide problems—political, economic, social?

—H. G. WELLS, "Democracy Under Revision."

THE day for directive government by the man in the street or even by gentlemen amateurs, if it ever existed, has gone by. Government is not a matter of log-rolling or yet moral theology, but a technique based on a scientific knowledge of social facts, and it is more than a matter for regret—it is deplorable and may be disastrous—that the best brains we have are apathetic towards the social, political and economic problems of the day. It may be argued in defence of the intellectual that his voice is drowned by the applause for the platitudes of the demagogue and that the masses prefer to be directed by the mediocrity which wins at the ballot-box, rather than by the logic of the sociologist, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the men who claim the highest academic attainments are for the most part indifferent to the vital and momentous problems of the day. Here in New
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Zealand the University man has cut a sorry figure in public life, and for his inertia he is partly to blame for the grit in the cogs of the social machine.

The constructive work of civilisation is a rational work requiring a detached and scientific mind. It cannot be carried on amid the bellicose emotions and blaring sentiments of national or class organisations which endeavour to arrogate to their interests the title of the supreme good. In no period in history has there been a greater call for a rational ordering of existence. Some claim to-day that the capitalist system contains the germs of its own decay, that the wage-earner is in revolt against the entrepreneur, others see a solution for all our ills in a return to a status of laissez-faire; some, as Wells, points out, argue that the "ascendancy of democracy has culminated; and like some wave that breaks upon a beach, its end follows close upon its culmination." The Soviet of Russia and the Fascisti of Italy have disciples who give themselves to these movements in a spirit essentially religious. Are there signs of a new government of our world?

There are monetary and trade tangles, the problems of world peace, and the advance of science and invention, which every day further complicate and make more delicate the social structure. It is certainly not an era for University men to stand and stare. There is a call for brains and a call for courage. Of England Galsworthy wrote recently:—

The questions that now concern most the vitality of our race, clearance of the slums, final disappearance of unemployment and the dole, and Empire settlement, are rigid at because no one will give sufficient rein to imagination to plan for the future in large.

There is more than a tendency to wait on public opinion instead of initiating it, and the lead should come from the University man. Surely it is the height of selfishness that he should enjoy the advantages of the educational system the State provides and not use the fruits of his studies in active citizenship. The failure of our Rhodes scholars to enter public life has nullified the intentions of the founder, and our professors who see plague spots in our society make little effort to lay them bare. It is a tragedy that the improvements in education have not yet been shown to be equal to the increased complexity of modern problems.

Yet we believe that the means for controlling the economic and social forces of the present and the future exist, and that they exist in the association between scientific inquiry and the art of government. G. E. G. Catlin points out:—

In economics, it is just coming to be recognised that, if the currency of a country is to be rehabiliated, not politicians, but such a professional economist as Professor Kemmerer, of Princeton, who has already been called into consultation in Poland, Chile and China and elsewhere, must be brought in. It may be that the time will soon some when to dogmatise about education or social legislation without consulting the psychologists will seem temerity, if not eccentricity. Until knowledge has been sought and beaten out, we are workers without tools, soldiers without weapons.

The time is ripe for a greater devotion on the part of the University men to our society, our civilisation, our nation, and our State. The University should teach us more than an easier way of earning a living. "Workers of the world unite," says Marx. John Stuart Mill suggests a unity of intelligent minds.
The Wanderer

The great pagoda was everywhere visible in the dazzling sunlight above the green of the surrounding trees, and at night its dark form climbed up to the stars. It was difficult to comprehend how this hard and brilliant symbol should dominate a religion, which insisted so unwaveringly that everything which delighted the senses, even life itself, was a fleeting illusion. But the shadow of such a doom fell very lightly on the hearts of the people. Antony noticed, judging from their smiling faces, the rich colours of their dresses, and the flowers that nestled so coyly in the blue-black hair of the women. This impression was heightened as he journeyed up the Irrawaddy, with a young Burmese student as guide and companion, to Mandalay and thence onward to the hills. After wandering for several days they reached a rest-house which they decided to make their headquarters. It stood at the head of a fertile valley, in whose jade-green depths were visible the clustering pagodas of a large village. In the distance were the mountains which stretched along the frontier. On certain days, by some trick of the weather, they seemed so near that he might almost step out on to their summits. Beyond were parallel ranges, more and more formidable, right into the interior of China.

As he lingered there, venturing at times down into the valley, where the luxuriance of the vegetation was ever fresh cause for surprise, Antony found that his need for action was growing less and less. In some mysterious way the secret of Buddhist passivity seemed to be in this increasing growth, which he saw, or rather felt, everywhere around him. With an inner calm as if upon the threshold of some ultimate self-recognition, in a state where all the shackles of existence would seem to have fallen from him, when even the bright faces of its women, and their dancing limbs, excited him no more, he had the sensation that he also was becoming a part of this budding growth and decay. This wealth of blossom, which in the past had always made him so acutely conscious of the wonder of life, and brought in due season the swift passionate image of Thelassine before his eyes, was now simply a phase of an ever enduring change. He and she also had become involved in this ceaseless sequence of births and re-births, like drops of water in a river, or the flickering notes in that streak of sunlight which slowly, inevitably, moved across the room.

All is vanity, all is illusion, all passes away! Yet his mind was not willing to surrender without a struggle the memory of her perfection, and with a faint sigh of egoism he recalled her vibrating reality. Even so, she appeared to him as the statue of a goddess; under the weight of her fantastic crown he noted the gracious poise of her head, and he could surmise the beauty of her body beneath the heavy folds of her jewelled robe. But she was become only the recollection of a passion in a world where everything was passionless; as far away as a lotus blossom in a valley beyond that ultimate range of mountains was to the fragile butterfly that had just settled on the open palm of his hand.
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His thoughts lazily followed its flight towards the sunshine, and he recollected how that morning he had sat on a cliff above a little stream watching the mad gyrations of the butterflies below him. All that insensate whirling was simply the search for the predestined mate, and after a passionate instant they drifted indefinitely apart and died. The male of the species, it was related, spent its whole brief existence in search of the female, seeking it out even in the face of a torrential gale.

The vision tailed; the fierce heat of the tropic afternoon eddied round him. Stung to a strange acuteness, he began to distinguish its separate scents as they slowly defined themselves and wavered away into nothingness. One of them was in some remote way familiar, and wistfully pleading to an unknown power, he sought to re-invoke it. The rustle of the poplar trees sounded in his ears, a soft wind blew her hair across his face. The lassine was standing before him in a flower-patterned dress, and he caught a swift glimpse of her firm white feet beneath it. The butterfly on the palm of his hand hovered over the blossoms of her robe, seeking the most perfect of them all.

A noise in the room stirred him gradually to consciousness; his heart was beating over wildly, and there was a mysterious pain in his hand. Looking up, he saw that Aung Zan was gazing at him curiously. He had wakened the Thakin very gently, he explained, for when we slept our soul came out of the body as a butterfly, and if we were rudely disturbed, the thread that bound it to us would snap and we should die. Antony smiled up at him. He looked charming in his new silk dress. In the bazaar this morning he had seen him talking vivaciously with two pretty girls. One of them especially had a bright sparkle in her eyes, Antony had noticed as he passed. What was the young devil suggesting? Thakin, let us imagine that a maiden has fallen in love with you, and confessed it to a friend. She is very pretty, Thakin. Look, she sends you cheroots she has rolled, Aung Zan continued, producing a little lacquer box. Yes, she was the one with the green dress. Her name is Ma Hla. To-morrow we shall go to the bazaar to buy her a present.

Everything happened no doubt exactly as Aung Zan had arranged, and a few days later they set off together to a rendezvous with the two girls at a little pagoda, which stood at a small height above the village. When they had proceeded a short distance they met a Chinaman whom they stopped and engaged in conversation. Antony watched him as he held out his arm towards the mountains, indicating that his journey lay beyond them, and he remembered that a vision such as this he had seen once before in his life. This man had lived for twenty years in Mandalay, where he had made a tiny fortune; he was now returning to his native town in the north of China. The journey would take many months, but arrangements for money had been made with merchants in the towns through which he would pass. There was a maiden, the daughter of a friend of his youth; he had never seen her, but she was as beautiful as a lotus blossom, and she was going to be his bride.

They found the girls at the trysting-place and they listened with laugh-
THE SPIKE

ter and blushes to Aung Zan's voluble account of this recent encounter. They walked on together, and presently at a bend of the path they came to a tall tree which was a mass of yellow blossom. The padauk tree, when it flowers the third time, then come the rains, Aung Zan said with a smile, As he proceeded onwards with his companion, Antony looked down at the little figure by his side. How exquisite she was; the flower in her carefully coiled hair—the blossom of the Chinese language they called it—the green silken dress shot with gold, the soft white fluttering linen jacket, the slim fluent fingers that held the yellow umbrella!

Antony had fallen asleep in the shadow of the padauk tree, and drifted into the mazes of a dream which seemed longer than life itself. With Ma Hla as his companion, he wandered over the mountains, meeting on the way with incredible adventures, the memory of which lingered only after the manner of happenings from some earlier existence. But he recalled how, at the end of a summer day, they arrived at the Inn of Sainted Benevolence, where he had sat with two poets in a tiny pavilion drinking wine and writing verses. Each evening he would join them, and his life seemed to have become so simple and beautiful that he would tarry there forever. But finally Ma Hla persuaded him to depart. They came to a small village where dwelt he who was reputed to be the wisest man in all the world. Antony sat before him for many moons, listening to his wisdom, until at last Ma Hla enticed him away. But Antony, being overcome with a great weariness, rested at the Inn of the Seven Virtues. It was there that he set about the writing of a book in which he would offer to men the fruit of his wisdom. This task seemed to last many years, for he had the sensation of snows beyond recall; yet one autumn day they set off again along a road that led through the maple trees to a pine-clad hill. By the wayside was a man affixing gold leaf to the face of a Buddha; he also was an image maker, Antony explained, and he would discuss the secrets of their craft. But Ma Hla spoke to him sharply, saying that this was not the right kind of clay for his image-making. Having passed the night at the Inn of the Three Wise Sages, Antony, the next morning, sat fishing in a stream, for he would meditate upon this matter of the images and did not wish to be disturbed. But Ma Hla took the rod from him and beat him with it. It was now too late for that kind of thing, she cried shrilly. On the evening of that same day they came to the walls of a great city. Soldiers conducted them to the torture-house, where Ma Hla was strangled by two tall executioners.

They placed Antony in a litter and carried him swiftly through the streets to the shores of a lake, across which he was ferried in a barge to the palace of the King. He was led to a lofty room, where his body was washed and anointed by laughing maidens. This accomplished, they clad him in a garment of silk, placed him in a high red lacquer bed, and whispering and giggling fluttered away.

He was standing behind a curtain peering into the room where he had fallen asleep. In the light of the tall candle at the foot of his bed, he watched a maiden approach holding aloft a shallow bowl. As he watched, the bowl
THE SPIKE

became a lotus flower, and a butterfly, fluttered from his mouth. He felt that if it reached the flower he would die. He was just on the point of calling out, when he felt a hand tugging at his sleeve. Turning he saw that it was an old man, who was earnestly beckoning to him to depart. He followed his guide through furtive corridors into a garden, thence by devious paths to the city wall. Dawn was breaking as the old man lowered him over the wall and let down a cage with a yellow bird. With this in his hand Antony stepped swiftly out over the fields. He felt a stinging sensation of vitality, and the sharp tension of youth was in his limbs. Shortly after the sun had risen, he came to a tree with yellow blossoms, beneath which he sat down to rest. When he awoke from his slumber, he found that the bird had disappeared from the cage, and in its place was a porcelain figure of an old man with a serene and placid countenance. It was the Chinese guardian of the dead, and even as he gazed upon it, petals fluttered down from the tree, more and more thickly, until it was buried beneath them.

Antony woke with a shiver. A cool wind was blowing, long dark clouds were rushing through the sky, the padauk blossoms were falling about him in showers. The monsoon had broken at last, and the rains were coming. Three days later they arrived at Mandalay. The wild chorus of the frogs rose above the noise of the torrential rain, as he vainly endeavoured to sleep that first night in the rest-house. He had to raise himself upon his elbow to think, his thoughts must be shrieks to become audible in the din. He laughed aloud when he considered how he had come this long journey to discover what he had dreamt beneath a tree, and the dream was simply that he had slept in its shadow and dreamt. Or was there some deep truth involved in the absurdity of the paradox? Could it be shown in the last analysis that a dream was less logical, less real, than the chaos we call life! How entertaining was the thought that Brahma had created the world without quite realising what he was doing out of amusement, and that one fine day it would dance itself to extinction! Now and then in the course of our lives, if we were lucky enough, we might see the truth, yet dare not tell anyone, for fear they might laugh us to scorn.

His reverie drifted to the Burmese play he had seen with Aung Zan that evening. He liked the way in which pretty actresses had made themselves up in full view of the audience, and he was amused by the antics of the master of ceremonies, who accompanied the action by a running commentary and a prediction of future happenings. It would be rather dull now for an hour, he said, but anyone who could be asleep then would be foolish. If only we might order our lives thus, at the nod of some really beneficent deity. These few years we would willingly suffer if we could only be sure that something sufficiently vital would happen to us afterwards.

Such matters Antony had been discussing with his hostess only that very afternoon at tea, and the conversation drifted to a remarkable book which she had just been reading. It was the story of a woman who had married a man, yet remained faithful in the spirit to her lover of long ago. Fantastic nonsense, her husband had said, as if there were not many more important things in life than that! Whereupon he showed Antony a long
report, which had cost him nearly six months in the preparation, on the
allowance of opium that was suitable for Chinese residents in Burma. The
fellow had never dreamed in all his life, yet here he was seeking to regulate
the dreams of others. The great thing was to translate one's dreams into
enduring images, ruthlessly press out from them what was not one's own,
fiercely blow away the dust of irrelevance. Hell, what a noise these frogs
were making! Perhaps it was right after all that a man should go to his
own land to get the material for his image-making. I am always ready to
come into your thoughts when you wish, Antony—it was just as if a message
from Thelassine had floated down to him from over the distant mountains.
He started up as a vision of her face flashed out of the darkness. And
carrying the memory of the rose of her smile as some treasure that he must
bear unharmed through a hostile country, recalling that in its light the lotus
flowers had grown dim, Antony continued on his wanderings.

—P. W. ROBERTSON.

Antipodean Horace

ODE XX. BOOK I.
Vile potabis medicis Sabinum.

Nam fancy liquour can I gie
Sae great a guest, Tam Mac, as ye,
But just a drap o' barlie-brie
   For oor guid cheer.
I filled a jar in '93—
   Ye mind the year.

The country echoed wi' your name
Mackenzie, and ye straung to fame
All in a day when ye became—
   'Twas in November—
To help oor nation's laws to frame,
   Oor chosen member

Sin then ye've clammered up the scale
And never known what 'tis to fail,
Ye winna scar a soup of ale
   For auld lang syne,
I ha'na got champagne as well
   Or ither wine.

—A. F. T. CHORLTON.
THE SPIKE

A Simple Egoist

Sometimes, when I am full of trouble,
The world not using me too well,
I feel it's true that life's a bubble,
Society a downright sell;
When horses backed have "also started,"
And things look black right down the list,
And all my glory has departed,
I am a gloomy pessimist.
But, if by chance I've picked a winner
And hold a pocketful of coin,
I'll shout myself a royal dinner
And drinks to any man who'll join.
   I am no gloomy pessimist
   Disposed to brood,
   I am a simple egoist—
   When times are good.

Sometimes, when on a Sunday morning
   I wake up with a splitting head,
I think I'll count it as a warning
   And take to drinking lemonade:
That's when it does not need a nice sense
   To know that beer would not be missed:
Then down with every dastard license,
   I am a prohibitionist.
But if you put me with boon-fellows
   Before a pot of good fat ale,
I feel an influence that mellows
   And straightaway tell another tale.
   I am no prohibitionist
   In front of beer,
   I am a simple egoist—
   When there's good cheer.

Sometimes, when Lena's strange caprices
   A mere man like myself perplex
And shatter love's young dream to pieces,
   I feel at war with all the sex;
She says that she will tell her mother
   And she no longer will be kissed,
I tell her that she loves another
   And turn a sour misogynist.
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But when we have made up our quarrel
And I am hers, she mine again,
I live to point another moral
Of love's sweet blessedness to men.
    I am no sour misogynist
    With woes to soothe,
    I am a simple egoist—
    When love runs smooth.

Sometimes, when riding in her motor
    Clara de Vere, who rolls in pelf,
Sees and ignores with frigid hauteur
    A poor pedestrian like myself,
Oblivious of our introduction,
    I feel inclined to shake my fist
And damn the classes to destruction,
    I am a bloody anarchist:
But, if she send an invitation
    For me to join the grand elite,
Away with all my indignation—
    Superiority is sweet.
    I am not then an anarchist,
        One of the mob,
    I am a simple egoist—
        A perfect snob.

And so it is right through the chapter,
    Where'er I am dissatisfied
Then any 'ism may be my captor
    And nearly every one I've tried,
I've been by turns among the needy
    A socialist or communist.
But ne'er a model to the greedy
    By acting the philanthropist;
For, when the Fates are more propitious,
    Faith in existing things I bless,
My attitude is not seditious—
    When I've no grievance to redress.
    From protest vain I soon desist,
Why make a fuss?
    I am a simple egoist—
        Like the most of us.

—THE CYNIC.
THE SPIKE

An Artistic Stocktaking

IT was William Moore who first suggested to me that New Zealand might be entering upon a revival of art. Why a 'revival' I do not know. The word presupposes high times which have passed, times which my memory cannot trace, and which doubtless exist only in the most romantic of minds. The attempt to create for New Zealand a past of achievement and endeavour is an amusing movement, no doubt the psychologists seen in it something significant, and it certainly has attained little. A friend of Keats, a man who corresponded with Carlyle, a fleeting visit of Meryon; these things amount to nothing. The Brackens and Dometts, I fear, are also doomed to be among those who make no commotion in the world. But here was Moore, with art in his mind (he had just come from Friedensen's latest exhibition), and he had recently been in New Zealand where he had been struck by the number of buildings that had gone up. Moore was interested, he mentioned architecture, he talked of the formation of musical and repertory societies, of the literary work which New Zealanders were doing, and I had not the heart to argue.

To a realist in New Zealand, of course, matters appear different. The buildings which have moved skywards everywhere save in Dunedin, indicate to him not any time of effort, but a sudden leap in land values and the rapid growth of the cities which causes the Farmers' Union so much concern. The formation of musical societies seems to him overdue, and the standard of performance in them not any too high. His attitude may be defined as encouragement of "a praiseworthy attempt." He heaves a sigh, maybe, for the Halle orchestra, the baton of Wood, or the north of England choral societies, but accepts the present without complaint. The work of his local artists has an unfortunate habit of showing poor design. The arts societies are fortunate in their membership. "Patronage of the arts," in the Dominion, has come to mean something in the nature of a social duty. One belongs to the local society; attends the infrequent exhibitions with all the consciousness of going to a race meeting, a theatre, or a house-warming, and with the certainty that on one's return home there will be two questions put, one the vague, "What is the exhibition like?" to which one quotes the annual remark of some dignitary that "the standard is higher," or says that there are a lot of things which one likes; the other query (which really matters), "Who was there?"

It has long been apparent that a member's views at any exhibition is not a moment at which to see the pictures. For one thing it is physically impossible to get near some walls without sidling past a dozen people who appeared to be rooted on all the possible places discussing the doings of friends and relatives. For another, anything like a consistent and quiet inspection is checked by the crowds. And for a third, the din makes one a little be-dazed.

Still, one belongs to the Society. Purchases of pictures are made and are sometimes not regretted. Careful brushwork is not infrequently to be
found upon the walls. There are many dilettantes, people of no real feeling for colours or form, people whose visual effort in the attempt to conceive a picture ought to leave them exhausted for weeks. But there are others of competence, reasonable selective ability and a technique which is long past the student stage. These are our artists. They enjoy a prestige out of proportion to their ability, they are reverenced by the strugglers and by the people who are anxious to admire the right thing, and they command prices for which one could get some of the lesser but admirable work of well-known Englishmen. There is, of course, a 25 per cent. ad valorem duty upon works of art.

In literature the situation is somewhat different. Novels by New Zealanders are not now the rare event that they were before the war. "Another New Zealand novel" was how one reviewer greeted a recently published book. Here there is a great deal of activity, crude and ill-directed, but still ambitious and with some promise. Katherine Mansfield has done something which fifteen years ago was unthinkable, she has demonstrated to the New Zealanders that a New Zealander can create a flutter among the literary ladies and gentlemen twelve thousand miles away. Something of her reputation she now owes to the publicity work of the gentleman who used to be her husband, and who, in the face of her instruction to burn as many of her manuscripts as possible, has published every scrap he could find. Something she owes to her early death. But there she is a Name, and a proved ability, and our feet are upon the road which may lead to something approaching literature. In verse the position is certainly promising. I have just completed an examination of the output of over one hundred versifiers who have written during the last ten years, and the impulse undoubtedly is there. Probably it has always been there, but did not meet with a reception stimulating to its development. Sometimes, of course, the more combative have left the country and won recognition elsewhere (as Katherine Mansfield), which has led to the gibe that New Zealanders will not recognise ability until it is noticed in London. An unkind gibe; for probably the emigrant developed in London as he would never have had the opportunity to develop in New Zealand. There, the limitations are definite and severe. One of them is an utter lack of support,—interest in, or encouragement for, the artist in whatever field. Another is the sharp limitation of a land poor in good models, a new land and ill-stocked with fine works of the brain, though thick with sheep and cattle. Indifference, lack of contacts, little civilisation, in a word, provincialism, this has been the handicap of the country for the would-be creator.

