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The Spike

Victoria University College Review

OCTOBER 1930

(Registered for Transmission as a Magazine)

Published under the direction of Victoria University College Students' Association (Inc.) and Printed by The Civic Press Printing and Publishing Co., 131 Manners St (opp. King's Theatre)
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This Issue Is
Dedicated To The Memory Of
The Late Sir Robert Stout
THE criticism to which we were gratified to find our last number
subjected has set us pondering on the matter of College magazines
in general and our own "pathetic periodical" in particular. We
have been accused of publishing malicious personalities, we have been
execrated for our destructive criticism of University functions and for
the levity of our references to the College staff, we have been told that
our magazine was not truly representative. The latter charge, with
which we associate the delightful epigram that heads our page, we
acknowledge to be only too well-founded—would that it were possible to
refute it!

A representative magazine—how impossible of attainment, yet how
manifestly in our power, if each one of us contributed his share. Then,
THE SPIKE

indeed, we should have a magazine that would be at once a record and a portrait of our life here—a microcosm of our particular pimple in this ant-hill of a world. It would be a magazine that would reflect something of the feelings and impulses of youth, something of its recklessness, its impatience of control, its righteous egotism, something, too, of youth’s deeper under-currents—religious ponderings, a hint, perchance, of youthful passion, to prove that, despite our diplomas and degrees, we are still fairly normal young animals. And our magazine would be contentious, intolerant of insincerity and pretence, scorning all that is petty, malicious, mean. In it would be encouraged the artistic expression of our students—etchings, sketches, caricature would find their due place. Nor would sport be overlooked; our paper would contain no mere chronicle of sport, but some indication of its deeper significance; why it is that girls and men sweat and strain for dominion over a paltry piece of leather. And so our thoughts mount upwards until they culminate in the Uncle-Ponderevo-like fizz of the visionary, and we return, realising what an emasculated parody of our ideal we have succeeded in producing—“that pathetic periodical published by apathetic people.”

But we shall close in no gloomy strain of despair. There are, despite ourselves and our contributor, glimmerings of hope on the near horizon—our vigorous fellow-publication, “Smad,” the single issue of next year, the new spirit of energy that is abroad. Let us express our death-bed wish that these stimulating influences will vivify next year’s issue, making that rankling taunt a false one. Let there be in our College magazine some of the spirit, the potentialities, the beauty that are in every youthful thing. Let us absolve ourselves from those direct indictments of youth, apathy, effuteness, exhaustion.

* * *

We feel that some editorial notice is wanted of the fact that this will be the last (for some time, at least) of our bi–annual issues. Following an amendment to the Constitution, next year will see only one “Spike.” We are now in the equivocal position of bidding our Hail and Farewell—Hail to what we trust will prove a tenaciously hardy annual, Farewell to the long line of “Spikes” that have, subject to the traditional vagaries of University publications, appeared twice annually for so many years. Fit occasion, perhaps, to shed a tear of affectionate and reminiscent good-bye; fitter, we think, to bid a welcome to the magazine which will be rejuvenated by the energy and the literary effort that have formerly been dissipated over two issues. And so, with another “Ave atque vale!” we shall end this valedictory-cum-welcome paragraph.

* * *

As a further proof that the literary forces of Victoria College are not remaining quiescent, we must record the birth of a sturdy infant, rejoicing in the distinctive appellation of “Smad.” Considering our (comparatively speaking) hoary age and immemorial traditions, we think it not presumptuous to confer on “Smad” our blessing, and hope that its future appearances will be as comprehensively entertaining and valuable as its first. We commend, too, its chivalrous references to its fellow-publication—may that note of friendly co-operation be a permanent one.
Purdie Memorial Scholarship

Many friends of the late Wm. C. Purdie have expressed the desire that some suitable memorial to him should be established. And there is probably a wide circle of those who have come into contact with him, either personally or in connection with one or other of his many activities, who would like to subscribe to this object.

It was as a student at Victoria University College and as a member of the staff of Marlborough College, Blenheim, that he did his most valuable work and won his place in the memories of his many friends; so it seems fitting that any memorial should form a link between these institutions. It is therefore proposed to establish a Memorial Scholarship at Victoria University College for the use of students from Marlborough College. Whether such a Scholarship would do more than pay College fees depends upon the amount raised. (It should be remembered that all monies raised would earn a pound for pound Government subsidy.) Such a Scholarship would form a most fitting memorial in both Colleges, and would give to students the very help that he himself always advocated.

A small Committee has been set up to consider details of the matter, and the present circular is an appeal to all those who have valued his friendship to co-operate in furthering this aim. The smallest donation will be gladly received; and for those who would prefer to do so, the promise of an annual subscription, or a donation spread over a number of years would be very acceptable. Subscriptions or promises may be sent to the Treasurer or handed to any member of the Committee.

COMMITTEE:
Lyndon Bastings, Dannevirke.
Kenneth Ross, Feilding.
Eric Rishworth, Mount Cook School, Wellington.
John Stewart, Principal, Marlborough College, Blenheim.
Maud England, 125 Molesworth Street, Wellington.

Treasurer:
S. A. Wiren, Solicitor, c/o Messrs. Wylie & Wiren, Solicitors, Wellington.

Pine

Her face was close to the little grate fire
That kissed and fluttered ceaselessly;
The gum on the pine cones gleamed like sweat
And smell of rain, and apples, and sea.
And whenever I smell the sap of pines
That night comes madly back to me—
I see again the fire in her hair,
And her face, as young as it used to be.

—J. F.
THE SPIKE

Ghost Ships

were they
or were they not

one moment they appeared so sharply clear
and then the next
like wraiths that overstayed the hours of night
were quickly gone

but now
with urgent sails all limned in misty white
it seemed a barque appeared
betwixt the distant ocean and the sky
her masts were plain
and almost one could hear her stalwart hull
when soon
as clouds that cluster when the winds go by
and take a thousand shapes at every whim
its magic form
that thus had sailed from out the mystic void
was spirited away as it had come

and others too
of beauteous line and sail
and some of shapes
that long had plied the ocean in their pride
at times but faint
occasionally clear
and bright as if a meagre league or so
divided them

but all alike
would come in wondrous splendour
stay awhile
and then dissolve like shadows with the dusk

and as he gazed
an ever growing terror seized his soul
as one by one would come
and pass away
while in his tortured brain he ever asked
with wondering despair—

are they
or are they not
The Great Law Suit
The Editor, Printers and Publishers of "Smad"

v.

The Executive, Victoria University College Students' Association

On appeal from a decision of the Court of Appeal of New Zealand reversing a decision of Mr. Justice Chorlton.

The following Lords of Appeal were present: Lords Bannister, McNaught, Fabian, Styche and Wylie.

The Petitioners were represented by Marcus Riske appealing in forma pauperis.

The Respondents were represented by Professor Cornish, A. Eaton Hurley, P.M., H. Rosen and Margaret Agatha Spence-Sales.

The following report of the case is taken from "The Daily Mail" of September 31st, 1930:

"The fourteenth day of the trial found public interest still at fever heat. It had been estimated that Mr. Riske had used the phrases 'Plank's Pestered Notices' and 'That imbecile Mountjoy' some 14,000 times to date. Immediately after the resumption of proceedings an unpleasant episode occurred when three once deeply respected but now thoroughly depraved characters, Miss Cathie Forde and Messrs. W. P. Rollings and W. J. Mountjoy, Jun., were ejected from the body of the Court. After the sensation had abated Mr. Riske continued his remarks from overnight:

"Riske.—My Lords, I have already outlined the principles of the Constitution which the Executive have violated. However, there is no harm in my just touching upon it again.

"Poulter (in back of Court).—Wrap the Red Flag round me, boys!

"Riske.—I appeal to the Court for protection from these interruptions. My Lords, it has been laid down that nominations for election of officers should close on a certain day prior to the poll. This scoundrel Mountjoy—

"Anne Veitch.—"Now, don't you call that simply perfect man names. Who are you, anyway?"

"Riske.—This woman, my Lords, is interested in maintaining a plutocratic government. If you knew all I knew about her father—

"Styche, L. J.—Proceed, Mr. Riske. Let not the sins of the fathers be visited on the children.

"Riske.—My Lords, as I said before, this scoundrel Mountjoy in his usual brainless fashion neglected to send in his nomination for the Committee until constitutionally it was too late. Then, suddenly realising that there was just a faint possibility that HE would not after all be elected Vice-President, sent in his second nomination about a week later. He failed to gain the first position and was elected to the Committee. A General Meeting was called, at which the refuse, the scourings, I may say, of the College attended.

"W. Mason.—Oh, why harp on the Christian Union?

"Riske.—At this meeting Mr. Rollings, by means of his usual sharp practices, and no doubt receiving some small consideration for his trouble, addressed the meeting, and by playing on the charity of the weak-minded, succeeded in passing some amendment to the effect that this wretched fellow's Committee's nomination should be taken as accepted with his nomination for Vice-President. This action your Lordships will see was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution.

"McNaught, L. J.—But who is this Mountjoy?

"Zenocrate Henderson (from body of Court).—My hero! My Irving!! My Oscar Ashe!!! (Collapses and is removed by the Free Ambulance.)

"Riske.—Shortly afterwards I had the honour of being created Business Manager and Fighting Editor of "Smad." For some time, my Lords, I had been acquainted
THE SPIKE

with a certain Katherine C. Birnie (here witness showed obvious signs of distress). On my recommendation, and on that of the sub-editors, Cardinal Munchhausen—I refer to our Editor, Raymond James Patrick Reardon—elected her to our Staff as an additional Sub-Editor. Although I lived in a constant fear of being converted by our Cardinal, who made every effort in that direction, we were all very happy. Then, my Lords, the blow fell. We received a document—

"Fabian, L. J.—Where is this document?

"Riske.—It was raffled by the Tennis Club. It was signed by C. S. Plank, Hon. Sec., and was to the effect that we had no power to add to our Committee, as such an action on our part would be UNCONSTITUTIONAL. Miss Birnie was from even date to cease to be on our Staff. I need add no more. The Executive has shown in every way that it is working not primarily for the students, but for their own shady ends. I now propose to call students of no mean repute in affirmation of my claims that the Executive, in addition to many other criminal tendencies, has been guilty of Negligence, Inebriation, Graft and Champing. With the permission of the Court I propose to call David Benjamin.

"Benjamin (Law Student and Semi-Somnolent, having taken the oath and a couple of loose sheets from the Bible as a souvenir).—One Thursday night when the Stud. Ass. Committee was ostensibly burning our electricity and our gas in the service of the students, I chanced to fall asleep outside the Exec. room. Awakening to the sound of ‘The Stein Song’ and ‘Tie Me To Your Apron Strings Again,’ I heard ribald laughter, the sound of rattling teacups and mysterious muttered formulae issuing from the windows. Some of the phrases were: ‘I’ll raise you fifteen bob,’ ‘Full House,’ and ‘Three Queens.’ Suddenly someone asked for the minutes and I heard a terrific reverberating crash and a frightful oath.

"McNaught, L. J.—What steps did you take?

"Benjamin.—Dixon Street—four at a time.

"McNaught, L. J.—Funny place to sleep this time of the year.

"Benjamin.—I was frightened to go home on account of bag-snatchers.

Witness stood down and Mr. Riske called on Exhibit A—a cavalcade consisting of Helen Dunn in the Stutz Senior towing the Morris Minor, with Charles Plank bringing up the rear in a P. and T. van, drew up outside the Court bulging with Stud. Ass. Minutes. Shortly after Mr. Riske began his task of reading out selections of these minutes the Court was cleared. Having finished, Mr. Riske again addressed the Court.

"Riske.—I have been able to show, my Lords, that there is no mention in the minutes of the grand old game of poker, nor of these negroid songs. This, I contend, proves that the Executive has not kept a record of its meetings, which is contrary to the Constitution.

"Bannister, L. J.—My Lords, for two weeks I have endured the babbling idiocy of both counsel and witnesses. Is it possible that it is again to be left to me to define the issue between the parties?

"Cornish, Prof. (who has just hurried in late, with two small children).—The course of Justice must, Lord Bannister, at times, just like a Willys-Knight, be delayed. May I again remind you that the legal profession must live. Personally, my only regret is that there is no further tribunal of English justice to which the case may be referred.

"Bannister, L. J.—The Executive will have to raffle the marble statue of MacDuff to pay YOUR costs.

"Here a disturbance was created at the rear of the Court by Mr. W. P. Rollipps, who was making a determined effort to force an entry. On the application of a fire hose he desisted and order being restored, Aileen M. Davidson, describing herself as Auntie Agatha of 2YA, was next called. She tripped up the steps, dimpled at the Lords of Appeal, and waved her handkerchief to the Fox Movietone cameramen in the gallery, winning the hearts of the judges immediately.

"Aileen M. Davidson.—Being unused to talking—especially to so large a audience, I must confess that I feel frightfully high strung and emotional. However, as I told His Excellency, Lord Bledisloe, only the other night, I am still comparatively gladsome and shall be able to live down the horror of it all. Therefore I thought
THE SPIKE

I'd pop in to help Mr. Riske. It's dreadfully hard to stand here and solemnly say that I don't think dear old Joey should be on the Executive; but really I don't think he is safe over there in the Gym. with Dorothy Roberts.

"Professor Cornish announced he had detected a split infinitive and suggested that witness's statements were therefore invalid. Witness therefore called medical evidence to prove that she had suffered from a split tongue from infancy. Lord McNaught suggested that that might be the reason why witness always had such a lot to say. and Lord Styche playfully suggested that Lord McNaught's mouth should be examined.

"Aileen M. Davidson.—The whole trouble with the Exec. is that they have not sufficient to occupy their minds. They have to dabble in everything and make nuisances of themselves. All they seem to be capable of doing, it appears, is to send out warnings and injunctions and what-not. In fact, they send out so many notices that Mr. Plank finds it necessary to employ a part-time typiste at our expense—

TERRIFIC UPROAR.

"Cries of 'Shame' and 'Abandoned wretch' followed this statement. The Christian Union blushed hotly, the women members dropping their veils. Mr. Plank made a plucky endeavour to climb the wall and Helen Dunn hurled a wet disclot at Aileen M. Davidson. The missile fell short of the mark and struck Professor Kirk, who immediately burst into tears and was gently led outside by Reginald Larkin. Violently resisting, Violet Thompson was arrested for Contempt of Court, and succeeded in laming the constable on the way out. Cathie Forde, Joey Mountjoy and Penrose Rollings took advantage of the excitement to drop back into the Court from a side window. Before proceedings were resumed Professor Cornish was heard confiding to his fellow counselor that he had once had the honour of appearing with the late Chief Justice for New Zealand when he was practising at the Bar in a case on this very point. Witness was then asked to continue, but refused, saying that she had lost all interest and that if counsel were to be permitted to interrupt on Harold Miller lines she simply wouldn't give evidence at all—and went home.

"The next witnesses were Julia Dunn, Eileen Plank and T. P. Rollings, who substantiated the remarks of Mr. Benjamin. They admitted that Helen Dunn, Charlie Plank and Penrose Rollings were rarely seen by their families from one breakfast to another. Mr. Plank, furthermore, had plastered the home with warnings and official notices and had developed the habit of taking down distorted family conversations and pasting them up outside the G.P.O. Julia Dunn admitted that her sister had put double padlocks on all the doors and had a mania for taking tinned foodstuffs and stray pieces of kitchen ware from the home. Nothing was safe from her clutching fingers.

"Riske then resumed: I wish to remind you, my Lords, of the alarming fact that the Executive's first move on being elected to office was based on the Instinct of Self-Preservation. They immediately had a new lock put on the door in order that holders of honorary keys would not be able to gain admittance. Dorothy Roberts also heavily curtained the windows. I now call upon J. S. Barwell to give evidence on the Instinct of Self-Preservation.

"J. S. Barwell, Floor C, Psychologist, then entered the box, but laughed so helplessly that he was unable to give evidence and was asked to stand down.

"Exhibit B was then called, and there was an interval while Mr. Brook wheeled in a barrow piled high with C. S. Plank's notices. He was greeted by a haka and cries of 'Strangle him.' When asked to retire to the body of the Court, Mr. Brook delighted the assembly by turning to the Bench and complaining as follows:—'You're like Profs. Hunter and Florance, you are. Of course, you must have the whole of the top floor all to yourselves.' Mr. Riske read some of the notices and it was estimated that each sheet, including drawing pins and typist's fees, had cost the Association 14s. The reading of the notices was attended by scenes of the wildest disorder. It was found that the closing of the Common Rooms had cost, in notices alone, the sum of five pounds. The provision that Mr. Plank's notices should be defaced within the bounds of decency ran into a further two pounds ten shillings.

"Mr. Riske then called for Exhibit C, and the Staff of 'Spike,' led by Eric Hall McCormick, followed by Julia Maud Dunn, Ilma Maude Levy, Colin Lennie Bailey,
THE SPIKE

John Carad, Dudley Lawrence Pilcher and Lewis Williams, and filed into the Court and stood shamefully near the judge’s box.

"Riske.—There they stand, my Lords, a mute but eloquent indictment of the pathetic inanity of the Executive. These people, my Lords, these people have been placed in charge of the College organ. Read 'Spike'—that is all I ask. Mr. Riske dismissed the Exhibit, which scuttled away into diverse corners.

"Gradually, step by step, the net was being drawn around the Executive. Maxwell Turner, Ex. Sec. of the Stud. Ass., was next witness.

"Turner.—I don’t think much of this Executive, either. As a matter of fact, I don’t think much of anyone up here, with perhaps one exception. If that imbecile, Mountjoy, had acted in a decent, straightforward way, I would be on the Committee now helping Mr. Plank. When I was Secretary I certainly did not send out so many notices—but then I didn’t have a typiste. If I had thought of employing someone to do the work I can safely state there would not have been an open common room or even class room in the College, and, furthermore, the building from tower to basement would have been plastered three deep with warning notices. In my opinion, the direct cause of all the trouble is Mr. Plank’s typiste.

