Contents

Adoration ........................................... 64
An Opinion from London ......................... 63
Beatrice .............................................. 68
Bed and Bath ....................................... 60
Blues (N.Z.U. and V.U.C.) ....................... 71
“Cappicade” ........................................ 6
Carte Blanche ....................................... 22
Christmas Trip, 1935 ............................. 61
Club Notes—Index ................................ 71
Death Dicing ........................................ 20
Detached ............................................ 33
Editorial ............................................ 3
Ego .................................................. 39
Estoilles Argent ................................... 52
Extinction .......................................... 30
Fantasy .............................................. 9
Footsteps ........................................... 10
His Love for Her ................................... 24
Hugh Mackenzie, Professor ..................... 12
Japan Through a Footballer’s Spectacles .... 42
La Joie de Vivre .................................... 32
Lament ............................................... 68
Libretto .............................................. 27
Medusa ............................................... 24
Music ................................................ 23
Mystery .............................................. 7
Nocturne ............................................ 19
Nocturne ............................................ 37
Nursery Rhyme ..................................... 36
Past Students ....................................... 50
Peace or ? .......................................... 34
Plunket Pleasantries .............................. 45
Politicians Pilloried .............................. 62
Progress ............................................ 54
Quo Vadis? ......................................... 17
Rain .................................................. 61
Scholarships, 1936 ............................... 27
Seaire .............................................. 18
Selene .............................................. 19
Scrindo ............................................. 67
Song of the Melody-makers ................... 23
Spike Competitions .............................. 56
Spring Madness ................................... 61
The Backbone ..................................... 40
The Christ, the Ass, the Assenting ........... 31
The Desert at Evening ......................... 49
The Mouse and the Vicar ....................... 58
The New Firm ..................................... 28
The Origin of O.K. ................................. 38
The Pagan .......................................... 47
The Poet and the Typewriter ................. 15
The Year’s Sport in Review .................... 69
To a Materialist .................................. 5
To a Town Planner ............................... 31
To the Literary Staff of a Certain N.Z. Newspaper ................................. 33
To Those Who Have Escaped .................... 8
Tournament, 1936 ................................ 65
Twilight Comes ................................... 37
Two Devils ......................................... 48
Vagrant Street .................................... 19
Valedictory Observations ...................... 13
Victoria College from Glasgow Street ..... 8
Victoria University Graduates 1936 ....... 25
Weir House ........................................ 66
Whenever Now I See a Rose .................. 8
Why War? ......................................... 39
Wireless Masts ................................... 7

THE SPIKE is published once in the session and under the direction of the Victoria University College Students’ Association (Inc.).

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

The Editor, Victoria College, Wellington.

Subscriptions—2/6 per copy—are now due and are payable to the Business Manager, Victoria College, Wellington.

Editor: B. A. Snowball.
Assistant Editors: K. Alexander, N. T. Clare, J. D. Freeman.
Sports Editor: W. M. Willis.
Business Manager: E. G. Budge.
Weir House  

R. S. ODELL
EDITORIAL

IT'S A STRANGE THING.

A movement starts somewhere, insignificantly. Everyone ignores it. It is unheralded, unsung. Its proportions rouse nothing but pitying contempt in the minds of those who would have opposed anything of more threatening aspect. But into the lives of some few it brings a cataclysm. Or it may just supply a need. And then suddenly, by virtue of the enthusiasm of those who have been benefited, through the appeal of its novelty, it absconds from nursery, rompers, safety-pins, and all appurtenances of immaturity and obscurity, and rolls around the world like an animated avalanche. It doesn’t matter much what the movement is. The world has been swept by every kind of movement.

The point will appear later.

Miniature golf swept the world. It left no converts. So did jig-saw puzzles. Presumably the original yo-yo enthusiasts still whirr the reel in their Japanese gardens, but among the multitudes of gentle worshippers, no votaries remain. And yet the things filled the shops, the game was given newsprint not accorded to weightier matters, and without a knowledge of the mechanism of the yo-yo, one was debarred from understanding some contemporary cartoons. Yet the yo-yo has followed the dodo.

Do these whims carry any significance? Yes, and an ominous one. The mob-enthusiasm that makes these crazes a success, makes the warmonger’s job an easy one. The impetus that plasters milk-bars around the world can also plaster the walls with recruiting notices. “The Athenians,” reports Luke, “and the strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.” Nor have we changed radically. The urge for something novel is always with us, and has its legitimate uses, but there are many to turn it to their own profit.
Not that anyone would inveigh against the milk-bar or the honest jig-saw puzzle. It is when the dribbling idiocy starts pulling at the skirts of things that count that trouble arises. And the present craze is—Christianity.

It is not intended in the least to disparage Christianity. But no cause is well served by becoming fashionable. There was Billy Sunday. Billy was an evangelist who preached to 80 million people in his life. "He himself admitted that his manner of expression was crude, but his defence was that he always made himself understood." For a time he made religion fashionable in U.S.A. society circles, so that a hot-gospeller could attend a party, accuse the bright young things present of divers sins—and be invited again. But the results were wispy, and Bored Youth soon sought other crazes to stifle its ennui.

Now it is necessary to prove that the world is experiencing a religious avalanche. It undoubtedly started with the Oxford Group Movement. That Movement has been blamed for many things, but there is no gainsaying the fact that it has brought God into drawing-room conversation. Most people are willing to express their religious beliefs or disbeliefs, because the matter is fundamentally of interest to everyone, but for the same reason such expression is usually avoided, because it arouses strong feelings. But the Oxford Group Movement has resuscitated discussion on the subject. That religion is no longer a matter which may not be mentioned in "decent" conversation is shown by the casual remark of Eric Gill, the sculptor—"as perhaps it is no longer bad form to mention religion in public—."

In glancing over the contributions which were submitted for the current issue of Spike it is noticeable that very many of them bear evidence of an inquiring mind regarding "living Christianity"—much more so than in the past few years. . . . Trevor Lane, in the "Radio Record," deals with his own mental turbulence over the matter, artistically leaving the way open for an answer by Canon Perry of St. Michael's, Christchurch. . . . Beverley Nichols, author of "Cry Havoc," now, like so many other journalists, roped in by the Oxford Group, writes his testimony in his latest book, "The Fool Hath Said" thus: "My object in writing this book is different. . . . All I want is to get as many people as possible to share with me in the excitement of living Christianity." . . . We learn that the Bible is still the world's best seller, and furthermore have to acknowledge that works on all aspects of Christian living and thinking are on the increase as never before. Furthermore, Auckland University desires to have a Chair of Divinity established in New Zealand.

But is all this sudden enthusiasm necessarily to the good? Let us put it plainly. X equals a small number. There are X Christians at the University who know they are Christians, are proud they are Christians, and to whom their Christianity means something. Similarly there are X Rationalists in the University who know they are Rationalists, are proud they are Rationalists, and to whom their Rationalism means something. There are X crossword enthusiasts, and X adherents to every mania, petty or prodigious. Their numbers never drop below that minimum. But in periodic movements, each coterie finds itself the proud nucleus of a stampede, recruited from the vast multitude who don't know they are nothing, don't care they are nothing, and to whom their very nothingness means—nothing.

As we remarked earlier—it's a queer thing. Fashion treats all her favourites impartially, and periods of glamour only precede times of languishing. But how does it affect the student? If he flings himself wildly into every caprice of fashion it would appear
that he has forgotten the ideal of a University. But if he examines and weighs the evidence, he cannot err; for though no good cause is furthered by popularity, no good cause is harmed by investigation. If the student searches, and his search leads him to reject the movement, he has done well. If he searches, and accepts, he has done well. It is beyond the power of the University to insist upon correct judgment, but it does demand that every case shall be tried. But if the student follows the will-o’-the-wisp without troubling his mind about the value of it, he shall be left empty, with nothing in his hands, and only the promise of a fresh will-o’-the-wisp as he tires of the first.

Is your interest the outcome of your desire to understand and to acquire that which is good? Or is it just a by-pass round Boredom? If the latter, think again. You are not improving yourself, or the movement, or that standard of judgment which is supposed to be associated with a University.

To a Materialist

And can it be
That all the realms of sky above
(Tokens, I thought them, of His love)
Are not for me?

And that my life
Is but an accidental gleam
Within the vastly-moving stream
Of dead, remorseless circumstance?
From fiery chaos to an icy grave?

How, then, must I
Be rational in a crooked universe?
Where all must die,
And life and death are meaningless?

Nay, rather should I refuge in
A pleasant oblivion,
Sad mirth and wine,
Delirious balm of idiocy,
... the thrill of crime.

—B.A.S.
Dear Spike,

I am a very old student of Victoria University College, in fact, one of the "originals." I claim no merit or consideration on this ground and I mention it only because, with a complete set of "Spikes" and "Programmes," and an undimmed interest in Capping Carnivals, it gives me some excuse for addressing you on the Carnival Programmes of 1935 and 1936. I have possibly some additional excuse in the fact that I have been in the ranks of those who have fought for freedom of speech in the University.