Before there can be any renaissance, that indifference must pass. As yet it has not done so. There is a wider interest in verse, a sharper response to journalism of ideas. There is still barrenness for the novelist—no publisher, no public—there is still lack of understanding for the artists in paint, though he is getting a scholarship or two; there is still the dead-weight of tradition upon the architect, the flat level of sheer dull incompetence in much musical performance. . . . No, I am afraid that I cannot agree with Mr. Moore.—C.Q.P.
THE SPIKE

The Quest

Lost in the desolation of a plain,
Dismal and dreary, mile after mile a blur
Of sudden drabness in descending rain,
Slowly there moved a lonely traveller.
Slowly he moved, as bent beneath the load
Of all his chattels bound into a pack
And borne like some strange hump upon his back,
Along the miry levels of a road.

About him lay in sullen misery
A wilderness of swamp, slough of despond,
Unbroken by an isle of hope; beyond
The fringing warp of rain he could not see.

His vision sank deep inward and within
He saw the stages of his journey pass
In weary leagues across a dim morass
On either side a long road hemming in.
But what was the beginning was and what the end
Of that mysterious road wherein he trod
He knew not, and for answer prayed to God,
But God no answer to his prayer did send;
No answer but the whisper in the air
Of rushing rain in tearful shower shed,
A murmur as of mourning o'er the dead,
Or the sad cadence of divine despair.
Could God lie in forgetfulness asleep
Where never cry did reach him through the cloud?
Was He to unresponsive silence vowed
Or over His own creatures fain to weep?

Oft by the wayside, groping like the blind,
The traveller sought the light that should reveal
The truth of things, whether for woe or weal
Was life on earth by God for Man designed.
Feeling his way and peering through the gloom,
Lured onward ever by faint glimmerings,
He thought at last to find the secret springs
Of earthly life lodged in an earthly womb.
But where the wan flame wavered o'er the reed,
Was naught when thither he the quest pursued;
Thus ever did the phantom light delude
His hope and darkness hide the primal seed.
THE SPIKE

Then in his agony of doubt a moan
Escaped him, and he cried, "While I have breath,
Grant me to know what means this life and death!"
God to the traveller wore a face of stone.

Forlorn then, pensive, with incurious eye
Glassily focussed on the ways ahead,
He plied his sad undeviating tread,
Like some poor sumpter beast unwilling why.
For heavy on him weighed the dreadful cope
Of cloud, and swelling mist walled out the view,
And dimmer o'er the darkling sedges grew
The waning image of his youthful hope.

Gone was all hope now, life was nearly done,
He felt the pain of death within his breast,
For he had given all unto the quest,
Body and soul, and never seen the sun.

With failing step he tottered towards the bank
Of thickening shadow, and with back more bent,
And now at last he knew his life was spent
And by the wayside 'neath the burden sank.

Then on his vision poured a golden flood,
As through a cleft in dungeon masonry
The light of sunset o'er the distant sea,
And in that radiance he understood.

For he beheld, and straight his woes did cease,
The sun cast o'er a mother and her child,
Through melting tears of earth, a halo mild:
And then the traveller from his quest had peace:
And in the fleeting glory of that light
His face shone with a heavenly joy. "All's well!"
He murmured softly, "I can face the night."
And on him as he lay the grave night fell.

—JOHN PILGRIM.
Colonial Appointments
Recruitment of University Graduates

Arrangements have recently been made between His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom and His Majesty's Government in New Zealand for facilitating recruitment for the British Colonial Services from the New Zealand University.

The scheme which has been adopted would enable New Zealand University graduates to be considered on equal terms with candidates from Great Britain and the other self-governing Dominions for certain posts in the Administrative, Medical, Agricultural, Veterinary, Police and other services in a number of British Crown Colonies and Protectorates which are under the control of His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom.

The operation of the scheme is provided for by the appointment of a Selection Committee at each of the four University Colleges in New Zealand. These Committees, to each of which a liaison officer is attached, will become the centre of information concerning appointments to the Colonial Services to all enquiries from University graduates. The University Selection Committees will decide whether or not candidates are to be recommended for consideration by a Central Selection Board in New Zealand which has been set up. The main function of this Central Board will be to consider the recommendations of the University Selection Committees and to decide whether or not to recommend to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, for appointment, the candidates who appear before it. The final decision in each case will rest with the Secretary of State.

Prospective candidates should apply to the Liaison Officer, Colonial Appointments Scheme, at the University College which they have attended.

The names of the gentlemen acting as Liaison Officers are:—
University of Otago: H. D. Skinner, Esq., B.A.
Canterbury University College: Professor L. G. Pocock, M.A.
Auckland University College: M. R. O'Shea, Esq.
Victoria University College: H. G. Miller, Esq.

[Memoranda relating to the various kinds of positions available may be found in the College Library.]

DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SERVICES.

Arrangements have recently been made to facilitate the entry of New Zealand graduates into positions held under the Foreign Office. This scheme is to be distinguished from the Colonial Appointments Scheme which relates to positions held under the Colonial Office.

Entry to this service is by examination and candidates must be prepared to proceed to England for that purpose. Particulars may be had from Mr. H. G. Miller, M.A.
Plunket Medal Contest

THE Debating Society held the twenty-third annual contest for the Plunket Medal on the 21st September in the Concert Chamber, Town Hall, the number of entrants being eight. The competition opened notably with a contest between the Chair and the College Orchestra, which at last successfully quelled the attempt of the Chairman to address the audience. Punctually, at twenty minutes past eight, the Chairman, Mr. C. A. L. Treadwell, was permitted to declare the course open.

The first speaker, Mr. G. Crossley, had an admittedly difficult subject which he handled well. An interesting address on Lenin was marred only by a certain amount of nervousness and lack of light and shade. The clearness of this speaker’s delivery was most noticeable.

Miss C. S. Forde then dealt with an eminently respectable character, W. E. Gladstone. That she delivered such an excellent oration is more attributable to her own powers than the appeal of her subject. It appeared to us that true oratory was reached only by two speakers, she being one, and that she was unfortunate in not appealing more to the judges. Her subtle touches of humour were evidently quite unappreciated. Miss Forde is undoubtedly a very fine speaker.

Mr. T. Taylor shared with Miss Forde the distinction of attaining to the standard of oratory, when he spoke on Father Damien of Molokai. In this excellent subject, suitably treated, it was pleasing to note a complete absence of the use of the loud pedal. Mr. Taylor is the possessor of a good voice which he used with effect.

Mr. B. Vickerman took us to the Isthmus of Panama and introduced us to Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer. Unfortunately the speaker’s voice and delivery did not match his subject, and it is doubtful if those not near the front seats could have heard much of the exploits of this hardy pirate.

Mr. H. R. Bannister showed an enthusiasm for Shelley, in a speech quite obviously not learnt by heart. It is difficult to interest an audience in the merely poetical.

Mr. W. J. Hall, who spoke on William Pitt the younger, had evidently prepared his speech too well, and his effort consequently carried no conviction. It was a good speech spoilt by the insidious inroads of the elocutionist into the art of natural speaking. Mr. Hall is the possessor of a pleasant voice which it is a pity to spoil in this way.

Mr. C. H. Arndt gave an interesting account of the early days and life of Abraham Lincoln, making the points of his speech with clarity and emphasis. It was an old tale well told.

Mr. A. D. Priestley is to be congratulated on his elocution-cum-acting. As he was the only speaker of the evening who had taken no part in the activities of the Society during the year, his speech on Robert E. Lee was all the more to be commended for its traces of careful preparation and coach-
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...It complied with all the requirements, and Mr. Priestley will doubtless feel most gratified with its result.

While the Judges (the Hon. J. A. Hanan, M.L.C., Rev. J. R. Blanchard, B.A., and Mr. O. C. Mazengarb, M.A., L.L.M.) retired to elucidate the problem, Miss Reid contributed a delightful violin solo, and Miss Davies gave two songs. The orchestra played once more before the Judges returned. The Hon. Mr. Hanan gave a speech on the art of speaking during which some interjections from the gallery amused the audience. The Rev. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. O. C. Mazengarb also spoke shortly. The Chairman announced that Mr. Priestley had been placed first and Miss Forde second.

Finis coronat opus. We wonder.

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Desolation

Darkness—and wind—and rain—
And desolation!
Or is it my soul
And not the night, that seems so desolate?
The wind moans through the trees,
Heavily, drearly, the rain is falling.
And all is dark—
And you are far away!
Ah, half the world divides us—
And the rain
Falls,
Drearly—
Drenching the sodden earth.
The wind
Wails like an anguish soul.
And closer, closer,
The darkness presses on my heart.
I cannot see
Your smile—
Nor hear your dear voice calling.
Loneliness
Enfolds me like a shroud—
And all around—
Darkness—and wind—and rain—
And desolation!

—J.M.
Half Hours With Science Students

THE other day as I sat contemplatively chewing ham sandwiches in the Cafeteria and thinking deeply upon the theory of foreign exchange as expounded in Professor M——'s delightful treatise, one of my zoological friends joined me and began to converse in the earnest fashion of all good science students.

"You simply must take zoo."
"Take the zoo! Certainly not, what would Mr. Troup say?"
"I meant zoology" (with pained dignity). "Oh!"
"It's a wonderful subject, so instructive——"
"It must be."

—and all about the jolliest things, evolution, heredity and crayfishes. There was a man called Mendel——"

"Any relation of Handel or Ethel M. Dell?"
"Look here, for goodness sake, stop interrupting——"
"I wasn't, I was being intelligent!"
"You weren't. Commerce students are not allowed to show intelligence. To continue this man Mendel was clever——"
"Fancy!"

—and he took——"
"This College is going to the dogs, now that they are allowing thievery to be taught."

"Wait a minute, did he come after Darwin or was it before No matter, he said that if you took the lenses out of rabbits' eyes and put them into hens, then the rabbits, or maybe the chickens get weak eyes."

"Oh, too foul!"
"Then he said we have all got dominant and recessive characteristics——"
"How interesting!"

—and so if a blue-eyed person marries a brown-eyed person——"
"Wedding bells, eh! They are always tinkling at this College."
"Shut up and listen, then for every four children, three will have brown eyes and one blue——"

"But what if there are six?"

—because brown is dominant and blue recessive."
"Have you heard that Mussolini is dominating Italy?"
"We have found that there are jolly little things called 'amoeba.'"
"Never met him."

—and they are like jelly-fish and move along by pouring themselves into themselves."

"I say, that sounds fishy."

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"— and after millions of years they grew into men."
"Were they brought up on Virol?"
"Try not to be fatuous. You know it is very wonderful to think that all the world was once full of amoeba and of course you realise. Great Scott, is that the time. Goodbye, you do know all about it now, don't you?"
"Oh yes, thanks awfully!"

But do I? At any rate, I do know this. First, Mendel is no relation to Handel or Ethel M. Dell. Second, in zoology, you can have four-eyed children, three blue and one brown. Third, the world was full of jelly-fish that became men. So why worry to inquire into that subject any more.

—A.M.D.

———

Sunlight

Bewitchingly the sunbeams catch thy hair
That peeps in fluffy wisps beneath thy hat.
The realms of earth show not a thing more fair
Than that bright burnished gold—than that!—than that!

———

Fear

Sweet lady of the timid eyes—
You make me think of hounds that rise,
And hunt the innocent gazelle
All terrified from out her dell.
And do those eyes refuse to shine
With fullest trust save into mine?
Those cheeks and lips, that head of hair,
With all that love expresses there,
Reserved for mine especial care?
—May never constant colour cease
In lip or cheek, grey hairs increase,
Because of my disloyalty;
Nor tears be shed in vain for me
Like drops that fall in vain at sea.
**Story Book Land---A Fairy Tale**

Once upon a time there was a University College. It was a fine old ivied place with many thoroughfares and draughts, and things running through it. Numerous Professors and Members of the Staff were attached to this institution, besides about nine hundred subjective students of minor importance. And these students thought in their poor, blind way that they were being staunch Conservatives because they hated Reform and were quite content to live as their forbears had lived. (No, not the Three Bears and Goldy-Locks this time). As a matter of fact they were being victimised and they in their simplicity did not realise this and so at the end of each session two hundred cast-iron-digestionised, nerve-shattered Spartans were being hurled out in to the world.

Now three years in this establishment served to divest practically every student of his individuality and initiative—for all were reared on the same food and told exactly what political, economic and religious views they were to adopt. It was a glaring case of Mass Production and the Inferior Article. But suddenly there rose up in the midst of these crushed souls, a small coterie of students, an Executive who were Different. These newcomers introduced a System—an Organization—into the College, a thing none of these poor, blundering dupes had ever known. And as a United Body, these people set about reforming the absurd conditions that had prevailed for so many years.

They first of all showed that in a University whose whole aim is presumably to tutor and to guide the young through a series of examinations as efficiently as possible, that the convenience not of the Professorial Hierarchy or of the Members of the Staff, but of the students, should be considered first.

With this definite basis upon which to work, the plucky little band, against great odds, set out to win freedom for their more subdued brothers. On all their trials and set-backs I shall not dwell, but finally there stood in place of the old Torture House, with its thousands of almost incredible inconveniences, a University College that did not blush at the mention of its three affiliated contemporaries.

Now there had been for some time in this College a so-called Tea-room where very light refreshments were “obtainable at a slight cost.” This was one of the first reforms the students undertook. One day, the sun rose on the Cafeteria and found it no longer reminiscent of the Work House scene from Dickens, but a dining-room where appetising meals were served and where ham was not known to run out at six o’clock and fruit cake was always on sale irrespective of HOW many little scones were threatened with the grim prospect of passing the night out in the corridor. Sometimes these happy students could distinguish the coffee from the cocoa and vice versa. On rare occasions they could detect the taste of tea in the national beverage. Chocolate biscuits dropped from four shillings per pound to almost par and one dessert-spoonful of mashed potato no longer “ran out” at twopence.
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Other startling changes took place. Students were able to read the notices in the Hall at almost any time without fear of giving the Caretaker a complex and only those of exclusive social standing or of high academic attainments were permitted to address him—the true dignity of his appointment reserving for him the right to discriminate even among these. The two entrances to the Library were open in the morning and students could leave their books for nearly five minutes on the table and come back and still find most of them there. On rare occasions, the “9.30 All Out” bell was known to ring at half past nine. Dog-fish and defunct frogs and their respective halos were confined strictly to their own quarter and hot water and carbolic soap were supplied to Zoology devotees after their daily seance in the Science Wing.

Things went on improving like this until there came a time when even those who were not included in the caretaker’s circle of friends knew when an examination was imminent. Sometimes they were given notification three days beforehand and almost had time to prepare. This meant a great deal to some of these students, for it appreciably reduced their heavy natural handicaps and they no longer had to contend with their own tutors and which enabled them to give their whole attention to their annual struggle with outsiders in November. And immediately before these annual examinations the lecture rooms were all available to those who for various reasons had no other retreat in which to study—another boon to the undergraduate.

In the Winter, hot water was procurable without recourse to the experi-ent of unscrewing the caps of the steam heaters. All the broken windows and locker doors and the gymnasium clock and balcony railings were repaired. Seats were placed in the Hall for weary lovers and fittings in the Common Rooms were changed once every decade or so. Professors from time to time attended the less important College functions and the more important ones (such as the Capping Ceremony) were being favourably considered as Annual Professorial Fixtures. As many as 2 per cent. of the student body were present at the important Rugby finals each year and once in a while the Dramatic Club read a play on a night when the footballers were not romping about upstairs. The tennis court lakes were gradually drained away and the gate at one end became once more open. The men students’ club which had been formerly a curse to local restaurant proprietors—and to anyone else with whom it happened to come in contact, —became a kind of Welfare League or Holy Alliance and went about among its fellows doing-good-by-stealth-and-blushing-to-find-it-fame-and-all-that-sort-of-thing.

FINALLY—with the adoption of gowns for daily wear (and tear) the institution lost its reputation for being “only a night-school” and was by its contemporaries raised to the dignity of “COLLEGE.”

This was the crowning achievement of this fine band of girl and boy reformers, and when they “passed through”—as we all must inevitably do some day—THEY left more than merely a few gashed desks and some mystic
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Numerals on the wall in the telephone box to mark their undergraduate days.

And they called this Fairyland Resort, "THE PALACE WHERE STUDENTS COUNT FIRST"—and, of course, "everybody lived happily ever afterwards."

—VOX STUDENTIS.

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An Aged Pine

Serene it stands upon a little hill
An aged pine, though straight and stalwart still
Its gnarled branches many a year have borne
The fierce and fiery temper of the storm
Beneath its spreading shade, at full of moon
Lovers have lingered, and to Love’s old Tune
Have once again the same old story told
To one another, ’neath that giant old,
While it unheeding casts its branches high,
And throws defiance to an azure sky,
And all around the world goes on unknown
To it ignoring, as monarch on his throne
It stands, a hoary and an aged tree,
Defying death, seeming eternally. —J.A.C.

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Sonnet

To a Young Lady who paid a visit in the next room—at Oxford.

I know thee not—have ne’er beheld thy face,
Scarce heard thy voice, nor said one word to thee.
And yet I could have wished that unto me
There had been done to-day such kindly grace
As thou hast shown another. Here I pace,
A world removed from everything I love,
From all that earth below and heaven above
Made ever dear, exiled in time and space.
And as to thee, my mind is like a stream
On which the dancing shades are free to fall;
Or like the blue of heaven with light abeam
(So splendidly monotonous withal)
Whereon the gathering clouds have liberty
To work unchid their wildest phantasy.
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To A Mouse

I see you there, O Mr. Mouse,
Through prison-bars a-peeking,
This comes of breaking into house
When decent folk are sleeping.
Nay, do not plead your innocence,
Caught as you are red-handed;
For that there can be no defence,
When such your guilt is branded.
For I am now your magistrate
With proper jurisdiction,
So in the interests of the State
I enter a conviction.
The same as judge I do airm,
Before I pass a sentence
That might be for a lengthy term
With leisure for repentance,
Did I not feel the case too bad
For mere incarceration?
While nobody would be so mad
As to suggest probation.
Your life has been a life of crime,
Your livelihood is thieving,
And, if from that you've any time,
You spend it in receiving.
Perhaps you are not all to blame,
Your breed is only so-so;
The mouse inherits evil fame,
I have it from Lombroso.
I know you cannot read or write—
Your speech is hardly pidgin—
And, well, it would be futile quite
To ask you your religion.
And yet you once belonged to church,
A member poor, but honest,
Until your name you did disown
By feathering your own nest.
You sneaked behind the vestry door
And plundered the refection,
And left some relics on the floor
As clues to your detection.
Your raid upon the synagogue
Showed merely that you're low-bred
In damaging the Decalogue
And loading up with showbread.
And then apparently you found
The game was worth the candle,
And burgled, pillaged, robbed all round,
Till it became a scandal.
You stole the worker's common cheese,
The boss's Gorgonzola,
The labourer's lunch, the pauper's pease,
The vegetarian's kola.
You robbed the farmer of his crop,
The horse, of cats in manger,
It seemed that you would never stop
In spite of all the danger.
You ranged the houses of the land
From hall to humble whare,
You and your base confederate band
With many a fruitful foray.
What though the feline force pursue
That our fair land polices,
They're guardians of the peace, but you
Are guardians of the pieces.
I understand you to demur
At what account I'm giving;
You say you are a scavenger
And earn an honest living.
It might be, did I not know well
From personal relations,
That such is not the truth you tell;
Here are my observations:
A scavenger, no doubt, must take
What'er our life encumbers,
And in his calling did may wake
Good people from their slumbers.
But you are in my room at night
To cut your cursed capers,
To squeak and scratch, and irk and fight
And nibble at my papers.
One morn I to my anguish saw
My verses torn and tattered;
The verses you must go and gnaw
Were just the ones that mattered.
For they were written to my love
And written in such fashion,
As sure her Ladyship would move
With pity for my passion.
I might have 'en forgiven still,
For that you knew no better;
You might have thought it was a bill
Or just a common letter.
But I shall ne'er forget the day
My darling came to see me.
And I my fortune would essay,
For she was looking dreamy.
As I was fain to press my suit,
She screamed as if demented,
"A mouse!" 'twas you, you little brute,
Else might she have consented.
But there, alas! my chance was lost
And all was disillusion.
My love was nipped by numbing frost,
And all through your intrusion.
And from that time I've sworn a feud
To slay a foe so hated,
By all the cats that ever mewed
Till you're exterminated.
Meanwhile as judge I do decree
Your instant dissolution
And no injunction shall there be
To stay the execution.

—Justin J.
Concerning The Devil

In ancient Judaism, imperfectly as we trace it through the holy books, there is no question of infernal powers. All that is good or bad, whatever be its nature, is attributed to God. He is the author of all things, and these ancient Israelites do not trouble themselves to establish moral distinctions in the sum-total.