"Here the employees of the N.Z. Express Co. wheeled in Mr. Plank’s desk on a gun carriage. Amidst unexampled scenes of chaos and violent commotion an attempt was made to burrow open the desk. Mr. Mountjoy, in attempting to take charge of the proceedings, came under the eye of Constable Eric Mahoney and was again ejected. Among the articles discovered in the desk were a receipt from the City Council for electricity for the amount of £103 for the month of August, Routledge’s Guide to Letter Writing, several dishcloths and Dr. Maskell’s gown. The air was full of flying missiles, including the notices and minutes. Mr. Miller entered suddenly with 11 reference books and was hurled bodily through a closed window. Pandemonium lasted for twenty minutes, and in a temporary lull Mr. Reardon was observed standing among the debris appealing to Heaven, but the tableau was almost immediately eclipsed from view by a resumption of hostilities. Professor Cornish, the parental instinct predominating, had dropped his children into the desk and was sitting on the lid. The room became a veritable inferno.

"Forty minutes later, when the Court was again bordering normality, Mr. Riske, who had taken refuge in the witness-box, reappeared and took the opportunity of pointing out that the witnesses had succeeded in showing the unworthiness of the Executive. He contended that the weight of evidence against the accused would appeal even to the meanest intelligence. He was prepared to go further. He would be prepared to wager that Crow Mackenzie himself would be capable of obtaining a rough idea of the position. He (Riske) now intended to show that Katherine Birnie was a wronged woman. The whole course of her life had been blighted. He pointed a trembling finger to where Miss Birnie was entering at the back of the Court and was marshalling Form 4A W.E.C.G. to their places. Two pieces of chalk sticking out of her pocket and a smear of ink on her face told a poignant story.

"Miss Birnie was then called. Although she could hardly stumble up the steps and tears were pattering monotonously down her cheek upon the floor while she was speaking, she still had sufficient grasp over herself to smile from time to time upon her audience.

"Birnie.—Words cannot express the feelings I have towards the present Executive. Hounded from pillar to post, I, a poor defenceless woman, chanced one day to meet a certain Marcus Riske, who, in his usual fine, generous way, had me elected to the Staff of 'Smad.' There, for all too short a time, I enjoyed the luxury of the pearls of literary wisdom on the highest planes of thought. For a while I felt happy. Then suddenly my heart sank.

"McNaught, L. J.—Like the Tahiti—but she broke her propeller shaft before sinking.

"Bannister, L. J.—How do you know she did?
"McNaught, L. J.—I don’t. I’m not a deep sea diver.
"Bannister, L. J.—I don’t know, either.
"Professor Cornish (absent-mindedly).—Nobody know? Well, tell the class, Miss Dunn.
"Bannister, L. J.—I’m getting desperate. No one here seems to know what is going on around him. My Lords, I am making one last effort to save the case before it straggles too far from sanity and reason. Will witness kindly ignore my noble brothers and counsel and proceed?

"Birnie.—With Mr. Plank’s decree my ambitions as a comic strip writer and yellow journalist drooped and withered away. My hopes were blighted. My life was wrecked.

"McNaught, L. J.—Like the Tahiti again.

"Cornish.—If this case is to be run on lines similar to a shipping company inquiry, I suggest that a propellor shaft be obtained without delay.

"McNaught, L. J.—I was just wondering how deep the Tahiti would be now.

"Cornish.—This hardly concerns our present subject. Join the Debating Society. I think the Rule of Estoppel must apply here.

"Mr. Carad, Sports Editor of ‘Spike,’ was next called. Witness vaulted lightly into the box and rested one foot on the judge’s bench. Mr. Mountjoy, who with monotonous regularity had been coming in the window, only to leave immediately in the arms of the burly boxing constable, passed briefly through once again, distributing N.U.S. Handbooks as he went.

"Carad.—The election of the present Committee, apart from the wrecking of Katie Birnie, has been directly responsible for another regrettable occurrence. The Senior A team, after winning the Wellington Championship for the past two years, has this year been handed the wooden spoon and put down into the B Grade. It reminds me of the Wellington Club in 1920. Poneke and Petone had been racing neck and neck for the Championship. Men like Brown and Jones were playing for Hutt in those days. (Witness continued his Rugby reminiscences for some time.)

"Lord Bannister, finally goaded to desperation, leapt to his feet and announced that his mind was going. Lord Styche objected to Lord Bannister’s statement, saying that it was well known that his noble brother’s mind was too weak to travel.

"Mr. Barwell made a second effort to speak, appeared to rally, and then subsided into sepulchral chuckles, followed by wild hysteria. He was successfully gagged with a dishcloth and calmed down later on.

"Mr. Riske with a torrent of oratory closed the case.

"Professor Cornish, for the defence, borrowed a pencil from an onlooker and spoke as follows:— ‘My Lords, this case must fail, because the witnesses have not proved a prima facie case within the rule of Scott v. Watkins. Moreover, the character of the witnesses is questionable, to say the least. This proves contributory negligence on the part of the petitioners.

"Rosen, L. J.—But what has contributory negligence got to do with it, Mr. Cornish?

"Cornish.—I submit, your Lordship, that it means a verdict of Not Guilty.

"Rosen, L. J.—I shall direct the jury otherwise.

"Cornish.—I shall appeal.

"Bannister, L. J.—Where to?

"Reardon.—Heaven’s the only place left.

"Wylie, L. J.—Enough. The time of this Court has been wasted to an excessive degree. My noble brothers and myself are agreed that we have no jurisdiction and the case must be referred to the Professorial Board.

"Bannister, L. J.—I desire to enter a dissentient judgment.

"The Professorial Board arose and bowed their acknowledgments, to the plaudits of the mob. Seizing his lyre, Mr. Cochran broke into iambics.

"Cornish (appealingly).—My Lords, my Lords, what about costs?

"Wylie, L. J.—On the highest scale here and below.

"Cheers from the wigs and oaths from the clients.

"Cornish.—Hurrah! I invite you all to tea at the Majestic.

THE COURT ROSE.

“Next week the Court will resume to hear legal argument in the case of Hunter v. Christianity.”

—J.D., I.L., R.R.
The Lamprey

The lot of the lamprey is perfectly grand.  
As a larva he sleeps in a burrow of sand  
And only at night, will he come out to spy  
With his curious, shining white, pineal eye.

Until, getting older, he's seized by the notion  
Of working down-stream till he reaches the ocean.  
In his earlier years, he looks perfectly sweet—  
Iridescent and slender—the young Ammocoete.

But later in life, his dread features appal;  
You'd never believe 'twas the same beast at all.  
His mode of existence is perfectly vile,  
For all round his mouth, there's a circular file.

Which he uses to rasp some poor innocent victim  
And will not desist until he has licked him.  
This he does by a method revoltingly low,  
By sucking him dry, before he lets go.

Perhaps I should mention his favourite dish  
Is a well-grown and healthy, fat salt-water fish.  
At last, when his thirst's lost its pristine severity,  
He decides to migrate and consider posterity.

Thinking—"Time's getting on, before it's too late,  
I'll return to the river and look for a mate."  
Like old men the world over, the male has a grouch,  
Which he keeps in a quaint sub-oesophageal pouch.

You see he can't eat—though he thinks that he oughter  
And so he gets shorter and shorter, and shorter  
Though he shrinks from this shrinkage he's got to endure,  
Until the day comes when the creature's mature.

And that is the tale of this blood-sucking rascal.  
It's all been worked out by one—F. Gerald Maskell.  
Don't attempt to eat lampreys, their flesh is accurs'd;  
Or you'll die of a surfeit like Henry the First.
The Guardian Of The Castle

A Parable

ONCE very long ago there lived a race of men known as the Subgrads—however they have no connection with the Belgrads of the present day. These people had developed intellectually and socially far beyond their time. They were law-abiding and gentle, kind and courteous and their very name was symbolic of chivalry. Often they met together to discuss things of import such as a game which they played called Rugha, often to speak of the women of their kind, sometimes to confer on matters of political moment such as whether the women of other tribes should be admitted to their frolics. They had no council chamber, nowhere to gather in comfort and perforce their meetings were held ‘neath open sky and shimmering stars and oftentimes it rained and dampened the bodies and the spirits of the people wherefore many of the latter found their way to heaven.

So there arose one of their elders, honoured for his age and learning and suggested that there should be built a great castle in which they could meet. The proposal was hailed with acclamation. Every able-bodied man set to work. They stinted themselves in their food that they might buy goods from the outlying tribes and to purchase rich ornaments from the cities, to make beautiful their castle. They worked with hand and heart and lo! one day there stood proud in the sun, a wondrous building. In it were marble halls, swimming pools and beauteous paintings. The floor was of beaten gold and the ceilings of platinum studded with diamonds which at night scintillated like the roof of heaven.

In this wondrous place they held a great meeting. One of their number rose up and proposed that they should nominate one as guardian of the castle. This was was called Plancius. He was of wondrous beauty and few were the women of the Subgrads who had not ogled him in desire. He was a modest man, despite, and he stated the qualities which they should seek in electing their guardian. And lo! when he had finished speaking the concourse saw that there was only one man for the honour and a great cry, “Plancius, let it be you,” shook the golden pillars. One or two dissented, but these were but the underlings of Macdo, a great potted fellow who was ambitious. And so Plancius became guardian of the castle of the Subgrads.

Content and well-being filled the people. They lolled in their rich cushioned divans, smoked their hashish and carelessly deposited the ashes in the beautiful jade stands, discussed the qualities of their women, the capabilities of Maki and Oliva, Corna and Kilbi, Porta and Nikols, all great Rugha players,—and so all was sweetness and happiness.

One day there fell a bombshell. Someone had broken a jade hashish stand. No-one knew who had done it and the finger of suspicion pointed at no-one. The thing had been done deliberately. It was no accident.
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Then Plancius bethought himself, "Here can I win for myself, immortality. My name will go down to the people for ever."

And what think you this Plancius did do? Sufficient it is to say that one night after their labours, the Subgrads tired and anticipating strolled up to the oaken portals of their castle—to find it closed and barred and on the door writ in a huge hand—

KNOW YE a jade stand has been broken. Until the wrong-doer doth come to me and pay the castle will be closed to all. Aye and even though it be a year.

Guardian of the Castle.

Plancius,

And there arose a great wail of anguish. For the cold nights were on their way and a great giant Brooki, struck terror into their hearts with his roaring. Desolate they wandered away. Then came the cold nights and many caught chill and died. Too, the great ugly giant Brooki drove the Subgrads from the plains into the dry feticd caves. But all the while Plancius himself was comfortably housed in a villa which he had built himself. With him were his admirers and underlings who in comfort smoked their hashish and discussed their Rugha. All the while Plancius smote his chest and cried, "Aye, the name of Plancius will go down to posterity as the name of one who had a will of steel." His toadies chorused, "Truly Plancius, thou art great."

While out in the night there shivered and died the Subgrads. Then for the first time they noted how noble was the brow of Macdo, how the children loved him and no more did they laugh at his great pott. And so there came a rebellion. Into the villa of Plancius poured the Subgrads. "Death to Plancius," they screamed. And lo! soon the guardian of the castle and his underlings lay dead on the plains, meat for the swooping carrion. Broken was the door of the castle and into it hastened the Subgrads. "Macdo for ever," they cried, and thus did Macdo become the guardian of the castle, while outside Brooki gnashed his teeth since he was baulked of his prey.

Macdo rose. On his head was a wreath of white lilies which a maid who loved him, had set thereon. In measured tones he stated the policy he intended to follow for his term of office and so wise was his edict that all shouted with delight. "He is a student of the law; he will do us no wrong," they cried.

Macdo concluded his speech—"and my dear people I have made a minute study of the law and now there is nothing which I do not know concerning it. To-morrow I become a Divinity student."

There was a great shout of triumph and the outlying tribes wondered what strange religious rite was this. And the guardianship of Macdo was one glorious for its equity and justice and during the many years of his rule, the Subgrads smoked their hashish and discussed their Rugha, reclining at ease on the cushioned divans well content and happy. And to this day they know not who broke the hashish stand of jade. Who knows, perhaps it was the evil Plancius himself?

—G.I.J.
A Night Out

Exclusive to “Spike.”

THE scene was Thorndon Station, the time 7 o’clock on a calm Sabbath evening. Fresh from a Christian Union Tea and evidently in an excess of religious exultation, three members of our Executive and Debating Society—Catherine Forde (Plunket Medal Veteran), William Joseph Mountjoy, President of the N.U.S., and William Penrose Rollings, President of the Students’ Association, all moral props of the College and pillars of society—with some Canterbury debaters, including Carol West-Watson, of Dunedin, were at the station bidding farewell to their Northern competitors.

The Northern team passed through the barrier and Joseph, with a superb flourish of his signet ring, dropped his card into the hand of the porter and sailed majestically in on their heels. His companions, however, lacking their leader’s poise and influential name, on trying to follow suit experienced a temporary set-back. The gate-keeper demanded a platform-ticket from each. Pen Rollings, in financial desperation, picked up a derelict suit-case, tried to look like a porter and essayed to bluff his way through. This ruse, clever as it was, also failed and the little party pressing their faces against the railings in a closed gate appealed tearfully to Joseph for assistance. Joseph returned, presented a second card to the bewildered man and escorted his less-gifted confrères to the platform.

We shall dwell but lightly on the Bacchanalian revels which attended the departure of the guests. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Rollings chased the train out of the station in a supreme effort to capture the tablet. Returning bootless but not discouraged, Pen found the rest of the party riding jubilantly up and down on a luggage-carrier. Intoxicated by the evening’s success and the unaccustomed license he had enjoyed, Joseph, his appetite only whetted led the band resolutely in search of further exploits. Apart from the little hitch on the way out when platform tickets were demanded and Rollings failed to make his legal point clear to the officials, they arrived with more or less dignity at St. James’ Theatre (née Fuller’s). Mr. Mountjoy pluckily overcoming a natural aversion to personal encounter with the profanum vulgis agreed to sit in the gods.

‘Mid suitable remarks and constant applause from the now thoroughly demoralized Wikitorian trio, the performers vied with them unsuccessfully in an effort to capture the favour of the audience. Mr. Mountjoy at this stage discovered, to his own great delight, a mercifully long-dormant falsetto and could barely be restrained from giving an impromptu recital. As it was he contented himself with a periodic emission of sound, tune-fully assisting the tenor on the stage to take his higher notes. In emulation of Lady Macbeth, the feminine members of the party urged on the cavaliers to further excesses. By this time practically everyone in the vicinity was the humble possessor of one of Joseph’s visiting cards.
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At this juncture, the audience, missing the competing body from the stage, glanced at its programmes and saw that the next was a particularly stirring item by the Tramways Band and subsided into a state of expectancy. The attendants and the management were in the meanwhile darting here and there upstairs in fluttering perturbation. Miss Forde, yielding to the general air of complete abandon, had been making paper darts and having utilized the programmes of her companions was bartering with those in the row behind for more.

The band-conductor entered and a hush fell upon the house. He clasped his baton. There was a pause and then—Mr. Rollings in a rich, golden baritone croupe the silence.

“All tickets, please!”

Uproar!

His bright young face flushed with his meteoric success, Pen turned to seek the approval of the others. But transient was the hour of triumph—he looked into the menacing eyes of an official. For a second they stared, Rollings gripping the seat in a shameless defiance. Then a lunge—a jerk—the sound of dragging feet—and the President of Victoria College Students' Association was with his debauched companions being drawn up the steps by the back of his collar.

Joseph suffered the humiliation of the vile hands of the lowly for perhaps ten seconds and then with innate resolution braced his foot against the exit door. Suddenly, in a trice, the scales fell from his eyes. The mist lifted, the effects of the C.U. biscuits, saveloys and cocoa lost their hold over him. Great heaven! Here was he, Joseph Mountjoy (Junior) descending to a sordid skirmish with base lackeys!

With a magnificent, annihilating gesture he kicked the ticket receptacle into their midst and swept from their sight. And, as he descended the stone steps, with sublime disdain, he gathered up the various forsaken garments shed by his friends—a green scarf here, a rumpled blue collar (with handkerchief to match) there.

The drama closed with a touching tableau outside the theatre. Pen Rollings was sitting on the footpath, his feet in the gutter and his head buried in his hands. The Canterbury representatives and Miss Forde were extracting souvenirs from the advertising show-cases and W. J. Mountjoy (Junior) was presenting, with his usual grace to a stolid doorman a further selection of visiting cards.

—Our Special Correspondent.
D. H. Lawrence

David Herbert Lawrence was born just forty-five years ago, in the poor cottage of a coal miner in a Nottingham village. At the age of twelve he won a County Council Scholarship, at sixteen he became a clerk and then a pupil-teacher; at nineteen he won a Scholarship tenable at the Nottingham Teachers' Training College, but the lack of £20 to pay the entrance fee prevented him from using it. Two years later, however, he succeeded in matriculating at the institution, but the creative impulse, roused by an early love affair, was stirring within him, and he spent the time which should have been devoted to study in writing poems and beginning his first novel. It is an ironical commentary on academic institutions that, when he left the Training College to teach in London, his report contained the statement that he was "weak in English." After a couple of years more Lawrence gave up teaching to devote himself to literature.