Last year I read the programme with shame, this year I read it with indignation and nausea. Such an exhibition of dirty-mindedness should not have happened twice. Professor Rankine Brown thinks that I am rather exaggerating when I put "Cappicade" of this year on the moral and literary level of "latrine scribbling." My own view is that it is the innocence of Professor Brown rather than his detective instinct which accounts for his moderation. I examined the publication with considerable care and I disclaim innocence. "Cappicade" was simply dull and indecent. The doctrine of freedom of speech may be a good protection for dullness but it has no right to be used as a screen for indecency.

Students are now, I gather, taking a place on the College Council, so it is possibly not without reason that they should be asked to consider whether they cannot order their own affairs with a competence not displayed in recent Carnival arrangements. There is some consolation in the fact that the Professorial Board has done something to vindicate the honour of the College in regard to "Cappicade," but I venture to ask the students whether, in the future, it is wise to leave the initiative to a disciplinary body?

I would like to point out, first, the disadvantages of leaving the initiative to someone else. The first disadvantage is that it proclaims incompetence, weakness and stupidity. The fault, when there is one, belongs to the student body and it must either wait, like the naughty boy, for the schoolmaster and the big stick or seek and exercise power. The first course is, as I think, weak and stupid. The second has the merit, and the present case might provide an illustration, that honour would really be saved. After the Professorial Board has moved, the enemy at the gates is able to point to the need for powers and proctors. After the Student Body has moved, the enemy is put to flight.

The second disadvantage is a matter of some moment to the Students' Executive. Obviously there is only one effective way of preventing a repetition of "Cappicade." Someone must be hurt. External censorships seem to me, in general, very fallible and dangerous. They tend to be used more freely to prevent unorthodox opinion than indecent exhibitionism. What is really wanted is a little competence. The student body should see that no student publication is issued without some person or persons being held directly responsible. Anyone responsible for indecency should be sent down—at the instance of the Students' Association. There would be no indecency.

I said the matter was one of moment to the Students' Executive. If action is forced upon the Professorial Board it will be compelled to fix the responsibility. I see no way if the Professorial Board is to be called in, except to fix the responsibility upon the Executive. If the producers of such a publication as "Cappicade" can "get away with it" because they are ex-students, and so beyond discipline, there is incompetence somewhere. It ought not to happen twice. If a culprit is allowed to escape, an ineffective Executive should be made to produce the scapegoats—preferably the President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretary.

The third disadvantage is that, in the interests of University life in general, self-governance is more effective, more self-respecting, and more in line with educational theory than professorial control, just as self-control is better than external control. The matter is not merely one of "Cappicade" aberrations, it runs through the whole life of a University.

Two lines of defence for "Cappicade" have been urged. One is that it does not in fact represent the true life of the College, that it is the work of a few young men obsessed with sex and not possessed of social intelligence, of good manners or of good taste. That is no doubt the truth, in so far as one explanation can give the key to a complicated social phenomenon. It
does not explain, of course, why the better-thinking majority did not follow the dictates of its olfactory nerves after the first offence.

The second argument is based upon the fact that the world is changing its attitude towards sex and it is not reasonable to expect that the more extravagant reactions from Victorian morals, possibly common enough at Edwardian cocktail parties and third-class cabarets, should altogether escape the University. No doubt the University will feel, and even be shaken by, all the profound movements of the times. It is probably true, however, that the Universities, even the meanest of them, have a nucleus, radiating outwards, of the best elements in the civilisation which surrounds them. Should one of them fall below the general level of its population it had much better cease until a new management can justify the hope that knowledge will be crowned by wisdom. When the official and public expression of a University reaches the brothel level a stocktaking is indicated. My suggestion is that the stocktaking should be the work not of the authorities but of the students; that, if the forces of decency are in the majority they should prove it by taking charge.

And the forces of decency have the whip hand. They held it even in the army in time of war as far as externals were concerned. The most dissolute was constrained by military law to conduct befitting an "officer and a gentleman." Though you could not, in fact, be prevented from acting like a dog you could be prevented from barking about it. "Authority" must always pay tribute to decency.

Yours sincerely,

F. A. de la Mare.

Hamilton,
20th July, 1936.

---

**Mystery**

I looked to the depth of the heart of a star,
Far through the measureless air;
And I thought that an infinite God dwelt afar,
An infinite mystery, there.

I looked to the heart of the rose in my hand,
Fragrant, unfolding, and fair;
And I thought, in a way I could not understand
The life-giving God must be there.

And I looked in a dream to the heart of a Son—
A falling star's flash from above,
A wind-shattered rose; and I found there the one,
The infinite, life-giving Love.

—C.A.E.

---

**Wireless Masts**

You must be chained to Earth, who Earth despise;
Lifting long fingers to the shifting skies,
You strain against your strings of steel, and rise,
And pull down all the music out of heaven.

Margaret Lloyd.
Victoria College from Glasgow Street

Across a wooded gully looms Victoria, sturdy venerable pile—its bricks glowing warmly in the light from the long windows, black-roofed against the glare of the City's lights. Embodiment of so many traditions, in spite of your warm bricks and mellow windows you stand coldly remote and dignified. Students may come and students may go, they may glory in the recognition of you as their Alma Mater, they may exultantly “play the game” and spread your cultures and teachings afar, but you who inspired their exultation, remain aloof. Can these grotesquely fantastic figures, practising diligently to-night by lamplight on the plateau in order to gain honours for you in the fields of Rugby, can these small humans move you to a sense of pride in possession of such splendid youth? Can you not appreciate their delight in bringing to you, in humility, their gifts in the spheres of intellect and sport that you may mould them and build them up to your own edification?

You hold many secrets of many lives that arouse in a Fresher a sense of littleness, of individual futility, yet the awareness of this quality endears you to every student who loves you, as a symbol of learning, of seeking, of fulfilment.

Victoria, stand contrite! We know your aloofness to be a superficial quality. To the uninitiated only are you remote. Whoever has stood at your steps to gaze in silent wonder at the glorious panorama of the Wellington Harbour and distant hills cannot but have felt the essence of your spirit—the spell of your sturdy impregnability—the steadfast security folding about him protectingly like a cloak. Whoever has felt this warmth and sympathy realises indeed that you, who have seen so many enraptured by the view, can still appreciate the feelings of all who may yet stand so meditatively. Whimsical thought, Victoria, that you in your brooding tranquility should bear resemblance to the dignified Victoria of Kent Terrace.

—E.M.B.

Whenever, now, I see a rose
I hear light notes of laughter trilling
And through my heart its echo goes
Whenever now, I see a rose.
You waked the blossom from repose
With all its scents the garden filling,
Whenever now I see a rose
Softly I hear your laughter trilling.

—C.

To Those Who Have Escaped

Tell me, my friends,
have you ever seen woodlice,
small persistent woodlice
writhing and twisting
in the eager roots
of a brave, young plant?

You have.

Then you will understand what I mean.
I need say no more,
For you will understand me.
Yes, perfectly.

—J.D.F.
Fantasy

Time there was when the organ grand,
Much proclaimed, lavishly planned—
Sat in his feoted, gilded prime,
Prinked and filled with a glory new,
When at the erst-appointed time
Proud he posed to the public’s view.

Then out to the organ someone strolled;
(‘None but a friend could be so bold)
Looked at the keys—the keys were dead:
With faith serene, he bowed his head,
And kissed them with slim finger-tips.
While gazed the organ with parted lips,
There swelled in his breast a queer sweet pang,
And he lifted aloft his voice and sang.

And the organ grand gazed down, gazed down,
Gazed on the elite of the town,
And all had paid their half-a-crown—
Willingly, yes of their own free choice—
To thrill to the sonorous blast of his voice.
Like the zephyr skimming the verdant turf,
Or the rolling surge of a mighty surf—
“What you will! Name it!” the organ cried,
And heard, as the dulcet thunder died
The thin, sweet clatter of clamant hands.

*       *       *

But—what a shock for the organ grand:
Drunk with the sweetness of that hour,
His senses reeled—he had the power,
But not the will, to hold them firm—
And so he wandered for a term
The fragrance of sub-sentience... . . .
He woke—a crowd—turbulent, dense,
And all had paid two bob plus tax
To see pink gods sprawl on their backs.
From up above, a golden glare
Smeared sweatiness on bodies bare;
They rise, the charge, they meet with shock,
Their sticky limbs in hate-hug lock,
And so on, till the organ thought—
“They seek not what their fathers sought!”
So, height abased, and art forgot,
He proudly resigned himself to rot.