The serpent of Genesis (chap. 3) as a form of the Devil, holds a considerable place in the mythology of Christianity, but, prior to the Babylonian exile Judaism never identified it with the Demon. The story was intended, apparently, to explain why man created immortal, became the prey of death. Thus it was imagined that in the Garden of Eden were two trees planted by the Creator, one bearing the fruit of life, the other the fruit of death. The serpent "more subtle than any beast of the field" persuaded Eve and through her Adam, to eat of the fruit of death on the pretext that it was of the tree of knowledge, and thus robbed them of immortality for the benefit of his own race. Among primitive people the serpent is believed to be immortal because it changes its skin. "Originally no moral element comes into this conflict where man is deceived by an astute animal, and the Devil has nothing whatsoever to do with the affair." (Professor Charles Guignebert).

In fact the last time that we meet Satan is in the Book of Job, where he suggests to Jehovah the idea of trying the disinterestedness and constancy of the holy man's piety and receives a mission to torment him. This no doubt is an occupation familiar to him since he calls himself the Adversary, but it does not imply the Adversary of God. He is not a demon for he takes his place among the Sons of God, who surround the throne and he carries out the caprices of Jehovah. He resembles the spirit who in Kings xxiii led Ahab astray by uttering lies from the mouth of one of the King's prophets.

Then there gradually grew up in Israel the tendency to personify outside God the will to evil, at first one of the aspects of the sovereignty of Jehovah, then eventually excluded from his character.

At the time of the birth of Christ demons were felt everywhere. Josephus gives a large place to them in his writings. According to him all bad men become demons after their death and this, combined with the shocking fecundity of the she-devils, explains the swarms of evil spirits obstructing the Universe.

"Yet," says Professor C. Guignebert, "these devils have not been altogether unserviceable to men; for example, they have taught them to work with metals, the fabrication of arms, the care and artifice of adornment, and above all magic arts in all its forms." Thus the Devil, the supreme head of the demoniac army, becomes the Adversary of God, Satan, the embodiment of evil, and consequently the Tempter, the enemy of good in the world and in man, and the author of death.

He is specially dangerous since he can disguise himself in alluring
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shapes. St. Anthony nearly succumbed to him in the form of a beautiful woman, and Luther threw an ink well at him.

He deceives pagan nations, making them adore him under the guise of their stone and metal gods. Pan, the god of fecundity and wise, was identified by the early Christians with the Devil, and he is usually detected with goat-hoofs and horns and a shaggy beard.

Towards the end of the third century Manichaeism became so powerful as to be a serious rival to Christianity. This religion paid reverence to both God and the Devil on the principle that it costs nothing to be polite. It was originally peculiarly the religion of the Roman garrisons. “Soldiers may have espoused it rather than the rival faith because in the primitive ages Christian discipline denied them the sacraments on the ground that they were professional shedders of blood” (Encyclopaedia Britannica).

At any rate this heresy was only completely wiped out in the 13th century.

In the Middle Ages many peasants oppressed by the Lords spiritual and the Lords temporal, despairing of relief through Christ, tried a change of allegiance, and cults of Devil worshippers grew up. They were, no doubt, influenced by the relics of the archaic religions which still survived. The extermination of these obnoxious sects was to begin that mass hysteria of witch hunting and the estimate of the total number of victims is given by the Encyclopaedia Britannica as from 100,000 to several millions.

Now witches riding on broom sticks are only found in fairy tales, but devils still throw pots and pans about in spiritualist seances.

—J.S.B.

Sonnet

Mists filled the vale, came wreathing up and round
The city spires, and gathered thick where weaves
The brook its lacy net, and Autumn’s sheaves,
Now harvested, late stood securely bound.
The stream lay dead and still, as though it found
A burden in its veil of scattered leaves,
Or as ’twere loath (like one whom parting grieves)
To bear away the wealth which Summer crowned.
Earth drooped; nought save the futile water-fly,
Which idly spins its way among the reeds,
Seemed not to know that Winter’s icy steeds,
New-yoked, sped south from out the Arctic sky,
And ’neath their breadth the mellow year must needs,
And all the warmth it gave, now coldly die.

A.B.C.
"The Young Idea"

By The V.U.C. Dramatic Club

(“Spike” Special Reporting Service.)

THE Dramatic Club’s annual public performance this year was held in the Blue Triangle Hall on the 16th and 17th August, the offering being “The Young Idea,” by Noel Coward (we beg the pardon of the club’s publicity man)—by the “talented” Noel Coward! The publicity agent continues “the play which took London by storm”—“packed full of brilliant wit and sparkling comedy.” After witnessing the presentation it is certainly difficult to see why the club chose such a play when they might have utilised one of, say, Barrie’s, and thereby not have wasted the talent of its members on something not worth reading. “The play which took London by storm”—of disgust without a doubt—“the play which broke records”—gramophone records or those established by the most unsuccessful but certainly no others—“packed full of brilliant wit and sparkling comedy” on most rare occasions, except in the third act.

In spite of all difficulties the performance, we understand, was financially successful, and we hope the type of play chosen this year will be forgotten before next year to such an extent that the takings will not be detrimentally affected.

Now for the personalities, one by one: Miss Mary Cooley, who was also the producer, took on very short notice, the part of Cicely filled (according to our programme—price threepence!) by Miss Sinclair Breen. “Why?” was a much discussed question with the audiences, but we will not pursue the question further here.

As was expected, Miss Cooley’s performance left nothing to be desired. Her cutting sarcasm was quite out on its own, and we extend our sympathy to any future husband who might be unlucky enough to be “acted upon” by it, in place of the usual cheery good nature known to all students at V.U.C. In this case the “husband” was the capable Mr. A. D. Priestley (“George”) and in spite of Cicely’s spirited attacks his retaliation was of the cool, calm and collected type, by which he often scored off his second wife.

George’s rival and Cicely’s secret passion was Roddy (played by Mr. Jack Cowan); his part was quite satisfactory but his love-making weak and uninspiring for one with his past (in the play only, of course!). Fancy declaring in most passionate tones, “My God! How I love you, Cicely”—from the other end of the couch. And again his persuasions to her to elope left much to the imagination. But perhaps he did not wish to rouse Cicely’s cutting sarcasm which she often practised before him on dear old George. At any rate, instead of being embraced she almost, very nearly had to do the embracing herself.

The two young liars, Gerda and Sholto, were portrayed by Miss Edna Purdie and Mr. Ralph Hogg respectively, and the interest attached to them,
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their doings and remarks, was sustained to the very end. But Sholto, evidently bent on gazing into his father’s eyes with true filial affection, would get between the footlights and his parents, casting heavy shadows which at times quite obliterated the handsome features of pater familias.

An amateur show has a distinct advantage over professionals: it does not have to fill minor parts with inferior players, and this fact was most noticeable in “The Young Idea.” Of these smaller parts Miss Bullen was perhaps the most outstanding of the women, and Mr. Chadwick of the men, but Misses Henderson and Nielsen and Messrs. Bannister and Wright are all worthy of mention. We are sorry there was not more of Mr. Chadwick, as his manner was as sure a laugh-getter as his remarks.

After a dramatic climax in the second act (which few would honour with the name “climax” at all) we had two new principals introduced to us in the third act to provide very necessary “comic relief” and “happy ending.” Mr. Walter J. Hall as Hiram K. Walkin, ardent admirer of George’s first, and divorced, wife, Jennifer and Miss Dorothy Martyn-Roberts as the wife. Miss Martyn-Roberts’ work was without reproach, and it was a real novelty to see her playing a part younger than “Grandma—guaranteed over 60.” We hope the club will keep in view the fact that this member is very capable and deserving of, and suited for younger parts.

With Miss Purdie, Messrs. Hall and Hogg on the stage together, we saw the best comedy team-work of the evening, and we are glad to say it was exhilarating, very refreshing, and stimulated a new interest for the realistic reunion which then took place between George and Jennifer.

Lastly, we must mention that anyone requiring a capable, neat, and efficient maid, should engage Maria (Miss Mildred Huggins).

No record would be complete without the mention of the assistance received from the College Orchestra, under the able conductorship of Mr. A. C. Keys. But would he conduct Billy Fear away from the fearful and resounding crashes he creates, evidently by kicking the big drum and cymbals, both at once at the wrong time. Although we may need a course in musical appreciation to enjoy the Varsity orchestra, we heartily object to being scared stiff by the overture. In this case something soft, soothing and gentle, would have been more suitable. However, matters improved as the evening wore on, and there was appropriate applause to the last entr’acte, “Valse des Heures.” But our opinion mounting rapidly crashed to the lowest depths when we heard a series of weird noises after the final curtain. Some say it was “God Save the King,” but the programme was wisely silent, and we were left guessing.

Miss Helen Dunn, the stage manager, is to be complimented on her excellent stage settings which must have taken much valuable time. Why was the overture late on both nights? From enquiry made we discovered and in fairness to the people behind the scenes, we must say, although we do not want to be unduly critical of the orchestra, that some idiot dropped his music, and the conductor had to find it and re-arrange it for him.
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On the last evening many beautiful flowers and boxes of chocolates were handed to the performers from an appreciative audience.

In conclusion, we would like to mention the three attractive programme sellers who did excellent work—Misses Rita Nolan, Lois Fox and Pat D’Ath—and regret they kept their wraps on the whole evening—we didn’t get our threepence worth when buying from them! And lastly (let us whisper it) who was the orchestral stalls usher who put us, as well as many others, in reserved seats from which we were almost immediately ejected.

On A Puritan

Her pretty confusion on finding that she
Was holding the hymn-sheet awry,
Is matched by the mischievous gleam that you see
From the edge of her “missish” black eye.

Midwinter Midnight

Within the garden’s overflowing green
My home endures the noontide’s fiercest heat;
Among the trees, close by you shady seat,
The boy doth from his leaf-strewn ladder lean,
And scarcely heard, as he is quite unseen,
Clips lastily the dusty hedge; while e’en
The birds have stayed an hour their singing sweet.
With tousled hair, burnt cheeks, and sandy feet,
The children come from bathing, hunger-keen.
Uninterrupt the sunlight earthward pelts;
Inside—soft butter on the table melts.
But that is far, and here in gloom am I,
Beguiling warmth from laggard coals that lie
Within a wintry grate. It’s cold and dark,
And through the pane the trees show naked, stark.
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Letters To The Editor

Another Appeal

(Published by Arrangement.)

Dear Fellow Student,—When you come to the University, you have reached the stage in your life when your education in its widest sense falls into your own hands. Where, hitherto, the influences that are to surround you in your daily life have been chosen for you, you must now choose for yourself. You study at the University to better fit yourself for your calling in life, the calling which is to earn for you your livelihood. You choose some from the many available means at hand for giving expression to the higher impulses within you. Music, outdoor sports and games of various kinds appeal to you, or you feel attracted to public-speaking, writing, art, and indoor amusements of which dancing is one of the most prominent. You do not and, indeed, cannot afford to neglect all of these means of expressing yourself.

You see to it that you have enough bodily exercise, so that you may be physically fit to carry on your life’s work. You take your part in some or all of the social activities that belong to the social group of which you are a member, so that you can feel that you are an active and useful member of that group. In doing all these things you are living to the best of your ability, and, incidentally, preparing yourself for a still more useful life in a still larger group.

What is missing from this account of University life? Surely it is religion. You would not give up your home life or your University life, because you know that they are influences in your life that bring out the best that is in you. Can you afford to neglect the influence that religion can play in your life? Have you never thought that there are hundreds and thousands who, though several years younger than you, will never know what a home is like—let alone a University? Religion to these young men and women is something that they clutch at as a drowning man clutches at a straw. It becomes a guide to lead them to a higher and useful citizenship, lives that might so easily become dominated by vicious and destructive habits. I suggest to you that you will not always have with you the University; and, further, that you will not always have a home to shelter you from the evil aspects of the world. I suggest to you that, even while you do have these advantages, if you have not religion, you are missing something that can make you happier—make you feel ready to burst with the joy of living a life that seems really worth while. Until you have felt religion you cannot know what it is to be fully and truly alive. If you do not seek it, you are missing one of the best things that life has to offer you, one of the higher blessings that man has discovered in the long history of his development on earth.

"How am I to seek religion?" you say. "I do not like the idea of church. My friends might laugh at me when they see me going to church." Do you not know that religion has been recognised by men since the very
earliest of records of them? Do you not know that religion is one of the highest cultural developments of the human race? Do you not know that religion has occupied the minds of some of our greatest thinkers from the beginning of higher thought? Do you not know that it has been the inspiration of men on whose memory time has set the hall-mark of true greatness? Can you be so blind as not to see that social life of to-day is as full as it ever was of opportunities for religion, which some seize and some let slip? Have you never heard of a bible-class, of a study-circle, of the Y.M.C.A., of the Wellington City Mission, which gives to children from the worst homes in Wellington the religious opportunities that the young men and women from some of the best homes seem to value so lightly?

In the last issue of "Spike" someone wrote an appeal to students to support the Students' Christian Movement, which forms one of the largest unions of young men and women in the world. I reiterate this appeal with emphasis on what the Movement has to give YOU and not so much on what you can do to help IT. It if helps you, the work of the Movement is done and its purpose fulfilled. But if the Movement does not appeal to you, seek SOME field of religious activity. Do not think that this letter is written to make copy for "Spike," and do not read it through without thinking at the end what in it seems reasonable and what not. Be sure of one thing—that you do what YOU think is best and not what others think or do MERELY BECAUSE THEY THINK OR DO IT.

"It is easy to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Yours sincerely,

"MORE PEP."

[This correspondence is now closed.—Editor]

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Foreign Language Quotations

Dear Spike,—

It would seem that whenever well-intentioned people "get together" (in the words of the classics) to further some worth while enterprise, immediately do they "camouflage or distinguish themselves" behind fragments of the alphabet. N.U.S. as Mr. Cabot and others told us—S.C.M. on little booklets and notices—V.U.C.A.A.C. on strips of green ribbon parcelled out to the deserving. While deploring such back to childhood methods I suggest that a cause of some immediate importance be taken up and sponsored (like Mr. N.U.S.) by more of our energetic members of committees.

In various parts of our library are books written in unknown tongues. Let them remain there. They are safe, harmless. What I do object to is in reading a perfectly intelligible article in one of our magazines, in a book of essays or even crowning monstrosity, in a text book to be suddenly plunged into a welter of Greek, Latin, German or French. "This must be
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quoted in the original" and off he goes perhaps even without this warning and apology. Perhaps the author means that we stop to admire the beauties supposedly inherent in the classics, or that we acquire French technical words we knew not before nor wish to see again. Of what value can such perversity be? Any translation would be better than the one we may work out. Must we go to Freud for an explanation or haven't they translated his works properly?

Adding paragraphs 1 and 2 of this discourse, let me suggest that there be formed immediately a Society for the Suppression of Intellectual Cussedness. In short S.S.I.C., and that this society have as its objects:—

1. To persuade Professors R.B. and B.W. to form a department for the translation or suppression of such extracts or alternatively (as the best examination papers say).

2. The provision of one of our intellectual language fiends as a ready reference to be stationed in the library at all times.—I am, etc.,

——EXASPERE.

"The Old Clay Patch"

Dear Spike,—

In an idle moment the other day, while searching for something of the Edgar Wallace touch to pass the time with, I came across my copy of "The Old Clay Patch," and I sat down and there and then read it through.

Apart from the excellence of the book as an anthology of College Verse, there is much in the book of a really fine order, and several of the pieces appearing over the initials of Seaforth Mackenzie could hold a place in any company.

I note that the first edition was brought out in 1910, and was followed by a later edition in 1920. Next year is 1930, and I wonder whether we shall see a third edition. I have perused the pages of "Spike" from 1926 onwards and there are not more than twenty poems there that deserve the immortality which is conferred on them by their inclusion in the "Old Clay Patch."

The fact is that the last five years have given us but little in the way of really good verse. The cream of the numbers of "Spike" for those years are very good, but very few.

This may be attributed, no doubt, to the fact that 1929 has seen the first Extravaganza for several years. The Extravaganza no doubt led to extensive verse-production in its bygone years, and "The Old Clay Patch" benefited in consequence.

Now that we have revived the Extravaganza, and with a record-breaking effort at that, we may look forward to seeing much more and much better verse written in the pages of "Spike."

Owing to the apathetic attitude which is shown by the students as a whole to the traditions of their College, the Executive have a considerable

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number of copies of the last edition of the "Old Clay Patch" still unsold. No doubt this is due also in no small measure to the fact that, apart from the Christian Union Handbook given to freshmen at the commencement of the session, the Executive do not even mention, let alone advertise, the "Old Clay Patch" in any of the College organs. (It is mentioned in the Annual Balance-Sheet, but then no one reads, or is expected to read, that).

The result of this deplorable apathy will prove to be that no third edition of the work under discussion will be issued next year. It is time there are few pieces which have appeared in "Spike," which are entitled to inclusion, but the few which are of merit deserve to be preserved.

Furthermore, the verses written for the 1929 Extravaganza are almost as good as the Bab Ballads, and should certainly be given immortality.

I insist, Sir, that if the question of a third edition is discussed, that the question of whether it will pay will receive secondary consideration to the question of immortalizing the few outstanding literary efforts of the last five years.—I am, etc.,

"SILIASA."

Mr. Bishop's Grievances

Dear Spike,—

I use your columns in the redress of a great wrong. My grievance is that the Executive of the Students' Association do not advertise sufficiently the date of the special general meetings which are held from time to time. Apart from a small notice on the board by the letter rack, and occasionally a chalked message on the blackboard, the students are left guessing.

The obvious retort is that they should watch the executive notice board, but when it is a question of watching the darn thing with a microscope the thing becomes absurd. In any case, the students have proved themselves so apathetic in the past that some thing far more arresting must be devised to catch their attention than a mere typed notice. The notices for the last election are a case in point.

I suggest that something like the advertisements for the Law Dance should be used. This will undoubtedly arrest the attention of the surging proletariat.

Another grievance is the shortness of the notice that is given of important meetings. Except in rare cases there is no reason why at least 10 days' notice cannot be given.

In passing I would also question the right of the Executive to issue a notice to the effect that notices on the general notice board must be initialed by one of the Executive. Is there any authority for this? and if so, any necessity? Is not the common sense and good judgment of those who put a notice up sufficient to ensure that nothing unreasonable or offensive is put on the board? In previous years this requirement has not been insisted on, and I for one, would like to know the reason for the passing of this rule, if it has been so passed.

The Executive are notoriously elusive, and I for one have neither the time nor the inclination to scour the College looking for an odd member of
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the Executive. The secretary I have never been able to find in the executive room yet, and the same applies largely to the other members. If they expect this rule to be adhered to, they should give every opportunity to those concerned, that it may be adhered to.

Lastly, I want to know who the lousy swine was who got down on the Hockey Club’s notice board, and I hereby give notice that if I find out his name, only the fact of his having a wife and family of six will save him from summary evisceration at the hands of the Committee.—I am, etc.,

H. J. BISHOP.

[This letter has been ruthlessly watered down.—Editor.]

Dear Spike,—

I wish to register a protest against the manner in which Students’ Association meetings are conducted. I have attended all but one of the meetings of the Students’ Association held this year, and without exception they have degenerated into gatherings almost as rowdy and disorderly as the present session of Parliament. (In case anyone should gain the wrong impression I may say that the meeting I did not attend was just as rowdy as the others.)

Now, Sir, surely there can be found in the College someone capable of controlling a meeting. I am referring now to the case at the last meeting when the chairman was absent, and the secretary took the chair.

My suggestion is that at each meeting the chairman be elected by the members present. Possibly the meetings may then be something other than a farce.—I am, etc.,

H. J. BISHOP.

Oblivion

I would to-night that I might dimly fade
Into the silent air; become a mist
To dream upon the mountains; a faint breath
Of delicate perfume, or the gentle sigh
Of ripples lapping the dank water-weeds.
I would that I might melt into the night,
Into the liquid depths of that clear sky
Silent by moonlight; quietly to drift
Aimless as summer clouds along the blue;
To lose all thought, all purpose and desire,
And move but as the stars of heaven move,
In silent rhythm, unresistingly.
Until at last the tides of infinite space
Rolled o’er me and transfused my very being
With the Eternal. Then perchance my soul,
Like a clear stream which freshens, ere engulfed,
The sad sea waves, would glow a moment’s space;
Then vanish like a falling star, absorbed
In the pure radiance of Eternity. —J.M.
Some Valuable Books

We have much pleasure in announcing the acquisition to the College Library of a fine set of books by authoritative writers in science and literature. In order that these valuable books may be brought prominently before the students, the Librarian has supplied a few notes on some of the outstanding works. From his notes we have compiled a few potted reviews.

"Not Too Sanguinary," by W-It-r Ev-ns, is an admirable thesis by an authority on revenue pastimes, notably golf.

"Her Golden Hair," by K-r-n Z - - l-r, is a tonsorial treatise.

An authoritative collaboration by D. Pr - - sty and V - - n Ev-ns. "How I Won the Plunket Medal," is the best work in dramatic art to date.


A dramatic work that should command attention is "The Last Rehearsal," by S-ncl - - r Br - - n. This young author, whose experiences on the stage have won wide attention, emphasises the importance of conscientious application to rehearsals. She points her contention with a story of a young girl who was taken from the cast of a play because she was too elsewhere.