The writings of Lawrence embody the pilgrimage of a sensitive soul in the modern world. They are valiant with an integrity of a human being facing the tragedy of this epoch—a tragedy which Lawrence had known in his own childhood and young manhood as he depicts it in the largely autobiographical "Sons and Lovers." His theatre has always been his own innermost self, his own conflicts and vague desires; particle by particle he has analysed the soul and attained a penetrating, yet merciless, self-knowledge. In over thirty volumes of novels, plays, travel books, excursions into the study of the Unconscious, poems and criticisms, there is the same central theme—the record of a man in ecstatic pursuit of dignity and loveliness, struggling against a mechanical age and the shackles of centuries of what we sentimentally call civilisation.

Because Lawrence used sex as the symbol of the struggle for the integration of personality, as Isaiah used the Will of God, he has been said to be obsessed by sex. Yet he said, "Sex as an end in itself is a disaster, a vice." And again, "The essential function of art is moral, not aesthetic, nor decorative, nor pastime and recreation. But moral, a passionate and implicit morality, not didactic. A morality which changes the blood rather than the mind—changes the blood first; the mind follows later in the wake." A man who could write like this has been called obscene by the very admirers of the Aldous Huxleys and the Michael Arlens and the other bright young people of the age.

No writer of his generation could enter into the life of the countryside as Lawrence could, nor depict her beauties with such lyrical delight. His very words, the mould into which his thought fell, communicate direct feeling of life. Prose or poetry, narrative or critical writing was for him an organic action, not the expression of any single or separate faculty.

It has been said of Wagner that his work contains the picture of the relationship of a pair of people serially continued. The same may be said of Lawrence. It is not easy to distinguish Will Brangwen and Anton Skrebensky in "The Rainbow," divergent as their fates are, or Birkin and Crich in "Women in Love," or Ramon and Cypriano in "The Plumed Serpent." While the man-woman relationship invariably figures in the
The Spike

centre of any picture of things Lawrence drew, the number of subjects, scenes, and stored memories collated with it is large.

After “Sons and Lovers” and “The Rainbow,” Lawrence gradually departed from the view that it is the business of the novelist to tell a story and to create characters. He preferred to give the essentials of a person and let the reader meet the author half-way by finishing off the character according to his own experience. By that means it was possible to express nuances of feeling and emotion that could not be actually described. Lawrence sought to do in a larger field what the Symbolist School advocated in poetry. In consequence, the attitude of the reading public to him is similar to their attitude to Blake—either an over-enthusiastic approval or a condescending condemnation. Until his death the latter attitude was by far the more usual. From childhood he was forced to contend with that pulmonary disease which eventually brought about his premature death. This may explain in part the peculiar volatile vitality of his style, that intensity of vision so remarkable in consumptive writers like Katherine Mansfield and Marie Bashkertseff. The knowledge, too, that he must die before his work was completed explains a certain petulant bitterness sometimes found in his later work. In addition, a series of harassing conflicts with authority aggravated this attitude. “The Rainbow,” published in 1915, was condemned to be burned by the Censor. As Lawrence rather wittily remarked, the trouble was that his “Rainbow” came before instead of after the Deluge. His wife, furthermore, was a German, and both suffered humiliating persecutions during the spy mania. History repeats itself. A little more than a hundred years previously, Wordsworth and Coleridge were being kept under observation at a little coastal town for just the same thing. They had been heard talking about one of their colleagues, one called Spy “Noisy,” and that settled their guilt in the eyes of the Government agents. Actually the subject of the puzzling conversation was, Coleridge tells us, Spinoza.

During the last two years of his life Lawrence had begun to express himself on canvas. Last year, when he gave an exhibition of some of his pictures, the police seized a number of them and, without knowing the difference, a number of Blakes, which were at the same exhibition. The controversy which followed helped to embitter the last days of his life. He died on March 2 of this year at Venice.

Lawrence has been called a prophet and compared with Carlyle. To me the comparison is totally inapt. He is nearer to Blake, to Van Gogh, or Melville, whose “Moby Dick” he admired so much. And these would have been at one with him in his profession of faith, “Know that you are responsible to the gods inside you and to the men in whom the gods are manifest. Recognise your superiors and your inferiors, according to the gods. This is the root of all order,” and “Don’t waste your pride or squander your emotions,” or this:

    “and we are sure
    That beauty is a thing beyond the grave,
    That perfect, bright experience never falls
    To nothingness, and time will dim the moon
    Sooner than our full consummation here
    In this odd life will tarnish or pass away.”

—J.S.B.
The City

It is often remarked by suffering students that a boarder's life at times can be far from a very happy one. However, such an existence has great compensations, and to those who do not live in Wellington there is given a joy denied to every mere Wellingtonian. It is the joy, at the opening of the Varsity sessions, of returning to the City.

To those coming from the far north, the immediate impression of Wellington is that of the incarnation of freshness. The cool breath that rose to greet us from the depths of Pukerua Bay suddenly floods around us as we rush from the murkiness of tunnels to skirt the rippling harbour. Blessed with a day of beaming sunshine, we will be met with a scene of scintillating beauty; if not, we can bestow our adoration on the magnificent contours of the hills.

What charms, indeed to rejoice the heart of any Rupert Brooke—lover of blue-massing clouds, wet roofs, firm sands and washen stones. Should he—or any like him—roam this wondrous city, can you not see his raptured gaze as he beheld that harbour with its thousand moods, its halo of sparkling lights, those intriguing flashes of red and white, the proud contours of the buildings, the upward thrust of noble spires and cranes, the many-funnelled wharves, the gleam of tramlines in the rain. Sounds, too,—far from the city's din—and above all the lulling lapping of waves, or, as he has it, "Sweet water's dimpling laugh."

One cannot but grow to love Wellington more and more, and at each succeeding return it greets one—as Egdon Heath did its Hardy—with "an aspect of kindly congruity." At last one feels one has become a part of the place. The new arrival eventually identifies himself with the soul of the City, and with all the rapture of O'Henry's "Noo Yarker," he knows at last that here he belongs indeed.

—CID.

The Tramper

There's a joy beyond describing in the calling of a tramper
Swinging 'cross the valleys with a long low stride,
Splashing up the rivers, pushing through the brushwood,
Sleeping 'neath the splendour of the moon's full tide.

There's the joy of going onward,—on and up, and never stopping
Till the land is far below you and the city far away;
Till you've conquered stream and river, plain and bushland, range and mountain,—
Tramping till the weary, happy closing of the day.

There's the joy of bold endeavour, and perhaps the thrill of conquest,
And sights of wondrous beauty, and water's laughing song;
Till one grows to love earth's humours in every sort of weather,
And she takes you to her bosom, and you feel that you belong.

—CID.
THE SPIKE

Home

Oft
As I dream by day
There comes the call of old and distant lands
And in my heart
I long
To travel far to scenes of rich delight,
Of colour, of romance and hoary age.

I yearn for tropic glare,—
Its lavishness, its heat,
The splendour that my mind has given it
As I,
From earliest youth till now,
Have wonderingly
Imagined what these pagan lands must be.

I wish
For scenes so varied and for sights so strange,—
Quaintly exotic,—yes,
But yet familiar too.
What joy
As on my way I went
To see such faces and to hear such tongues;
To stir
From out the memory of centuries
The old traditions and the tales they tell;
To see
The unaccustomed symmetry and grace
Of mosque and dome;
To seek
Beneath luxurious palms
Such lotus-eating joys as ne'er I knew.

But soon—
E'er I have thought of half the joys
That I would know—
There comes a weariness quite inescapable;
Such pleasures pall,
And back my drowsy spirit gladly comes
To scenes
Much nearer home.
And once again
As I regard this wondrous land of ours
My soul is glad
And fills again with rapture and a joy
That I shall never know in lands afar.
“Smith’s”

I SING to the praise of Smith’s, revered, time-honoured institution of Wellington life. Whitcombe’s or Osborne’s may charm one temporarily with their spaciousness and air of respectable prosperity, other upstart dealers may lure one away for a time, but the true Wellington book-worm returns, inevitably, to his old love, Smith’s. What matter that the shop is crowded, the books in bewildering profusion, that one has often to bend or stretch exquisitely to find one’s books, it is always with relief, particularly after some deflection, that one returns to its doors, savouring appreciatively the musty, distinctive odour that emanates from its stock.

What delight to touch the books with sympathetic fingers—passing quickly over theology, history, science, to find a slight volume of Alice Meynell, one of Eileen Duggan’s treasured first booklets of verse, an old volume of Maning or a long-sought-for Brooke! With what elation does one at length track down an early volume of Katherine Mansfield, eagerly paying over the price, and grasping the book with acquisitive clutch, lest even in this hour of possession, one should be deprived of the treasure.

And the personnel of Smith’s! Mr. Smith, himself, with immemorial stove-pipe collar, and complexion sere as one of his most ancient tomes; Mr. Smith, with his crackling, nasal voice and Olympian indifference; Mr. Smith, with appraising eye, at once the foe and the friend of every penurious book-lover. But even Mr. Smith’s claims to renown must give way before the superior claims of his nameless first-assistant, who is, in truth, the pivot, the mainstay, the presiding genius of the institution. Nameless she is, yet what name is needed by a priestess, what Vestal was famed for nomen and cognomen? We have dubbed her “The Priestess”; “The Priestess” let her remain in this chronicle. Happy that day when the book-lover is first greeted with a smile from the lady. He may now deem himself—subject to his paying regular devotions at the shrine—on the outer circles of the Elect. He will, in future, be greeted by a dazzling smile, remarks about the weather, a critical remark regarding the book he wishes to purchase.

Hapless the newcomer who approaches the Priestess, imagining that he will take advantage of feminine weakness and gain his nefarious ends. Not Mr. Smith himself drives a harder bargain, knows to a penny the price of a volume, is more widely aware of the sinister ways of the confirmed book-worm.

No portrait of the Priestess could claim to be complete without some mention of the catholicity of her taste. She is equally appreciative of the “loveliness” of Bertha Ruck or of the fine flavour of E. V. Lucas; she can converse with equal charm to the shopgirl reader of novelettes or to the hoary-headed deliver into the remotest abstractions of theology. One would give much to know her private opinions of her wares, or the more piquant opinions regarding the customers she greets with so comprehensive a courtesy. Truly, Mr. Smith, in your first assistant, you have a pearl of infinite price.

Despite the charm of its personnel, Smith’s greatest interest lies naturally in its stock. Oh that those leaves had lips to conjure up a
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thousand varied tales of owners and their lives! What sordid little
dramas, what shabby, pitiful romances, what arid æons of commonplace
ness have they not beheld, and experienced, passively though it was.
Sometimes, by an inscription or a scribbled word or two, one is given a
clue to the experiences of these voiceless people—"J. N. Barker, a little
present to herself, Xmas, 1918"—are those words not enough
to conjure up for even the dourest realist a pathetic picture
of lonely spinsterhood, friendless, dejected, yet retaining some
of the spirit of youth that is the gift of books to all those who read and
truly understand them. Even the markings on old books tell us some-
thing of their history; one sees with compassionate eye traces of the
vandal—dog-ears, obscene traces of food, pencil scorings—and one pities
the book that has experienced owners so uncharitable, so ignorant of the
true nature of books.

And so one could go on, pointing out the remarkable way in which
a book becomes imbued with the personality of its owner, how books of
theology retain some of the ponderous manner and sombre garb of former,
long-deceased Victorian vestry-men, how an underlined, classical text-book
tells of the feverish, examination interest of its owner or how some
reeking volume of Thackeray conjures up long vistas of a past age. But
our task has sufficed if we can lead you, reader, to a fuller realisation of
the romantic charm of an odorous second-hand-book-shop—rare haven of
repose in this age of progress, new ideas and American "pep." —E.H.M.

Spike's Appreciations

VICTORIA COLLEGE extends its thanks to:

Mary Cooley, who never refuses her invaluable advice, services and
encouragement to the College's dramatic efforts.

Helen Dunn, who works indefatigably throughout the year assisting
every club and sacrificing a great deal of her time in an effort to improve
the apathetic attitude of the College.

Dorothy Martyn Roberts, to whom everyone goes at some time or
other for sympathy, assistance and suggestions.

Colin Bailey, who has always done good by stealth and blushed to find
it fame.

Mr. Brook, whose hand and experience are always at the service of
the student body and whose bark is worse than his bite.

Professor Cornish, who has always shown a keen sympathy and
interest in the students.

Cafeteria Staff, who have during their short reign always been
capable and courteous.

Professor Mackenzie, who in his long connection with the University
has always been the exemplar of kindness and generosity to everyone.

C. S. Plank, who, despite criticism and handicaps, has always worked
wholeheartedly in the interests of the Students' Association.
A Sunday Idyll

It is the Sabbath morning and calm the hallowed air,  
Brightly shines the August sun upon The Day of Prayer.  
While silver-sweet St. Peter's bells o'er mount and valley fade,  
Our Executive is launching in the gym. its Health Crusade.  
First, the odds and ends of furniture are pitched into the hall,  
Including Turkish carpets, facial horrors from the wall.  
At his costly desk sits Charlie thinking out new bulletins,  
While Helen Dunn scrubs threadbare urns and basins, pans and bins.  
Mildred Briggs counts tea-towels that display a will to roam,  
Macduff lies painting on the floor with wistful thoughts of home.  
Crisp and brown and mystifying are nestling in the pan  
A winsome string of sausages to feed each hungry man.  
Someone spills the varnish and Pen mops up the mess,  
Poor Joey wand'ring to and fro is prattling N.U.S.  
Those at Church may feel sublimity, uplift in every hymn,  
But who could feel unspiritual on Sunday in the Gym.  
The fate of erring students is decided by each saint,  
Perhaps while playing poker or around a pool of paint.  
The closing of the Common rooms may well—who knows—be due  
To Charlie's falling badly foul of someone's pot of glue.  
And if while moving ladders, Eastwood manages to strike  
McCormick he is almost sure to find himself in "Spike."  
While if Helen drops a tin-tack and Miss Roberts comes across it,  
One Dramatic Club is due to lose its one pound net deposit—  
Or hands some Worcester cups to Bish who stands upon a few,  
Shortly we expect to hear that locker rents are due.  
If Mountjoy drops the curtain on the back of poor John's neck,  
The N.U.S. is almost sure to get a nasty check.  
And as the shades of evensong descend upon the Gym  
We hear the splint'ring crashes as our furniture goes in.  
The cups are tossed from hand to hand, the fragments thrown away,  
Joey folds his plumber's suit—so ends a Perfect Day.  

—I.M.L.
THE SPIKE

On A Perfect Place For A Holiday

I WAS recently engaging a fair maid in light converse, when she happened to say that she knew a splendid place to spend a holiday. Before she could finish her sentence I broke in with some irrelevant remark, and naturally she became somewhat cold and stern.

Unwittingly I had offended her in a manner wherein scores of students daily offend their fellows—I wished always to talk and never to listen. Go where you will in this University of ours, you will find many people scramblingly eager to get their conversational leg in first, but never quite succeeding. In the corridors, in the common rooms, male, female and common, in that closely guarded temple of the Great God Punch, called the executive room, yea, even in the lecture rooms always it is the same—some idiot must hold forth when others have wiser and wittier things to say.

Perhaps you, gentle reader, are the exception, or, like Lamb, the child in the forbidden orchard, you transgress only now and then: If such you be, then I must mark you well, for Victoria University College hath need of you. Like many a better convert before me, I have become fanatical in the cause I affected to despise. My hope is to form a League of Good Listeners, who should endeavour to combat this insidious and growing evil.

Insidious is the correct epithet to apply to this evil, for if you are a Bad Listener or suffer from Halitosis, the insidious thing about it is that even your best friend will not tell you—and for the same reason.

We none of us like to be reminded of our failings and your Bad Listener is generally a prosy fellow, who would be profoundly shocked to hear that he is a windy bore and far from being the jolly fellow, the life and soul of every party, that he imagines himself to be.

When first we enter the portals of this College many of us taste the joys of freedom—no longer are there any parents, prefects, or praecceptors to hold us in thrall and to tell us we should be seen and not heard.

This freedom, won by ordeal of examination, and qualified though it may later appear to be, is sufficiently potent and acts like strong wine on our unbalanced minds. Accordingly we fledglings twitter about, harmless enough in our doings, but, like all young things, we sometimes use too ingenuously our newly acquired faculties.

For instance, when in the common room you may be bursting to tell the true story of the nobleman and the bull at the Winter Show, or some such tale, the strain involved in shouting down the contenders for the floor takes away all your joy in the proceedings. And so it is with us all—when we particularly desire to speak, our fellows are so contentious that nobody speaks with any coherence at all. In short, our talk is frequently so over full of "hard brilliance" and so disjointed that we would fain agree with Don Alhambra when he says:

"When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter."
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Go now to a group of what Alpha of the Plough calls “Clubbable Men” and you will see what it is that we have not yet acquired. We none of us take pleasure in being “eloquent listeners”—we all talk for admiration and not for enjoyment. Until we realise the truths contained in Alpha’s essay “On Talk and Talkers” and apply its lesson to ourselves, we are in danger of becoming bores to people around us wherever we may be—a sad reward for the tribulations we have undergone to acquire a University education.

Meanwhile I must hasten to find out the name of that perfect place for a holiday.

“AJAX.”

The Rata

The hills flame red, clear red, all up the valley long
And bleak, through rain and mist that mix about their tops—
The sullen day broods rain—the river-bed’s hard stones
Move treacherous to our tread; the dark bush clings and drops
From summit by green cliffs to the wet valley’s floor.
Mile after mile we plod, rain-compassed; plunging now
Into the bouldered river, rock to ice-cold rock.
Rain falls; the air is water; presently we lunge
Through undergrowth spraying water, clinging wet, and feel
The river running fast again. Still flames that red.
Not universal water nor the mist that floats
Heavy about the heights can lay that waste and dead.
The fire leaps point to point, and on a jutting cliff
Is furious, and here a fallen flame is bright
Even in the water, laying its length along the stones.
I never saw the valley look like this, this light
Was never mine before, though well I know this stream.
It is the rata, which upon these hills breaks now
In million-blooming fires rain does not quench or smoke;
Flame runs along and up the hill-side, bough to bough.
Looking at this, I feel this valley’s beauty stark
As ever before, but never before so glorious, keen
And piercing, never before has my heart leapt within
My breast, nor so long stood to see the new unseen.
Is it the rata? Eyes know, but the spirit doubts.
And now, deep throated bell, a sudden tui sings.
Is it the rata, or breaking once to the air
The fire that burns unbidden in the heart of things?