—Boru.
Footsteps

From the top of the silver birch the thrush kept on singing, and in the corner of the shrubbery the man went on hoeing. If the man moved out from the acacia tree the bird would see him, so he remained hidden and worked over the same piece of ground several times. Finally, when not a trace of a weed was to be seen, he stopped hoeing, and placing his curved and grimy hands on the top of the upright handle, rested with body slightly bent. It was not habitual for him to confine himself to one spot like this merely to avoid disturbing a bird, but this evening he was not conscious of any incongruity in the action. On the contrary he felt immeasurably peaceful, aware only of the stillness and calm intensified by the thrush's notes. As he listened he turned to look again at a cumulus cloud lying above the eastern horizon. It had remained there all afternoon, and he had watched the splendour of its changing shapes. It was piled higher now, and had turned from white to cream, and as he watched the cream became a shining gold. Was it because of the beauty of the cloud that he seemed to be realising for the first time the glory of the bird's song? Never before had he been aware of the sense of fluidity in the notes. There was an impression of smoothness, ease and freedom that reminded him of flowing water. What human voice or human instrument could compare with them? They were as unapproachable as the unexplored hills and valleys of the cloud. So soft the cloud, so soft the notes, he thought...

The thrush flew. Wondering, the man turned to see a small boy on a tricycle appear through the pergola. The child tore down the concrete path, his legs a pair of racing pistons. He let out a shrill whistle, and swayed round the corner. With a loud bump his tricycle came to rest against a piece of timber stretched across the path.

The man stepped out.

"You young devil," he roared, "how many times have I told you to keep away from that wet concrete! God blast my soul, I only waste my breath, for every time I turn my back you are round here again." He brandished the hoe above the boy's head. "Well, just let me catch you again, my lad, and I'll lay this hoe about your shoulders. What d'you mean by it?"

The child hung his head, and tried to speak without crying. "I was only playing trams," he said. Two big tears began to trickle down his face. The man saw them, and felt his heart contract. Heavens, he had lost his temper, and with Bruce of all people! What had he done it for? There was no reason for it. He had put that post there when the concrete was wet, so that the boy could run into it without doing any damage. And anyway, the concrete was dry now. He pushed his fingers up under his cap and through his hair. Why, then, had he stormed like that? Surely not because the boy had disturbed the bird? Good Lord, no! Because he was getting old? Yes, old and crabby, that was it; and he remembered how stiff he was feeling. But even so, why let Bruce have the benefit of it? Don't say the boy would never try to help him again—towing the lawnmower with his tricycle, gathering the leaves for burning in the autumn. He tried to see the boy's face to reassure himself, but his head was turned away.

"Never mind, Bruce, to-morrow you will be able to bike over the new path, and then you can go right down to the tennis court. Won't that be fine! And you'll be able to have a non-stop express all the way from the front gate."

The boy glanced up at him with reddened eyes. The man realised that he was standing in front of the tricycle, and but for that the boy would have pedalled sorrowfully away. Endeavouring to arouse the boy's interests, he said with enforced enthusiasm, "Will you help me take the sacks off to-morrow morning, Bruce, and see what the new path is like? I'm coming back specially to do it." The boy nodded his head casually. "In fact, I might take them off this evening," he added. "How would you like that?" The boy looked at him steadily, but made no reply. "Yes, I think I will. Come and help me now!"
The boy solemnly wheeled his tricycle to the side and tugged at the nearest sacks. When the last sack had been removed at the farther end, the man turned round and surveyed the length of patchy dark grey.

"Now that looks all right now, doesn't it? I'll just go back and take that post away, and you'll be able to bike right along it."

He walked along the new path, but at each step he left the shallow imprints of his hobnailed boots on the surface. The boy saw them and danced with excitement. He should call out, but he was too fascinated to speak; and besides he could not forgo the joy of seeing more impressions being made at each step. He clenched his fists and waved his arms with glee. At last he burst out—

"Oooh Mr. Bassett, look!"

"S'help me!" the man exclaimed, and stood still. After a moment's hesitation he sprang off the path. At the absurdity of the action the boy burst out laughing. "Goodness, that won't do," the man said despondently. His pained expression made the boy laugh more. The man suddenly realised that the boy had not only forgotten his scolding, but was laughing; and with a sense of relief, the man began to laugh too. "Well, what we've got to do now is to cover it all over again. To-morrow I will have to make a fresh mix and patch it up."

Happy again, the boy boisterously began to pull the sacks back on to the path. When it had been covered he followed the man to the gate and watched him go down the road.

It was now dusk, and any minute Bruce expected to be called inside. The thought suddenly occurred to him that perhaps the footprints would disappear like those he had seen in the sand at the beach. Alarmed, he pedalled furiously round to see. He lifted up the corner of one sack. It was getting dark, and the marks hardly seemed as plain as they were before. "They will all be gone in the morning," he reflected, as he made his way towards the house pensively.

* * * * *

In the morning, before breakfast, he sneaked out in his slippers to see if there were any marks left at all. To his surprise they were as distinct as when they were made. Singing, he skipped back to the house before anyone missed him.

After breakfast he expected to find that Mr. Bassett had removed the sacks, but there was no sign of him. Bruce took another peep under the corner of the end sack: yes, they were the most beautiful little holes, so small and round and even. They were so close together, too, in their neat curved lines. Bruce ran the tips of his fingers over them. He lifted up some of the other sacks to make sure that they were all there. He desperately wanted to see them all again to know how far they stretched, and he wished Mr. Bassett would come. Yet when Mr. Bassett did come, he would cover them up for ever, and that would be the end of them. He had begun to wish that Mr. Bassett would not come, when he was called into the house again.

When he came out ten minutes later he walked down the path with slow steps until within a few feet of his tricycle. Then he climbed on to it suddenly, and hanging his head over the handlebars, began to weep bitterly. When he had gone inside his mother seemed very quiet and sad. Then she told him that Mr. Bassett was not coming back any more, and he had asked why. He had been told that Mr. Bassett had gone right away, he had gone to heaven. Bruce did not know what to say, for nobody else he had known had ever gone to heaven, and he had been told that heaven was a beautiful place. Mr. Bassett had told him that one day. So he had asked his mother if she was sorry that Mr. Bassett had gone away, and she said she was very sorry, for she had known Mr. Bassett since she was a little girl; and then she had started to cry.

And now Bruce was crying because he felt lonely, very lonely with no one to talk to and no one to wait for. Then as he saw the sacks through blurred eyes he remembered why he had been waiting. He slid off his tricycle and stooped to see that the holes were still there. At first he could not see them. Everything danced up and down, but after wiping his eyes he saw them. Then he realised that if Mr. Bassett never came back, those marks would always be there. He jumped on his tricycle, and with a whoop he dashed gleefully round the corner of the shrubbery and through the pergola.—

O.A.E.H.
Hugh MacKenzie, Professor of English Literature, 1899-1936

"What travel does for the 'travelled thane' literature does for the judicious student of letters. It widens his horizon, renders his sympathies more catholic and withal makes him a fitter unit in the social economy; and by consequence the better fitted to fulfil the high destiny of his being."—Inaugural Address, April 1899.

The Highlander in New Zealand would be a rich subject for research. There was a small group of Highlanders in "The Bengal Merchant" when she set out from Gravesend in 1839—a brave sight among the drab Sassenachs in their neat blue jackets and flowing Tartan. There were hundreds of them a few years later, come by way of Nova Scotia and South Australia, a veritable odyssey in ships made with their own hands, with a Norman McLeod at their head. There was one of them, Mackay by name, in that first foray on the floor of the House, laying about him with an umbrella in place of a claymore; and there was another, with the glorious name of MacKenzie, who led the land-hungry immigrants against the squatters in the days of Ballance and Seddon.

This Mackenzie had a half-brother, named Hugh, who started off from his father's farm at Ardross in 1878 on an academic odyssey which brought him in due time, by way of Aberdeen and St. Andrews to teach English literature in the splendid new university which the Capital City was erecting in honour of Queen Victoria.

Hugh MacKenzie had been through the good old Scottish schools: first the classics at Aberdeen Grammar School, then Philosophy at St. Andrews, and then three years' post-graduate work in logic and metaphysics—placed in the first rank of honours by some of the most eminent teachers of Scotland. After graduation he had remained at St. Andrews, winning reputation as a tutor—teaching, they say, the Gaelic to W. M. Lindsay, to say nothing of morals to the Marquis of Bute—and sublimating his inherited fighting instincts in the rough and tumble of journalistic warfare.

Seventeen years in all—very happy years, we can well believe, with the kindest and charmingest wife in Scotland and a brood of lively children—he remained in the grey little North Sea town, deeply regretted when in 1899 he gathered his bairns and his books and his golf clubs and made for New Zealand.

He was not long in making his mark on Wellington. At first he lived in the town, but he soon heard the call of the wild and retired to the heights of Karori, whence we may imagine him sallying forth every afternoon on his trusty nag, in the famous black clerical hat, with his saddlebags bursting with the works of John Milton and Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy and an unfinished manuscript “Defence of the secular system of education,” on the way to his evening's work at the University. What a sight for tired undergraduate eyes as he cantered into the High School yard in a cloud of dust and glory and hitched his horse to a paling! Even the ranks of pedagogy could scarce forbear to cheer.