An essay, "The Bedroom Window," by J. L. M-D-ff, is an illuminating study aptly illustrated by a night scene from Mount Street.

J - - k M - ll - r makes a valuable contribution to learning with "The Rabbit," a biological thesis. This writer shows surprising versatility, for also in the collection is another volume, "The Fair Sex."

Intimate confessions are frankly written by H-rry R - - d, who, in "Where Are My Trousers?" tells of an embarrassing moment.

A happy romance, "Let Us All Re-Joyce," from the pen of C-m M-Lf - - y, has many delightful pages.

"The Offended Footballer," by M-x T-rn-r, is an intriguing story of a famous half-back who was overlooked for the first fifteen because of the jealousy of the selector.

Pr-f. F. P. contributes two volumes of sketches, "The High Lights of Sydney" and "Gems from the Desert Song." Both are polished and graphic narratives showing a depth of personal experience.

"Competing Transports," by R. H. C. M - - k - -z-e, is a study in economics, dealing with the transport systems, but the author is unconsciously biased towards road travelling in preference to rail.

Nothing could be more engrossing than a treatise on human nature, "The Letter Rack" by M-ld-d B-ggs. The book is the fruit of many hours in research and study.

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Poetry In Modern Life

An English critic has been worrying over the status of poetry in the life of the world to-day. He is inclined to think that the twentieth century shows less aptitude for the enjoyment of poetry than any previous age, and he wants to know the reason for such indifference. After a little consideration most of us will agree that there is an excuse for this pessimism, in spite of the fact that there is probably more experimentation in poetry and more verse is being written in our times than ever before. The rich harvest of English poetry overflows our literary barns; scholars and critics abound to help in separating the wheat from the chaff; but where is the multitude eager to partake of the nourishment thus provided? Even as I write I see before me a great pile of copies of the "Old Clay Patch," and such a state of affairs should not exist in a University of over 700 students pursuing loftier studies. How many students this year have bought a copy of this book of verses which contains some of the best lines written in the Southern Hemisphere?

It would appear that at no time in our history has the teaching of the poets inspired and informed action less than it does to-day. No longer are they the "unacknowledged legislators of the world."

A reference to poetry is viewed with suspicion, almost with resentment, and even established orators—excepting in the Plunket Medal contests—betray a certain shyness when they bring a useful tag from the classics to cap their periods. The varied activities of modern life have crowded out the poets, and the clangour of the machine age, with its radios and "talkies," has made cars less sensitive to the music of verse. Never have circumstances been more ominous for the poet or his reader. On the one hand, the world and its life have become harder to express, the material of poetry is more complex and intractable; on the other hand, modern sensibilities are jaded and dulled by forced contact with a triumphant materialism. Time was when poetry was not a criticism but life itself. A song lurked behind the language, causing that vital union of words or music that is the glory of Shakespeare's lyrics. To-day the old human dance and song that were unity with speech are gone, and mankind has sunk into self-consciousness, Philistinism and, often enough, mere verse.

All this is very perturbing. It would be more so if one lacked altogether the assurance that in many homes Shakespeare is still a well-thumbed volume and Allan Wilkie can still draw good houses by giving concessions to schools. Certainly there are occasions when Keats and Tennyson are the companions of sentient youth, especially when Spring breaks upon the world, but the pity is that the valuation of poetry throughout the world of modern society stands so low that we long for a new Sir Philip Sydney who will tell us why "poor Poetry, from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing stock of the children." It may be our post-war scepticism that has something to do with it. These are the days of higher criticism in real earnest, and critic-realists are not inclined to accept with docility a bare generalisation as to the quality of mercy, nor
yet the doctrine—in spite of Professor Hunter—that the child is father to the man. They must pause awhile to probe and dissect with cynicism, until the fine fabric of the verse is reduced to tatters and the critic is left farther off than ever from the truth which he seeks. Such scepticism is the penalty of living in a scientific age, but it is wrong-headed to feel that it must necessity affect an allegiance to poetry. One may at times grow restive under the measured beat of classic verse, but to forsake it entirely is to invite the extinction of the Hellenic spirit. Custom, habit and routine lie upon us, which only poetry, that frail agency, can lift.

Many have done nothing to sharpen their poetic appetites since they learned patches of Wordsworth and Shelley and lines from Shakespeare by rote. For them the return to Parnassus will be unconscionably hard. It is proper to ask of poetry pleasure; but poetry quite properly demands of us pains. One has to go into mental training for Shelley in the same way as athletes train for a big event, and it is useless to read Milton with one's feet on the mantelpiece. Wordsworth divided readers of poetry into four classes. There are those with whom it is a mere passion or appetite; those who embrace it as a casual recreation; those for whom it is a refuge; and, lastly, the disinterested students. None, not even the second, is really despicable, for better a little poetry as a spurious mark of elegance than none at all. But it is to the disinterested man who exercises a trained and braced imagination, purged of the false sentiment of every-day life, that poetry will give her best. The effort entailed in sweeping from the mind the accumulated rubbish caught up in the daily round will be great, but no effort could have a more handsome reward. The poets provide the best of all ways of escape from mundane distractions, and their words “awaken the mind’s attention from the lethargy of custom, and direct it to the wonders of the world before us.”

—CELT.

Impertinent Interviews

1.—Winner of the Plunket Medal.

(We hereby acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £25 in consideration of the suppression of this interview.—Editor, Spike.)

2.—Rhodes Scholar Nominees.

(From remarks that have come to our ears from various sources, we conclude that some personal risk is involved in the publication of this interview. We therefore hasten to explain that the high tone of this journal precludes us from admitting to its pages anything of a scurrilous character.—Editor, Spike.)

3.—President of the Haere Mai Club.

(Omitted by order of the Censor.—Editor, Spike.)
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Bus Tickets

My Dear Mary,—

Here is the story I promised to tell you on the occasion of your being a good girl. It was related to a number of us as we journeyed by train through the heathy moors of Dorset between places which Thomas Hardy would have indicated by the names of Budmouth and Knollsea (Weymouth and Swanage), and the narrator was a young lady known to her intimates as “Lemon.” As far as my memory serves, the tale—it is true—ran as follows:—

Immediately to the south of London and somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bromley, Shortlands and Beckenham, there once dwell, and for aught I know still dwells, a maiden lady of undetermined age and character, but still—a maiden lady. And in the process of time it came to her knowledge (how are we to account for these things?) that if one were diligent enough to collect a sufficient number of used-up bus-tickets, and lucky enough to convey them to the right authorities, the latter would be willing to perform some act of charity—in the case of which, she had heard, to provide a lame man with a pair of crutches. The lady was quite as charitably disposed as any bus company, and it just happened that she knew of a case where such a concession would come as a great boon—the case, in fact, of an ex-soldier who stood in need of a pair of crutches, for the simple reason, I suppose, that he couldn’t stand without them. She unhesitatingly set to work, not merely saving her own bus-tickets but prevailing on all her acquaintances to help too; with such success that before long fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and cousins, nephews and nieces, old and young, rich and poor alike, were faithfully and regularly bringing along, in large quantities or small, their contributions of disused bus-tickets. It was most encouraging, most gratifying, and the maiden lady began to think, with anticipated pleasure, of the joy it would be to come so helpfully to the rescue of the man who stood in need of crutches.

At the same time it meant a little sacrifice. The tickets had to be counted out into bundles of a hundred, and sometimes, when the work was a little behindhand, she was obliged to arranged a sort of working-bee among her friends in order to catch up; and, besides that, there was the question of storage. Bus-tickets in large quantities take up room. Chocolate boxes had long since become useless, biscuit tins and hat boxes were called into commission, and even various trunks were found necessary.

Finally it began to appear that the collection had grown sufficiently large—it now included many, many thousands—but the lady was of a determined nature, did not wish to run any risks, and decided to allow the process to continue for just a few more weeks. These passed usefully by, and the philanthropist then addressed herself to the pleasant task of informing the bus company of her action and of the hopes which she entertained as a result of it.

The answer was staggering. It amounted in fact to a complete denial of responsibility, and at first the lady could scarcely believe her senses. With
reflection, however, her confidence began to return. Mere clerks are often cavalier in their treatment of unusual claims, and was she not armed with an undeniable precedent? She would try again—and so began, my dear Dabchick, a period of most heartbreaking petition, first to one official, then to another, by whom she now was now buoyed up with hope, now plunged into something very like despair.

And all this time the bus-tickets continued to roll in and had to be taken care of. It would have been manifestly foolish to stop receiving them when all the time she was probably just on the point of final success, and, of course, the more she received the surer she made her case. But the whole affair, highly undertaken and eagerly prosecuted, now began to prove somewhat of a burden. The harvester found that she could no longer garner all her sheaves, and was forced to seek accommodation for them in a neighbouring cellar. Bus-tickets began to haunt her mind. She dreamed of them; she was continually handling them; she ate them; could always see before her eyes their provocingly simple make-up—No. 86391, No. 004519, No. 3261083, etc.; 1d., 3½d., 5d.; "Not transferable"; "Please destroy on alighting"; "London General Omnibus Company"; Bromley, Shortlands, Beckenham, Croydon, Hampstead Heath, Maida Vale, Willesden, Hammer-smith, Clapham Common, Acton Vale, Swiss Cottage, Elephant and Castle, Chelsea, Barking, etc., etc., until she was heartily sick of numbers, prices, rules, destinations and colours. In any case, hope deferred does, you know, make the heart sick. Finally, when she had tried in vain every expedient she could think of, when her collection was hovering somewhere about the quarter-million mark, when, as she knew, she was becoming something of a joke to her heartless neighbours, when she began to wish she had never heard of bus-tickets or crutches; when, in short, she had reached a state of perfect desperation, what should come to her door but a business-like telegram informing her that an aged friend had just died, and, hearing that she was interested in bus-tickets, had bequeathed her her own private collection of half-a-million!—and stating further that the bequest was even now on the road, the tickets having been loaded on to a motor-lorry which would arrive at any moment!

If the unhappy woman had been desperate before, she was now frantic. The miserable feelings in which she had been indulging came on her with tenfold force and terror, and became murderous as far as others were concerned and with regard to herself suicidal. Yet even now—and this should, I think, excite your genuine admiration—even now all her self-possession did not desert her, and after a period of tumultuous vituperation of others and violent self-reproach she recovered herself sufficiently to go off and find lodging for her ridiculous legacy in an empty schoolroom.

She had returned and was congratulating herself on this move when, lo! once more the luckless creature was stricken to earth. The same afternoon another telegram was delivered and gave her to understand that the motor-lorry had broken down—the tickets had been too much for it—but that they would somehow be conveyed to their destination later on.

Rich comfort indeed!—particularly for one no longer in a state of mind to reason clearly. Not merely were the hateful things coming, but here she
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was incurring all sorts of terrifying expenses for cartage and damages—
more than enough, probably, to buy any number of pairs of crutches. It
was all too much, the accumulated anxiety of months came upon her with
all its weight of suffering, and her spirit found relief in floods of tears. She
had a good cry.

And now, Mary, that we have reached a sort of climax in the story it
devolves on me to unravel the knot by exposing the heartless cruelty of
some people. It is an ungrateful task. To put it bluntly, the legacy never
arrived, for the simple reason that it had never set out. Some villainous
fellow like your Uncle Bob had made up the whole story of the half-million
tickets and the motor-lorry and had sent the telegrams merely in order,
can you credit it? to perpetuate a vile joke. I refrain from comment. There
is still the original batch of two hundred and fifty thousand tickets to dis-
pose of, and as it happens I can now speedily bring the story to a close.
When last heard of, the lady had stopped receiving more tickets and was
using those she had as fuel, burning some herself and selling others to her
friends at 2d. a bundle. The history does not say whether in this fashion
she has been able to raise enough money to satisfy the laudable desires of
her truly benevolent heart—that surely would be the only fitting conclusion
to the tale!

A.B.C.

The Dedicate

My lass was standing waiting
  In loveliness and joy;
Within my heart creating
  Delights that never cloy.

Her arm was filled with flowers—
  Rich, passionate of hue;
I could have gazed long hours,
  And oh! she loved me too.

Her dress was perfect whiteness
  God's light was on her head
And radiant in that brightness
  "I'm wholly thine!" she said.

And then she smiled sweetly,
  And offered me her hand;
Inviting me discreetly
  By her to take my stand.

I looked—and wept for sadness.
  Could there my heart be given?
From all of earth's great gladness
  My life was pledged to heaven.
A PERFECT lady into whose drawing-room twenty-six corpses had suddenly intruded might have been expected to give some evidence of training in voice production or, at the very least, to lift her eyebrows in mild surprise. Miss Benzoline Bernarr's reception of her grisly visitors clearly indicated that she fell short of ladylike perfection. No sound issued from her lips other than that which the most casual of glances might produce. Her eyebrows preserved complete composure. It was the thin gentleman with the green eyes who broke the silence.

"Cheer, cheer," he ventured, "the gang's all here."

"Minus how many?" inquired Miss Bernarr, coldly.

"Dicken," protested the green-eyed person. "I don't want to turn the place into a morgue."

"Squeamish?" queried Benzoline.

"Not a bit," grinned the other. "I like a smoke—oh now and then, that's all. A master mind can't work and think at the same time."

"Master mind's right," returned the lady, with a wry twist of her mouth.

She bent a thoughtful gaze on the corpses.

"Any kick left in them?" she asked.

"There's no telling," rejoined the man. "Perhaps I'd better fix 'em properly for once and for all."

"Do," said Benzoline Bernarr. "I'll change."

The scene which followed would have intrigued the eye of a moving picture producer. The remarkable Miss Benzoline Bernarr turned to a dainty-looking Vance Vivian escritoire, from a hidden compartment of which she extracted a complete outfit of gentlemen's clothing. Then, with a complete absence of feminine modesty, she rapidly divested herself of her feminine garments—a very simple procedure—and donned the male attire. Her gentleman friend had meanwhile procured a wicked-looking carving-knife and was busily occupied thrusting it through and through the corpses. He concluded his gruesome task with a happy sigh.

"All quiet on the Western Front," he announced, straightening up. His eyes rested appraisingly on the transformed Benzoline. "Shift some of that truck off your frontispiece and you're set," he enjoined.

The lady (if we may continue so to term her) sprayed a little caustic over her complexion, then vigorously rubbed lips and cheeks with emery paper. When the last of the synthetic pulchritude had been removed and her mirror assured her that her face was in a state of nature, she turned.

Her face was the face of a thin man with green eyes!... A man? It might be more accurate to use the term she-man or he-woman—but this is anticipating.

"Now," she-he said, smartly.
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"Peale?" inquired the man.
"Yes."
"Righto."

They entered the opening in the wall and the concealed door swung to behind them. A torch in the hand of the lady-gentleman lit up the bold lettering of a sign:

"OUR SECRET PASSAGES STILL LEAD THE WAY! CONVENIENT CRIMES, LTD."

The mysterious couple found themselves traversing a dank underground tunnel into which the light of day could never have entered. Vines of edible mushrooms trailed over the walls. An occasional stalactite would drop from the roof and hurriedly scuttle away from them. Glow-worms hissed at them from dark corners. Now and again the roots of some busy plant would thrust down at them, dislodging fragments of earth.

The pair at length found their way barred by a blank wall. After listening for a moment, the He-She pressed his-her finger on what appeared to be a bell-push. An opening appeared before them. They stepped through into a large room.

Neatly arranged upon the floor of the room lay twenty-six corpses!
A table stood in the middle. On the table rested a decapitated human head and an eyeball that glowed with a strange, uncanny light.

Admiration shone in the eyes of the thin man as he started towards the table. An abrupt gesture from his she-companion made him pause. He turned to him-her.

"Listen," whispered the he-female.

A murmur of voices came through the wall opposite to that through which they had entered.

The lady man appeared to make a rapid mental calculation; then she (he) darted to a portion of the wall at some distance from the part through which the voices came and again pressed a button. A door swung open and revealed a balcony bathed in daylight.

The Him-she emerged on the balcony, leaving her-his companion behind. She-he moved quietly to a window nearby and peered through.

A room. Two men staring at her (him). A sudden cry.
"The Mucker!" came to her (his or its) ears.
"Bogginsion!" came with a snarl.

Benzoline. Bogginsion. He, She, It, Her or Him, or however the mysterious creature knew himself or herself (as the case might be), opened the window and jumped lightly over the sill into the office in Police Headquarters of High Chief Commissioner the Honourable Citron Peale.

A revolver which appeared to be about the size of a house looked him-her-it in the eye. Behind it, smiling in a dreadfully sinister fashion, was the face of D.D.D.S. Urban Drift!

CHAPTER V.

Left to himself in the hidden room from which the mystery lady, the masculine-feminine Mr. Miss Benzoline Bernarr Bogginsion, had made a furtive exit, the thin gentleman with the green eyes turned his attention to the
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ingenious article of furniture which stood in the middle of the room. Several sections of deal boarding had been joined together so as to form a level platform of rectangular shape. To the under surface of this platform were affixed, one at each corner, slim, tapering lengths of wood, the purpose of which obviously was to raise the platform to a distance from the floor that would enable a person of average height to place his hands upon it without stooping. That this admirably designed structure could be used also as a rest for inanimate objects was evident from the fact that there now lay upon its surface two things possessing no capacity for locomotion.

The two things were a decapitated human head and an eyeball that glowed with a strange, uncanny light!

Approaching the table (for such was the nature of the structure) the thin man with the green eyes surveyed with interest the grisly relics lying thereon. He took the head into his hands and tenderly regarded it.

"Alas, poor Kruschen Kant," he soliloquised, caressing the gruesome object. "So this is what you have come to, old bean. What a head. What a head."

He turned it over and over, then peered at it more closely. At the base of the neck, in the region of the cervical vertebrae, appeared the tiny letters "D.R.G.M."

"Made in Germany," mused the man. "Czecho-slovakia still has far to go."

He laid the head down with a sigh.

"Now for the dirty deeds," he muttered. Rolling up his sleeves, he reached backward over his shoulder and from a concealed scabbard lying along his spine he extracted a murderous-looking carving knife.

Approaching the nearest corpse, he bent down over it and listened.

"Still ticking, old top," he murmured affectionately. "Excuse me, won't you."

The blade rose, and fell. The man grinned with savage satisfaction as a tremor passed through the recumbent figure.

"A crime a day keeps the blues away," he remarked. "Next, please."

With grim relish, the thin man with the green eyes repeated the performance on corpse after corpse until only one remained.

"The lucky last," he gloated, wiping his brow. His eyes widened as he looked down. "I say," he protested, "this is not part of the consignment."

He bent down and listened intently. Then he laid the carving knife on the floor and proceeded to turn out the pockets of the remaining object of his attentions.


The thin man paused in his inventory to examine the figure's boots.

"By gum," he breathed, in awed tones. "I do believe he's a john. Where's his warrant card?"
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Further search brought a paper to light. The thin man rose and walked to the other side of the room to examine it.

"To whom it may Disconcert," he read. "The bearer, being too heavy for work, has been appointed a Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent of the Blundon Metropolitan Police Force. Name: Ardshott Dagg—"

A sudden sound in the room made him turn hastily. He gasped.

The last corpse was rising to its feet and reaching for the knife that lay on the floor!

The thin man with the green eyes darted forward. He was too late. The corpse of Ardshott stood upright, carving knife in hand. The eyes of Dagg stared at the man with dreadful intensity. The man backed away from him.

"Dagg," he snapped, "don't you know me?"

Dagg seemed suddenly to recover the full possession of his consciousness. A look of savage delight spread over his face.

"Know you?" he gloated. "Yes, I know you."

His voice rose to a yell as he sprang forward with upraised knife.

"Hands up," he bellowed. "Kruschen Kant—The Mucker!"

Kant, his back to the wall, felt his fumbling hand make contact with a button.

CHAPTER VI.

Bogginson (if we may venture so to name him) eyed with unconcern the weapon in Drift's hand.

"Quaint piece of ironmongery, Drift," he commented. "Does it go off?"

"Only when I point it at somebody," grimly replied Drift.

"Point it at Wonk, then, there's a good fellow," suggested Bogginson.

"He looks like a touch of the liver."

Wonk's face muscles creaked in an effort to achieve the sternness of countenance enjoined by the Police Regulations.

"Beat it, Wonk," ordered Drift, keeping his eyes fixed on Bogginson, "and find the Chief."

"Where—where—" stammered Wonk.

"Ask a policeman, damn you!" snarled Drift. Wonk gave him a hurt look and left the room. Drift lowered his weapon.

"Now, Bogginson," he said, sharply, "come across."

"What do you mean?" demanded the other, his eyes narrowing.

"You know blanky well what I mean," said Drift, savagely. "Who and what the blankety-blank-blank-blank are you?"

"I never could resist a question couched in Middle English," said Bogginson. "But—pardon my inquisitiveness—why do you ask?"

"Because," said Drift, biting his words, "you look like—"

"Yes?"

"—The Mucker."

The two men stared at each other in a silence so tense that the furniture in the room could be heard growing out of date. The silence was broken by the clicking of Bogginson's brain as he came to a sudden decision. He folded his arms haughtily.