—J. C. B.
Hilltop

Come and sit where Salamanca
Overlooks the smoky city,
Look to where the blackened coal-hulks
Lie there rotting at their anchor.

Far across the shining water
Dreams the old Orongo-rongo,
Hazy purple, steeped in sunshine,
Mist-enshrouded lovely ranges.

Look to where the Rimutakas
Proudly rear their snow-capped summits,
Glist'ning coldly in the sunshine
Bloodstained in the crimson sunset.

Sit there as the primrose twilight
Deepens into softest purple,
See the hillside lights a-twinkle,
See the town-lights on the harbour!

In the night-sky's velvet blackness
Watch the little stars appearing,
Twinkling golden, silver, crystal,
Sometimes shooting through the darkness.

Look towards Orongo-rongo
Where the moon is rising silent
From the blackness of the mountains;
Creeping silver o'er the water.

Feel the night-wind's breath upon you,
Smell the scent of gorse upon it,
Feel the cool grass underneath you
On the hill at Salamanca.

—P.Q.
Sir Robert Stout

THE following tribute was paid to the late Sir Robert Stout by Professor J. Rankine Brown, at a memorial service held at Victoria College:

"There is a traditional practice in the ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in accordance with which the University Preacher, before delivering his sermon upon what is called "Bidding Prayer," in which after commemorating the various benefactors of the University, he goes on to make mention of the benefactors—and in particular the founders of his own College. Sir Robert Stout was not the founder of Victoria University College in the sense in which Bishop Kennedy founded St. Salvator's College in the University of St. Andrews in the early part of the fifteenth century, or Sir Thomas Cook founded Worcester College in the University of Oxford in the early part of the eighteenth (to mention two men whose names I should have to mention if I were offering up a 'Bidding Prayer') by the gift of money or lands or property—but as members of Victoria College it is our duty to revere his memory as being in a very true sense the founder of the College. It was Sir Robert Stout who, in 1894, was instrumental in passing through the Houses of Parliament a Bill establishing 'in the City of Wellington a college to be connected with the University of New Zealand.' As this was a private Bill, and the Government of the day was not willing to make the necessary financial provision for the establishment of the college, the proposal carried by Sir Robert was inoperative, until advantage was taken of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, in 1887, to introduce a second Bill on the same lines as that passed in 1894—but with sufficient financial provision to enable the College to be started in 1899. On the Council of this College, of which he had conceived the idea and to the establishing of which he had persuaded Parliament four years before—Sir Robert was an original member. He was Chairman of the Council in 1900, 1901 and 1905, and was an active member of the Council until he resigned his seat in 1923. He also represented the College Council on the University Senate for many years, and though no longer a member of the Council, was one of its representatives on the Senate until his death. We therefore owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Robert, not only as the initiator of the College, but as one who took a deep interest in its management, as long as his strength allowed him to do so.

But his interest in the College did not cease with the termination of his membership of the Council. Always a great reader and lover of books, he was well aware of the necessity of the provision of an adequate library for the use of the students and their teachers. He has made gifts to the library from his own extensive collection of books at various times, and in recent years, in particular, in addition to a large number of works of a general character, he presented to the College library a most valuable collection of pamphlets connected with the early history of New Zealand—on of those possessions that become more valuable and indispensable as time goes on, for such things are not reprinted and soon become un-procurable.

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Sir Robert has never been a rich man, and has always had many demands upon his official income, but in commemoration of his golden wedding he presented to the College a sum sufficient to produce a Scholarship of £20, to be awarded to the best student of the year, whilst at the same time, and for the same reason, Lady Stout established the 'Lady Stout Bursary' for woman students. The fact that Sir Robert and Lady Stout had Victoria College in their minds when devising some suitable means of commemorating one of the most interesting events in their married life shows how near this College always was to the heart of its founder.

This bare recital of Sir Robert Stout's services to Victoria University College is in itself sufficient reason for our honouring his name with grateful reverence, and certainly justifies our meeting here this morning.

But we owe him, for other reasons, an even greater debt of gratitude—a debt which is shared by all those who regard education as one of the noblest aspirations of humanity. Sir Robert Stout was a many-sided man—a man of the most varied activities and interests. He was a most successful pleader at the Bar, a dignified and respected Chief Justice, a keen politician, a humanitarian, with his heart always open to the appeals of the distressed, but the whole tenor of his life appears to show that his first love was his last, and that as in his early years in Otago he began as a teacher, so he continued to the end to devote the best part of his energies to the furtherance of the cause of education, and particularly University education. I had the privilege of sitting on the University Senate with Sir Robert for many years—indeed, if not the oldest in point of years of the present members of the Senate, I am next to the present Chancellor, Professor Macmillan Brown, the oldest in point of standing. As a rule Sir Robert and I were on different sides, but there was never any question of his honesty of purpose, his real desire to further the interests of the University, and his desire to spread the benefits of University education as widely as possible throughout the Dominion. He was always a keen debater, and a hard hitter, but he bore no malice, and difference of opinion never interfered with the amenities of social life.

Sir Robert Stout accomplished a great deal in the course of his long and industrious career, and few men in New Zealand, I believe, have done so much. If not actually in the forefront of the battle, he was always in the support of all movements for the ameliorating of the lives of his fellow citizens. But however much he did succeed in achieving, and however much he may have attempted without success, I believe that, like some other men—not a very great number, perhaps—the man was greater even than his work. His successful life may well serve as an example to the students of this and other colleges, for, starting with no initial advantages, save that of a good education in a town school in one of the most outlying portions of Great Britain, a good brain and a good physique, he rose in this distant part of the Empire, where he landed in the year 1864, before the end of the century to the position of Chief Justice—next to the Governor-General the most honourable position in the Dominion. He is an instance of the truth of a saying attributed to the great Napoleon, that every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack.
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But what is more commendable in Sir Robert Stout is not his success, but the fact that along with his advancement he retained, or it may be developed, a nature of surpassing sweetness. He was essentially a modest and unpretentious man—absolutely pure-minded, with an abhorrence of the low, the mean, the trivial; he was intellectually honest and really believed in the views he advocated; all his life he was a seeker of the Truth, a true follower of Plato, in that he was always prepared to follow wherever the argument might lead; he was, I believe, a very generous man, with an ear perhaps, if anything, too open to the cry of distress, but none of this generosity was sounded from the house-tops; he was a great family man, devoted to his wife and proud of the achievements of his children; his unremitting industry and devotion to duty ought to be a lesson to us all; even his refusal to yield at any time to those pardonable indulgences to which less strong-minded people succumb, did not bring with it any harshness and stern rigidity, but was accompanied by an appreciation of humour, a hearty laugh, a love of manly sport, and a genial bonhomnie which made him a delightful companion and conversationalist.

"It is not in mortals to command success," nor is it possible "to mould the world to our hearts' desire," but I take it that the mind is more tractable than matter and external circumstances, and it will be well for us if we take some of those mental and spiritual characteristics which have won for Sir Robert Stout the universal esteem of his fellow citizens and endeavour to make them our own. It is of good augury for the future destiny of Victoria College that its conception, its birth and its early years were associated with the noble and honest man whose death we are commemorating in the present simple but heartfelt manner."

Other speakers at the service were Mr. P. Levi, Chairman of the Victoria College Council, who had been associated with Sir Robert for fifty-five years, and Mr. W. P. Rollings, President of the Victoria College Students' Association. Both these paid tributes to the long-continued interest taken by Sir Robert in our Institution.

———

Storm

If ghosts there be they walk to-night—
So wild the moon, so gley the sky.
Such darkling stream nor star bedight;
If ghosts there be they walk to-night.
Old branches creak in sad affright,
And rainstorms, sobbing, scatter by.
If ghosts there be they walk to-night . . .
. . . . And if they walk, I would not die.

—C.E.D.
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The Plunket Medal Contest 1930

For the first time for some years, the Governor-General was present at the Plunket Medal Contest, held in the Concert Chamber. The large, appreciative audience, after the Chairman (Mr. Mountjoy) had made a few graceful remarks in his own inimitable manner, sank back and prepared to absorb the copious—if somewhat cloying—torrent of oratory which ensued.

Miss Catherine Forde had the unfortunate task of opening the contest. She took as her subject Daniel O'Connell, and held the audience by her impressive and eloquent address.

Mr. Crossley, striding to the platform with fine assurance, pounded home a eulogy on Lord Balfour.

The imposing figure of Mr. Bannister, though somewhat hampered by the enveloping folds of his gown, next sought the attention of the audience. Lord Fisher was the peg on which Mr. Bannister hung some of his characteristic jingoisms. We noted that Mr. Bannister seemed ill at ease, missing the wonted barrage of interjections and cat-calls.

Well schooled in the histrionic method of winning one’s audience from the beginning, Miss Aileen Davidson advanced cooly to the footlights and delivered herself of a very pretty little causerie, interspersed with periodic dimpling and simperings.

Dogged and pertinacious, Mr. T. G. Taylor marched unalteringly through his campaign, which was waged about the appropriate figure of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Taylor would do fine work as a sergeant-major.

Garibaldi and Miss Zenocrate Henderson then made a bold bid for oratorical honours. Miss Henderson’s peroration, which showed a tendency to mount to the haunts of Apollo, succeeded in bringing home to us the worthiness of her choice. We notice with satisfaction that Miss Henderson had not been oblivious to the instructions of her mentors.

Mr. Reardon took his audience for an extended excursion into the Middle Ages, and by a few masterly (though somewhat truncated) flourishes conjured up the long line of Crusaders. The title of Mr. Reardon’s pamphlet was “Don John of Austria.”

Mr. Hurley delivered an address on good, wholesome Gladstonian lines and succeeded in showing that there never had been and there never would be any nonsense about A. Eaton Hurley.

After this orgy of pure, imperishable lines, sublime affinities, and protracted death-bed scenes, that would have delighted the heart of the most rapacious undertaker, we relaxed, realising our own unutterable baseness.

The judges—Mr. Justice Blair, Dr. Scholefield and Mr. J. H. Howell—returned after mature deliberation to deliver their verdict. The gods had smiled on Mr. Hurley, who, in turn, beamed upon us all as he received the medal from Lord Bledisloe.

Untrammeled by the regulations of the contest, His Excellency delivered the only speech of the evening.
Dire Doings

It is not generally known, we believe, that there flourishes in our midst a dignified and worthy body known as the Most Estimable Society of the Grave and Revered Seignors. This august assembly boasts a nominal subscription and consequently a large membership, which, however, is restricted to persons of sound mentality having the well-being of the V.U.C. at heart and, of necessity, possessing strong religious views, a passion for Truth (and Beauty) and a profound contempt for Marie Stopes, Epstein and other such extremists.

The regular monthly meeting of the M.E.S.G.R.S. was held recently in the Men’s Common Room (disengaged at the time owing to the heavy-handed methods adopted by “your Executive”). Our special representative, after having the utmost difficulty in eluding the heavily-armed doorkeepers, disguised himself as a pint-pot and managed to attend and furnish us with a report of the proceedings.

In the absence of Seignor (Lord) Bledisloe, Seignor River, caretaker of the College, was elected to the chair.

The Chairman announced the prize-winners in a competition, held at the end of 1928, the object of which was to discover a means of restricting the liberty of undergraduates and consequently to minimise the risk of the students of the College enjoying themselves at any time between March and December. The winning suggestion was forwarded by Prof. X. and was entitled “Examinations Without Notice.” This, the Chairman thought, was a masterly effort and, amid deafening applause, he presented the first prize, a Gillette razor and two blades, to Prof. X. The second prize (50 Green) was awarded to the suggestion, “Complete Confinement to College,” tendered by Prof. Y., and the third prize (a bottle of Speight’s) was awarded to Prof. Z. for his suggestion entitled “Eight Days’ Work per Week.”

Seignor (Prof.) Stalin-Greene drew attention to the fact that several of the posters which had appeared in the hall during the last few weeks had been of such a character as to necessitate their immediate removal. It was a most regrettable thing, said the speaker, that there was of late a noticeable tendency among the students towards posters and notices which were—well, not quite nice. He attributed this tendency to, inter alia, the number of “A Certificate” Talkies which have appeared lately. He moved that steps should be taken to combat this outbreak of youthful depravity, and that a Vigilance Committee, consisting of Signoritas (Dr.) Heinz and (Miss) Sense-Pales, Seignors Rivers and (Mr.) Clank, should be set up and deputed to act with wide discretionary powers. This complaint was endorsed by Seignor River, who stated that he had, acting under orders from Seignor Greene, removed enough posters from the main hall to paper his ballroom and private apartment.

Seignor (Prof.) Wheatish stated that he had recently attended the Law Dance, and while he was in the Men’s Dressing Room he was horrified to see a student of the College with a bottle to his lips (gasp of horror), unmistakably drinking (cries of anxiety) its contents (uproar). He had
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accordingly, with the object of compiling statistics, instructed Seignor River to collect evidence. He would now call upon Seignor River to give his report.

Seignor River rose amid applause and announced that, in accordance with Seignor Wheatish’s instructions, he had made a thorough inspection of the premises and had collected several (one hundred and twenty-two to be precise) pieces of evidence. He left the room and returned bearing a sack, which he emptied on the floor, disclosing 122 glass liquid receptacles. Of the bottles exhibited, he said, 4 had contained lubricating oil, 2 cough mixture, 1 Lane’s Emulsion, 33 were branded D.C.L.—which he understood stood for Doan’s Chilblain Liniment—21 were marked J.D.K.Z.—which he believed was a Dutch breakfast food—and the remainder, judging by their aroma, had apparently contained pain-killer or methylated spirits.

The fear of Seignor Wheatish—except in the case of one bottle of cough-mixture marked “Under-proof Spirit, 1 2/3%”—to the effect that alcoholic beverages had been consumed during the evening, was, it seemed, entirely unfounded (sighs of relief and cries of heartfelt joy). Seignor River was instructed to dispose of his evidence and to devote the proceeds to the purchase of “Smads” for the Bulgarian students, whose stock of improving literature is apparently pretty low.

The motion of Seignor (Prof.) Taters that steps be taken to bring about the changing of the College motto from “Sapientia magis”—whatever it was, to “In vino veritas,” was lost by one vote.

Seignor (Registrar) Robinson reported that he had observed a small, bristly creature, wearing nothing but a piece of white material on the left foreleg, frequenting the corridors of the building during the last few months. He believed it was some species of insect. He wondered, further, whether it would not be advisable to annihilate the animal and to despatch the remains to the College Museum.

Seignorita Heinz, rising hurriedly, said that on behalf of Seignor Taters, who had left to fulfil an engagement in town at a quarter to six, she could assure the meeting that the creature referred to (1) was canine and (2) belonged to him (Seignor Taters). She warned them that, should anyone interfere with the said Jock, she would apply for an injunction against the offender.

The chairman regretted to state that he had detected a distinct taste of prussic acid in his mid-day beer shortly after noon on July 12th. He explained this phenomenon as a manifestation of the Communistic tendencies of certain students, who no doubt believed that one way of establishing their ideals was to dispose of those who held the reins of power. That chap Friske, now—and one or two others.

Seignor Stalin-Greene, rising rapidly, said it served Seignor River jolly well right. What was he doing drinking beer? Beer—or rather, ale—what was it? A poison!

This concluded the business of the evening and after the Secretary had been instructed to make arrangements for the annual banquet to be held in the Great at about five o’clock on September 13th, the gathering concluded with the singing of Mr. Fabian’s well-known hymn, “Miss O’Reilly.”

—Vates.
THE LUCKY ONE, a play in three acts, by A. A. Milne, was presented by the College Dramatic Club on August 17th and 19th with the following cast and characters:

Gerald Farringdon ........................................... J. Cowan
Bob Farringdon (his elder brother) ...................... F. Cormack
Sir James Farringdon (his father) ........................ D. G. Edwards
Lady Farringdon (his mother) .............................. Dorothy Martyn-Roberts
Miss Farringdon (his great-aunt) ............................ Janet Atkinson
Pamela Carey (his betrothed) ............................... Zena Jupp
Henry Wentworth ............................................. W. P. Rollings
Thomas Todd .................................................. C. C. Bradshaw
Letty Herbert ................................................... Joan Anderson
Maso n ............................................................ Zenocrate Henderson
The Butler ...................................................... U. Williams

Mr. Milne regards "The Lucky One" as one of his best plays and we are invited to endear ourselves to him by agreeing. But we must graciously decline. Many as are its sterling qualities—can one say otherwise of anything Milne writes?—it is, in our opinion, far less successful than plays like "Mr. Pym" or "The Dover Road." In particular, Pamela is an unsatisfactory piece of characterisation. We have a right to ask for precision in the delineation of so important a character, but from the beginning of the play to the end she remains colourless, invertebrate.