Just so, in the second half of the 18th Century might the Reverend John Wesley or Dr. Samuel Parr have cantered up to The Mitre at Oxford. It did a little, such an entrance, to transfigure the hard, cramped seats and the characterless walls of the great barn that served for a university when the High School girls and their teachers had departed for the day.

In what spirit he came to his work we may learn from his Inaugural Address. Steeped in the writings of Greece and Rome he is chiefly concerned to defend tradition and continuity in letters against the claims of what is novel or partial or singular or merely useful; asserting the claims of literature against the increasing claims of Science and Commerce, nevertheless, as a good humanist he desires to keep literature in touch with all the activities of the human
"I am invited by Spike to say something by way of a 'farewell.'

... I wish to state, to begin with, that during the past 37 years, I have been uniformly accorded by the Victoria University College Council, by my colleagues on the Professors' Board, and by the students to whom I have been privileged to lecture in the English Classes, every courtesy, consideration and indulgence that I could desire. My ways have fallen in pleasant places... Over seventy years ago I was sent to school—and I have been in school ever since—

and I now feel that it is time that I should be relegated to the limbo of what I shall take the liberty of labelling the 'Praterites' (the Bygones); yet old as I am, I am very much of a modernist and futurist in spirit. Were I privileged to live for seventy more years, I would still continue the quest for further enlightenment on numerous problems—theological, philosophical, social and other, to which I have been unable to find satisfying solutions."

HUGH MACKENZIE.
Broken but Unbowed

HUGHAN
spirit. "The more we know of man, the more we know of mind, the fitter we shall be to take our place in life and to fulfill the high destiny of our being. What has helped man through the ages, what has calmed and composed him in moments of doubt and despair; what has nerved his heart and chastened his spirit must be of perennial interest." It must be the aim of the university as a whole "to bring education and scholarship into living contact with the social forces of the day."

For thirty-seven years Hugh Mackenzie has devoted himself to these tasks. With learning and high temper and geniality he has endeared himself to successive generations of students. Given to hospitality, his house has been always open to colleagues and students and townsmen. With a great army of friends in every walk of life, no one has done more to keep the University in touch with the town. Friend of all children, indulgent helper of all lame dogs, 'father confessor' of all sorts and conditions of penitents, courageous defender of unpopular causes, lover of light and learning, the College and the City and the Country are the better for his sojourn among us.

On behalf of students past and present Spike wishes him happiness in his retirement.

Valedictory Observations

The educational centre of gravity has completely shifted during my lifetime. What were regarded, in my undergraduate days, as the stable commodities in a liberal or cultural system of Secondary and of University education are now being largely consigned to the fossil-receptacles in our educational museums. The cultural basis of a liberal or University education was determined and defined during the mediaeval centuries, and, in modern times up to my own day, by ecclesiastics—and the requirements of the Church or the Churches, and of the Schools run under their auspices, determined the University curricula.

Notwithstanding the present-day antagonism to the influence of ecclesiastics in our National Schools and Universities, it must be gratefully recognised that our modern educational culture and our modern Universities, have been under great obligations to the ecclesiastics of earlier days. I know that many New Zealand educationists that (like myself) have for many years stoutly opposed the introduction of religious instruction into our State Schools (from fear of sectarianizing our national system of education) are fully conscious of the valuable services rendered to education by the Churches during the past centuries.

The cultural University curriculum in the Scottish and other mediaeval universities comprised two courses (in Arts) a Lower and a Higher—known, respectively, as the Trivium (or threefold way), and the Quadrivium (or fourfold way). The Trivium included three elementary subjects: Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic. The Quadrivium included four advanced subjects (from the Scholastic philosophy): Music, Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy. These two courses constituted the seven arts (or Sciences). Later Theology was added. The interests of the Church and of the higher educational institutions, conducted under the auspices of the Church, were always the main consideration.

When 55 years ago I entered the University of St. Andrews, the cultural or arts curriculum in all the four Scottish Universities was the same. It comprised a sexvium (or sixfold way): Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English, Philosophy and one Science (Natural Philosophy—i.e. Physics, in St. Andrews). All these subjects were “compulsory” for the M.A. in Arts, which involved four years of whole-time study. Students had absolutely no option. No students could secure degrees in Law, Science, or Theology unless they had previously obtained their M.A. degree; and a large percentage of medical students obtained an M.A. degree before beginning their course for a Medical degree. The fact that an Arts degree was a pre-requisite in Law Science, and theology accounts for the Empire-wide (if not world-wide) demand for Scotsmen in the learned professions and in non-Scottish Universities.

Very few Scottish students entered the Universities in those days until they were 20 years
of age—and many of them had from four to seven years of Latin, and from three to five years of Greek, and Mathematics at school before entering the University. Some changes have been made in recent years in the Scottish Arts’ curriculum but the “options” are still comparatively few.

Think of the luxury and privileges enjoyed by the present-day New Zealand students, who have practically no compulsory subjects in the Arts curriculum! Students can work for, and obtain an Arts’ degree, while earning a living and even without attending a University College. Not many years ago it was confidently affirmed that a training in, and knowledge of, the classics were indispensable as a cultural basis in a liberal education. To-day it is confidently maintained that almost any accredited subject on our University syllabus can be studied and taught with the highest possible cultural influence.

Now that the old classical basis is so generally discredited in New Zealand it is eminently desirable that our University Senate should seriously consider and suggest a new and up-to-date cultural base from which to operate in University Education. In the first place, let no candidates be admitted to the so-called Matriculation or Entrance Examination except such as propose studying for a University degree. Non-matriculated students could attend any of the classes on payment of the usual fees, but would be entitled to no degree privileges until they had passed the Entrance Examination. The subjects for the Entrance Examination should comprise some such as the following: English (literary and historical), logic, Latin (or Greek), French (or German), Mathematics and History (or Geography)—say any four of those to what we call the Entrance Scholarship standard. The Academic Board and Senate might be able to suggest a much better series of pre-requisites for a University Entrance examination.

Notwithstanding all the persistent antagonism to examinations, they are indispensable in connection with University work and the learned professions. Huxley once remarked that much as he disliked examinations he suspected those who could not pass them! Examination imposes no hardship on the student who really knows his “subject.” The student who gets high honours in his “subject” is always respected, and usually admired by his fellow-students. “Examination, like fire” (said Huxley “is a good servant, but a bad master”); but he further said, “Accuracy is the foundation of everything else”; and Bacon, in his essay on Studies, tells us that: “Writing maketh an exact man.” Well, examination is the only means by which we can test accuracy and discover “exact” men. If examinations have proved a serious ordeal in Victoria University College it was because students had to do two things at the same time—to earn a living while attending the University, or to attend the University while simultaneously taking their Training College Course. No one, that I have heard of, has been able to suggest a satisfactory substitute for examinations; and I am satisfied that, at least in connection with University work, they cannot be dispensed with.

Now let me say a word or two about the modernist and futurist University.

In my day, under the old University régime, we were urged to keep our eyes on the Past; for everything of greatest value to humanity came from the sacred and secular Scriptures of antiquity. The Bible was the best University in the world. The writings, or books, reaching us from primitive times, and ascribed to prophets and poets inspired by God were regarded as the one thing needful and indispensable for the edification and illumination of human beings. Some seventy years ago Thomas Carlyle when, as Lord Rector, he addressed the students and Professors of his old University (Edinburgh) said that “the best University in the world was a good collection of books.” Well we have got a long way from the time when the Bible, or a good collection of books, could be regarded as the best University in the world! The great Universities of the Empire and of all the more enlightened countries of the world are now frankly and fearlessly modernist and futurist in all their activities and outlook.

Commonsense, reason and strictly logical presentation or statement of beliefs and convictions are pre-conditions of the accredited quest for truth. The mathematical and scientific spirit and methods are demanded in determining the truth in things theological and philosophical, as well as in all subjects where and when truth and fact are concerned. The modern University is strictly anti-irrationalist in spirit and intention—I shall not say: “rationalist”, for that term is used, in certain quarters, as a brickbat instead of argument!
Whether we "praeteritites" (bygones) like it or not the modernists and futurists have already captured our Universities and have securely established themselves in most of our Professorial Chairs; and we old identities of the discredited or superseded old regime can but tamely acquiesce or impotently protest.

One thing is obvious and that is that a new secular Renaissance and a new Ethical and Religious Reformation are overdue—for it would appear that the old world's religions and philosophies are to-day discredited, or, at any rate, ineffectual in their influence for good. In fact it must be regretfully admitted that (1) the old world religions have failed us, (2) the old world philosophies have failed us, (3) the old Humanity or Culture begotten of the serious and systematic study of the ancient classics—sacred and secular—at and since the so-called Renaissance, has failed us.