"I am—" he commenced.
THE SPIKE

Urban Drift's finger itched on the trigger of his revolver.
"The cock-eyed world awaits the glad news," he growled.
"—the Honourable Citron Peale, High Chief Commissioner of the rummiest collection of pavement sheiks the cock-eyed world has ever possessed!"

Urban Drift's mouth fell wide open. His eyes goggled. Beads of sweat gathered on his brow and dropped to the floor with echoing splashes. Brilliantine sprayed the air in all directions as his glossy locks heaved and stood upright in astonishment.

"And," resumed the other, in chilly tones, "you are not The Mucker."
The blood rushed to Drift's tongue.
"Curse you," he ground out, "how do you know?"
"The High Chief Commissioner knows everything," was the calm reply.
"For your tactless commination, I will show you something that will peeve you to the marrow."

Whipping round to the Highchiefcommissioner desk, the remarkable individual thrust his hand in a bottle of red ink and smeared his lips and cheeks with the fluid. Dipping a pen into black ink, he carefully pencilled his eyebrows. Then he took out his pocket handkerchief and draped it about him. He turned.

Urban Drift almost fell through the floor.
"Benzoline," he croaked, his eyes squelching as they started from their sockets and jerked into them again.
"Peale," corrected the other, gently.

Urban Drift struggled with his emotion, threw a fit, turned a somersault, stood on his head; then, with an eldritch screech, he precipitated himself at his Chief. The latter moved aside.

A portion of the wall suddenly swung out and a man fell backward into the room. There was a sound like a shot as two heads came together. Urban Drift and the newcomer sagged quietly to the floor, and lay like logs.

"In the nick of time, Dagg," said Peale. "I was expecting every moment to be my next."

CHAPTER VII.

"Now, let me get your story straight, Dagg," said the High Chief Commissioner to the man sitting before him. "Somebody chuckled. The lights went out. I shot the cat. You got a crack on the head. When you woke up, there was Kant going through your pockets."
"That's right," said Second Assistant Chief Deputy Divisional Detective Superintendent Ardshott Dagg. "And the room was full of millions and millions of corpses, every one of them barbariously mutilated."
"Good," said the Chief.
"Eh?" said Dagg, startled.
"One thing at a time," said the Chief. "The problem is—"
"Who done it," decided Dagg.
"Brainy. Brainy," commended the Chief. "You have a penetrating intellect, Dagg."

Dagg made an effort to look like a gimlet.
"First of all," said the Chief, "who was it that chuckled?"
"The Mucker," said Dagg, promptly.
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"A most brilliant guess," said the Chief, "but wrong. It was the cat."

"What!" exclaimed Dagg.

"Yes," said the Honourable Citron Peale. "I taught that chuckle to the cat myself. It was a Cheshire cat—a most intelligent creature. Poor Angelica, poor Angelica."

He turned aside to wipe away the tear that glistened in his eye. With a sympathy born of loyalty, Dagg turned aside also and blew his nose.

"Let us be strong," said the Chief, resuming his professional manner.

"The next question is: Who killed Angelica?"

"Why, you did yourself, sir," said Dagg.

"Wonderful, wonderful, Dagg," said the Chief, in a pleasant manner, "but wrong again. Let us, however, assume for the moment that I killed the cat. What comes next?"

"Who was it konked me," suggested Dagg.

"You have the gift of consecutive thought, Dagg," said the Chief. "Who, indeed, was it that konked you? Who would find it in his heart to konk you?"


"Undoubtedly it was The Mucker who konked you, Dagg, but Kant is not The Mucker."

"Blimey Charley, sir," protested Dagg. "What about in there?" He jerked his thumb in the direction of the concealed door, which was now closed.

"Dagg," said the Chief kindly, "Kant is, next to myself, if I may be permitted to say so, the most amazing detectkative in the annals of crime. He was my collaborator in the dangerous and difficult business of hunting down The Mucker."

"But the corpses," remonstrated the bewildered Dagg. "He hacked them about something cruel."

"I told him to do so," said the Chief calmly.

Dagg looked worried. "I really don't get you, sir," he said.

"They weren't corpses at all," said the High Chief Commissioner. "They were merely outsize rubber dolls made up to look like corpses. Wonderful jobs, too. Each doll was fitted up inside with an ingenious mechanism that permitted it to execute a variety of human movements. The Mucker played all sorts of monkey tricks with them. Sometimes he'd get tired of them and hack one or two of them about. That's why everybody's after him for murder."

"Lummy," gasped Dagg, "then he hasn't done any murder at all?"

"I wouldn't say that," said the Chief. "He had a shot at Kant, but one of his pets blew up in Kant's office, and that put us on the track. And he's killed Angelica. Poor Angelica! I'm going to get him for that, if for nothing else, Dagg."

Dagg shuddered at the look in the Chief's eyes.

"Rummy go, sir, fitting up a corpse factory, as you might say, sir, right here in Police Headquarters," he said uneasily.
"Riddling the place with secret passages, too," added the Chief. "And secret doors and what not. One thing the Police will not stand, Dagg," he declared, glaring at his subordinate, "is to be poked borax at. It's blasphemy, that's what it is!"

"I say, Chief," said Dagg, in a disturbed voice, "who is the swine, anyway?"

The Chief looked at him solemnly.

"You—" he said.

Dagg's chair overturned with a crash as he sprang to his feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

"—are not The Mucker," continued the Chief.
S.A.C.D.D.D.S. Dagg righted his chair and slumped into it weakly.
"Lummy, Chief, you gave me a turn," he muttered, wiping his brow.
"You've got a slow-motion style of speaking sometimes that gets my Angora."

The Chief permitted himself a wintry smile.
"Leave The Mucker to me, Dagg," he advised. "Kant and I must have the honour of his arrest. Kant—because The Mucker is his first case and, consequently, the only criminal that has baffled him and got away. I—for several reasons, the only one of which you need know is that he killed Angelica."

"But—but," stammered Dagg, "you said just now that you had killed Angelica."

"My exact words, I think," said the Honourable Citron Peale coldly, "were 'Let us assume that I killed Angelica.' Now, carry out your orders and assume that I killed Angelica."

He watched Dagg closely as the latter assumed a satisfactory appearance of assumption.
"That's right," he approved. "There's no need for a subordinate Police officer to know too much. Understand?"
"Yes sir," said Dagg promptly.

The Chief transferred his attention to the two men lying on the floor.
"Some people will do anything for a rest," he commented. "I suppose we'll have to coddle them a bit now. Give me a hand, Dagg, and we'll stick them in the cells until they see fit to wake up. I'll take Kant. You take Drift. When that young blighter is on his feet again, he'll join the army, if I know anything. There's too much of the lady-killer about him for my taste."

They passed through the doorway, each with an unconscious man slung over his shoulder.

As the sound of their footsteps receded, the concealed door behind the High Chief Commissioner's desk opened and there stepped into the room—the Honourable Citron Peale!

A Citron Peale, however, whose face was distorted with rage, whose lips were drawn back in a ferocious snarl, whose demoniacal eyes revolved in their sockets, showing now green, now grey, now, red, white and blue.

This gentleman closed his remarkable eyes, lifted his tightly clenched
THE SPIKE

fists in the air, and vented a string of remarks in agonising silence. The atmosphere of the room rapidly assumed a purple tinge.

The telephone rang.

"Well," snarled the intruder, snatching up the receiver.

A voice asked a question.

"This," spat out the mysterious creature, "is The Mucker."

Producing a syringe, he filled it from the bottle of red ink and squirted the contents into the mouthpiece of the telephone. Diabolical satisfaction showed in his features as sounds of dismay came over the wire. Then he sighed and dropped the receiver.

"Can't get a kick out of it any more," he muttered, with an evil sadness. "Anyway, I got their darned old pussy."

He opened the window, took an aeroplane from his pocket, and seated himself in it. The sudden whirr of a propellor. Then silence.

The Mucker had escaped!

(Editorial Note.—This sort of thing cannot be allowed to proceed any further. In order to reassure readers of the Spike it may be mentioned that the case of Mr. Edgah Wallop has been referred to the Psychological Clinic for investigation and appropriate action.)

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Rotary

With one o'clock chimes they come in together,
A gleam of silver comes from the board,
Outside the birds shout in the clear blue weather
And the sun smites red with a sudden sword.

Ranging, returning, they mouth foolish chatter,
Skimming their subjects, illumining none,
Midget minds, filled with the things that don't matter
(Oh, the shout of the birds, the strength of the sun!)

Course follows course to the champ of their eating,
Knives' click and silver's low musical ring,
Lustful small eyes meet the portions in greeting,
Each one is eager to pounce everything.

Heads bent, and fat, greedy fingers that fumble
At coffee and cigarettes; courses are done.
God, give me the clean air while they may mumble
"It's good to lunch in here away from the sun."

—C.O.P.
FIRST FIFTEEN 1929


Middle Row: P. Martin-Smith (club captain and coach), J. D. Mackay, F. S. Ramson, R. H. C. Mackenzie (captain),


W. H. Vinsen, Photo.
BASKETBALL CLUB.

The standard of play of the Senior A team has this year been a great improvement upon that shown in previous years. There was a slight falling off towards the end of the season, but most of the games were won with a margin to spare. Lack of suitable emergencies was responsible for a draw with Y. Gym., and in the deciding game against Wesley we were definitely beaten after a well-contested match. The final scores in the championship table showed us runners-up, one point behind Wesley, and many points ahead of the third team. Four members of the team were selected for representative trials, and three of them secured places in the team. Miss P. Quinlan was not available for the trip, but Miss I. Scarfe and Miss M. Line represented Varsity adequately at Christchurch.

The Senior B and third teams have not done as well as was expected this year. Lack of combination was responsible for most of the defeats, for individual play was in most cases very good. The third team was handicapped by the necessity for playing several emergencies in each match. Difficulty was also experienced in getting players out to practices. More practices in team work should effect a great improvement in these teams next year.

Credit for much of our success is due to our coach, Miss E. Scarfe, who ably supervised practices on the lines indicated by Mr. W. G. Campbell, who trained the tournament team. The new system introduced by him has been found most effective when sufficiently practised. It is hoped next year to train all players in the new system.

CRICKET CLUB.

The Cricket Club promises to have a very successful season. At the annual meeting of the Club plenty of enthusiasm was shown by prospective members, and with the influx of new talent available, we should find all the teams occupying higher positions on the Championship ladders than last season.

Should the Wellington Cricket Association’s proposed coaching scheme be adopted, and one of the three coaches be seen in action on Kelburn Park at least once a week, then our lower grade players should show much improvement in form.

It is to be hoped that the wickets on Kelburn Park this season are improved somewhat since last year, as the batsmen of the Club are handicapped considerably when all their practice must be done on such poor practice wickets as existed last year on Kelburn Park.

Senior Team.

The Senior Team will probably not differ much from that of last year. Mackenzie, who was in such good form with the bat and gloves last year, will be again out, while McLeod, Bagge, Leys, Osborn, Bailey, Nelson, Peter Caldwell and Wilson are amongst those of last year’s eleven who will be playing with us again. Hollings, who has been associated with the Club for years, and ever since it has been raised to senior status, will not be with us this year, and he will be greatly missed both on the field and off. He has done much for the Club, and he takes with him the Club’s best wishes for the future. Greig, too, has left us, being transferred to Palmerston North, and Vietmeyer will probably not be playing in Wellington this season, as it is on the cards that he will be transferred to parts unknown. Chances are, too, that A. C. Tripe will be playing with us only till Christmas, when he will probably be leaving the country.

New players who are joining up with V.U.C. are: R. E. Tripe, who is now back from Auckland; MacAllan, of Parnell, Auckland, who is a good diving bat; Kirkcaldie, of the Wanganui Collegiate School First Eleven, and who is said to be a very promising bowler; Cowan, of the High School Old Boys’ Senior Team, Napier; Rae, of Eastman’s Colts’ Team in Dunedin; and Walker, who played senior for the Eelham Club in Taranaki. These players should make up for those we are losing, although the Club sadly needs a good fast bowler.
THE SPIKE

Junior players likely to be promoted are: Dormer, who batted really well for the Junior A Team last year; Robinson, who was in the Junior Representative Team last year; Paetz, a good bat and a good field; and Chadwick, who played some fine innings last season.

Lower Grades.

The other teams should be very much the same as last season in strength. Most of last year’s players will be again out, and there is every indication of a good Junior A Team being fielded. Last year’s team started with a rattle, but finished poorly. However, this year, if the vacation does not play havoc with the team, there is no reason in the world why it should not finish up the winner of the grade.

The Third and Fourth Elevens will probably not differ very much from those of last year either, although there are several young players who will be after a place in them. We would remind all University men that this is the University Club, and if they are going to play cricket during the coming season that this is the club they should join. There are plenty of opportunities of a game every Saturday, and there is the game against Auckland University College to be looked forward to each year. A letter in the rack at College, addressed to the Secretary, will always get you in touch with the Club’s officials, who will be only too pleased to explain anything to you.

HOCKEY CLUB.

The 1929 season has just closed and the club has again had a most successful season. Although we have not carried off the Senior Championship the club has met with an all-round success which is very gratifying to the Committee. Our Senior A, “A” team finished as runners-up to Karori, losing the last match, which meant the championship to Wellington, after a hard and exciting game.

The Club had the distinction of obtaining second place in the Club Championship. The winners were Karori, with 1371 points; and Varsity were next with 125.

The experiment of putting in two teams in the Senior A Grade was in the main justified, although the B team won only one match. With the withdrawal of Petone in the second round, we hold bottom place. Apart from the fact that owing to illness and injuries the best team was seldom able to take the field, the team suffered by the absence of several prominent players from Wellington during the greater part of the season. Even then stiff opposition was usually offered, especially against Karori in the first round, when the Blacks were down 2–1 until the last fifteen minutes of the game.

The Senior B Eleven was composed of players who, with three exceptions, were juniors last season. Under these circumstances it was not expected that the team would do well. As a matter of fact the team won five matches out of the thirteen played, and was never beaten by more than two goals, and only lost by that margin on three occasions. It is pleasing to record that they won a splendid game against Karori, who, at that time, were one point behind the leaders, and that they had their revenge on Training College in the final match of the second round, in which they won 6–2, and reversed the result of their former meeting when they lost 1–5. This last game was probably the best they played, since the team included four juniors and the forward line was re-arranged.

Our Junior team should, on paper, have won the competition comfortably. Unfortunately for them, however, they were sometimes drawn on by the Senior B team, and also occasionally played badly below form and were beaten. As an instance of their inconsistency the results of their two matches against Karori are typical. The first they won 1–0, and the second they lost 1–7. For the last four matches, it must be remembered, however, that they were without their captain, Cahill, who was probably their best forward.

The Third A team was practically the same team as last season’s Thirds, and on the strength of this had a very successful season, finishing as runners-up to Karori. This team also suffered in that it was called upon by the Juniors on several occasions for their best players.

This season the Committee entered two teams in the Third Grade, the B team being almost to a man new to the game. Under the leadership of Stewart, who first as centre-half, and then as centre forward set them a fine example of perseverance and keenness, they performed very creditably indeed, and finished up in third place. Amongst other accomplishments must be recognised that of being the first team for two seasons to score against Karori. This honour fell to Stewart.

The B team has some very promising players, and if some of them continue to improve as they have done this season, there will be no reason to fear for the future of the club.
We regard ourselves as fortunate indeed in having so many new members this season who have assisted the club so much, and in this connection we are pleased to notice the number of freshers who are joining the club.

The Club has to extend its congratulations to E. McLeod, captain of the First Eleven, who captained the Wellington representative team, and also the New Zealand team which defeated Australia 2–0 in the Second Test. G. S. Simpson, P. D. Wilson, and H. B. Massey all represented Wellington, and thoroughly deserved that honour. Members of the First Eleven who played in the representative trial match were J. L. MacDuff, P. D. Wilson, G. S. Simpson, E. McLeod, H. B. Massey, and F. H. Paul. In the Senior B Grade E. L. Greensmith, N. P. Robinson, A. J. Spence-Sales, and H. J. Bishop, played in the representative trial match.

Among the unofficial activities of the Club were a basketball match against the Women's Hockey Club, which resulted in a well-deserved victory for the men (the score cannot be given as the scorer lost count early in the match) and a most enjoyable dance which proved a great success. The Club's Annual Dinner was held on 14th September at Barrett's Hotel, and a large attendance thoroughly enjoyed themselves before going on to the Haeremai Club's dance later in the evening.

Next year we are looking forward to the visit of an Australian University Hockey Team which is to tour the country, playing the four Colleges separately, and also participating in the Annual Inter-College Tournament for the Seddon Stick, which will be held in Wellington at the beginning of June. Victoria and Otago are joint holders of the Seddon Stick at present, and both intend to make a special effort to obtain a clear-cut win next year. The tournament should be even more than usually interesting for these reasons, and the Club considers that next season should be the best on record. It is certain that there will be plenty of attractions for new members.

In connection with the arrangements for the visit of the Australian University Eleven next year, three of the four New Zealand Colleges have pledged themselves to assist. Otago, Canterbury, and Victoria have all been able to guarantee their share of the expenses of the tour, so that even if Auckland fail to come in, there is every prospect of a tour commencing at Bluff and finishing at Wellington.

This should do a great deal towards popularising hockey in Wellington, and it is certain that hockey of a very high standard will be witnessed at the tournament next year, because even if the proposed Australian visit fails to eventuate, all the teams will be keen to have their members included in the New Zealand University team. It is probable, moreover, that in the event of the Australian players being unable to come to New Zealand, the New Zealand University Hockey Council will be asked to send a team to Australia.

The tournament will therefore be productive of more than usual enthusiasm, and in this connection we might mention that we hope to see a record attendance of Wellingtonians at the matches. We can guarantee them their money's worth, and we feel sure that if they will once turn out to these matches, that they will become keen supporters of the game.

We append an extract from the Championship Table showing the position of the teams in the grades:

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SENIOR A.—FIRST ELEVEN.

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The team as a whole played fairly well during the season. It was not until the third or fourth game that the forward line settled down into any sort of combination, and for the last three games even this was missing owing to one or two of the forwards being absent on vacation. In the last match one of the regular line was away and the others were playing in positions new to them.

The backs, however, are to be congratulated on their consistently fine display during the season. Davis, in goal, has proved a staunch defender, and was unlucky in not making both the Wellington representatives and the New Zealand University team. Vietmeyer has played a consistently steady, if not brilliant, game throughout the season. Massey has played brilliantly at times, but has been patchy on occasions. For our half-line, Cumming, McLeod, and Wilson, we have nothing but praise. They have played splendidly and without a doubt the best half-line in Wellington.

The forwards, with the exception of Simpson, have been patchy. Paul played well after the first few matches, and we were unlucky that he was away at the end of the season.

The team is to be congratulated upon their display during the season, and their performance in being runners-up to Karori in the Senior A Championship. It was only bad luck which lost us the match against Karori, but it was bad play which allowed Wellington to beat us in the final game.

Detailed results of the matches are set out below:

SENIOR A “A” TEAM.

v. Petone.—Won 4—2. Played on a very uneven ground, and with little combination. Simpson (3) and McLeod were the scorers.

v. Karori.—Drawn 2—2. A good, fast game, with the whole team playing well. Simpson scored both goals.

v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 5—3. A rather one-sided game with very little combination shown on either side. Lewis (2) and Simpson were the scorers.

v. Huia.—Won 5—3. This was a rather lucky win. Davis, in goal, saved the match which was played on a rough ground at Kilbirnie. Ferris (2) and MacDuff scored.

v. Wellington.—Won 4—1. This was a rattling good game. The forwards combined well and goals were scored by MacDuff (3), Simpson, Ferris and Wilson.

v. Wesley.—Won 3—2. This was a rather lucky win. Davis, in goal, saved the match which was played on a rough ground at Kilbirnie. Ferris (2) and MacDuff scored.

v. Petone.—Won 5—1. This was a very scratchy game. Petone put up a poor showing. Lewis (2), Simpson, Ferris and MacDuff scored.
v. Karori.—Lost 2—3. Played in mud, water, and pouring rain. It was anybody’s match, but bad tactics lost it for us. Simpson scored both goals.
v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 7—1. This game was very one-sided, the Y.M. backs being unable to hold our forwards at all. Lewis (5) and Simpson (2) were the scorers.
v. Varsity B.—Won 9—1. The B’s backs were very weak and our forwards ran through them repeatedly. MacDuff (4), Simpson (2), Wilson (2), and Lewis were the scorers.
v. Hutt.—Won 3—0. A very good game, but Hutt became rattled towards the finish. Simpson (2), and Lewis scored.
v. Wesley.—We played with only two of our usual forward line, but the backs played excellently. Many chances were missed in the forwards. MacDuff scored both goals.
v. Varsity B.—Won 5—1. This was a very scratchy game played on a Wednesday. Both teams included several lower grade players. Lewis (2), Sykes (2) and McLeod were the scorers.
v. Wellington.—Lost 1—2. We started well but finished badly. The forwards were disorganised and for once the backs did not play up to form. Simpson scored our only goal.

**SENIOR A “B” TEAM.**

This team was composed mainly of players who played in the Senior B team which won the championship last season. With most of last year’s stars available and some promising new blood, the team promised to do well. Unfortunately, however, they completely failed to show good form, and being in addition unlucky in the matter of injuries, they were decisively beaten on most occasions.