It is undeniable, however, that the play was worth doing, and we hasten to congratulate the Dramatic Club on a very successful show. The performance bore the unmistakable imprint of Miss Mary Cooley's skilful production, and much of the credit is certainly due to her. The cast was especially well selected and the acting as a whole was so consistently satisfactory that it is not an easy task to dole out the customary measures of commendation and criticism. Both Mr. Cowan, who played Gerald, and Mr. Cormack, who played Bob, gave very good performances in fairly heavy and exacting parts. The delicate business of switching the sympathies of the audience from Bob to Gerald was executed most effectively, and the quarrel scene in the third act was one of the high spots of the evening. The successive transformations of Sir James Farringdon's beard were a shade disconcerting, but otherwise Mr. Edwards wriggled into the skin of the worthy knight just as we expected him to. As Lady Farringdon, Miss Martyn-Roberts made the most of rather limited possibilities. The part of Pamela is admittedly difficult and unsatisfactory, but even when due allowances are made, there was a disappointing lack of precision about Miss Jupp's work. This was especially apparent in the scene where Pamela comes to break off her engagement to Gerald in order to marry Bob. The situation is presumably one productive of severe mental conflict, but we could not feel that this was in any way adequately indicated. If there was an outstanding performance it was that of Miss Atkinson, who played the aged Miss Farringdon with
great sympathy and intelligence. Mr. Rollings was a bit slow off the mark on occasions, but that was perhaps excusable in a portrayal of the stolid and cautious Henry Wentworth. Miss Anderson's Letty and Mr. Bradshaw's Tommy were both capital. Our only regret was that we didn't see more of them. Such youthful verve was simply a joy to behold. Mr. Bradshaw, however, would be wise to watch a tendency to slur his lines—at least one good joke was lost. Minor parts were filled satisfactorily by Miss Henderson and Mr. Williams.

The College Orchestra was present and performed. We shall be tactful for once and leave it at that.

The Future Of "Smad"

The vivid coloured cover of "Smad" proved an introduction in itself and students were not slow to purchase the first issue. The new paper is a precocious child, with the habit of saying the right thing at the right moment. Its avowed purpose is to keep a steady light of publicity not only on College matters, but also on College personalities. Few will deny the necessity of such a paper. The time arises when we all feel the urge and necessity of bursting into print in defence of our rights or in attack on our oppressors. "Smad" is to be the monthly vehicle for all such desires.

Next year "Smad" will be published monthly from April to September inclusive—six numbers in all. As month succeeds month it will be the paper's policy to record the battles of student life—the current history of ourselves, the students of Victoria University College.

Now, one word to the students. It is impossible to publish a paper without an assured circulation. The one way to kill your own monthly is to leave it dependant on a casual sale. A casual sale means that the staff will be unable to judge from month to month what number of copies will be sold. The result will be that a conservative policy with regard to format and size will have to be followed. On the other hand, with, say, 400 subscribers paid in advance, there will be no such worry. The paper will be on an assured financial basis and the staff will be able to produce on a scale worthy of the College. It behoves every student to make it his or her business to pay in the some of 1s. 6d. as soon as possible. Do this and the future of "Smad" is indeed assured.
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1930-31.

Standing—Miss M. Briggs, Mr. J. L. MacDuff, Miss C. S. Forde, Mr. W. J. Mountjoy (Jnr.),
Mr. K. H. McCormick (Ed. "Spoke"), Miss H. M. Dunn.

Sitting—Mr. C. S. Plunk (Hon. Sec.), Miss H. Martyn-Roberts (Vice Pres.), Mr. W. P. Rollings
(Prov.), Mr. H. J. Bishop (Vice- PRES.), Mr. E. K. Eastwood (Treasurer).

—Crown Studios
University Education

Report Of Parliamentary Recess Education Committee

By Academicus

AFTER many years of agitation for a competent inquiry into N.Z. university education the Reichel-Tate Royal Commission took evidence and reported in 1925. Notwithstanding the evidence in support of four universities with limited charters (the weight of the evidence of three of the four university centres was in favour of this solution), the Commission decided for one federal university for the Dominion, with liberal powers of initiative for the constituent colleges. Legislation followed, but the most far-reaching recommendations of the Commission, the appointment of a Principal of the University and a radical improvement in the finances, staffing and libraries of the colleges, were in the main ignored. Both Sir Harry Reichel and Mr. Tate were men of wide experience in university organisation and government. They could properly be called experts in this field.

Before the scheme that they recommended had really been tried another Commission—this time a Parliamentary Committee of non-experts—has in a few short weeks reviewed the whole of our education system from kindergarten to university and made revolutionary proposals in every sphere. As far as the University is concerned, the most important recommendations are as follows:—

1. The University of New Zealand is to be disestablished and its place taken by two universities—one for the South Island and one for the North Island. Each University is to consist of the university institutions and teachers' training colleges in the island.

2. Under the new regime there are to be no university scholarships and the accumulated funds of the N.Z. University, from the revenue of which many of the present scholarships are now paid, are to be devoted to the improvement and maintenance of the college libraries. Bursaries will be provided for deserving students (especially for those in rural areas) and will be awarded on the report of school inspectors on the school work of the applicants.

3. All examinations in the new universities are to be of the purely internal type, though the Committee seems quite unaware of the lions in the path. By this reform it is hoped to save the present high costs of examination, and the money thus saved is to be devoted to the improvement of the university staffs in Arts and Science. The Committee fails, however, to show the means by which this end is to be achieved.

4. A uniform scale of university staffing and salaries is recommended and all salaries are to be paid directly by the Government. This will, in effect, make the members of the university staffs civil servants: a policy that all British Universities have refused even to consider.
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5. The training of teachers is to be co-ordinated with the school of education of each university college and is to be administered by the university colleges, Auckland and Dunedin training primary and sub-primary teachers, Wellington and Christchurch training post-primary and agricultural teachers.

6. The matriculation examination is to be very largely replaced by a system of leaving certificates granted on the work of the pupils in the secondary schools.

7. The Committee hopes that if some people are on the Councils both of the Technical School and of the University it will aid in the co-ordination of the work of these institutions.

While there are some good points in the report, it is clear that the nature of university education, and especially university education in this country, was not clearly understood by the Committee. The whole weakness of university education in this Dominion is very closely connected with three vital defects that are hardly touched by the recommendations of the Committee.

First, we have adopted a very decentralised system of university education of a most expensive type, and yet the financial provision made for the teaching colleges is only about one-third of the amount allowed for the poorer universities of the British Empire. If we are to have the best type of university work in this country we must be prepared to pay for it not less than other countries do.

Second, New Zealand is far from the greatest educational centres of the world. It therefore needs on its university staffs men and women with the best brains and the highest characters. But to attract these we must offer conditions, in respect to salary, sabbatical years and facilities for research, that are at least not less attractive than those to be found elsewhere.

Third, real university work requires the whole of a student’s time. Unfortunately, in this country we have gone out of our way to encourage people to believe that a university education may be gained by study in the odd hours at the end of a busy working day. It will be futile to provide adequate staffs, libraries and laboratories unless the great mass of the students can give the whole of their time to university work during three or four years. It is of no avail to say that it cannot be done. It is done in poorer countries than this Dominion and is done in this country in medicine, agriculture, dentistry, home science, engineering, etc.

In the respects noted we find the report of the Committee not only disappointing, but misleading. The report seems to suggest that it is possible by mere co-ordination to raise the level of university education in this country without any further demands on the finances of the community or on the time of the student. This is illusory.
Harry Espiner

Harry Espiner is dead, and the world feels suddenly very empty. The generations pass quickly in a university, and few who are at College now will remember him, though some of us were hoping he would be back next year to teach modern languages. No man would have been a better teacher of his chosen subject, and no man loved his subject more; but death does not wait on such plans. It would have meant a great deal to Victoria College to have had him as one of its staff.

Harry came to College in the year after the war, much battered from a British barrage, by way of an Odyssey of hospital wanderings. The first time I heard of him was in a eulogy from Professor Brown, at the end of the 1919 session. Harry had joined the Pass Latin course half-way through the year and had done remarkably well, which was more than most of us healthy, unimpeached loafers had done. This set the tone for his whole College career. Paralysed in one arm, with a permanently badly lamed leg, with voice reduced to a not unattractive monotone, and able to keep going only by perpetual daily dosing with some drug, he could take little part in ordinary College activities. But there was a sympathy and friendly seriousness in him which made his companionship a very precious thing. He would have made a magnificent Rhodes Scholar but for his injuries and his age; for he had solidity as well as brilliance of mind; he had a fine physique, and even as it was the grip of his hand was crushing. And there was in him that quality of leadership, that perfect and capable devotion to an ideal which wins the devotion of a man’s fellows, and which is a reality in so very few among men. He once said that as a young school teacher he had seen the war coming, and had made up his mind to fit himself to play his part in it; and I have heard that at the front he was equally determined to leave no single thing undone that would help his men to do so equally. And his sympathetic open-mindedness, the attitude of interest he adopted towards everyone who made the slightest advances to him, was, I think, the secret of this. At College he would lean against a radiator in the hall in between lectures, or waiting for a friend to go down the hill with, with a patient, amused, half-serious smile as he observed the chaotic, noisy scene before him. “Why don’t you marry the girl?” he would say, with a rich sort of enjoyment, to a friend whose business or pleasure kept him hanging around the letter-rack in unduly prolonged conversation.

He did well both at Latin and French, and he won the affection of his teachers to an extraordinary degree. In the end he took only a second-class, and round about that time I heard the only sentence from him that could ever be construed as a complaint, and it was hardly that. “Ah, I could knock spots off all these clever young birds,” he said, “if I had a whole brain to work with. But I’m doped; I’m never going at more than half-power.” I think it was explanation more than grumble, even then. However, he got a free passage in the annual scramble for such things, and his pension was large enough to keep alive a person of his simple
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tastes in France. He went first to the University of Poitiers, a little town which he loved; and here he did extremely well, taking his licentiate with marks ahead of every French student. He spent some time in Germany also, working up the language, and becoming exceedingly interested both in it and in the people. He was a born philologist, and had some difficulty in settling on a specialised subject for this very reason; every tongue had an appeal to him, and he touched none without an instinctive faculty for co-ordination and hypothesis asserting itself. Finally he settled down to a big piece of research, on the life and work of a notable French Renaissance scholar, Claude Fauchet, and in his Paris years, slowly accumulating a mass of relevant knowledge, I think he must have been fairly happy. If he was a born philologist, he was also a born researcher. He was more than that, he was a scholar, with a sober, but (it must have been) intense joy in the pains and compulsions of scholarship. The life of research has a fascination of its own, but it is a fascination that to be fruitful is arduous and exacting. Harry gave it all his time and all his strength; he had a passion for precision, for the accuracy of first-hand knowledge, and his search took him to Italy and to the British Museum, as well as through the appallingly uncatalogued labyrinths of the Bibliothèque Nationale. And how grateful he was for the slightest trouble taken on his account by anyone else, even if it had but a negative result! The very humbleness with which he asked and accepted help—and how hesitant he was to "impose" on a friend!—made one feel humble, aware of his capacity and one's own ignorance. He had the true scholar's thoroughness—he would worry at a problem for months. And yet I don't think it was the thoroughness of the pedant—he had too much humour for that, a vein of dry self-deprecation. He continually saw "little Harry" in some comically embarrassing situation.

He didn't have many interests outside his work; his mind was intensive rather than extensive; I don't think he was drawn much to art or architecture, for instance. But he was interested in men, individually or nationally; he observed those with whom he came in contact closely and with shrewdness, and it was pleasant to hear him discuss the French, and the French student, with an amiable, though not altogether approving appreciation of their peculiarities and failings. Probably he didn't take enough time off from his work; he did some English teaching at the Sorbonne, but that could not have given him enough variety; and he never did the ordinary round of the sights in Paris. He knew his Frenchmen, his professors and his concierge, but his life must have been rather lonely, and it was a joy to hear of his engagement, and later his marriage, to a fine and very winning Scots girl, Janet Scott, a scholar with his own tastes, and a woman who could give him that touch of humorous and affectionate bullying which he needed. He was generous to his friends of his time and his knowledge and his lodging, and his wife shared his generosity. The happiness of such people is a beautiful thing; and it is tragic above all to think how short that married life was. In May and June of this year he had a succession of seizures, the entail of his injuries, from which he seemed to be recovering; he went down to Poitiers to recuperate, and there, early in July, he had an attack, from which he did not recover consciousness.
These words, so difficult to write, so lacking in essential truth—for how can one capture a personality?—must end on a personal note, for I am proud to think that Harry Espiner gave me his friendship. Death can be unimaginably cruel, and it is hard to think that that quenchless spirit is darkened. But he remains in one’s memory, as things fine and noble must remain. I think I see him now, stumbling down over the rocks of Mount Street after lectures, with that outrageously radical Christian, MacGibb, and myself; or standing at the top of the Dixon Street steps, gazing at the lights of the town, casting some salutary pessimism into the mind of extreme idealist youth; or in his own room in a block of Paris flats, at the top of a fiendishly steep flight of steps (the lift would bring you up but wouldn’t take you down) mixing a large bowl of some chocolate and milk powder preparation for breakfast—that and a crust and butter was his French petit dejeuner; or shaving to an accompaniment of cheerful reminiscences (punctuated by chuckles) of his boyhood in Bunnythorpe—was it?—home thoughts from abroad with a vengeance! or giving the fullest and most precise directions for the purchase of a loaf of bread or a paper round the corner (“l’Intran” was the text on which he would occasionally base a brief and pungent dissertation on the French attitude to life); or guiding his hard-up guest to a restaurant near-by, amazing for the cheapness of its meals, the variety of its custom, and the volubility, universality and laughter of its conversation; or discoursing on the precise shade of honorific address which would extract the right information from a learned but secretive professor; or in London, poring over some abstruse mediaeval alphabet in the reading-room of the Museum, or humorously cursing the damp fog in the autumn streets. How often “humorously” is the qualifying word that occurs to one in describing his characteristics! For, indeed, his very curses seemed to have some mockery in them—the mockery of a humorous resignation. It was a brave and constant front he gave to the world. And how often, one thinks, as part of his world, one must have failed him.

His thesis for the D. es L. had been accepted, and his book was in print when he died. What its value was, how much he could have given those whom it might have been his lot to teach, but few of us will realise. He drew all one’s affection as well as admiration. The flame of his spirit burnt very steadily and very purely; and he was the gentlest and humblest and bravest man I ever knew.

—J.C.B.
In Haste

CAM dear it's all so stimulating—here's the term almost over and its been such a flaming year not a scrap defunct like the previous two because everything seems to have Germinated somehow even the Cafeteria which used to be more like a Lazar-house than a dining room and there's a new Exec ever so Eager and their Secretary who is the Dearest thing, has been smearing notices all over everywhere and people have been Defacing them and sawing legs off chairs and one boy even won the Home Sweet Home at the Wellington Competitions. So you can tell by reading between the lines what a full life we've all been leading. Moreover there's a new Monthly magazine too Hideously too for words of course but ever so Chit-Chatly and Instructive Notwithstanding. Furthermore you know for 3d exactly where you are and how things are Moving and although it is somewhat Segregated dealing as it does with only the Olympians it's so Breathless wondering if you will figure in the next. Additionally I have been Exuberating and Occurring for weeks in the Expectation that the Editorial Staff would become Aware of me but as they haven't I have Draughted Out some Outrageous Sities for next year so that they simply must say something Appalling about me. Then CAM dear I shall be Made. However the Tramping Club went to National Park last Vacation and in a lapse of youthful Dizziness swilled neat whisky, girls and everything on a Ruapehuian Glacier. Notwithstanding Max Riske caused such a Flutter and Twitter in the Science Wing the other day when he consented to tea with girls over there they made him the most Extensive cake and read up Lenin on Bolshevism and then discovered he was quite Human like themselves and keep on asking him again. It's all so Wearing Life being practically one thing after another. Mollie Gillespie had her Baby snatched the last night of the term from right on the door-mat almost but found him all right none the worse for his trying ordeal and now she locks his engine. Furthermore it was so Heavenly the first day of the term all the profits had their hair cut at once so at least some Barbers have Balanced their Budgets, and another lecturer has Announced Engagement and all the little Scientists are Grief-stricken and Languishing. Moreover Dorothy and Bish have broken it off for six months so that they can both have a look around and know their Own Minds. And Mildred B. and Jack F. did Capping together and it's been Enduring ever since. What a surfeit can be consummated in six months. Even Boyd I believe has been At It Again.

Oh, well, a Bolt in hand is worth two on the Bridge and Waste Not Want Not.

Yours Imperatively

VICTORIA.

P.S.—The two previously unattached lecturers are fastly becoming affixed. Writing again soon.
Joynt Scroll Contest

THE divorce of this annual debating contest from the "purely athletic" tournament on the grounds of habitual drunkenness and cruelty, and general incompatibility of temperament, is a greater slur on the tournament than is generally realised; but it will apparently be beneficial to the much-abused contest. Never for many years (perhaps never before) had the contest been conducted in such calm as on the 9th August, when representatives of the four Colleges debated "That Labour Government has been beneficial in the various parts of the Empire where it has operated." Interjections were plentiful, but there was no organised riot, for which last be praise given to Allah. The contest was arranged by the National Union of Students and conducted by its Debating Committee in Wellington, which must be congratulated on the success of the arrangements. It would have been more encouraging to have seen a larger audience, but there were many other attractions on the same night. The attentiveness and hearty encouragement of those present, however, made up for the lack of numbers.

His Worship the Mayor added the attractiveness of his cheery smile to the proceedings and presided as Chairman.

The first debate was between Canterbury and Otago. Miss West-Watson and Mr. Perry for Canterbury supported the motion and Messrs. Russell and Tuckwell for Otago opposed. In the second debate Miss Forde and Mr. Hurley represented Victoria in the affirmative, and Messrs. Griffiths and Melvin Auckland in opposition. Cards showing the number of minutes taken were operated from the Orchestral Stalls, and owing to this method and extremely prompt action from the Chair a strict schedule was adhered to, each speaker having 15 minutes in which to speak.