Let us hope that the modernised and futurist Universities will succeed in formulating a new and stable international Ethic, that will command the assent of all nations and acquire the status and sanctity of a Universal Religion and so save civilisation from what at present looks like its inevitable extinction.

What is most disconcerting and disheartening to me, an old man, is to find that the old religion and old philosophy to which I owned allegiance, and owed so much, though they have been engaged in "toil co-operant to an end," for thousands of years, and bespeaking and canvassing the claims of the good, the beautiful, and the true, have completely failed to contribute anything towards preventing the criminal savagery at present practised all over the world, and threatening to extinguish civilization itself.

When we are laying the flattering unction to our soul that:

"God's in His heaven:
All's right with the world"

we find that the Devil has escaped from Hades and all's wrong with the world; and religion and philosophy and so-called Kultur appear to be backing, and even blessing, the Devil in his missionary journeys!

Can our modernist and futurist Universities contribute anything of value toward formulating an international Ethic which, when adequately apprehended, will command international and universal assent? That is a consummation devoutly-to-be-wished.

—HUGH MACKENZIE.

The Poet and the Typewriter
A Legend Taken from a Manuscript of the 21st Century

It is related that in the early years of the twentieth century there was a youthful Poet who aspired to win Fame by the publication of Lyric Verse, but who was cut off from the achievement of his ambition by the fact that his writing was quite illegible to all but himself. He had endeavoured to overcome this obstacle by inducing his friends and near relatives to take down the poems from his dictation, but the nature of their comments on the outpourings of his soul was such that the sensitive spirit of the poet revolted, and he decided that even Fame was not worth this price.

Now the affections of this poet were set upon a Typist, to whom he felt drawn alike by her personal attractiveness and by the possibility of access to an instrument which might bring him in touch with Editors and the Public, and thereby in sight of the Recognition of his Talents. One day in the absence of his Boss he slipped unperceived into the room where the Typist worked, hoping for an opportunity to promote his suit; but as it was about the hour of Afternoon Tea the lady, of course, was disappearing through another door just as the Poet entered. His first impulse was to follow her, but his eye fell on the Typewriter, and a thought came to him that raised his clear spirit above Love and Hunger. He glanced round; no one was in sight; and he quickly took from his pocket the manuscripts of two of his latest poems.

A few days later the editor of a progressive magazine received two effusions from a new contributor. By their shape they were obvi-
ously Poetry, and in quality they were equal to much that he daily received; but they were in one respect different from the usual productions, and on account of that rare and valuable virtue they were duly published and praised as the work of a New and Original Poet, whose principles of poetic workmanship soon became the subject of lively controversy.

The New and Original Poet was not in the least surprised at this tribute to his poetic genius, but he was certainly mystified at the theories of his own poetic art as explained eulogised and criticised by others. Soon, however, a light broke in upon his mind and he realised what it was that had brought him this sudden celebrity. In his haste and his ignorance of the working of a typewriter he had copied his poems entirely without capital letters and almost without punctuation. However lofty his ideas in some respects the Poet was not the man to repudiate the publicity this lucky accident had brought him. He therefore learned by heart the principles attributed to him by his admirers and denounced them on all possible occasions, and in recopying his previous verses carefully denuded them of all capital letters, full stops, commas and other traces of the obsolete conventions of punctuation. This resourcefulness and adaptability duly brought him the success he deserved, and he was the initiator of a fashion which in the next few years spread rapidly, appealing chiefly to the very young, newly emancipated from the tyranny of the teacher’s red pencil.

We must not judge too hardly this quaint old poetic custom or convention whose true origin as here related is one of the recent discoveries of literary research. Strange as it may seem, the idea of unpunctuated verse was not altogether ridiculous. The public liked it because it gave them a fresh reason for regarding poets as mad and a new excuse for not reading the productions loosely styled Poetry. The poets liked it because it marked them out from the common herd and threw an aura of distinction about brows which were often otherwise only too commonplace. Perhaps they hoped that the reader would imagine the poet as a soul still in its primal innocence untouched by the sordid influences of education. Or else the poet might appear as a hero defending the noble cause of Equality and Freedom. Why should a few letters in no way more worthy than their fellows be singled out and raised into a higher class known as Capitals? Why should the expression of burning emotion and profound thought be hampered and restrained by conventional stops and pauses? Thus the harmless versifier would be imagined as setting out to defy Capitalist Society with bombs in every pocket and umpteen illicit love Affairs in his life.

A further advantage of the new style was that it prevented confusion with the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley and other old-fashioned writers, a contingency remote enough, perhaps, but which was strangely dreaded by twentieth century authors.

Perhaps too the poets aspired to achieve the fame of that well-known passage,

“every lady in the land
has ten fingers on each hand
five and twenty on hands and feet
and this is true of all you meet.”

Or of the equally noble example of English prose,

“charles the first walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off.”

Indeed this may well have been their reason, for is it not a poet’s duty to make his lines as full of meaning as possible?

Whether it was done to invest the person of the poet in a haze of romance or his meaning in a veil of mystery (both qualities being rare and attractive in an age of standardization and routine) we cannot now tell; but this fashion lingered for many years, especially among the minor poets of “intellectual” circles until it had long ceased to be the latest innovation in poetry and a new generation laughed out of print their elders’ cherished affectations. Youth has no reverence. But perhaps in this year of grace 2036 some student of literature reading these lines may decide to earn himself a reputation for originality by reviving this quaint custom of a bygone age.—M.C.H.
Quo Vadis?
Random Thoughts on Christianity

I like to go to church. I like to hear the organ play, to hear the choir sing, often to join in singing the hymns; sometimes I like to hear the sermon. But to suggest that to know God I must go to church, that seems to me the merest moonshine. I suppose that by the name "God" is meant that supernatural power which is the author of our being; I suppose that is the commonly accepted conception of God. It seems to me a proper conception, for surely no one would deny that there must have been some divine spark behind the creation, call it what you will, and we have called it God. But surely we no more know God in church than we do in the fresh air and the sunshine amid the creatures and solitudes of nature, or speeding through space in an aeroplane, or in a crowded dance hall where is concentrated that life which God created. Surely God is in all these places and we do not need to wade to the altar rail through a welter of meaningless phrases, to meet Him face to face, meaningless phrases which drag by in the aimless repetition of the dreary order of service, albeit some of these meaningless phrases, as for example the lovely song of Simeon—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace..." are couched in very beautiful language; some of them too in most dangerous language, as for example when I was a little boy I used to pray diligently every night "for all soldiers and sailors." In the way in which I meant it in those days I am not at all sure that it was a proper prayer or one that a God of love would have welcomed from a little boy, but it was part of the "authorised version" for little boys at that time and I did not question it.

But to return: need I really go to church to be a Christian? I admit I may be trying to find an easy way to God, even if it be a more logical way, but it seems to me that Christ is only a name for the finest and best and most Godlike (in the opinion of all Christians) life of all time, so that all men may aspire to emulate Christ and live Christian lives, just as all soldiers may strive to emulate Napoleon or all poets to write Miltonic verse. Whether He rose from the dead and if so whether He is immortal and lives in Heaven (whatever that may mean) is beyond my understanding, and on the evidence known to me, with great respect to many noble people, my knowledge. If I am right I am entitled to accept Christ as a pattern for my life or not as I like. It may be that I prefer to follow some other lead. It may be that if I do I shall end up just as near to God. Of course it may be that I like the comfort of my fireside better than the stern dictates of that religion whose adherents pray to God for peace.

However it seems to me that the churches are the last strongholds of that ancient herd instinct based on a mob psychology which required of everyone to do everything alike at the same time and in the same place, a system which is being broken up by the shocks upon it of modern scientific development. It seems to me that the outcome must be a realisation that religion for each one of us is essentially a personal matter for our own consciences. You know the old argument about the savage who never heard of Christ and was therefore a sinner who had no part in the monopoly of riches stored up in Heaven. I refuse to believe that a savage never lived a godly life. No, the way to God is an individual one, and it is becoming ever more so. There is a restlessness in the old order of religious thought that is seen in the gradual break-up of the various orders, as sect multiplies into sect, each smaller than the last, until indeed each individual must become a sect unto himself. Then will the day of religious freedom have dawned, when each man can be permitted to believe that which appeals to his own conscience. There will then only be a justification for religion in the mass on those rare occasions of herd hysteria such as national thank-givings when it provides a valuable outlet for emotion. We shall then be able to have the Scriptures applied to modern problems by people who really do count instead of wasting a fine summer morning listening to some witless and worldless nincompoop vainly trying to expound a vague metaphysical conception based on an obscure remark of a rather unimportant low class intellect of 2000 years ago—not that I deny that there are to-day some marvellous preachers or that there is much wisdom in some of the apostles' teachings.
Well, I have written very frankly the substance of a viewpoint sincerely arrived at and if this is ever read I hope it will be with just such sincerity. I am very worried about it all and only too ready to see a happier viewpoint if someone can convince me, because I fully realise that in coming to these conclusions, I have banished still further the ultimate problem of where we are all bound for? I do wish we only knew.