Their match against Karori in the first round, when they should have won but for sheer hard luck, their two wins over Petone, and their draw against Hutt, are the only purple patches in a somewhat drab season.

It is certain, however, that in promoting the team to the Senior A Grade, the Committee acted wisely, because they obviated a bye in this grade, and did not run the risk of being labelled pot-hunters, which would almost certainly have happened had the team played Senior B again.

The personnel of the team was as follows:—Goal, French; full-backs, Lucas, Gover; halves, Bollard, Hain (captain), Hall; forwards, Read, Galhus, MacDonald, Priestley, Bailey.

Owing to absence from Wellington and injuries, however, this team was only able to take the field on rare occasions. Others who turned out to fill vacancies were McArthur, Waleran, Francis, and Fleming.

**SENIOR B TEAM.**

v. Hutt.—Lost 2—3. Although in this game we were rather at a disadvantage as none of the five forwards had played together before we executed some fine movements which were spoiled by bad shooting. Until ten minutes before time we had failed to score, but we finished strongly. Bishop scored both goals.
v. Wesley.—Lost 4—5. This game was played on the day after the Capping Ball, and except for a spell of ten minutes immediately after half-time, we ran all over Wesley. In those ten minutes, however, they scored five goals, and we found the leeway too great to recover. In the last ten minutes, however, we very nearly pulled the game out of the fire. Spence-Sales, Millen, Bishop and Greensmith scored our goals.
v. Huia.—Lost 2—4. For this match we were without Robinson, our centre-half and captain, and as a result failed to show our usual combination. Spence-Sales, by clever solo work, got two goals just before time.
v. Karori.—Lost 1—2. This was one of the most keenly contested matches of the season, and we held the lead until the last ten minutes, when the superior pace of the Blacks enabled them to score twice. Robinson netted our goal.
v. Petone.—Won 4—1. This was rather a scrappy game, but will go down to history as our first win. The three halves all played well and the forwards received plenty of the ball. But for bad shooting the score would have been doubled. Millen, Greensmith, Robinson, and Bishop scored our goals.
v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 8—4. This game was very one-sided and the defence weak. At half-time we were leading 5—1, and in the second spell took things less seriously. The Y.M.C.A. left half was their weakest link, and left Bishop practically unmarked. Bishop scored 6 goals and Greensmith and Spence-Sales one each. The Y.M.C.A. goalie
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must be congratulated on the splendid game he played, and had his backs supported him as they should have done, Y.M.C.A. would have won.

v. Training College.—Lost 1—3. We struck a day on which we could do nothing right, and lost to the better team. Greensmith scored our goal.

v. Hutt.—Lost 1—3. Here we played a much improved game, and held the lead until just before the end, when Hutt scored three goals. The match finished in the dark and this tended to spoil one of the best and most enjoyable games of the season.

v. Wesley.—Lost 1—2. This game was played on a ground reminiscent of the Third Test match against the Springboks in 1921, and frequent stoppages were necessary while the referee wiped the mud out of someone’s eye. Good hockey was impossible, and it was anybody’s game. Fleming shot our goal.

v. Huia.—Lost 2—3. A most exciting match, played at Newtown Park. Huia, who eventually won the championship, had to go all they know, and but for really hard luck we would have won. Spence-Sales and Bishop both hit the post with hard shots. Robinson and Bishop got the goals.

v. Karori.—Won 4—1. In this game we had for once an even break as regards luck, and after a splendid game, ran out winner. Karori were then one point behind the leaders.

v. Petone.—This game was first postponed owing to the state of the ground, and then cancelled, much to our disgust, as we flattered ourselves we should obtain another win. v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 3—1. This game was one of the hardest we had, and we had to go all out to win. The Y.M. halves were right on their game, and had our forwards extremely well marked. In addition to this, selfishness lost us at least two goals. The gem of the match was Robinson’s goal from a penalty corner. Hayes and Greensmith scored the other goals.

v. Training College.—Won 6—2. Drastic changes were made for this game. Spence-Sales went out to the left wing, Bishop was moved from inside-right to centre, and Warburton brought up from the Juniors to inside-right. We had four Juniors playing, but on the day would have beaten any team. At half-time the score was 2—2, and in the second spell our new forward line combined like clockwork to score four goals. Another point in which they showed up was the following-in of the shots. Bishop scored 3 goals and Warburton, Spence-Sales and Greensmith one each.

The following played for the team—Maciver, Foot, Hurley, Mills, Button, Buxton, Bertram, Robinson (captain), Jeffries, D. Foster, Wilson, Warburton, Bishop (vice-captain), Spence-Sales, Greensmith, Millen and Hayes.

JUNIOR TEAM.

The form displayed by this team was on the whole disappointing. They won several hard games, but succumbed to weak teams on one or two occasions, and this put their chances of winning the championship definitely out of reach fairly early in the season. Consequently there was no incentive to make them play up. Another factor was that several times they were drawn by the Senior B’s. We may mention in passing, however, that all the Juniors who played Senior B played well up to standard. Especially was this so in the Senior B’s last match, against Training College, when the four Juniors gave excellent displays.

The following played for the team—Foot, Maciver, Petherick, Kennard (vice-captain), Bartram, Wiggs, Duxton, J. F. Foster, D. W. Foster, Wilson, Belcher, Cahill (captain), Thompson, Cousins Keys.

Results of matches played are as follows:—v. Wellington A: Won. J. Foster and Belcher (2) were the scorers. v. Hutt: Lost after the Capping Ball. Belcher scored for Varsity. v. Y.M.C.A.: Won. Cahill, Warburton and Cousins scored. v. Wesley: Won... (Cahill (3), Warburton and J. Foster scored. v. Hutt B: Lost. D. Foster and Cousins scored, and we were awarded a goal after a penalty bully. v. Hutt A: Lost. Cahill scored our goal. v. Huia B: Won in the rain. Cahill and Warburton scored a goal each. v. Karori: Won. Warburton scored. v. Wellington B: Lost. This was the only match in which we failed to break our duck. v. Karori: Lost. Warburton scored. v. Hutt B: Won. H. Williams (4), Cousins, Wilson and Belcher scored.

THIRD GRADE A TEAM.

This team was composed of most of last year’s third grade team, and accordingly gave every reason to expect that they would have a good season. This proved to be the case, and apart from Karori, there was no team in the grade capable of beating them. Next season the Club will probably promote them and run two junior teams.
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After one bad set-back at the commencement of the season, the team settled down
and played very consistently, losing only one more match and finishing up in second
place in the Third Grade Championship.

Apart from a few changes throughout the season, the team was as follows:—Goal-
keeper: Benjamin. Full-backs: Lewis, Nash. Half-backs: Wiggs, Clark (capt.). McIn-
tosh. Forwards: Gardner, Thompson, Struthers (vice-capt.), Gibson, Joseph.

Results—Matches played, 12; won, 9; drawn, 1; lost, 2. Goals for, 26; goals against,

Results in detail:

v. Karori.—Lost, 0—10. This was the first match of the season, and apart from being
out of training, some of the players were new and inexperienced and could do very little
against the superior combination of their opponents.

v. Petone.—Won, 2—0. In this game the combination between backs and forwards
had improved remarkably, although the uneven nature of the ground spoiled many good
movements. Struthers and Gibson goalied.

v. Wesley.—Won, 2—1. This game was a very hard one, and for the latter part we
were kept on the defence, and only strenuous efforts on the part of the backs prevented
our opponents from scoring. Struthers and Thompson scored.

v. Hutt.—Won, 5—1. Although one player short, the team in this match played very
well, the combination throughout the team being exceptionally good. Off-side play,
however, due to over-eagerness, spoil many chances of scoring. Struthers (2), Thomp-
son (2), and Gibson were successful in goaling.

v. Wellington.—Won, 4—0. This game was very bright and interesting and about the
best to date. The defence was good, but many chances were missed by the forwards,
leaving the scoring to Struthers, who notched all four goals.

v. 'Varsity "B."—Won, 3—2. The condition of the ground for this game spoil much
of the play, but the forwards attacked strongly and the backs defended well. The score
gives a good idea of the evenness of the game, the result of which was in doubt right
to the final whistle. Struthers, Gibson and Gardner netted.

v. Karori.—Lost, 0—4. The superior combination of our opponents in this match
was responsible for this defeat, although the game was more even than the score sug-
ests. The backs played very strongly, especially in the first spell, and the forwards
were very unlucky in not scoring.

v. Petone.—Won, 2—1. Played under unspeakable conditions on a very bad ground,
where good play was impossible. This was anybody's game, Struthers and Belcher each
scored one goal.

v. Wesley.—Drawn, 1—1. Luck was decidedly against us in this game, as we were
attacking practically the whole time, and our opponents were very seldom in our terri-
itory. Numerous chances were missed throughout the game, and the shooting was very
poor. Gibson was responsible for our single score.

v. 'Varsity "B."—Won, 2—0. This was a very hard and even game and much enjoyed
by both teams. The defence and combination were good, although some chances of
scoring were missed. Gibson and Belcher goalied.

v. Hutt.—Won, 2—0. This game was not very outstanding as regards combination,
and as usual, many chances went begging. Struthers and Thompson scored, the latter's
goal being a particularly brilliant solo effort.

v. Wellington.—Won, 3—0. In this, the last game of the season, both backs and
forwards had plenty of work to do, and the combination throughout the team was good.
It was a fitting close to a successful season. Struthers (2) and Keys netted.

The play of Struthers, who scored 13 goals during the season, was largely responsible
for the success of the team in the grade. This player, who was awarded the Hain Stick
as the most improved novice last season, promises to make a fine forward, and to become
a most valuable player to the Club.

During the season a match was played between a combined Third Grade team and
the Junior team, resulting in a win for the Thirds by one goal to nil.

B Team.

This team were to a man new to the game, and it says much for their keenness and
attention to training that they finished third in the Championship. It was significant
that of the few players who attended training in the Gym. on Tuesday nights, 80 per cent.
were third grade players. The team may well be proud of their record in this their first
season, and the Club is glad to see such talent in its lower grade teams. There will be
no need to fear for the Club's future while these players are with us. The team was
ably led by Stewart, who showed that he possesses qualities which will take him a long
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way in the game. At first he played centre-half, but for the last eight matches played centre-forward. In those eight games he scored 11 goals—a record to be proud of.

Results of the team's matches are appended:—

May 11.—v. Wellington: Lost, 1—6 (Camp 1). Played with three men absent.
May 18.—v. Karori: Lost, 0—6.
June 1.—v. Petone: Won, 2—1 (Etherington, 1). Petone did all in their power to assist us, evening scoring a goal.
June 8.—v. Wesley: Won, 2—0 (O'Sullivan 1, Stewart 1).
June 15.—v. Hutt: Won, 4—1 (O'Sullivan 1, Shield 1, Stewart 2).
June 22.—v. Varsity A: Lost, 2—3 (Etherington 1, Stewart 1).
July 13.—v. Wellington: Won, 8—0 (Dowling 1, Scott 1, Mouat 1, Stewart 5).
August 3.—v. Karori: Lost, 1—4 (Stewart 1). Stewart had the honour of being the only man for two seasons to score against the Karori team.
August 17.—v. Varsity A: Lost, 0—2.
August 31.—v. Wesley: Won, 1—0 (Stewart 1).
September 9.—v. Hutt: Won by default.

The regular team was as follows:—Currie, Dowling, McDougall, Mouat, Lambert, Scott, Shield, O'Sullivan, Stewart, Etherington and Lamb.
Struthers played one game for us and others who played at some time or other during the season were:—Camp, Fabian, Joseph, and Caughley.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

We look back over the season without many regrets—at the games we might have won, at the games we should like to have won, but without any regrets at the games we did win. There were two, of which the junior team has already figured conspicuously in last issue. After that it was duly recorded, commented upon, and forgotten by the carefully disguised people who write the sports columns.

The senior team's win passed unhonoured and unsung, owing to the secretary having forgotten to notify the Association. We are not going to make public the secrets of the reporter, because, although they see very little of most of our games and nothing of others, they write accounts of Homeric struggles in which our teams make a gallant defence, or might have won if—but everyone has heard of our forwards. These and sundry other sops to our vanity appear in the "Sportsman's" column, so we feel that it will do no harm to write our own description for how could someone who was not there do justice to it?

There is little to say, however. The six survivors of the devoted band fared forth, lightly armed to engage seven Ramblers, each thirsting for two championship points. We got them. The scorers are far too modest to have their names mentioned, so we will content ourselves with saying that the score 6—1 was a fair indication of the progress of the game, except that it was obtained in the second half, and that it was nothing to what we can do when we like!

We entered a senior and a junior team in the Seven-a-side Tournament. The junior team, after playing out time with no score, was defeated by a shot across the goal-line. The senior team was more fortunate, winning 1—0 but losing 1—3 in the second round.

We have one Wellington representative in our midst—our goalkeeper—Miss Huggins. It was whispered that two of our juniors were likely people for the junior representative team, but the vacation and the consequent defaulting of the games spoil their chances. We take this opportunity to appeal to any people who have a desire to play hockey to join the Club next year. We would offer as one of its attractions an alleged basketball match with the Men's Hockey Club.

This took place on Tuesday, 20th July, this year, and resulted in a win for the Men's Hockey Club by some score unknown then, and since multiplied 20 times. Our sympathy goes out to their unfortunate wives, if they have any, and our parting advice is "Tame him first if he plays hockey." Of course we understand that it is the spirit of the game that matters and not the points, because that is what the senior "A" team said when it was beaten by the Wellington team.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Football Club has to record a very successful season's activities. The actual membership creates a numerical record, and the number of teams now taking part in the local competitions is seven, consisting of one Senior A team, a Senior B, a Junior, three Third Grade and a Fourth Grade team.
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The outstanding feature of the season has been the success, for the second time, of the First XV, in winning the senior championship. The form displayed throughout was very consistent, and though perhaps the team was not as bright on attack as last year, its defensive qualities were very sound, thanks especially to the excellent work of MacKenzie, at five-eighths, and Cormack, at full-back.

The team trained assiduously during the season, and their success is no doubt largely due to this fact. Altogether the team was a very happy family and pulled together excellently. It was a well-balanced team, especially among the forwards, all of whom worked well. It must be noted that Ramson did excellent service with his boot accounting for over 100 points for the season—a truly remarkable performance. The following players represented Wellington Province in one or other of the representative teams: MacKenzie, Mackay, Ramson, Leys, Eastwood, Diedrich, H. Cormack, F. Cormack, Blacker, Edgar, and Dixon. Leys also won his All Black cap, and is to be heartily congratulated.

The lower grade teams have for the most part done quite well; indeed, better than in previous seasons.

The most important event of the year was the visit of the Australian 'Varsities' team, when we had the distinction of being the only College to be beaten by the visitors. It speaks much for the true spirit of hospitality at V.U.C. It gave us great pleasure to entertain this team, and many will look forward to renew acquaintances in Australia in 1931. The following of our players represented the New Zealand Universities' team against the Australians: Diedrich, Blacker, Edgar, Leys, MacKenzie, Ramson, and Mackay. A team consisting principally of Senior B players journeyed to Nelson and played the Nelson College 1st XV. A report on the match is below.

The thanks of the Club are very much due to the following, who gave unstintingly of their time in the capacities of coaches to the various teams: Messrs. Martin-Smith, Glasow, Whiteman, Turner, Goodwin and Paetz.

**Senior A Team Results.**

- v. Old Boys.—Won 27-3. Tries by Foden (2), Mackay, Blakeney; Ramson scored a try, kicked 2 penalties and converted 3 tries.
- v. Eastbourne.—Won 11-0. Tries by Mackay (2) and H. Cormack; Ramson converted one try and kicked a fine penalty goal.
- v. Wellington.—Won 11-3. Try by Claridge converted by Ramson, who also kicked 2 penalty goals.
- v. Poneke.—Lost, 18-14. Tries by Blakeney and Ramson. The latter also kicked 2 penalties and converted a try. A very even game. Our team was without the services of Leys, Mackay and Deiderich.
- v. Athletic.—Won, 15-7. Tries by Mackay (2) and Blacker, all converted by Ramson.
- v. Petone.—Won, 13-6. Tries by Grant and Mackay, both converted by H. Cormack, who also kicked a penalty goal.
- v. Oriental.—Drawn 5-5. Six of our players were absent for the Test match v. Australian Universities. Our score was a try by Grant converted by H. Cormack.
- v. Berhampore.—Won, 12-11. Tries by Mackay, Rodger and Irwin, and a penalty goal by H. Cormack.
- v. Marist.—Won, 9-8. Tries by Ramson, Foden and Blakeney.
- v. Old Boys.—Won, 19-11. Tries by H. Cormack and Ramson. The latter also kicked 2 free penalties and converted a try.
- v. Eastbourne.—Won, 19-9. Tries by H. Cormack and Ramson, who also kicked 3 penalties and converted both tries.
- v. Wellington.—Won, 6-0. Played in the mud. Tries by Foden and Hart.
- v. Petone.—Lost 14-6. Petone played a very fine game and fully deserved their win. Our score came from 2 penalties by Ramson.
- v. Poneke.—Won, 24-9. Tries by Edgar, Eastwood, Mackay and Ramson, who converted three and kicked a penalty. Our men played one of their best games of the season.
- v. Berhampore.—Won, 22-5. Tries by Mackay (3) and Eastwood; Ramson kicked 2 penalties and converted 2 tries.
- v. Marist.—Won, 19-6. Tries by Deiderich, Eastwood, Irwin, and MacKenzie; Ramson converted 2 tries and kicked a penalty.
- v. Athletic.—Won, 7-0; Foden potted a goal and Mackay scored a try in the last minute of the game.

**Australian University Match.**

On the 22nd May the Australian Universities' team opened its tour by playing V.U.C. V.U.C. played in white jerseys, as the visitors' colours were green. This match was well
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below standard, but was exciting owing to the closeness of the scores. It was not until half the second spell had passed that V.U.C. opened its account by a heady try by Blakeney. The Greens soon equalised the score by an excellent cut-in by D. Kennedy, one of the visiting centres. Play became very exciting then, with both sides out for a win. The defence and tackling, however, was wonderful, and it was not until an infringement occurred that the visitors were able to score the winning points, Lamport, the visiting captain, making no mistake with a kick under the posts. Soon after time was sounded, when the foreign green had triumphed. This was the only match they won, and though it is hard to think they won it against us, we must give them credit for the hard and fast game they played. A dinner was given at Barrett’s, where, after several speeches, the visitors were taken to the Lyttelton ferry, where we gave them a rousing send-off.

Te Aute Game.

On the 28th of August a team comprised of Junior and Third Grade players played their annual match with the Te Aute first fifteen and were successful in winning a hotly-contested game by 9 points to 6. The teams were as follows: — Varsity: Read, Hislop, Mclellan, Gull, Webb, Osborne, Turner, Steele, McLure, Sykes, Banks, Foote, Davies, Henderson and Thomas. Te Aute: Thompson, Hunter, Ruru, Kahi, Heperi, Durie, P. Gemmill, Tibble, White, Keretene, Karaka, Paenga, Aupouri, Paerata, Pohokura. The match was played as the curtain-raiser to the Wellington-Southland game on Athletic Park, and was generally considered to be a better game than the later match. The game was fast and open, and our team was lucky to keep Te Aute out in the later stages of the game. Still, the defence was great. and our men showed that they were as good as Te Aute in attack. The forwards packed well, which is a thing they never bother to do in club matches; while the backs, from full-back to half-back, showed that they were very well worthy of their places. Gull on the wing played well, scoring two tries while Read, at full-back, played soundly and made some good openings with his kicking. Henderson, McLure and Davies were outstanding amongst a fine pack of forwards, while Steele, at wing-forward, was a constant source of trouble to the Te Aute backs. The pick of the Te Aute backs was Ruru, who played a very clever game. He made the most of two excellent wing-three-quarters. The Aute’s two tries were real beauties. No one on our side seemed to be able to catch the man with the ball. Their short passing movements were wonderful to watch and terrible to cope with. For V.U.C., Gull (2) and Dyer, who replaced Hislop, scored; while for Te Aute, Durie and Keretene scored tries. All our tries came from movements on the blind side, while Te Aute’s came from passing movements in which the whole team participated. After the match Te Aute delighted the crowd with a haka. A dinner was given to both teams at Barrett’s Hotel after the game. After a short introductory speech by Professor Murphy, Turner proposed the health of the Te Aute team. This was replied to by the captain of the Te Aute team, who also lead the team in singing several Maori songs, which were greatly appreciated. Mr. Sharpe, the master in charge of the boys, made a short speech and stated that he hoped our team would be able to come and stay at the college on the occasion of the next match. The evening was passed by both teams at the De Luxe Picture Theatre, where the Te Aute team heard its first “talkie.”

Australian Universities’ Team.

We have had with us during the present season in New Zealand a team representing the Universities of Australia. Although the team was almost a Sydney University team (there was only one Melbourne University man—Nairn—and no Brisbane University representatives) the fact that a team representing the Commonwealth Universities was sent shows that Rugby Union is at last getting a foothold in other parts of Australia as well as in Sydney.