A recapitulation of all the arguments put forward would become repetition, each speaker for affirmative or negative expressing much the same views in support of his or her case. With the exception of Mr. Melvin and Mr. Hurley, most of the speakers dealt in generalities, and these two speakers touched on the more matter of fact issues and used examples, figures, and references much more freely and confidently. Of our own speakers, Miss Forde’s case appeared to be rather a justification for the existence of Labour Parties than a vindication of their actions, but Mr. Hurley dealt with facts with precision and energy. Mr. Melvin, who had perhaps some advantage in speaking last, contributed undoubtedly the best debating speech of the evening, authoritative, convincing and forceful. Auckland must be congratulated on possessing a debater of his calibre. His leader, Mr. Griffiths, dealt more quietly with his subject, and much of his subtle humour appeared lost on the audience.

The judges deliberated for an unconscionable time, and the Debating Committee of the N.U.S. must feel greatly indebted to Miss Cooley, who gave several most enjoyable recitations. The Chairman also helped by putting in the hiatus the dots of an amusing experience among American Rotarians. Then, after a long silence, the Chairman asked some of the infant department of the University, who had been freely interjecting
from the back seats, to sing, but whether from an unusual feeling of modesty, or sore throats, they sat in stupefied silence—at this juncture hardly a helpful contribution. One would never have thought that the owners of such lusty lungs would be unwilling to use them, but doubtless it was not much encouragement to them to know that people were willing to listen.

The evening's interjections numbered some few witty sallies, but more often remarks which threw no light upon anything save the contents of the interjectors' heads. After all, it is easy to shout "Rot," "Rub-bibsh" and "Balderdash," or make a noise like some dinosaurian monster snorting over its meat, but neither course seems particularly intelligent.

What promised to be an awkward silence was broken by the return of the judges, Mr. J. A. Young, M.P., Canon P. James, and Mr. H. F. O'Leary, who announced that by unanimous decision Auckland had been awarded the Shield and Mr. Melvin adjudged the best speaker. The Shield was then presented to the Auckland team, Mr. Melvin giving thanks in a brief and happy speech. A vote of thanks to the Chair, the singing (sic) of the National Anthem, an empty hall, and the contest was history. Congratulations to all speakers and good luck to the Auckland team; it was a good, energetic, sporting contest. May we see many more such.

—H.R.B.

Jest

When the Sea's like a goaded monster,
'Neath the Lash of the tyrant Storm,
And the Clouds are like spur'd chargers
In some gallant hope forlorn,
When the Universe seems maddened,
And the Gods above are grim,
And Man is shown in his impotence,
Scared to the soul of him . . .

How They who guide our destinies,
And follow our changing parts,
Must laugh at our cover'ing terror,
Terror which grips our hearts,
At our plaintive show of courage
Fighting an inborn fear,
Unconscious of any humour
And the Infinite Jester's sneer.

—J.A.C.
The New Countries

HECTOR BOLITHO'S anthology has received more kicks than ha'pence in the Southern Hemisphere. Any book of its scope would. To make such an anthology, and make it well, would be one man's life-work. Strictly speaking, an anthologist would have lived in the country from the poems of which he makes a national selection. How otherwise can he know what is or is not representative work? But, on the other hand, what anthologist of an Empire collection would have the means or the inclination to do it? And what anthologist would have a hope of pleasing in one brief volume three continents and three islands? He would need to be a Quiller-Couch and Lucas rolled in one.

I am not a critic. I make no claim that my taste is anything but personal. Nor have I lived in any but one of the countries named in the volume, so perhaps I have no right to speak on this book at all. It seems to me, however, that no anthology claims to be much more than an indication of the personal taste of the compiler, so that a reviewer may claim equal rights in the matter. If every anthology were taken and intended as the one infallible guide to the best in literature of the country it deals with, how many would have the courage or the impertinence to anthologise? Let us then judge this Empire collection of Hector Bolitho's less by the canons of national pride than by the rights of personal taste.

In any anthology it is easier to praise the good than to vilify the bad. I then take the road of least resistance. Indeed, in an excellent introduction, Bolitho himself makes the road for me one not of cowardice, but of justice: "I made no plan in editing the 'New Countries,' and I have no excuse for many omissions. The book is not a conscientious attempt to present all the best work done in the new countries. In no way is it comprehensive. . . . The conscientious and comprehensive anthology of verse and stories written in the new countries must wait for twenty or thirty years, when time, the only unbiased critic, has nurtured the wheat and rejected the tares."

His reference to New Zealand's connection with the literature of her Motherland are both apposite and national. We know that Butler wrote "Erewhon" in Canterbury, that Alfred Domett was Browning's Waring, that Mary Taylor, of Wellington, was the Rose York of Shirley, and a few know that it was from Maynard's Diary that Dumas drew his facts for "Les Balineri"; but we know these things because we are New Zealanders, and to us it is like family history. The outside world would find them news.

He deals with each country in turn in the introduction, claiming for Olive Schreiner the first native-born creative work in the Southern Hemisphere. He includes only one poem in the South African section. The other three examples are prose, fine human prose from the pens of Pauline Smith, William Plomer and Sarah Gertrude Millin. The South African section is scanted, but South Africa has less to complain of than at least
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one of the other countries. Her three are of the soil and good. Whether they are the best specimens obtainable is not the point, since only Hector Bolitho's taste is in question.

Now for Australia! There are names I missed sadly, because I know the ground better in the Tasman countries, but there are lines here worth their place in most anthologies. Hugh McCrae's Joan of Arc should fire any Frenchman. It is a poem Morris would have loved:—

"Swift through the lightning, in and in,
Like flame-struck arrows aimed to win
The summer nests that pack the spouts
Eave-bursting of a king's redoubts—
Alas, saith Joan, 'and I must die?
Wherefore to Chinon? Wherefore I?'

I think that on the poetry side Australia, on the whole, comes off best in the book. Geoffrey Cumine makes a delectable dancing thing of "Ancestor." There is devilry in this:—

"And I see him dancing a rigadoon,
Springing with arms akimbo—
The ruffled, cynical, suave buffoon,
Three hundred years in Limbo."

Cavalierly, insolent!

I have seen things by Gilbert Murray more Hellenic to me than the two chosen, though that is personal taste again, and this is surely great:—

"What else is wisdom? What of man's endeavour?
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not loneliness be loved forever?"

The poetry is all in the heroic mood. In the midst of it, like a shanty in the bush, stands a story by Henry Lawson, and the shanty, architecturally, is truer to type. Take this as a picture of a younster paddling a calf:

"He carries the skim-milk to the yard in a bucket made out of an oil drum—sometimes a kerosene tin—seizes a calf by the nape of the neck with the left hand, inserts the dirty forefinger of his right into its mouth, and shoves its head down into the milk. . . . After a butting, buffetting, bark-skin interlude. . . . His hand feels sticky, and the cleaned finger makes it look as if he wore a filthy, greasy glove with the forefinger torn off." In the name of Dreiser, that is real enough!

We are back again to the epic with Slessor:—

"The unpastured Gods have gone,
They are above those fiery-coasted clouds,
Floating like fins of stone in the burnt air . . . ."

and with Pamela Travers's cry "to the ewes of thought and let down their milk." Now, if the Australian section had been as long as the Canadian, we might have had both justice and beauty.

The country that Louis Hemon greatened as Marie Chapdelaine is either served badly by its poets or by the men who advised the anthologist.

Apostles of mediocrity! Even Bliss Carman wilts and Marjorie Pickthall falters in that company. Can we hope that one has blundered? The
French section is better than the English, but the examples chosen even from the two crowned by the French Academy are sonorous rather than mellow, sententious rather than noble. Nelligan has life at least, and there is simplicity in Old Man Savarin. But where are the snows of yesterday? These writings are neither French fish, nor English flesh, nor Canadian herring. Come again, Canada!

Fiji has one solitary writer, Reginald Berkeley, the playwright, in a pre-execution sketch of the type of atmosphere that Dunsany or A. E. Housman would choose for a recreation. It is convincing.

In the New Zealand section there are, as the editor admits of all the countries, omissions. Angus Wilson was a new name to me. His theme was Paris, and his style electric. You see the Seine burning and chestnut blossoms slanting down. Jessie MacKay’s poem is from “Land of the Morning,” a deep wailing chant of lost loves, brown and white, at Phantom Ford:

“The gull to the gorge, and the sun to his rest,
Glory! The shoaling of shells in the nest,
Shoaling divinely! O come to me soon;
Reach me the iris and read me the rune.”

I wonder what Housman would think of Mary Veel’s, “We go no more to the forest; the rimus are all cut down.” It is a New Zealand version of “We'll go to the woods no more, the laurels are all cut. . . .” Classics find different words in different countries. Alice Kenny is represented by lines of sun and storm, Alan Mulgan, unhappily, I thought, by English of the Line. Bolitho himself, by two landscape poems, leisurely, meditative; Arnold Wall by a pig-hunting sonnet; and Katherine Mansfield by “The Wind,” and that is worth the whole book. Grit and the zigzag path, and the aniseedy smell of the fennel, with two figures rocking “like two old drunkards” in the wind. It is Wellington, as grimy as Dublin, as windy as Thibet. It is Wellington and it is Mansfield. —Eileen Duggan.

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The City Of The Dead

The myriad crosses, and stone cherubs rise
Above the unkempt, grass-bedraggled graves—
A drunken tombstone flaunts the passing eyes
Its lying legend, where the thistle waves.
The strong sun beats on grave and crucifix,
As striving yet to reach with warming rays
The city’s burghers lying chill. One picks
A bunch of flowers and thinks of other days—
“O God! that these were sensient bodies then,
Knew love and laughter and the ways of men,
Beheld clear-eyed the forms of friends in mirth,
And felt this pulsing life, this daylong thrill
Of being; passed too soon from their loved earth
To what cold heaven, life desirous still.”

—C. G. WATSON.
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Olim Dies Fuit

The slowly-sinking sun now heralds eve
And wheeling, screaming sea-birds homeward grieve,
White crested, swelling waves which toss and heave
Suggest the name of Genevieve;
So musical—the name of Genevieve.
A mediaeval name perhaps you'll say
Recalling myths and stories half-forgot;
Of knights and squires, fair damsels, barons bold,
Castles and dungeons deep. But, in my heart
That sweetest of all names revives
Fair memories forever fresh and clear,
And tender glimpses of departed days.
Recalling, first, a night of fresh'ning joy—
Tenacity's unmerited reward.
And next a day in Spring a rivulet
Bubbling in noisy silence through a dell;
A mossy crag—a torrent leaping down
Into a fern-girt pool with foaming roar.
An unbridged stream—so narrow yet so wide—
Excuse most apt for age—dead chivalry
To reappear and prove the sages wrong.
Then, memories of springtime's dainty flowers—
Of violets forlorn and slender-stemmed,
Bringing a smile of rapture to her eyes;
And primroses, so fragrant, fleeting, frail.
And then the scena changes—it is day;
A pleasant toiling up a gusty slope;
A desperate search for nature's nectar leads
Our aimless footsteps to a tree-fringed farm,
But all in vain. Again I see a flower—
A golden, glowing broom-bush all on fire,
Providing background for a picture meet
To grace the canvas of an Angelo
Upon a grassy bank a may-tree stands
And memories of stolen blossoms wake.
Again a change—'tis night and, on a hill—
Above the placid haven's waters calm,
Above deluding tawdry city lights,
Which stand for ever—cloying pleasure—pain,
Away from all that's vain and incomplete
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And brutish pomp and majesty of man
Beset by power and folly, idle snares,
And the ever-pouring Acheron of wealth—
There we alone; true setting for romance.
But no! A wish so many times expressed
Remained that night once more ungratified.
And yet—such acts are counted women's wiles
And spared the harsher name of cruelty.
But I digress—let not such gall entaint
My recollections of those happy hours.
Let only Truth with Beauty interweave
Adorning precious dreams of Genevieve.

—VATES.

A Lovers' Dialogue
(Colloque Sentimental) —Paul Verlaine

Dark and lonely lies the park beneath its robe of snow,
And sees two lovers' figures pass with paces slow.
Death fills the eyes and rottenness the lips once dear,
And their whispered words fall soft upon the frozen air.
Dark and lonely lies the park beneath its robe of snow,
And hears two lovers' voices speak of long ago.
"Dost thou remember all our love of happier days?"
"Why should I love recall—I lost in Death's cold ways?
"Know'st thou the sweet, slow sound my name was long ago?
In dreams do'st thou behold my soul?"—"It is not so."
"Ah! how swiftly, madly, those our days of rapture fled,
When lips touched lips in burning kiss."—"So it is said."
"How blue the heavens then; our lovers' hopes high!"
"Long since has hope ta'en . . . . . flight towards a frozen sky."
And so they walked amidst wild oats of long ago
And Night alone gave ear to all their whispered woe.

—C. G. WATSON.
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The Pious Passman’s Creed

1. I BELIEVE that Latin is not a language, but only an Arts “subject”; it is therefore not expected to have any sense, but is a holy mystery, which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be ineffable and incomprehensible.

2. I BELIEVE that English is a noble language, which always says what it means and means what it says, and that one word means the same thing in any context: I therefore translate word for word into Latin, with the help of my dictionary, and without the help of my brains.

3. I BELIEVE in the infallibility of my dear old English-Latin dictionary, from the love of which nothing shall ever separate me: for its present help to the emulation of Cassiod., Scrr. Eccl., Vulc. Gall., and other my great exemplars, and for its kindly providence in rendering for me all those words most requisite and necessary for Latin Prose, from Abraham’s balm and billiards to yam and zoophytes, I do render it humble and hearty thanks.

4. I BELIEVE that Unseen Translation is a cryptogram, to be read by faith and not by sight, and that the key to it is to omit all the small words, read the first three letters of the big ones, and then pass into a claryvoyant trance: having thus divined whether it is a little story about a dog, or a treatise on bio-chemistry, I studiously neglect all consideration of voice mood tense number gender person punctuation order spelling syntax and sense, and follow the gleam vouchsafed to me from that higher Wonderland where prepositions are pluperfect, substantives subjunctive, and adverbs feminine plural.

5. I BELIEVE in the direct verbal inspiration of my early-Victorian grammar with the red edges: I do especially cherish its most sacred teaching that the genitive means “off,” the dative “to,” and the ablative everything else, that the present subjunctive means “may” and the imperfect subjunctive “might,” and that the ablative singular of third declension adjectives ends in -e, except comparatives. These beliefs, together with my ineradicable conviction that -urus is passive, I do regard as the fundamental axioms of my faith.

6. I BELIEVE in the G.P. subjunctive, and shall always use it after all relatives, except in Oratio Obliqua, being persuaded that it is a poor subjunctive that cannot be called “generic” or “attracted,” and that if I do not understand it, the examiner may.

7. I BELIEVE that deponent participles are passive, and that neuter verbs have passives: I hope that by patient endeavour I shall one day invent a passive even of the verb “to be.”

8. I BELIEVE that an infinitive in English is an infinitive in Latin, that “esse” takes the accusative, and other verbs whatever they please, that “si” takes the subjunctive, “cum” takes the indicative, and “dum” take sthe cake.

9. I BELIEVE in a personal devil, who walketh the earth as a raging examiner, seeking whom he may plough; but

10. I BELIEVE in miracles, and therefore hope that I shall somehow frustrate his malevolent and insane prejudice against carelessness and stupidity, and so, at the latter end be wafted into that desired haven where Latin is no more.

H. W. Allen,
Vice-Master and Classical Tutor of Ormond College
in the University of Melbourne.
Little Things

God must have smiled to Himself
When He made the hearts of men
And filled them with love of such little things,
    Seen once, and remembered again.

The little, eternal things,
    A pansy, wet with dew,
The green spring mist in the willows,
    A puddle, small and blue.

The damp little hands of the rain,
    Filled with the smell of gorse;
The smooth, sinewy, silken steel
    Of a young, proud horse.

The tangled hair of the wind,
    One fallen scarlet leaf.
How many little, lovely things
    Softly comfort grief.

The speed of a bird’s shadow,
    Violets, sweet and blue,
The memory of saffron sunsets,
    Gashed with kingfisher blue.

A square of sky and stars,
    Blue flames in the fire,
A girl’s laugh, like a spring wind,
    They comfort vain desire.

God must have felt the quiet,
    When no bird sings,
So He made men’s hearts big enough
    To love little things.

J. F.
THE SPIKE

"The Blind Crowder"

The short dramatic sketch called "The Blind Crowder," which constitutes twenty of the brief twenty-two pages composing a memorial volume of the verse of Eric Lee Palmer, poet and graduate of Victoria College, who met his death at so early an age and under such tragic circumstances, is a little study in light and darkness, in sunshine and mist. "We are born sick of shadows," says Raleigh in the play, and the author balances against the gay, sunlit figure of Penruddick about to sail in the Golden Venture "through the rich tropics to the golden coast"; the melancholy of Garth, fugitive from his father's gloomy country-house, and one who had lived "long hooded with grey despair." The playing of a blind crowder or fiddler, changes Garth's despair to hope, and he resolves to sail with Raleigh and Penruddock, to escape from mists to sunshine. The volume is more remarkable for its promise than for actual poetic achievement. There is just that choking of dramatic action by poetic excellences, which seems to indicate that, had time permitted maturity, he would have given us something closer knit. The dictation varies, as it must in poetic drama, from the very high

"I never had a brother nor a friend  
Nor any mother but the shaking house,"

to the more pedestrian

"He! a horsey country squire,  
Grasping and blunt: his commonsense itself  
Seemed scolding all my dreams."

"The Blind Crowder" is strongly reminiscent of Beddoes, though healthier in spirit, and the last quotation might have come straight from "Death's Jest-Book." Copies of this interesting little volume may be obtained by leaving a note for the Editor, "Spike," in the letter-rack.

—C.W.