—A. McGHIE.

Sea Fire

French Pass; one by one we climbed down the swaying rope ladder into the launch, quietly chugging along beside the silent ship. Above, the glaring lights showed the sailors, busy with their duties, against the intense background of the night, while around us we heard the soft swishing of the ripples against the side of the ship as she slowly moved on into the current. "Cast off, below there!" Then for two hours we passed quickly through the night, far up the coast of D'Urville Island, past lonely islets looming out of the blackness, and accompanied all the time by the magic light of the phosphorescent sea. For as the screw churned up the water behind us it became a million points of flashing flame, and each wave as it rolled outwards shone for a moment before it passed altogether into the darkness. I had grown up by the blue-grey waters of Hawkes Bay, where the sea has no strange lights, and this first experience of phosphorescence left me with a quiet feeling of excitement which lasted for the whole of our twenty-mile journey, until in the first light of day we cautiously nosed our way into the tiny bush-clad bay which was our destination.

In Nelson in the late summertime, the warm waters of the bay are full of the tiny organisms whose glow makes the disturbed sea seem a solid mass of flame. It was in Torrent Bay that the yacht was moored, that green paradise which is accessible only by sea, and where the golden sand stretches all round the shore. We had been through the caves where the glow-worms shine night and day with a faint blue glimmer, and on reaching the water we stripped off our clothes and swam out to the yacht. In an instant each of us had a wonderful golden body, and a shower of liquid light was scattered by every movement of our arms. With the cool water washing against our bodies, and the unforgettable fire of the sea in our eyes we became as gods, drunk with the joy of life in this quiet haven of the west.

It is in the autumn that the outermost arm of Pelorus Sound becomes clothed in its greatest beauty. There is a subtle change in the landscape. The hills lose their sharp shadows of the summer and become more gentle. The air is clearer, and in the early morning, just as the sun rises from the sea, Mount Egmont stands out like a red sentinel in the northern sky. In the long summer it seemed almost too hot for the insects to sing, but now in the cooler days of autumn, the air of this lonely land is filled with the new friendliness of their song. At nightfall, however, there is no sound but the rustle of the waves on the sand and the occasional splash of a fish as it rises to the surface.

In this enchanted silence we used to sit on the wharf, watching far below us the grotesque balls of light which shone intermittently as they slowly moved among the piles. Sometimes we would row from bay to bay, and when there was no moon we could not distinguish between the reflection of the stars and the points of phosphorescence in the sea. Each time an oar was dipped it left a golden disc swirling out behind it, and as it slowly swung forward the water ran off in jewelled drops.

When the full moon rose up from behind a hill the fire of the sea was masked by the new light, and the stars were no longer reflected on its calm surface, but there remained the memory of the beautiful light which shines only in the utter darkness.—D.R.C.
Nocturne

Darkness and silence waiting to clasp hands,
Trees faintly quivering in the twilight dim.
Only the cold-eyed moon, who never understands,
Mocks the pale stars which flee her ghostly rim.

Only the stars have not forgotten yet
The agony on morning's pale face.
Only the stars can never quite forget
This little fevered world of time and space.

Night's fingers have caressed the tangled hair,
The wild grey hair of hills who knew another day,
Of hills grown old in pain and worn with care
Pleading with darkness evermore to stay.
    Weary they sleep, and sleeping sigh,
    Grey phantom hills that cannot die.

—P.P.P.

---------------

Selene

The moon, so young and tender
is a slender virgin,
    (Fearless and unclipped).
swimming,
plunging through the silver-swirl of breakers,
laughing
and
dripping stars
from her lovely latent limbs.

—J.D.F.

---------------

Vagrant Street

In the Street a thousand lovers
Amble to and fro.
Where, o where, can such a Street be?
Where . . . I do not know.

—M.L.
Death Dicing

I.

A lonely candle burned with a tremulous flame in the centre of a large bare table. The dim oasis of light seemed all too inadequate in that desert of darkness. A blackness as extensive as space itself pressed in upon this diminutive oppenent with an intensity that was well-nigh overwhelming.

At one end of the table, almost beyond the reach of those feeble beams, sat a large figure clad entirely in black. Behind his chair stood three silent forms similarly attired—black, motionless, mysterious. They seemed almost to be a part of that dimensionless darkness surrounding them.

At the other end of the table, more clearly outlined in the glow and singularly detached from his surroundings was a thin figure clad entirely in grey.

The two seated figures were dicing.

Somewhere, there was an eerie, unearthly whining, now near, now far off—it might have been the wind. The only other sound that challenged the heavy silence was the hollow rattle of the dice.

The figure at the head of the table addressed the grey one opposite. His words were uttered in a cold, lifeless monotone.

"What have you to stake me?"

"One."

The answer was curt but not unpleasant in sound.

"Play!"

The second figure threw—a five and a six! He leaned forward expectantly.

The first with slow deliberation shook his dice.

Two sixes!

Noiselessly, one of the black satellites slipped swiftly away and became a part of the darkness.

Death had won and Accident went as his messenger.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith!"

"Good morning. I want to pay my premium. I believe it's due."

"Certainly."

"I don't know that it's much use, but I suppose I'll get the benefit of it some day."

"Well, we never know what's going to happen to us in this world, and it's a man's duty to make some provision for his wife and family. I think everyone should have a reasonable cover on his life."

"Naturally you'd hold that view, but all the time you're hoping we'll live to a ripe old age, aren't you?"

Mr. Smith smiled good-humouredly as he took his receipt and left the building.

At ten minutes past eight next morning, fresh from his cold bath, Mr. Smith sat down to a breakfast of poached eggs and toast which he consumed whilst perusing the morning paper. Thus he had done at the same time, in the same way for years. This whole business of getting up, eating and being at the Office on time, he had reduced to a smoothly working routine. At twenty-five minutes past eight he rose, put on the overcoat and hat which his wife held in readiness for him, and kissed both the children good-bye. This morning, however, little Molly demanded a second kiss and, of course, this meant giving Margaret another, too. Consequently, after embracing his wife, he found himself a minute or two late and had to break into a run in order to catch his train.

At eight minutes to nine, one of a crowd of hundreds, Mr. Smith hurried out of the station and set out towards his Office. There was a light drizzling rain in the City and he pushed his coat-collar up round his ears. As he stepped off the pavement, he recalled the recent incident at home. He wondered why children had such delightful little whims. They'd be at school by ———

There was a screeching of brakes, the squeal of skidding tyres—but the road surface was wet; no brakes could hope to hold a car on that. Somewhere, a woman screamed—a crowd gathered—an ambulance arrived—but it was too late!

Accident had discharged his duty.

II.

Again the black-garbed figure addressed the grey form at the other end of the table. It was the same lifeless, almost inexorable monotone:
"What will you stake me?"
"One."
The answer was a little weaker, but still confident.
"Play!"
The figure threw—a five and a two!
With a cold indifference which suggested that the issue was foregone, the other threw.
A five and a four!
One of the two remaining figures shuffled slowly away into the blackness.
Again Death had won and Disease would see him paid.

It was a cold-looking room with white enamelled walls. In the corner near an open window was a bed, half-encompassed by white screens. Around it were three or four persons, all with solemn, drawn faces. A woman kneeling closer than the rest was weeping softly. The slight form of a mere skeleton whose shape hardly disturbed the evenness of the bedclothes, stirred feebly and slowly extended an arm almost as pale and lifeless-looking as the sheets, and touched the woman’s cheek.

"Don’t cry, Mother. I’ll be all right."
The voice, though scarcely more than a whisper, sounded surprisingly clear in that silence.
The mother kissed the pale cheek. The arm rose slowly towards her—then fell limp on the coverlet. The white curtain at the window swayed silently in a gentle breeze. All else was still and quiet.

Disease had discharged his duty.

III.

Three figures remained in that silent darkness. The grey form was leaning towards his opponent but seemed more isolated than ever. The candle still burned but with a flickering feebleness. The whining of the wind had risen to the howl of a gale. Yet in the midst of that deserted, desolate darkness, there was a terrifying silence.

Once more the large figure spoke, rattling his dice impatiently.
"What have you to stake me?"
"One."
The reply was a confident challenge.
"Play!"

He laughed with a hollow, crackling sound, as though the game were already won.
The grey one threw carefully—two fives!
Carelessly the other shook his dice and threw. But ere they had come to rest, there was a roar from somewhere outside. The grey figure leapt up and sniffed out the little flame. Unseen forces seemed to take possession. There remained only impenetrable darkness.

Fate had cheated Death of his last victim.

In a narrow, poorly-furnished room, a young man sat writing. He was tall with a clean, youthful face and a well-shaped intellectual head. His clothes, though neatly cut, were very much the worse for wear.