Mr. Morey remarked on this progress at the welcome to the team on its arrival in Wellington. “Rugby football in Australia is improving by leaps and bounds, I can tell you honestly,” he said. “Last year put the New South Wales Union on its feet, and this year, with the Sydney Cricket Ground now available, and with all but two of the Waratahs still playing, there was every prospect of the Union enjoying one of its best seasons.”

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Of these, several were well-known players. N. K. Lamport, the captain, had before the tour represented New South Wales, and he again represented his State against the All Blacks this year in two out of the three games played by the State against the tourists. D. Nairn has represented Victoria several times, and he also played for the Australian side which met the All Blacks at Melbourne this year, whilst D. and A. Kennedy, after the tour of New Zealand, were given a chance in the Sydney University first XV and gave very fine exhibitions. A. Kennedy, the winger, scored five tries in the first two matches, and his brother, the centre, making many very fine openings.

However, the team did not fare too well in this country. It opened the tour with a win against Victoria College on Athletic Park, the final score being 6–3 in favour of the visitors. It was a close and good game, and there was not much between the teams on the day. With that game the visitors' success ended. Otago University and Canterbury College beat them by wide margins, and Auckland College managed to head them, while in the Test Matches they cheered last every time,—losers by big margins, being no match for the New Zealand University Test sides. Their playing record was thus:—

Played, 7 won, 1 lost. 6.

The tour, nevertheless, was a great social success, and the members of the local senior fifteen, while the visiting team was there, lost for a time their place in the sun so far as the members of the opposite sex of the Colleges were concerned.

The following members of the V.U.C. fifteen gained placed in the Test Fifteens:—

TENNIS CLUB.

The Tennis Club has commenced the new season well. Our opening day was held on Saturday, the 21st September, and although the weather was not at its best, there was an attendance of 34 pairs. A Yankee mixed doubles tournament was held, resulting in Miss F. Powles and Mr. R. Nankerstis being the winners. Although the general standard of play was not high, considerable enthusiasm was displayed, auguring well for the forthcoming season.

It is hoped that members will improve their tennis by match play. In this connection the Club ladder offers the necessary facilities. Members should realise that the ladder is the only guide that the Committee has when selecting teams for the Inter-Club matches and for the annual Inter-Varsity tournament, and consequently all members, especially the ladies, are urged to take a more active part in ladder games.

Although there are no outstanding players now at College, there are a number of players, both ladies and men, who show considerable promise and who should go far in tennis circles if they keep fit and practice conscientiously.

The system inaugurated last year whereby sets on Saturday afternoons were made up by a committee man, and which lasted for 20 minutes, proved so popular that the annual meeting decided to continue it during the present season. New members of the Club should, therefore, have no hesitation about coming along on Saturday afternoons, as they will always be assured of meeting the older members, and of having an opportunity of playing with them.

Entries will be called shortly for the Club Championships, and it is hoped that all members will take part, so that the real champions of the College will be found.

ROWING CLUB.

The rowing season has come round again, and we are sure that all active oarsmen will be anxious to get on the water again. The prospects of the club are extremely bright. We are fortunate in having a number of last year's "blues" available for this year, as well as several promising younger members.

A number of new members are availing themselves of the Star Boating Club's arrangement, by which they may become associate members and have the use of the club plant from 16th April to 16th September on payment of £1 ls., which will be used as part of their subscription if members decide later to join the Star Boating Club. These members are being coached by older members of the V.U.C. Club, principally during the weekends, and the Club hopes to be able, from the promising material available, to select an eight which will be truly representative of the College. Any intending members are urged to apply to the Secretary or any member of the Committee and join early before the rowing season begins seriously, so as to get as much coaching as possible. A seat in the eight is gained only after months of good coaching and strict attention to training.
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SWIMMING CLUB.

All that we can publish at this time of year is a reminder of the fact that a Swimming Club has been established at V.U.C. It was inaugurated last season, and it is hoped that this year will develop into a very active Club.

All students should take note of the following extract from the Tournament delegates' report regarding proposed changes in Tournament events:—"In the event of the debates being discontinued, it is proposed to include swimming as an official Tournament event, with a maximum of four swimmers from each College in the teams, two men and two women."

With this probability in view, the stronger the Club the better. If we wish for worthy representatives in swimming, we must have a strong membership from which to choose. It is no good having swimming as an official Tournament event if the students are not willing to support the innovation. Victoria College does not want to show any lack of enthusiasm by sending away a second-rate team. So students who remain in Wellington during the summer vacation, and those who will be here for part of the swimming season, should link themselves up with the Club.

By the time this issue of "Spike" is published the annual meeting will have been held, and a start made with plans for the coming season. Remember that these will include the opportunity of competing in swimming meetings, and perhaps for a place in the swimming team, swimming practices at the bays and life-saving classes.

TRAMPING CLUB.

Since the last issue of "Spike," there has been some little excitement in our rather peaceful club. A week-end trip to Dobson's and Smith's Creek gave two club members an opportunity of attempting to view the elusive Totara Flats, and meet the main party on the Sunday. The result is apparently only too well known, but all's well that ends well; it was a wonderful trip, and the pair could give trampers some points on midnight travelling down waterfalls.

Once again our Sunday trips have been marred on account of bad weather, and it was found necessary to cancel three of them. This is unfortunate, since some of our members cannot always manage to get away for week-end trips.

The tramp to Papatahi was in the nature of a farewell trip, being the last trip on which Mr. F. White was out with the club prior to his departure for England with a Science Scholarship. We wish him the best of success there, but we miss his cheery countenance very much on our tramps. We understand that "Bill" Joliffe has returned to New Zealand, however, and we hope that he may come out with us and help to compensate for losses which the club can ill-afford.

The tramp to Karapoti did not appeal to a large number, but those who did go made the best of a wet Sunday by lying in bed most of the morning, while one of the party served morning tea. It is rumoured that certain mysterious photographs were taken on this trip, and it is to be hoped that they will appear in some pages of photographic atrocities shortly to be released by one of the members.

Sunday trips to Fitzroy Bay and Lowry Trig in good weather were well attended, and we were pleased to see some new members turn out on these trips.

The trip to Kapakapanui had to be cancelled, and in its place a tramp over Baker's track to the Lower Orongorongo was substituted. This trip proved an unequalled success in all respects, especially to those who went hunting for a lost whisker watch in the bush—and found it. Our scramble round a waterfall in the dark proved a rather slow business, and one of our members (unintentionally) tried the faster method of going "over the top." Our return up the hill on the Sunday in half-an-hour was a triumph, and the record is likely to stand for some years to come.

At the end of the term the Totara Flats were again in the foreground. One of the pioneers on the original trip could not come, and at the last minute Professor Boyd-Wilson, the leader, was also obliged to draw out. The party was therefore entrusted to the tender (?) mercies of the secretary. The weather played up frightfully, but we determined to carry on with the trip, and seven hopeful members started out, prepared for the worst. Unfortunately, the bad weather continued, and an attempt to climb Mount Holdsworth from the Mount House had to be abandoned. However, we pushed on down the little southern creek, led—wonder of wonders—we were soon at the Totara Flats and warming ourselves in front of a huge fire at the hut there. As the bad weather still persisted, we were forced to return over the Dalefield track, and arrived at Carterton in
good time to see the train pulling out of the station. However, the Railway Department took pity on us, and kindly arranged to let us travel over to town on the night goods train, so we eventually arrived home in the small hours of the morning after a very wet, but splendid trip.

The third term opened with a trip round to the little Mukamuka and up over Tapokapoka. We tackled this tramp in a business-like manner, and with a good start at 4.30 a.m. on the Sunday morning, covered the ground in good style, and actually had time to walk along to the boat—a rare occurrence.

The Sunday tramp to Mount Maunganui proved a great success. This trip was entirely new to members (including the leader, as usual), and we felt very satisfied at reaching our objective without a hitch. The view of the Tararuas obtained from the top was itself worth the trip. The country round here appears to have great possibilities, and we hope to be able to arrange further trips in the district later on.

In conclusion, we would remind members that as it is probable that trips will be held during the vacation, those desiring to be kept in touch with the activities of the club should leave their addresses with the Secretary.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The Science Society opened its third year of activity with a lecture held in the Physics Lecture Room on April 26th, when Dr. E. Marsden, Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, presented a very interesting paper on “Science in America.” During the course of his lecture, Dr. Marsden covered a considerable amount of ground, and, as was to be expected, owing to the limited amount of time at his disposal, many interesting questions could only be lightly touched on. It was surprising to hear how much was spent on research in America, the annual expenditure in many institutions running into millions. Dr. Marsden also emphasised the fact that in America a considerable amount of time was devoted to research of a purely fundamental character. Commercial firms no longer expected the technical experts in their employ to restrict themselves to branches of research likely to lead to results of immediate commercial value. Large concerns, such as the General Electric Company, carried on research very similar in nature to the most academic work done at a University. It is at last being realised by the business man that to attempt to make a distinction between pure and applied science is fallacious. After a short discussion, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer, and the meeting adjourned to the Biology Laboratory for the supper, which had been arranged by the lady members of the committee.

The annual Social was held on June 8th in the College Gymnasium. There was a large attendance, and after the usual singing introduction in the hall, the company proceeded upstairs, where the rest of the evening was spent in dancing, two novelty dances, for which prizes were given, being included during the course of the evening. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent by all those present.

On the morning of the 27th June a visit was paid by a large party of students to the Bryant and May Match Factory, when the manager of the factory was kind enough to provide us with a guide, who described the whole process of match-making, from the raw material to the finished product.

On Friday, June 28th, Mr. E. K. Lomas, M.A., M.Sc., F.R.G.S., gave us an interesting paper on “The Importance of Manchuria in the Present Problems of the East.”

In conjunction with the Basketball Club, we held our Annual Dance on Saturday, the 13th July, and it was undoubtedly one of the best dances held at the College this year.

Two more lectures were held this year—one by Dr. Marwick, on “Evolution,” which is a much-discussed subject at present, and attracted a large audience. The second was given by Professor G. W. von Zedlitz, on the “Religion of Science.” The Professor treated the subject in his usual humorous manner. He considers that the science student is probably the only religious person in the modern State, basing his contention on the fact that the science student, in the past at any rate, has had to be content with the joy in his work as the major part of the reward of his labours. He said he had no doubt that we all wished to be poor, and congratulated us on the career we had chosen, if we wished to be poor in the surest and quickest possible way. Judging at the surprise and amusement expressed by the audience at these remarks, it was obvious that the speaker had somehow or other misjudged the modern science student.

As last year, there was also a football match (?) among the Science students, and the Lunch-Time Club has been in full swing.
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STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

Winter evenings are to us, in our temperate climate and often inclement weather conditions, the ideal times for grouping together indoors and trying, with each other's help to explain some of the facts of life as they have come before us. Study-circles are therefore at a premium in the winter term, and the half-dozen or so that have met this winter have been both well-attended and enthusiastic. The study-circle is one of the most valuable assets that student, or social life in general, can give, and has the advantage over the informal gathering of friends that, while friendship and informality prevail, there is in addition:

(a) Preparation (on a previously-arranged topic).
(b) A leader (who keeps the discussion orderly and relevant but does not dominate).

These are two of the main features of the small discussion club about which Benjamin Franklin tells us in his autobiography. As well as these circles we have had intercession meetings on Thursday evenings.

The problems of evolution and the inspiration of the Bible have occupied a large part in our discussions, and thought on these problems has been stimulated by an address by Rev. J. R. Blanchard at a general meeting, and a talk at one of the Sunday teas by Dr. Pettit. Other Sunday teas have been held and were followed by community sings, instrumental items, readings, and recitations. A good number have rolled up to all of these.

Mysticism with its manifold tempting peregrinations was discussed at a well-attended meeting of Foyer on a mid-week night. Lawrence Bibby opened up the subject and interesting discussions on poetic inspiration, religious fanaticism, and kindred topics followed. A commendable feature of the discussion was the absence of that heated argument which so often characterises discussions on this type of subject.

Two large social functions have been held since last June—a dance in conjunction with the Social Service Club in the winter term, and a soiree in the winter vacation. Both were a success socially and the latter financially.

The annual general meeting was held this month. The election of officers resulted:—President, Mr. L. Bibby; Vice-President, Miss M. Patterson; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. W. Mason; Recording Secretary, Miss R. Sewell; Treasurer, Mr. E. Davies; Committee, Misses M. Luxmoore, F. Huntingdon, and Mr. L. Rothwell. Two further men (Messrs. F. Thompson and R. Wright) were elected to form with the men of the Executive a Men's Committee, to look after the interests of the male members of our branch of the S.C.M.

We would like to express our thanks to Professor Florance for the use of Room C5. A club-room is one of the very greatest assets that a club can have.

Our year may be said to commence the day after our annual meeting. We intend to make the year upon which we have just entered the most successful and most active, and, therefore, the happiest of the thirty-one years of our existence.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The occasions on which the orchestra has been called upon to perform recently have been few. Such occasions have been marked by the production of a working model of an orchestra out of nothing at the shortest notice. Since the Extravaganza, we have been hibernating, but awoke to feverish activity about a week before the Dramatic Club's production of the "Young Idea." Overture and entr'acte numbers were carried to a tolerably successful conclusion, and where individual members paused to take breath or to look for a missing beat, the situation was saved by some well-directed solo efforts from the drums section, to which our best thanks are due. We wish also to express our appreciation of the assistance given by friends outside the College.

As usual, the orchestra was again called upon to contribute some musical items at the annual Plunket Medal contest—with this important difference, that this year something like reasonable notice was given. Smaller numbers on this occasion were made up for by a first-class performance, in which Zeus descended from Olympus, assisted with the viola, and waved his bow instead of a baton. Violin solos and songs were contributed by Miss Reid and Miss Davis respectively. For a fuller account of the antics of the vocalist and the conductor-accompanist of the encore number that could not be found—what time, the singer looked very red, the accompanist very worried, and the wires from the back of the hall passed the remarks appropriate to the situation—of the final discovery of the offending song in the other portion of the album behind the piano—for all this, we refer the reader to the "City and Suburban" column of the following Monday's "Dominion."

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DEBATING SOCIETY.

This year has been a notable one for the Debating Society. Three of our members have recently left us to debate in the United States, our treasurer, Mr. A. F. Hurley, is at present debating with the N.U.S. team "somewhere in Australia," and we have carried our debates to the very firesides of the citizens of Wellington by means of the radio. Verily, it has been an exciting, if strenuous, year. The Union Prize for 1929 appears to be well won by Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, whom we congratulate on his success.

The 320th Ordinary Meeting of the Society, held on the 22nd July, took the form of a Visitors' Debate, at which Mr. Walter Nash, seconded by Mr. W. P. Rollings, moved: "That the government of New Zealand by the Labour Party would be in the best interests of the country." The motion was opposed by Mr. Martin Luckie, seconded by Mr. H. R. Bannister. There was an inspiring audience. Mr. Nash was in his best form, and his eloquence, particularly in his reply, was worthy going a long way to hear. Mr. Nash's eloquence and arguments were sturdily met by Mr. Luckie, who declared that the result of Socialism would be that everyone would look to the Government "to feed, clothe, house and bury" them. Mr. Rollings was not in his very best form, but both he and Mr. Bannister lent their mowers useful aid. One of Mr. Bannister's remarks, to the effect that Jesus Christ was the only true Socialist, appeared to rather startle Mr. Luckie. Speakers from the audience held the attention of that critical body, and were—Miss Forde, Messrs. Hurley, Hall, Powles and Mountjoy. The motion was carried by both audience and Society. The judge, Mr. H. F. Johnston, placed the speakers as follows:—Miss Forde, Messrs. Hurley and Mountjoy equal, Messrs. Bannister and Hall equal, and Messrs. Rollings and Powles equal. It appears that only gentlemen were paired together. We have to thank Messrs. Nash and Luckie for speaking.

The 321st Ordinary Meeting took the form of impromptu speeches. There was a good attendance, about 50 being present in search of eloquence. Messrs. Miles and Cochran set the subjects and acted as judges. Each speaker had the choice of a serious or a humorous subject. The following consequences ensued:—

Mr. Powles went into ecstasies over sliding downstairs on a tea tray.
Mr. Hall spoke on "Nothing" and gave the impression that he was used to it.
Mr. Hurley discoursed on Maori influence on the New Zealand character.
Mr. Mountjoy treated the question "Do Machines Increase Happiness?" in a manner reminiscent of an economics lecture.
Miss Forde spoke on the vital problem, "Should Tennis Players Wear Stockings?"
Mr. Arndt denied that the life of a student at V.U.C. is a happy one.
Mr. Wright spoke to the "point" on the question of safety-pins.
Mr. Bannister displayed surprising knowledge on the subject, "Can a Wave be Permanent?"
Mr. Bell appeared to us to miss a chance of dealing effectively with a then topical problem, "The Visit of the Emden."
Mr. Vickerman expatiated on the subject of maiden aunts.
Miss Selwood delivered what the secretary calls "an epidemic effect" on the "Aesthetic Appeal of a Savoy." Mr. T. P. Rollings gave the fruits of his experience on the efficacy of V.U.C. as a match factory.

The placing of the speakers was: Mountjoy, Hall, Arndt, Hurley, Powles, and Bannister.

Owing to the untimely disappearance of the secretary, believed to be heading for America, the minute book has not been written up, and the reports of the following debates represent the combined result of our recollection and our imagination.

On the 2nd August, Miss Forde, seconded by Mr. Mackenzie, moved, and Mr. Crossley, seconded by Mr. Riske, opposed, "That the Influence of the Modern Press is to Be Deplored." Mr. H. H. Cornish was the judge, and we can only remember that he placed Mr. Crossley first. We do remember that he declined to place the chairman, much to that gentleman's annoyance, on the ground that "one dog does not bite another." Speakers from the audience were Messrs. Powles, Arndt, Chorlton, Hall, Boden, Rollings, Mountjoy, and Bannister.

The 323rd meeting of the Society is one ever to be remembered. For the first time our debates was a broadcast one. The audience numbered some one hundred and thirty. Messrs. Hall, Powles and Mountjoy, shortly to depart for America, moved, "That the Emergence of Woman from the Home is to Be Deplored." Messrs. Rollings, Arndt,
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and Hurley opposed. A good debate ensued. Mr. Bishop delighted the audience with some humorous sallies. We believe the broadcast was a great success. Mr. G. G. G. Watson was the judge, and delivered a characteristic and thought-provoking speech.

At the 324th meeting of the Society Mr. Mountjoy moved and Mr. Hurley opposed, "That the Time, Money and Effort spent on Polar Explorations are Not Justified." There was a fair attendance, and our recollection is that Polar exploration suffered a set-back. Mr. R. S. Black was judge.

The next debate was again a broadcast one, to wit, "That the Continuance of the Capitalist Economic System is in the Best Interest of Civilization." This was moved by Messrs. Hall, Powles and Mountjoy, and opposed by Miss Forde and Messrs. Rollings and Hurley. There was an excellent attendance. Mr. W. E. Leicester acted as judge.

The Plunket Medal Contest has come and gone, and we congratulate Mr. Priestley on his success.

There is one debate to go, viz., "That the Motion Picture is a Menace to Civilization," to be moved by Mr. C. H. Arndt and opposed by Mr. F. J. E. Baillie.

We are one and all hoping that the team that has just left for America. Messrs. Hall, Mountjoy and Powles, will have a successful tour, and we look forward to reports of their debates.

HAEREMAI CLUB.

There has in past years been very little opportunity during the latter part of the year for the usual Haeremai Club activities. Even more so has this been the case this year, for the reason that the newly-instituted system of term examination without notice has kept the students' noses to the grindstone. For all this, however, the club has been able to conduct two functions at V.U.C., apart from the usual "god's parties."

During the second term the Club, in conjunction with the Women's Club, conducted an after-lecture evening. The show consisted of several items, followed by an informal dance and a "fish and chips" supper. A large attendance enjoyed the items, the most noteworthy of which was Messrs. Bishop and Read's "Scurrilous Satires on College Events." Altogether a very successful function and enjoyed by most more than the formal Saturday night dances.

At the beginning of the third term the Club, again in conjunction with the Women's Club, held the annual Haeremai dance. This year we departed from precedent and instituted a fancy dress dance. Some of the costumes were humorous, especially the living skeleton, the Roman senator, and the numerous Waitaki boys. The dance was the most lively affair of the year. With this successful function the Club virtually closes its year.

For the balance of the year there is, of course, no opportunity for the activities of the Haeremai Club. It may therefore be advisable to issue through the columns of "Spike" one or two remarks for the future welfare of the Club.

Some five or six years ago the Club became defunct, mainly on account of the lack of interest taken by the older students of the Varsity in its activities. Three years ago it was revived, and revived by students who had been at V.U.C. for five or six years. The mainstay of the Club and of the College is not the "freshman," but the student of three and four years' standing. It is on these more experienced students that we depend not only for the management of the Club but also to form a solid basis of leadership in the activities of the College.

While the present system of examination and the night-school methods in the law faculty are against the regular attendance of these older members, there are nevertheless too few of these veterans among our members. We impress on the older and more experienced students the need for their taking an active part in the Club's activities and for taking the place of the students who have left the College. They will thus exercise a controlling influence on the buoyant and boisterous spirits of the younger members, and in the affairs of the College as they affect the men students.