Engagements

Miss Margaret Fraser to F. Gerard Maskell.
May Veitch (Arts) to Walter Long.
Doris Pow (Arts) to J. W. Harding (Science).
Thelma Manning (Arts) to Mr. Surrey Dean.
Miss F. McIver to H. Ralph Bannister.
V.U.C. BASKETBALL CLUB

SENIOR A.

Standing (left to right)—Julia Dunn, H. Williams, E. Burnell, Phyllis Quinnan.

Sitting—Pat Donnelly, M. Linn, Evelyn Hardy, Kitty Wood, Isabel Morrice.

V.U.C. SENIOR RUGBY CLUB.

Back—J. L. Williams, E. Ains, H. Macaskill, M. Edwar, W. Hart, R. E. Diederich.

Middle—R. Martin-Smith (Club Capt.), J. Blakeney, R. H. C. Mackenzie (Capt.), Prof. Cornish (Pres.), H. W. Cormack (Vice-Capt.), F. S. Ramson, C. M. Turner (Hon. Sec.).


Absent—J. D. Mackay.
DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society continues to flourish like the green bay tree and this year only one debate (and that a vacation one on an exceedingly wet night) has been poorly attended. The average attendance for the year is approximately 100. Such a record proves the popularity of the Society's activities and the Committee feels that its efforts to provide a syllabus acceptable to everyone have not been in vain.

The 331st meeting was held on Saturday, 7th June, at 8 p.m., when Mr. Hurley presided over a meeting of about 50 persons. The subject, "That the topmost perch is the slithriest to sit upon," was moved by Mr. Bannister, seconded by Mr. McWhinnie and opposed by Mr. Powles, seconded by Mr. McNaught. The mover based his belief on first, that a man had not reached the highest position unless he had attained his ambition and when that event happened he either marked time or slid back, and second, that the climbing multitudes always seek to displace those higher up than themselves. The opposer based his argument on the cliche, "There's plenty of room at the top," and said that security is never so evident as in the case of the man at the top. Many speakers followed; Miss Davidson, Miss Forde, Messrs. Goodson, Hurley, Reardon, Watson, Arndt, Rosevear, Crossley, Vickerman and others expressing varied views. There was little humour and some volume of interjection. The Judge, Mr. F. C. Spratt, said he would give no reasons for his placing. Speakers were placed as follows:—Mr. Powles, Mr. Watson, Mr. Hurley, Mr. Bannister, and Messrs. Arndt and Crossley equal. The motion was lost on the vote of the audience. Supper, as usual, followed.

The next meeting was held on 17th June. This was a new speakers' debate, the discussion being limited to speakers of not more than one year's standing. Mr. Powles presided over a meeting of about 40. Mr. Chorlton seconded by Mr. Von Sturmer moved, and Miss Buckley seconded by Miss Davidson opposed, "That fear of punishment has greater effect than hope of reward." Many new speakers took part and there was some considerable humour as well as evidence of solid preparation and thought. There is undoubtedly good debating talent among the new speakers and the Committee will be glad to see them coming forward and taking an active part in all the meetings of the Society. The following also spoke: Misses Henderson and Macdonald, Messrs. Watson, Taylor, Palmer, Reardon, Goodson, Willis, Vickerman. The judge, Professor Cornish, gave some very helpful criticism and remarked on the performance of each speaker as well. His advice should be helpful to those who took part and those who listened. He placed the speakers as follows: Miss Buckley and Miss Henderson 1st equal, Mr. Watson 2nd, Mr. Chorlton 3rd, Mr. Reardon 4th and Messrs. Goodson and Palmer 5th equal. A hearty vote of thanks to the judge was given and we feel that this was greatly deserved. Mr. Cornish takes great interest in the Society and no trouble is too great for him if he feels that he can help the members of the Society.

It is intended to follow out the practice of having new speakers' debates in the syllabus. We look to the new students to carry on the work of the Society in years to come.

The next debate was held on Saturday, 21st June. A team from Arts and Science met a team from Law and Commerce. Law and Commerce (Messrs. Hurley, Bannister and Crossley) affirmed, "That East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," and Arts and Science (Mr. Mountjoy, Miss Forde, and Mr. Cowan) opposed. The contest was for the possession of a trophy to be presented by the Society and was judged by three judges acting independently of each other. The number of points was determined by adding the placement numbers of the teams, the team having the lowest number would be the winner. The best speaker was also to be placed. A spirited debate took place and the audience numbering well over 100 appeared to enjoy the contest. The honours of the contest went to Arts and Science,
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and Mr. Mountjoy was adjudged the best speaker. This contest should be an annual event of importance and it is hoped that as much interest will be shown next year.

The next debate was held on 19th July, the subject being, “That the time is ripe for the abolition of party government in New Zealand.” This was moved by Miss Henderson, seconded by Mr. Reardon, and opposed by Messrs. Crossley and Cahill. Mr. Mountjoy was in the chair, and the debate was judged by Mr. W. Nash, who deputised for Mr. O'Regan. The contest was long and at times contested with heat. As usual there were many speakers, and altogether the debate was a success. The speakers were placed as follows:—Mr. Mountjoy, Mr. Riske. The motion appeared to be carried.

On the 1st August a debate was broadcast, the subject being, “That the world is not really progressing.” Moved by Mr. Mountjoy, seconded by Miss Henderson, and opposed by Miss Forde and Mr. Watson. The debate was judged by Mr. Black, and Mr. Powles occupied the chair. The attendance was about 140. Everyone seemed to enjoy both the motion and the attempts to prove or disprove it and the interjections were long, loud and frequent. Altogether it was not such a successful broadcast as last year’s, but from the point of view of an ordinary meeting, it was highly successful. The following took part in the debate: Messrs. Crossley, Hurley, Riske, and Ferris. Most people seemed to think that the world was getting on nicely, thank you.

The annual religious debate was held on 15th August, when Mr. Riske, seconded by Mr. Benge, moved, “That the organised Christian Church is falling into decay.” This was opposed by Mr. Taylor, seconded by Mr. Reardon. The debate brought out plenty of humour and also some feeling on the subject. The following speakers also took part: Messrs. Scotney, Vickerman, Withers, Watson, Gibson, Goodson and Rothwell, and the judge, Mr. A. M. Cousins, placed the speakers in the following order:—

1. Mr. Mountjoy
2. Mr. Powles
3. Mr. Reardon
4. Mr. Bannister
5. Mr. Hurley
6. Messrs. Riske and Crossley

The motion was lost on the audience vote.

The 335th ordinary meeting was held on 29th August, the subject for discussion being, “That a measure of aid should be granted to private schools.” This was moved by Mr. Reardon seconded by Mr. Hurley, and opposed by Mr. Jessep seconded by Mr. Toogood. By mutual consent the motion was treated as meaning state aid in New Zealand. This was the most poorly attended debate to date. The night was very bad, and it being vacation the usual number could not attend. However a most spirited discussion, or rather wrangle, began. The following speakers also took part: Miss Henderson, Messrs. Powles, Bannister, Cholton and Hall. The judge, Prof. Von Zedlitz, placed the speakers in the following order: Mr. Hurley, Miss Henderson, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Powles, Mr. Reardon. The motion was carried by both the Society and the audience as a whole.

There is only one more regular debate this season and that will be held on Friday, 12th September. The subject will be, “That modern industrialism is detrimental to culture.” After this impromptu debates will be held on 26th September. Members are requested to enter in pairs for this contest, which should be very good fun. This will conclude the Society’s activities for the year. The Plunket Medal contest is reported elsewhere in this issue.

So far fifty-eight speakers have taken part in debates. This constitutes a record for the Society. The most pleasing feature is that the majority of these are new speakers. The Committee welcomes these students and hopes that they will take a larger part next year. The work of the Society we believe to be of benefit to students and feel gratified that our efforts to provide good fare have met with a good reception. This year the Committee have broken new ground. An inter-college debate with Training College has been instituted as well as the inter-faculty debate, and the new speakers’ debate noted above. We hope that future committees will carry on these contests, and as such future committees must come from students just beginning at college urge that our new speakers of this year carry on in the next and keep the Society in at least a strong position as it holds now.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES.

As most of the plays read this term have been reviewed in the two issues of “Smad” it is unnecessary to mention them here, but perhaps a review of the year’s activities will not be out of place. Readings have been held regularly every week and they offer a certain amount of experience in acting besides giving the members a first-
hand knowledge of the play. Participation in readings is undoubtedly the more entertaining, but if the readings are well arranged and cast they are almost equally entertaining to the mere onlooker. It has been the policy of the committee to give one or two new members each week a part to read and some members have shown a considerable amount of talent. Besides the readings the Club produced early in the first term two one-act plays, "Moonshine" and "A Woman's Honour," and at the end of the second term "The Lucky One," by A. A. Milne. This in itself is an advance upon previous years as, at the best, only about twelve people take part in any one production. This year however the Club is going even further by staging on October 4th in the College Hall three short plays. The casts of these plays are chosen entirely from members of the Club who have not appeared in any other of the productions this year, and include amongst others Misses M. Cooley, E. Purdie, T. Barnett, M. Spence-Sales and Messrs. A. D. Priestley, U. Williams, R. Larkin and N. Hannah. It is to be hoped that the college students in general will give more support to this evening of plays than they did to the club's production in the second term.

Looking forward to next year the committee has every confidence that it will be still more successful than this has been. While nothing definite has been planned as yet, it is possible that, if members can be gathered together in February a play will be produced early in the first term in addition to the annual production at the end of the second term. Readings will undoubtedly be started during the vacation, probably early in February, and in this connection members of the Club who will be in town and who desire to be informed of the dates of readings should notify the secretary immediately. The following plays are being ordered for reading next year: "The Rope" and "The Silver Tassie" by Sean O'Casey, "The Constant Nymph" by Margaret Kennedy, "Berkley Square" by John Balderston, "Street Scene" by Rice, "Canaries Sometimes Sing" by Frederick Lonsdale, "Mischief" by Ben Travers, "the First Mrs. Frazer" by St. John Ervine and others will probably be ordered early next year. The committee would welcome any suggestions for plays which would be suitable either for reading or for producing.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

Our first function this year was a visit to the "Evening Post" Printing Works on May 27th and 28th in the afternoon; there was a large attendance on both days, and we were conducted round every part of the printing works by the manager of the publishing department. Other visits were to the Telephone Exchange and to General Motors factory. Both were very instructive and interesting, and we are indebted to General Motors for providing a bus to convey us to Petone.

Mr. Stevens, of Wellington College, gave the first lecture of the year on June 20th, his subject being "Liquid Air." A supply of liquid air was obtained and many novel experiments carried out, one of particular interest being the freezing of a mouse to such an extent that it could be broken with a hammer. Mr. Stevens was accorded a hearty vote of thanks and supper was provided in the Biology lecture room.

On July 10th Mr. Ferrar described his experiences in Antarctica with Scott's first expedition; he illustrated his lecture with many excellent lantern slides.

The third and final lecture of the year was by Dr. Kidson, of the Meteorological Department, on "Weather and Wireless." This was particularly interesting and brought home to us many undreamt-of connections between the two.

The annual social was held on June 28th. The evening opened with singing of the usual songs, the Haeremai Club being there to help us. All then moved upstairs where a dance was held with music from an electric gramophone. This social was well attended and we feel all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Our dance took place on June 26th and was quite well attended in spite of bad weather. Strangely enough "Eskimo pies" were very popular. The wall was decorated with a human skeleton and paper streamers arranged with colours as in the spectrum.

A football match was played on August 13th and was comfortably won by Chemistry and Biology. Mr. Monro acted as referee.

A farewell tea to Miss Dennehay and Mr. Harding was given in the Biology lecture room on July 23rd, and was well attended by staff and students of all science subjects. We wish every success to Miss Dennehay and Mr. Harding in their studies abroad.
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TRAMPING CLUB NOTES.

Last Christmas the Tramping Club once again visited Tongariro National Park, and the party of 14 who made the trip thoroughly enjoyed themselves, in spite of the rather adverse weather conditions. About ten days were spent at a camp site near the Waihohonu, and from there Te Heu-Heu Peak and Ngauruhoe were successfully climbed. The party then moved across to Keteahi, from where the majority of the members made a most successful and pleasant (?) trip across the saddle into Tokoanu, under the able leadership of a certain young lady trapper; but we are not permitted to divulge any further secrets. While at Keteahi we made certain intelligence tests on small animals residing in Maori huts, and will disclose the results to any bona fide biologists.

The opening week-end tramp of the year was to the Orongorongo River and back. The enthusiasm of the members was exhibited by the daring leap for life and the Day’s Bay ferry steamer by a trapper determined to tramp.

The trip up to Dobson’s and thence down into the Tauherenikau was notable for several things. In the first place, the leader, as usually happens, apparently led her unsuspecting party astray in the darkness, although they stoutly maintain that they were admiring the wonderful view (at 9 p.m. on a moonless night). However, they were eventually gathered into the fold again and we finally managed to get a meal at 12.5 a.m. N.Z. time.

The next morning was marked by a late start at a slow pace, with the result that as darkness again descended we were far from our destination, that paradise called Kaitoke. An exhibition of speed at this stage was not appreciated by some of the party, who eventually arrived just in time for the train. Had they again been admiring the wonderful view? We never realised before that we had such Nature lovers in our midst.

A Sunday tramp from Petone to Parematua provided the party with an opportunity of displaying its objection to caretakers—unnecessary people, who should be avoided.

The trip to Mt. Kapakapanui proved very successful indeed. This was the first time an official club visit had been made to these parts, and doubtless many more will follow. Of course, we could not all go out together on the same train—that is perfectly natural with the Tramping Club. But we had an opportunity of trying out a few psychological tests on the latecomers.

It is wonderful how they will persist in carrying their own packs along a level road, and even refuse the best of chocolates when they fondly imagine they have a big hill to climb before reaching their destination. It is rumoured that during the small hours of the morning certain members of the party proceeded to have a wonderful meal, but we are assured that this was merely a nightmare on the part of the ladies. A good start was made the next morning, and by mid-day the party had reached the top. From here a wonderful view of the surrounding country was obtained. We descended at our leisure and those (unsuspecting) new members who turned out on the trip found that the notice-board heading, “easy trip,” was indeed true. Perhaps the leader could sometimes tell the truth after all?

The Tapekeopeko tramp undoubtedly does not stand alone in the fact that the object was not reached. The party was no more interested in Mt. Tapekeopeko than in Mount Matthews, so climbed the latter instead. A portion of the party was greatly interested in glow-worms on the Five-mile Track. Was the reason for various excursions not on the track?

This year’s Easter trip to Kapiti Island, made by a party of 31, under the leadership of Mr. S. Lambourne, is probably unique in the annals of the Club’s history. The novelty of a half-day wait on Paraparaumu Beach, a night trip in the launch, the company of rats for bed-fellows, excursions to all parts of the island, and the congenial company and courtesy of the caretaker and Mr. Johannes Anderson were part, and a matter of course, but a most refreshing aspect of the trip was the presence of a considerable literary element, which at all times, and under the stimulus of nothing stronger than cocoa, poured forth limerick after limerick, in language respectable and otherwise, ancient and modern. In spite of this, however, the remainder of the party spent a most pleasant, profitable and memorable four days.
BASKETBALL CLUB NOTES.

"Give to me the game I love,
Let the world go by me,
With the jolly heavens above,
And the goal-post nigh me."
(With apologies to R.L.S.)

None of the basketball teams have had any outstanding successes this year. The Senior A and B teams have not done as well as in previous years, but the Third Grade team has shown a marked improvement.

The Senior A Championship has never been won by 'Varsity, although on several occasions 'Varsity teams have been runners-up. This was the case last season, and it was hoped that this year the Senior A team would show the slight improvement necessary to carry off the Championship. These high hopes have been disappointed, however, partly as a result of numerous changes in the personnel of the team, and even more by reason of insufficient team practices. Much credit is due to our coach, Miss D. Martyn-Roberts, who did good work with the keen few who turned out regularly to practices. Our position half-way down the ladder is not less than our deserts.

The Senior B's had a run of hard luck, but all their games were keenly contested. They were unfortunate in having many changes, particularly in the goal third, and in the circumstances they deserve credit for the good performances put up in the many losing games they played. We desire to record our appreciation of the services of several girls who are no longer active members of the Club, but who on several occasions played, and played well, at short notice to avoid the necessity of defaulting the team.

The Third Grade team has had a most successful year. They have had some good wins, and have played keenly and well throughout the season. They fully deserve their place of fourth in their grade. This team has been sufficiently keen to organise a weekly practice on its own account, and the resulting improvement has been very marked. The practice together this year has certainly welded the girls in a well-combined team, and we expect to see them take a good place in next year's Championship.

We wish to convey our very best wishes to Mrs. E. Aim (nee Isobel Scarfe), our Club Captain of previous years. As player, captain and coach she has been a source of strength to the Club, and still takes a keen interest in its welfare.

ATHLETIC CLUB NOTES.

(By "Evens.")

TO ALL TO WHOM THIS NOTICE MAY CONCERN: Greetings! BE IT KNOWN TO ALL MEN that the Athletic Club is holding its Annual General Meeting within a day or two and that it behoves all true men to be present at this gathering of Olympians.

BE IT FURTHER KNOWN that the rumour that the Club had decided to cater for lady athletes is false and malicious, and that if anyone is heard uttering such rumour he or she will be guilty of a felony without benefit of clergy.

THE CLUB! wants YOUR support. Give it!!

THE CLUB! will give YOU an opportunity to earn a blue—
TAKE IT! So watch the notice board for the Annual General Meeting, and join the ATHLETIC CLUB!

It does not matter whether you can just beat the proverbial tortoise. Remember Achilles! (he could do the "quarter" in about 48 days). He couldn't even catch one!

The Club will teach you! (I was going to say show you, but I am very modest.)

Here are some FACTS worth knowing. The Athletic Club has now a qualified trainer, and an assistant especially to advise new members.