He finished the few lines he had been writing and arranged the sheet amongst the books and papers that littered the table.

Slowly he walked towards the small dressing-table near the window, took up a glass of water that was standing there and carefully shook into it some powder from a small white package. As it dissolved slowly in the clear liquid he gazed out of the open window and listened to the sounds that drifted up—sounds of a restless city. In the sky a few stars shone palely through the yellow glow of artificial illumination that hung over closely packed buildings. The moon was hidden from sight behind a cloud.

For a few seconds only, he stood thus: then, he turned once more to the dressing-table. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and pushed back a dishevelled lock.

The powder had quite dissolved now. The young man took the glass firmly in his right hand and raised it, trembling very slightly, to his lips.

Just as he was about to sip the liquid, the curtains at the window flapped suddenly and—BANG!—a door somewhere slammed violently.

He started—the glass fell with a crash to the floor.

For a minute or more he stood perfectly still, staring before him; until a gentle tapping on the door broke his reverie and startled him into action. Hastily he kicked the fragments of glass under the dressing-table, moved across to the table and, taking up a book, called, "Come in!" in a dry voice.
A girl about his own age, small and neat, entered. Immediately they were in each other’s arms.

"Darling," she panted. "I didn’t mean what I said this afternoon. I thought I was doing the best for both of us, but I can’t see you lonely and unhappy. I don’t care if you are poor. We can’t go on apart. I love you, Carey!"

The young man smiled and kissed her passionately. There were tears in his eyes and words would not come. Slowly, from behind the cloud, came the moon.

But out of that impenetrable darkness, came a callous, cynical, mocking laugh...

—B.M.P.

—at

Carte Blanche

Up in the hovels of heaven,
up in the slums of the sky,
ten thousand little stars
huddle together.

The moon, decorous and stately,
is a tall lady,
who comes,
sometimes,
and smiles,
whispering words of comfort,
and dropping silver pennies into the outstretched hands of the poor;
but she never lingers long,
she just comes,
sometimes.

—J.D.F.
Music

All music has colourful hues;
The glory of organ tones
Is in purples, wines and blues
In undulating waves,
And mingled violets enrich
The melodies of Schumann’s songs.
Soft blends of primrose tints
For Mendelssohn.
Carillon bells have full, deep
Shades of glowing gold:
Tschaikowski’s thund’rous waters leap
In flaming reds and turbid greys;
And folksong grown on England’s green
Like velvet green of lawns I see.
But glitt’ring silver, scarlet, black
With flashing, brilliant light
Is modern jazz.

—E.M.B.

Song of the Melody Makers

Because in the midst of a muted desire
We have tuned our desire to haunting song,
Because, at a word from our hearts of fire
A whole world’s tears and laughter throng;

Because we imprisoned our thoughts in a rime,
And fashioned a name for a nameless thing;
We dreamers shall live through the bounds of time—
Eternal, because of the dreams we sing.

—C.A.E.
Medusa

(With apologies to A. C. Swinburne.)

["The jelly-fish (Medusa) is composed almost entirely of sea-water. . . . This mass of water, combined in a sort of web, makes up an animal with appetites and passions, with power to capture and consume its prey."
—Domhnion.]

Cold jelly, we see you and wonder
Pale ghost of the fathomless deep,
That hauntest the sea-forest under
Like one in an opiate sleep:
Medusa, the mystic and mighty
Weird warden of coral and cave:
O born like the famed Aphrodite
From foam of the wave!

Are you cold as the ice you resemble,
Yet fierce as the fire in the grass?
The flounders in fear of you tremble
And polyps grow pale as you pass.
Of feeling and pity art void all?
Against thee, are tears no avail
Thou art hard as the flint, though colloidal;
Black-hearted, though pale.

O pitiless pallid Thallassian!
Though little you be to desire,
You know then the pulses of passion—
The flame of the amorous fire?
The lovers who yield to your kissing—
Your fearful propinquity dare—
Do they quail, at the sound of the hissing
Of snakes in your hair?

Thy semi-diaphanous blisses
Thy victims allure to distress,
To the pain of thy poisonous kisses,
The pangs of thy cruel caress;
They are slain by their subtle seducer
By tentacles drawn to their doom—
Thou art made but for murder, Medusa,
To kill and consume.

—H.W.G.

His love for her was going to be
Most rigidly platonic; but

It's now scarce what, it seems to me,
His love for her was going to be.
An 'twere not for her eyes, you see,
And lips, which made his vows go phut,

His love for her was going to be
Most rigidly platonic—but . . .

—H.W.G.
The Student

C. H. Smythe
Victoria University Graduates, 1936

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH
HONOURS.
Black, Marjorie Edith Stuart (2nd Class in
History).
Brown, Cyril Maxwell Palmer (1st Class in
Economics).
Eggers, Isabella Margaret (1st Class in His-
tory).
Halliday, George (2nd Class in Education).
Katz, Alfred Hyman (1st Class in Philosophy).
Lancaster, Edna Muriel (2nd Class in His-
tory).
McClaymont, Doris Anne (2nd Class in
French).
Neill, Margaret Melrose (1st Class in French).
Thompson, Marshall Roscoe (2nd class in
Philosophy).
Whitworth, Herbert Lees (2nd Class in Eng-
lis h).
Wilson, Guthrie Edward (1st Class in His-
tory).

MASTERS OF ARTS.
Brown, Nina Sybil.
Cumberworth, Ronald William.
Dalglish, Robert Graeme Gilbert.
Fairway, Edward James Llewellyn.
Forde, Catherine Stalker.
Frye, Noel Ainslie.
Goodwin, William Alan Bertie.
Harding, Margaret Audrey.
Hercus, Allan Gordon.
Kirk, Charles Gordon.
Mason, Zelma Oakley.
Owen, Lawson Fraser.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.
Anderson, Agnes Evelyn.
Bagnall, Austin Graham.
Baker, Harold Leonard.
Bell, Marion Ogilvie.
Bird, Margaret Ruth.
Bishop, Mona Ethel.
Briggs, Dorothy.
Brown, Doris Muriel.
Bryant, William Henderson.
Childs, Clare Minnie.
Clegg, Jesse Elias Bruce.
Davidson, James Wightman.
Dickens, Iris Evelyn.
Edwards, Douglas George.
Edwards, Percivale Mary Patricia.
 Evans, Ernest Walter.
 Fraser, Sheila.
 Gerard, Dorothy Kathleen.
 Grainger, Janet.
 Hatherly, John Saynor.
 Hefford, Margaret Cicely.
 Hills, Ivan James.
 Hull, David Norman.
 Hutchens, Richard Lewis.
 Kelly, Brian Huia Patterson.
 Kennedy, Archibald Patrick Leslie.
 King, Letitia Myra.
 Kingan, Jesse Lawrence.
 Long, Rodger Harry.
 McClaymont, Catherine Ainslie Cockburn.
 McDonald, Hugh George Brown.
 Mason, Malcolm John.
 Mentiplay, Cedric Raymond.
 Mills, Edward William.
 Missen, Eric Alderson.
 Mitchell, William Stewart.
 Mules, Mary.
 Nisbet, Audrey Muriel.
 Northe, Patti Purvis.
 O'Brien, Eric.
 Odell, Robert Sidney.
 Oram, Matthew Henry.
 Redward, Allison May.
 Robertson, John Stewart Hector.
 Rollings, William Penrose.
 Sheahan, Kevin.
 Smith, Dorothy Ellen.
 Smith, William Henry.
 Stock, Mary Josephine.
 Vercoe, Gordon Edward.
 Vietmeyer, William Frederick.
 Williams, Sybil Mary.
 Wills, Kenneth Arkiss.
 Woodley, Frederick Thomas.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH
HONOURS.
Bydder, Edith Constance Gwennydd (1st Class
in Zoology).
Hoben, Ernest Cormac (2nd Class in
Chemistry).
Jeffreys, Frances Jean (1st Class in Zoology).
Kaberry, Alfred Charles (1st Class in
Zoology).
McNaught, Kenneth John (1st Class in
Chemistry).
Patterson, David (1st Class in Mathematics).
Stanley, Victor Alan (2nd Class in Physics).
MASTERS OF SCIENCE.
Hurley, John Joseph.
Lambourne, Sydney James.
Warner, Lionel Allan Cromwell.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.
Aitken, Graham Thoms.
Berry, Raymond Victor.
Bush, Elizabeth Jane.
Cairns, David.
Elphick, John Oliver.
Gidall, Alwyn Otto.
Hutchings, Jack William.
McIntosh, Ian Gordon.
Miller, Rani Estelle.
Searle, George.
Sellens, Ernest Lionel.
Sheard, Kenneth Arthur.
Smyth, Francis Mornington.
Taylor, Brook Abbott.
Watson-Munro, Charles Norman Machell.
Welch, Annie Lucy Kemble.
Wilson, Ronald Hamilton.