V.U.C. at present lacks the college spirit found in the other Varsities, and the first object of the Club should be to instil this college spirit into the students. This can be done only by the combined efforts of students, and the Club suggests to the students as a whole that the only means to attain any degree of college spirit is for every student to take part in the activities not only of the Club but of the College. The Club cannot last without the support of the men students. It is run for the benefit of the men students and it is worthy of their support.
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MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The Society commenced its Ninth Session of activity on the 26th March, when the General Meeting was held, and the year's programme of lectures discussed. The first ordinary meeting was held on the 9th April, when Mr. F. F. Miles, M.A., presented a paper entitled "Mathematics and Culture in World History." In this very interesting paper Mr. Miles showed the relationship between mathematics and other branches of culture in their development in the course of World History. It was a very intriguing introduction to the Spengler philosophy which regards mathematics and science in general as being affected by "race, famille, et milieu," as in Taine's philosophy of literary criticism. This novel theory which breaks down popularly conceived differences between Art and Science no doubt exaggerates the resemblances; but there is also a considerable element of truth in the proposition; the question is, how much?

At the second meeting Mr. F. W. G. White, M.Sc., presented a paper on "Geophysical Prospecting." The speaker described the various methods, seismological, electrical, and physical which are at present in use for locating ores, and illustrated his lecture by means of lantern slides.

On the 28th May Professor Sommerville, M.A., D.Sc., gave an interesting account of "The Principles of Preferential Voting." The Professor has himself contributed to the literature on this subject, and was able to give us full information as to relative advantages of several systems present in use, pointing out the difficulties in connection with any system of voting.

Mr. N. F. C. Hill, B.Sc., presented a paper entitled "Radiology," on the 4th June. We were fortunate in having as speaker one experienced in radiological technique at the Wellington Public Hospital. The lecturer treated the subject under the three headings Radiography, Radium Therapy, and Deep-Ray Therapy.

The sixth meeting was held on 2nd July. Mr. A. J. Inder gave a paper on "The Life of Clerk Maxwell." The speaker gave an excellent account of the life of this well-known mathematician and physicist.

The seventh meeting, held on July 16th, was exceptionally well attended. Mr. C. G. Liddell and Mr. R. T. Marshall presented a paper on "Loud Speaker Construction." Mr. Liddell dealt with horn speakers, and Mr. Marshall described the balanced armature and moving coil units. The lecturers demonstrated the reproduction of various notes by suitable gramophone records.

The eighth meeting was held on the 30th July. Mr. G. A. Peddie, M.A., gave a paper on "The Squaring of the Circle." The subject was treated from both the historical and the mathematical aspects. The attempts of the Ancients to solve the problem were outlined. Then an account was given of more recent attempts, concluding with a sketch of the proof of the transcendentalism of \( \sqrt{2} \) and the consequent insolubility of the problem by Euclidean methods.

An opportunity was taken at this meeting by members of the Society to farewell Mr. F. W. G. White, M.Sc., who had obtained a Post-Graduate Scholarship in Science, and was about to leave for England to continue his studies at Cambridge. At supper, on behalf of the members of the Society and students of the advanced physics class, Mr. Harding presented Mr. White with a complete set of Montaigne's Essays. Mr. White was a former President of this Society, and since he came to this College has always been one of its most enthusiastic members. Speeches were also made by Professor Florence, Professor Sommerville, Mr. Inder and others.

The ninth and last meeting was held on the 13th August, when Mr. R. J. Petherick and Mr. J. A. Strong gave a paper on "What is the Electron?" Mr. Petherick described experiments which indicate that the electron is a particle; while Mr. Strong described more recent experiments which seem to show that the electron may equally well be regarded as a form wave motion. This is probably the most important problem of theoretical physics at the present time.

As this was the last lecture a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Sommerville and Mrs. Florence for providing suppers, and to the lady members of the committee for acting as hostesses during the session.

FREE DISCUSSION CLUB.

At the first meeting since last "Spike" was printed, Mr. Miller read a paper to a big meeting on "A Case for Dogmatic Religion." He argued (I) against those who accept Christianity but reject creeds; that creeds were simply a fence to protect certain received facts, the fact of the Incarnation. It was not until philosophical Christians began to
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explain away the facts that the Church defined its doctrines. Between the extremes of Eastern absolutism and Western humanism it preserved the original faith in the Incarnate God. (2) Against those who say that they will not believe anything that they cannot prove, he argued that proof always rests on large assumptions. Many people thought that in the physical sciences you had proof exempt from this condition, but this he denied. Causality, the existence of the external world, the existence of "matter" were given as examples of scientific assumption. In the long run science and the Christian religion were in the same boat—depending for their existence on certain assumptions as to the rationality of things in general. This was followed by a lively discussion, in which Mr. Miller refused to be led into an argument on any particular dogma. The danger of making faith a virtue was brought up, but Mr. Miller denied that the Church had ever taught that.

The second discussion, on military training, was led by Mr. Miles, who gave his experiences as an officer training both Cadets and Territorials. He considered the present arrangements unsuitable, and that its results were not of much value. He was in favour of a short period in camp every year. Professor Hunter objected to the system of conscripting the able-bodied and leaving the weaklings at home to make war profits. In his opinion if we offered the last man and the last shilling we should allow the last man to take the last shilling. Most of the speakers were against any system of compulsory training.

On 13th September Dr. Pettit addressed a packed room on "Genesis and Science." He made a very ingenious attempt to work in the first book of Genesis with modern science by taking the days as geological periods. He considered that Man and the different species of animals were all specially created. In answer to a question he considered the first book to deal with the Creation and the second account to be dealing with Man, and hence it was not in chronological order. He considered the Bible as verbally inspired, but the translations were not. Professor Hunter brought up the problem of the "round earth standing fixed," but this, with a number of other questions, was unanswered when the meeting closed at 10.30.

On September 20, Mr. R. Griffin spoke on his experiences during three months he spent in Soviet Russia. He spoke of the factories and conditions of work, of croches with trained nurses, and of free theatre tickets for the workers. The officers of the Red Army were not people apart from the privates, but were only distinguished from them by a small badge on the collar. He told of a prison in which the inmates had self-government. The description of self-government in the factories and trial by one's fellow workers was too much for one of the audience, who did not see that our own jury system was based on it. A heated discussion followed, particularly upon the Russian debts.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

The Women's Club is a young Club, but like all young things, it has a great capacity for growth—a capacity which its recent efforts have strikingly revealed. Indeed, although only a three-year-old, it is a very sturdy infant with all the vitality necessary for prolonged existence on the "clay patch." So it was with the memory of a successful term of office that the 1928-29 Committee retired from the arena of women's affairs. To this Committee we owe the only attraction which our dilapidated Common Room displays—the curtains. Besides this tangible evidence of its accomplishments, we have the remembrance of enjoyable evenings—notably that held in the Common Room, with Professor von Zedlitz as speaker. In his usual brilliant style the professor liberally supplied his audience with thought and with merit.

The annual meeting of the Club elected the following officers:—Patronesses, Mrs. Boyd-Wilson and Mrs. Miller; President, Miss Hereford; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Forde; Committee, Misses Shallcrass, Trapp and Chisholm.

In conjunction with the Haeremi Club we ran a masked Fancy Dress Ball, which was socially and financially a success. All who attended seemed to have the equivalent of a "good time," and even the kilted "Freelander" in the gathering must have been satisfied with the return which his payment brought him. But if we do look back occasionally to events that have passed, we can also look forward to attractive activities in the future.

Already the "Bookman" has been ordered, and presents a very bright prospect for those whose Common Room minutes would otherwise be empty ones. The Club is fulfilling its part in College life, but we still want more support from the women students, and with this last reminder we ask the freshers for 1930 to join our organisation, which exists for them and through them.
LOCAL N.U.S. COMMITTEE.

Throughout the year the N.U.S. Committees have been continuing their meetings, and doing valuable work. The Debating Committee has obtained a tangible result in the debating team which has just left for U.S.A. It is hoped that this is only the first of a series of tours which will be arranged among various University Colleges.

The Books Committee, after getting into touch with prominent English booksellers, is now making final arrangements with a well-known English firm in order to have the privilege accorded to the British National Union of Students extended to New Zealand. The benefits to be derived from this scheme by New Zealand students will be very valuable, and it is expected that when once the arrangements are completed, students will not be slow to avail themselves of them. The proposed scheme is briefly as follows: Students, by means of a form signed by an accredited agent of the N.Z.N.U.S., will be able to secure text books directly from Home at cheaper rates than those prevailing here. Postage must be paid by the purchaser. Fuller announcements will be made later.

SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

The activities of our Club have been somewhat hampered lately owing to the large amount of sickness there has been in the homes we visit. Ever since last "Spike" was published till quite recently, the Miramar Receiving Home for Children has had some illness or another prevalent there. First a diphtheria epidemic, then influenza, and then some more diphtheria, with the result that we have taken only one party to the kiddies this term. Numerous times we have had arrangements made but had had to cancel them at the last minute.

During the vacation, some of our more leisureed members took the boys of the Austin Street Home for a day at the beach. It was a beautiful day, not only enjoyed by the boys, but also by our members. The outing away from the environs of the home did them a world of good.

At the Tinakori Road Home also there has been a lot of sickness this year. Influenza has been very prevalent till lately, and now they are busy preparing for a bazaar they are having shortly.

The only branch of our work going along as usual is at Porirua. So far this year we haven’t missed one visit. Our arrival is very much looked forward to, and when leaving are always asked when we are coming again. Our fellow-students would be very interested in some of the inmates we meet out there. On one visit recently we met a man who studied law with our Chief Justice (Hon. M. Myers). He spoke very well and fluently on varied subjects, but, of course, had a kink somewhere.

Our girls visit the Borstal Institution at Point Halswell regularly every second Saturday afternoon. They organise games for the girls and give them some music, which is greatly appreciated.

Early in July our Club held a Social and Dance in the Gym., when, thanks to the Haeremai Club, we came out with a credit balance. It was quite an enjoyable affair, and all those present thought it was a great success.

Then, in August, we held a Dance in conjunction with the Christian Union, but sad to say, it showed a considerable loss. The dance itself was a very pleasant one, but unfortunately the Haeremai Club didn’t roll up in force about 1.3 as they did last time.

We hope that when the examinations are over that the students will come along in force to help us with the kiddies’ Christmas parties.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club is just concluding what is perhaps the most successful year in its existence. There is now no need to deplore the lack of attendance at readings, for all have been well attended by students and the public, and more members have taken part in the readings. It has been refreshing to see new faces and to hear new voices, for recruits to the club have been more numerous this year than ever previously. It is hoped that the ranks of the club will continue to increase in numbers, that a more ambitious programme may be planned for next year. As the club has abundant material in hand for reading, and as it is already ordering further supplies of books from England, it is considered desirable to continue readings during the vacation if sufficient members will be able to participate.
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"The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs, and Shaw's ever fresh comedy, "How She Lied to Her Husband," were read on one evening and gave capital entertainment to a large audience. The supper which was provided at the close of the reading, was also much appreciated. "Shakespeare," a very fine play by Rubenstein and Bax, and "Outward Bound" by Sutton Vane, were also read with great success. The close of last term saw the performance of the club's annual production. "The Young Idea," a comedy in Noel Coward's wittiest vein, was the chosen vehicle this year, and the large audiences, particularly that on the Saturday night, which received the play so enthusiastically, fully justify the club for its enterprise. In connection with the play the thanks of the club are due particularly to Miss Mary Cooley, who, besides taking part in the play undertook the arduous duties of producer.

Thanks are also due to Miss Helen Dunn as stage manager, Mr. R. K. Styche as business manager, to the orchestra and its leader, who performed so ably on both nights, and to all those who assisted as ushers, doorkeepers or programme sellers. The success of the play and of the readings in general throughout the year is gratifying to the club, and should encourage the members to hope for even greater success next year.
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All Makes, including "Slazenger," "Cobbett's," "Spalding's," "Ayres," etc.

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Courtenay Place — — — WELLINGTON

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BAGGAGE
Insured against all risks
in all situations!

WELLINGTON BRANCH:
144 FEATHERSTON ST.

Union Steam Ship Co.
of N.Z. Ltd.
or Leading Carrying Firms

INSURE WITH THE
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE CO., LTD.

STUDENTS
Have your next group taken at
Vinsen’s Studios

119 CUBA STREET

TELEPHONE 23-536

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6d. per parcel
(Maximum Weight. 28lbs. ; size, 8 cubic ft.)
delivered either from suburb to city, city to suburb, or suburb to suburb—the same day
Dependable Service if you let Q. E. D. carry it!

Central Depot: Lombard St. (Opp. side of Ritz)

MARTIN - Ifs

If you happen to want an uncommon shoe, come to Martin's. If you want a standard make of shoe and you want it as cheap as you'll get it, come to the same place. If you want a bargain, same again. If you want to have a few shillings on your purchase, ditto.

In any one of Martin's three shops—Courtenay Place, 57 Manners Street, or opp. "Evening Post," you'll find that the same standard of footwear costs just a little less.

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Long Hours of Study

Demand strict attention to the care of the eyes. No Student can afford to be handicapped by eye-strain which steals time from study, develops irritation, and robs one of half the pleasures of reading. It is necessary that your powers of concentration should not be interfered with. At the first sign of eye-strain, consult us immediately and we will give you careful examination and honest advice. If it is found necessary to fit you with glasses, our long experience and qualifications assure you of correct lenses and a fit to suit your individuality.

Telephone 43-369 for Appointment.

SPEAR & MURRAY

EYE SPECIALISTS

7 Willis Street, WELLINGTON.

Doctors Prescriptions for Glasses carefully made up.

(Late Opticians to Public Hospital Charitable Aid Board.)

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E. MORRIS Jnr.

UNDERTAKER &
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60, Taranaki Street,
Wellington.

PHONE 22,159
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COACHING IN DEGREE Subjects Day or Evening.
MATRICULATION.—Full Day or Evening Courses.
ENGINEERING.—Evening Classes in Subjects prescribed for
PRELIMINARY and ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP Ex-
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Telephone 44—651.

MASONIC CHAMBERS, WELLINGTON TERRACE.

The Good Old Songs
— The latest popular numbers...
The Satisfying Music that you play yourself.

THE GOURLAY
Foot Expression Piano

Can bring to you, as was never before dreamed of, the lasting, satisfying joy that only self-played music can give.

You can play, with all the creative enjoyment of hand playing, can render perfect accompaniments for the voice or any instrument.

Yet the GOURLAY is not an expensive instrument. The price, £135, is by comparison exceedingly modest, and terms can be arranged. Your present piano accepted in part exchange.

CHAS. BEGG & CO. LTD.
THE GREAT PIANO HOUSE ⚅ MANNERS STREET

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronising advertisers.
BARRETTS'S HOTEL
and RESTAURANT
Lambton Quay
WELLINGTON

Lunch (6 courses) 12 to 2 p.m. 2/-
Dinner (6 courses) 6 to 7.30 p.m. 2/6

Large Spacious Lounge
Excellent Service

Reservations No Extra Charge. Phone 41-525

R. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor

You will read "The Spike" but you will never have it if you stick to

D. C. L.

Whisky

AGED AND MELLOW

HARDWICKE & ROBERTSON Ltd.
Agents

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronising advertisers.
WHEN YOU TRAVEL BOOK YOUR TOUR
AT THE

Government Tourist Bureaux
SAVE TIME! AVOID WORRY! TRAVEL IN COMFORT!

Booking Bureaux at all Principal Towns
of the Dominion

All Tickets Issued, Sleepers and Seats Reserved on Railways,
Berths on Steamers, and Hotel Accommodation Reserved at
No Extra Cost

GIVE IT A TRIAL!

NOTE ADDRESS:
Wellington Bureaux: Dominion Building, Wakefield Street
TELEPHONE 42-525 B. M. WILSON, General Manager

The Age of Silk

Evening Gowns, Afternoon and
House Frocks, Lingerie,...so
many important Garments are now
made of silk that students will
profit by a visit to the
"SILK CENTRE"

By specialised trading and direct importing we are able to
offer the most exclusive weaves and patterns at very
attractive prices

ARTHUR LEE, Silk & Hosiery Specialist
(OPPOSITE THE G.P.O.)

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronising advertisers.
Be Yourself!!

Whatever the occasion, you can always be yourself, wearing an air of well-bred confidence and ease, when your clothes are tailored by Kirkcaldie’s.

No inward tremors, no worries about how your coat sits—how the trousers hang—Kirkcaldie’s Tailors know the secrets of High-class Tailoring, and you can rest assured that your clothes are “correct.” . . . And you have an exceptional range of the Newest Materials in popular shades to choose from.

Kirkcaldie & Stains Ltd.

LAMBTON QUAY.

---

HANNAHS

Here is illustrated Hannah’s Factory—the biggest and most modern of its kind in New Zealand—in which this popular shoe was made

"Made by Hannah's"

1774—TAN CALF
with crepe Rubber
Sole 32/6
1773—With open front.

3,437 Men
Wear this shoe—

3,437 to date—this number can't be wrong—
they have selected the shoe—it has passed
the test of customer approval.

Students are requested to mention “The Spike” when patronising advertisers.
"NEW EUREKA"
Regulo-Controlled GAS COOKER

Done to a turn!

THE BEST AND EASIEST COOKING AT THE LOWEST COST!

In the Company's Showroom you will find the largest and most representative display of labour-saving equipment for the home.

There is a gas cooking appliance for every size of home, and prices to suit every purse.

Easy terms will be arranged on all kinds of appliances. You can, therefore, enjoy the comfort and convenience of the most up-to-date appliance while you are paying for it.

WELLINGTON & GAS COMPANY LIMITED

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LAW STUDENTS

Are notified that
CRUICKSHANK'S MAGISTRATES' COURT ACT, 1928
and
THE IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT LIMITATION ACT,
1914, with Rules and Forms
is now ready.

Cloth Binding .................. £2 10 0
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SALMOND'S JURISPRUDENCE, 23/-.
SALMOND & WINFIELD'S LAW OF CONTRACTS.
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PHIPSON'S MANUAL OF EVIDENCE (Fourth Edition)
1928, 15/-.

Purchase your Law Books direct from
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Crown Studio

Crown Buildings
Cuba Street

The largest and most up-to-date Studio in
New Zealand. Groups up to 150 taken day
or night by appointment.

F. THOMPSON,
Manager

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronizing advertisers.
Click! went the ‘Kodak’

Thrifty little ‘Kodak’
storing up sunshine—bottling
the wine of life—
keeping youth
young

Take a ‘Kodak’
with you

Modern ‘Kodaks’ from 30c-
Brownies from 10½
Catalogue Free

OF ALL ‘KODAK’ DEALERS

A. H. Chamberlain
Dentist

MAJESTIC BUILDINGS, 102 WILLIS STREET
Upstairs (entrance next Chemist).

Dentures a Specialty.

Fillings—Painless if desired.
Crown and Bridge Work.

Nurses in Attendance. Prices Moderate.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Phone 43-808.

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In a World that Is Always Changing

ABDULLA

VIRGINIA LEAF

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

Remain Uniform in their Excellence

A VIRGINIA Cigarette of the usual superb ABDULLA quality sold at a Popular Price by all Tobacconists

10 for 9d.

ALSO OBTAINABLE IN PACKINGS OF 20 AND 50

SPECIALLY IMPORTED BY

ABDULLA & CO. LTD., NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.

Get a

Cadbury

½ lb block

BOURNVILLE

CHOCOLATE

See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of Chocolate

Students are requested to mention "The Spike" when patronising advertisers.
"SWAT"—-and Eyestrain

"Swat" puts great strain on the eyes, and unless the eyes are sound the student cannot study successfully.

Have Your Eyes Tested!

To ensure comfortable vision during the long night-hours with books, every student should wear glasses. Lenses, properly prescribed and scientifically ground, will protect him from needless eyestrain and severe headaches, which impair his studies.

CALL AT ONCE!

MORRISON & GILBERD

CONSULT US
70 Willis Street, WELiNGTON
Established 1892

CONSULT ALWAYS!

THE BRISTOL PIANO CO. LTD.

Control Agencies for Musical Goods famed for high quality

PIANOS
In a variety of styles by
JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS
COLLARD & COLLARD
WALTER COLLINSON
STEINWAY, etc., etc.

GRAMOPHONES
In simple or elaborate cabinets
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
and COLUMBIA.

MUSIC
All the latest publications.

THE BARNARD RECORDING PIANO

THE BRISTOL PIANO Co. Ltd. Lambton Quay
WELiNGTON

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Fire Insurance Society, Limited

Norwich and London
Accident Insurance Association

All Classes of FIRE, MARINE, MOTOR and ACCIDENT Insurances
Accepted at Lowest Current Rates

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TELEPHONE 42 014

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"The Leading Caterers of Wellington"

CATERERS FOR
Weddings, Parties, Dinners and Receptions
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Importers
G.P.O. Box 1063 :: :: WELLINGTON, N.Z.

TEA ROOMS and RESTAURANTS
Lambton Quay, Willis Street, Cuba Street, Courtenay Place
Phones: 41-100 43-858 22-328 21-135

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Same-Day Service

All
Dry Cleaning
and
Laundry Work
left in any of
our Depots
before 9.30 a.m.
will be returned
the same day

Victoria Laundry
CO. LIMITED

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