The Club contemplates making numerous trips to Masterton, Levin and Palmerston North, in which any Club member may participate.

ATHLETIC "BLUES" are not necessarily awarded to tournament representatives, but rather to those members who run constantly during the season. The Club specially wants "new blood in field events and a respectable walker is almost assured of a trip to Otago next year.
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Although actual training may develop into a grudge after the first two or three weeks, it is well worth your time and trouble. It will keep you in fine condition, and further, you will be helping your College in swelling the number of 'Varsity successes.

Apart from the various trophies presented by the different clubs at their meetings, the 'Varsity Club is the proud possessor of four handsome cups for competition amongst Club members. One of these cups is for the most promising junior member and is well worth training for.

There is one further matter I would like to draw to the attention of prospective members. If you want to have a good season's sport this summer you will get no better than by joining the Athletic Club and running for Victoria College.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

After being up in the air for two seasons, the Football Club came down to mother earth with a resounding thud this year. To finish up bottom of the ladder after holding the proud position of premiers for two seasons, and then to lose the play-off, is a rather ignominious retreat, and this is so despite the extenuating circumstances to some extent existing in this case. The number of injuries, in the first place, was extraordinary, and this resulted in the team being changed around a great deal during the season.

Four games only were won by the Senior A fifteen—against Petone, who ultimately became champions, against Athletic, against Oriental, and a really fine win against Berhampore, who had twice defeated 'Varsity before during the season. The team also drew with Marist.

The play-off with Wellington created almost as much interest as the Championship final, and resulted in a win for Wellington by one point. An unfortunate mistake by the referee deprived our men of the game, but their performance in this match is to be praised highly, especially as they were without the services of their captain, who was unable to play through illness.

The following played for the First Fifteen during the season:


Representative Honours.—The following gained representative honours during the season:—Wellington Senior Representatives: J. D. Mackay, F. S. Ramson, R. E. Deiderich, E. E. Blacker, whilst R. H. C. Mackenzie was chosen, but was unable to travel. Junior Reps.: Young.

The lower grade teams met with fair success, the Fourth Grade team doing really well, whilst as for the Thirds, we are still unable to give an opinion as to which actually was the strongest team. The Championship points scored by the Third Grade teams were, however: Third A's, 14; Third B's, 10; Third C's, 8. This is a record for Third C's.

CRICKET CLUB.

After a very successful season in all respects last summer, the Cricket Club is anticipating an equally successful one for the coming year.

Five teams were entered in the Wellington Cricket Association's Championships, and considerable success was gained by the Club. The Senior Eleven finished up in the position of runners-up, equal, the Junior A team won twice as many games as they lost, the Third XI. had the most successful season on record for a Third VI of the Club, and the Junior C, if not quite so successful in the matter of winning games, could always be relied upon to put up a good fight, and actually possessed a really good attack, although in the matter of reliable batsmen they were not so well off. Socially the Junior D team had a good season also.

Present indications point to most of last year's players being again available for the Club, whilst among the new members there are Stephenson, a promising bowler and batsman; de Chateau, a stylish bat; and Crammond, a dashing bat.

We should like to remind 'Varsity men that if they intend to play cricket this year, 'Varsity is the team they should play for. The Club offers plenty of attractions

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to its members, there being the annual Speight Trophy match with Auckland University College, the Christmas tour, the fame of which is no news, and attempts will be made this year to organise matches against the Southern Universities.

A note in the rack, addressed to the Secretary, will always receive a ready response and of the Club officials will be only too willing to give you any information concerning the Club that may require.

V.U.C. LAW FACULTY CLUB.

At the Annual General Meeting, held on August 15th, 1930, there were about fifty members present. Mr. R. J. Reardon presided. The Balance-Sheet disclosed that the Club was in a sound position financially, mainly because of the successful dance held in August of last year.

The Annual Combined Dance was held on August 30th, 1930, and attracted a very large crowd. The Club is deeply indebted to Professor and Mrs. Cornish, who acted as host and hostess.

SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

The club's activities have been moulded along the same lines of Social Service as in the past. Since last issue of "Spike" our work has been carried on in relation to the Porirua Mental Asylum, the Miramar Girls' Home, the Austin Street Boys' Home and the Borstal Institution, Point Halswell. It is hardly necessary again to stress the fact that these institutions afford wide scope for interesting and helpful work. A great deal more could be accomplished if the club had an extended membership. Students who are interested in Social Service, which is an ever-increasing and needful matter in the community, will find in the club, an excellent opportunity for worthwhile endeavour.

The details of the club's work are as follows:

PORIRUA.—The programme of fortnightly visits to Porirua, the expedition usually consisting of two full cars, has been regularly carried out. A special visit was made to the Villas, Kaumatua, Weymouth and Somerset, on Wednesday, the 3rd September, a concert party giving items during the evening, preceding the annual dance to the inmates. The expedition was successful in every way; our thanks are due to Mrs. Frieda Shaw, Miss L. Davies, Miss B. Fear, Miss M. Todd, Mr. T. Fisher, Mr. Waring, Mr. Matthews and Mr. W. J. Hall, who made up the party of entertainers. Special thanks are also due to Miss J. Withy and Messrs. W. Platts-Mills and J. Nicholls, who have so kindly provided transport for the club.

MIRAR MAR GIRLS' HOME.—Three more visits have been paid to this institution. On each occasion items have been given, games played, and supper provided for the children. Our visits have been restricted on account of the amount of illness amongst the inmates. These visits are of very real value, and we always feel that the children have had a good break and plenty of enjoyment as a result of our work.

BOYS' HOME.—Our activities here are more varied and consist in providing evening socials, taking the boys to the pictures, football and other entertainments. Numerous visits have been paid and our efforts rewarded by the pleasure afforded the children by the break in their rather monotonous round.

BORSTAL INSTITUTION.—The work of the club at Point Halswell Borstal Institution is growing—slowly but surely. The first Thursday evening of each month sees a club representative conducting a folk dancing class, the girls proving most keen and enthusiastic pupils. On alternate Saturday afternoons various members of the club visit with the object of bringing a little brightness and friendship into the lives of the girls. At present the club is making arrangements for the sending out of a basket-ball team to play the Borstal team and the match is to be preceded by an exhibition of folk-dancing by the girls. There is a great opportunity for work in this section of the club's activities, and we should be glad to welcome new workers. Any who are interested may obtain further information from Miss A. Mason or Miss L. Mitchell. A note in the rack is all that is necessary.

DANCE.—A very successful "Bob Hop" was held in the Gym. on Saturday, 13th September, in conjunction with the Haeremai Club and Christian Union Association. A crowd of about 90 thoroughly enjoyed the evening, which was one of the best.
THE SPIKE

HOCKEY NOTES.

The 1930 season has now concluded and may be looked back on as one of the most enjoyable, if not one of the most successful, in the history of the club. Although one championship has been won the standard throughout the seven teams has been such that the club finished in second place in the club championship.

A gratifying feature of the play during this season has been the performance put up by the lower grade teams, which augurs well for strong Senior A elevens in years to come.

The Senior A team, a much younger and more inexperienced team than that of previous years, was not expected to do well, and the fact that it finished bottom in the championship accordingly does not cause the Selection Committee any panic. Three wins and one draw, is under the circumstances quite a satisfactory record, and the team had the distinction of being one of the only two teams to defeat the championship winners, Karori.

The Senior B “A” team was a very strong combination and, as was expected, had no difficulty in winning the championship, suffering only one loss. Several members of this team could have played in the Senior A grade, and the performance of the team as a whole was well up to Senior A standard.

The Senior B “B” team included several of last year’s Senior B team and put up strong opposition to every other team in the grade, although not winning as many matches as could have been expected. A gratifying feature of this team’s work, in view of the poor standard of forward play in the club, was that three of the forwards were selected to play in the Town v. Country match for this grade.

The Junior “A” team finished up in a fairly good position in the grade, and the performances of several members of the team who last season played third grade was very meritorious.

The “B” team also did well, and not only did it on several occasions beat the “A,” but it secured the honour of getting one of its members in the Town team for the Town v. Country junior fixture, whilst another was selected as emergency.

The Third “A” team had a very successful season.

WOMEN’S HOCKEY NOTES.

At the beginning of the season the University Senior A team was easily defeated by Swifts, with a score 8—0; at the end of the season, Hutt A, the champions, won a difficult victory over it by one goal.

The bi-weekly practices on Kelburn Park, in conjunction with some of the members of the men’s team were mainly responsible for this improvement, which enabled the Senior team to reach the semi-finals in the seven-a-side tournament.

The career of the Junior A team was marred by the erratic attendance of some of its members, which rendered combination impossible.

This year a Women’s Hockey Tournament between the four Universities was inaugurated at Wellington concurrently with the Men’s Annual Hockey Tournament, May 31st-June 3rd.

The Otago team carried off the trophy—a handsome silver vessel, by some called culander—which will be the award of victory until some sympathetic body donates a more dignified prize (a hockey stick with silver shields for the names of the victors would be very acceptable); Victoria were runners-up, and Canterbury had to be consoled with the tin of minties.

A N.Z. University team was selected to play Wellington, by whom they were defeated.

Misses Campbell and Butler won their N.Z. University “blues.”

The women’s hockey team wishes to thank Messrs. MacDuff, Bishop and Plank, of the men’s team, for their help in organising the tournament.
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V.U.C. HOCKEY CLUB.
Letters To The Editor
(The Editor, "Spike").

Sir,—Not once nor twice in this College’s story has the plea for student representation on the Victoria College Council been voiced in your worthy pages. But not once has adequate reason for non-representation been given us. Usually the urgent plea has been ignored. Enough! Let us shriek our cause continually; let us advocate through your worthy medium and even if need be through the less worthy medium of that precocious infant “Smad.”

Now, what do we want? We desire to be directly represented on the College Council. We want a delegate there as OUR delegate, as the voice of the current student body. We are tired of “go-betweens” and occasional contacts—we want a permanent official seat on the august body. School teachers, city council, education board, graduates, government—all have their duly elected or nominated representative. Nothing is more just. But the student—the raison d’etre of the college—is totally unrepresented. To say that the college exists for the student is only to repeat a trite platitude. A man can be a student without attending a college, but a college without students is inconceivable. And yet our students have no direct, active voice in the government of the college! An amazing anomaly which could be easily rectified.

I feel that the Council itself, with the broad view it usually takes of student problems, could well support this contention by initiating legislation to provide for an additional member to be added to the Council such member to be elected by the undergraduates of the college. If the Council does not feel this is a just plea let it be so good as to publish its valued criticism and considered opinion on the subject. With a monthly as well as an annual publication in the college I trust no delay will occur in an opportunity being presented to the undergraduate to review the Council’s considerations. —I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

M. RISKE.

(To the Editor, "Spike.")

Dear Sir,—I wish to reply to some criticism which appeared in the columns of your last issue. While recognising the justice of much that is there said, I must explain several things evidently not apparent to you when you penned the lines in question.

The procession is theoretically part of the programme for Capping, and, like the Undergraduates’ Supper and the Capping Ball, is under the direct control of the Students’ Association. In practice, however, the supervision of the procession is handed over by the Executive to the Haeremi Club, who are, or should be, more at home in running things of this nature than the Exec. The business side, however, has always in the past been run by the Executive, who procure the lorries. This year the Haeremi Club Committee, up against a more apathetic lot of students in general than those of more illustrious years, and handicapped because several of its leading members were fully occupied in “Kyd,” had also the task of procuring the lorries, given to them by the then Secretary of the Students’ Association, who was too busy to get them himself (although one remembers the Secretary of a year ago running the business side of the procession, the Capping Ball and also being capped himself). As it was a heavy shipping day in Wellington on 9th May, many of the firms who usually lend lorries could not do so. After superhuman efforts on the part of Messrs. East and Fabian, sufficient lorries were begged, borrowed or stolen to accommodate every “stunt.”

Owing to the extra heavy amount of traffic occasioned by the departure of several overseas vessels that day, the Traffic Department allowed us only ten minutes in the Post Office Square—a wholly inadequate time in which to deliver four speeches—before moving the cortege on again. The statements made in your June issue relative to the miserable attempts at speech-making are somewhat harsh, in view
THE SPIKE

of the above facts, and to say that the leading horses bolted is incorrect—they were moved on by the traffic officers at the expiration of the time allotted to us.

No apology is presented for the procession itself. When it left the College it was longer and better than either of its immediate predecessors. The fact that some of its members fell by the wayside, though regrettable, was probably unavoidable, and a word of praise for the manner in which the procession kept to its course and refrained from interfering with tram and motor traffic would have been a more deserved reward for the labours of the Haeremai Club Committee than some criticism which borders on the harsh.

A thing which might have been praised, but was not, was the pace of the procession. Previously it has gone too fast. This year it was controlled at either end and the centre, and went through the town at a slow walk. As a result, everyone was given a chance to hear and see (and, I fear, in some cases at any rate, to feel and smell) each “stunt” to the best advantage.

I trust that I have not trespassed on your space at too great a length, but I feel that the difficulties experienced by the officials running the procession have not as yet been fully appreciated, and in fairness to my Committee I have attempted to set forth some of the difficulties with which they had to cope.—Yours faithfully,

H. J. BISHOP,
President V.U.C. Haeremai Club.

ACROSS THE CAFETERIA TABLE.

It has been rumoured (unofficially) that several members of the Exec. intend to spend next week-end at their homes.

Miss Katie C. Birnie is announced as the star lecturer at the coming Literary Festival. Her subject will be, “Was Burns Chaucer?”

Grace Stanley, Katherine Hoby and Mildred Huggins continue to hold their delightful little romping parties daily. For those who enjoy a diversion to the careless rapture of childhood we strongly recommend a visit to the Women’s Common Room in the lunch-hour.

Following innumerable inquiries, Mr. Riske (this season’s Society Lion) has begged us to announce that he is quite definitely booked up for both morning and afternoon tea in the Science Wing for this year. Laboratories desiring his society for next year are advised to see him immediately.

We regret to announce that, owing to unforeseen complications, Dorothy Martyn-Roberts has been reluctantly compelled to sever her brief yet none the less cyclonic engagement to Mr. Bishop. Miss Roberts is undecided as to which of the other two engagements she will also cancel. Another announcement is pending.

The fact that Ola Neilsen has been heard confessing at regular intervals lately her inability to resist the generous coiffure adopted by Messrs. Reardon and Riske has mercifully not yet reached the ears of these gentlemen.
**The Student's Progress**

As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain college where there was a common room, and laid me down on a sofa to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man wearing a green-and-gold tie standing outside two glass doors, with his face turned from the subtle temptations of the hall, a book in his hand, and a great burden of sorrow on his brow. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain himself, he broke out with a lamentable cry, and sat him down upon a seat bearing this motto: "Those also serve who only sit and hate."—H.M. I looked then, and asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" He answered, "Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand, that I am doomed to fail, but come into the library with me, whence I go to prepare for my fate."

I saw in my dream that we were in a great hall; and this was the fashion of it: it had a high timbered roof lifted up to heaven; the best of books on its walls; the softest of carpets on the floor, the pile of which did rise up even to the knees; the law of servility was written upon the guardian's lips; and over all breathed sweet music from a band of gracious players seated in a gallery. I saw, moreover, in my dream, that my guide took one of the soft-footed attendants by the ear, and led him into an alcove beneath a coloured window, where was a long bench covered with glass utensils. Then I asked, "What is the reason of this array?" My guide answered, "The governor of this college would have us indulge in liquid refreshment till the end of all things at the examinations." Then I saw that one of the soft-footed attendants came unto us bringing two glasses, the which we took up and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed the guardian to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and we had lavished all away and had nothing, but to sit on the soft chairs and couches bestrewn about the floor.

Then said I, "Explain this matter more fully to me!" So he said, "These things have come to pass but lately. For, as here thou see'st we have all good things, but once, this great company of students was desirous to study but durst not. There sat a man at a little distance from the door, before a table with a book and inkhorn before him, to harry the students. The draughts did also haunt this hall so that many started back in fear, and donned much raiment. At last a man of great strength came upon the guardian saying, "Set down my name, sir," the which, when he had done, he did reform this library: he overcame the draughts with carpets and heaters; the hard chairs with cushions; the tables were banished; the silence by music; the thirstiness by drinks; taught the guardian servility; brought hosts of soft-footed attendants, the which might be summoned by the tinkling of a bell. Thus did he vanquish the old discomforts, so that the body of students loved him and raised up its voice in a great sound, which was heard even by those who walked on the road outside, saying, "Come in, come in; Everlasting drinks and comfort thou shalt win!"

Now while I gazed upon these things I saw the sadness of all as they regarded the calendar. Then I knew that there was a way to failure, even from that noble place as well as from the common room. So I awoke and behold, it was a dream!

—"Ron Bunyon."

In this issue of "Spike" we wish to welcome a new member of the College Staff, Mr. J. R. Elliott, Lecturer in Classics. Mr. Elliott graduated at Sydney University and then entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he gained the Classical Tripos. After taking a Diploma of Archaeology, Mr. Elliott returned to Australia, becoming Bursar and Classical Tutor of Trinity College in the University of Melbourne. From Melbourne Mr. Elliott came to us, and has quickly established himself as an interested member of our University

We congratulate Mr. F. G. Maskell on gaining his Doctorate of Philosophy (vide "The Lamprey"). We understand that Dr. Maskell intends to carry out further researches abroad next year.

We congratulate an old student, Mr. M. Richardson, on gaining a Beit Fellowship at Cambridge. Mr. Richardson, it will be remembered, was an able Science student and a very ardent trampler at V.U.C. some years ago.

Miss Molra Dennehy, a brilliant graduate of last year, who was awarded a Sarah Anne Rhodes Scholarship, has left to study abroad.
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