MASTERS OF LAWS WITH HONOURS.
Thomson, Noel McNair (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).
Willis, Walter Max (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).

BACHELORS OF LAWS.
Arcus, Donald Wilfred.
Clendon, John Sidney.
Connell, Richard Calderwood.
Dollimore, Henry Nelson.
Grant, Phillip Noel.
Gully, Henry Russell.
McCarthy, Philip Alphonsus.
Miles, Phillip Chater.
Perry, Alfred Raymond.
Roussell, Eric Alwyn.
Sandeman, George Graeme.
Scott, Kenneth John.
Thomas, Ivan.
White, John Charles.

MASTERS OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.
Irwin, Donald Leolin (2nd Class in Economics and Company Law).

MASTER OF COMMERCE.
Atkinson, Leonard Allan.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.
Anderson, Duncan Frederick.
Ashley-Jones, Arthur.
Boswell, David John.
Bowie, Philip Trent.
Brian, Alan.
Davis, Noel Richard.
Dent, Wilfred George.
Eggers, John Frederick.
Evans, Henry George.
Fanning, Hugo Stephen.
Greig, Bernard David Arthur.
Hall, Robert Preston.
Heenan, Arthur Leonard Grant.
Heggie, John Philp.
Kearney, John Henry.
McLeod, Donald Frederick.
Martin, Christopher.
Miller, John Sydney.
Oliver, Nigel William.
O'Shea, Alexander Paterson.
Perry (nee Savage), May.
Reid, Lester Herbert.
Scott, Jessica Sommerville.
Ward, Ronald.
Wells, Arthur John Lefevre.
Withy, Locksley.

BACHELOR OF MUSIC.
Bannister, Barbara Merenea.

DIPLOMAS IN EDUCATION.
Brown, Joyce Miller.
Ewing, John Lithgow.
Forde, Catherine Stalker.

DIPLOMAS IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.
Anderson, Agnes Evelyn.
Clegg, Jesse Elias Bruce.
Mason, Malcolm John.
Pilcher, Dudley Mervyn.

DIPLOMA IN BANKING.
Stace, Vernon Desmond.
Scholarships, 1936

The Sir George Grey Scholarship was awarded to C. N. Watson-Munro, B.Sc., Annie L. K. Welch, B.Sc. (proxime accessit).

Jacob Joseph Scholarships were awarded to A. H. Katz, M.A., and K. J. McNaught, M.Sc.

A James Macintosh Local Scholarship was awarded to W. S. Mitchell, B.A.

The Lissie Rathbone Scholarship was awarded to R. G. Tosswill.

The Sir Robert Stout Scholarship was awarded to H. L. Baker, B.A.

The Lady Stout Bursary was awarded to Mary J. Stock, B.A.

Senior University Scholarships were gained by Myra L. King, B.A. (Tinline Scholarship); H. L. Baker, B.A. (French); J. W. Davidson, B.A. (History).

A Post-Graduate Scholarship in Arts was awarded to C. M. P. Brown, who was also awarded a Free Passage.

The Shiptcliffe Graduate Bursary was awarded to W. S. Mitchell, B.A., but had to be declined as Mr. Mitchell has already been awarded the James Macintosh Scholarship.

D. Patterson, M.A., was bracketed first equal for the Cook Memorial Prize.

Libretto

To-night
I am obsessed—I dream
I see John Keats
(clad in golf bags)

Crooning
(in a Public School accent)
Sweet Fanny Brawne
Is fairer than the dawn
She's got gay sparkling eyes
And coolly writhing thighs
Sweet Fanny Brawne.

—With apologies to R.G.T.
The New Firm

A Melodrama

Helmore ) .......... Partners
Dreen ) . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Cynning )
Smith . . . . . . . . . . . . . . A Clerk

Helmore: A smooth-faced, fair-skinned man of forty-five, still retaining, to his disgust, the ability to blush.

Dreen: A withered, bent little man of sixty, with sharp features, unpleasant or pleasant to suit particular cases. At present, beaming expansively. He is teasing Helmore. Helmore sits at the desk, scrawling on the blotting paper. Dreen sits at his side, his feet upon Helmore’s desk. Dreen is discussing Art in general, and his own small nude statuette, which stands on the file cabinet, in particular.

Dreen: Your trouble, old man, is that you haven’t a soul for art. Now that naked Venus is a beautiful little object. I spend a great deal of time admiring it. Such curves, such artistic languor. It compels my attention.

Helmore: It does mine to this extent—when it’s uncovered I go into the outer office to dictate my letters. I wouldn’t bring a young woman into here with that thing before her. I couldn’t dictate for embarrassment.

Dreen: Well that’s just foolishness on your part—if you cared about art, you’d simply discuss the thing with her. But you’ve no eye for the beautiful.

Helmore (idly): Oh, I don’t know. I like beautiful things. Good paintings, good sculptures, precious stones . . .

Dreen (curiously): Gems? That’s an expensive hobby.

Helmore: Oh, I couldn’t afford to buy gems as a hobby. But I often wished I’d set up as a diamond merchant instead of this land agency. It would have been more interesting perhaps. The risk attached to the trade was the only thing that kept me back. I wanted something safer.

Dreen: Why don’t you set up on your own later?

Helmore: Set up in business? You know our financial condition as well as I do. I couldn’t even draw out of this business what I put into it.

Dreen: True. It’s a pity.

Enter Smith with a telegram.

Helmore: For me?

Smith: For the firm sir. (Exit.)

Helmore opens and reads. It flutters from his nerveless fingers.

Dreen stares first at Helmore, then at the telegram on the floor. He leaps to his feet, and his chair crashes to the ground.

Dreen: Quickly—what is it?

Helmore (bitterly): Read it yourself. It explains everything. Everything. It’s quite eloquent for a telegram. Must have cost a bit to send.

Dreen has read the telegram. He screams, a thin, miserable scream, like the withered little man he is.

Helmore: Keep quiet. Oh, be quiet.

Dreen lifts his chair and sits down.

Dreen: Helmore, this is ruin.

Helmore: It looks like that.

Dreen: And who’s responsible?

The door opens, and Cynning enters. A big man, fond of his voice and everything else attached to him, and very overbearing. He says
nothing, but deposits his hat airily on Dreen's venus, snuffing it. That is his routine joke. He uses no other hat-peg.

**Cynning:** How very sensational! The outside office is fairly flabbergasted by it. "Mr. Helmore murders Mr. Dreen. We heard it! He screamed." I shouldn't be surprised if the whole town knows about it now. It's a choice bit of gossip. Screams and crashes from the boss's office. What's wrong, anyway?

**Dreen** (indicating telegram): Read it.

Cynning reads.

**Cynning** (judiciously): And what is the cause of this?

**Helmore** (miserably): I don't know. I suppose it's my incompetency. I've always blamed myself.

**Cynning:** Incompetency, rubbish! Large sums of money don't vanish suddenly through incompetency.

**Dreen:** Then what the devil can it be?

**Cynning:** Thievery. Why blush, Helmore?

**Helmore:** I can't help it. You know I can't.

**Cynning:** And Dreen couldn't blush if he tried. You're a fine pair.

Dreen puts his feet on the table and lights a cigarette, puffing furiously. Cynning dons his overcoat and hat.

**Helmore** (curiously): Where are you going?

**Cynning:** Why ask? The police of course.

**Dreen** laughs shortly. "Silly fool."

**Cynning:** There's a thief somewhere in this office, and I'm going to find out who it is. (At door.) Please don't go away.

**Helmore:** Cynning!

**Cynning:** Yes, Helmore?

**Helmore:** Don't go for the police. It's only incompetency, I'm sure of that.

**Cynning:** Yes, Helmore. And I'm sure you're a liar. Bye-bye.

**Dreen:** Let him go. He'll show his own foolishness, that's all.

Cynning opens the door, admitting to audibility the hum of excited voices from the outer office, which is hushed as Cynning appears. His large hand, with the two rings on it, disappears from the edge of the door, which closes silently and firmly. Cynning is gone. Dreen stares at the door, laughs sardonically, and lights a cigarette. He puffs noisily, jerkily, defiantly, until Helmore looks up.

**Helmore:** I wish you'd put that vile thing away, or at least make less row with it.

Dreen snorts, and jabs the cigarette into the ash-tray. Then he rises and begins to dust his statuette. He turns suddenly.

**Dreen** (forcibly): Come on Helmore. I know all about it. Tell me where the money is, and I'll help you hide it. We can fix it so it will look as if nothing but incompetency has messed up the business. That is, if you'll show me where the money is.

Helmore colours slowly to the roots of his hair. Honest Helmore! He cannot hide his guilt, whether guilty or innocent.

**Helmore:** I didn't touch the money!

**Dreen** (gesturing impatiently): Yes, yes. I know. Tell me.

Helmore says nothing. He is dazed.

**Dreen:** Aha. In your overcoat pocket, you say? A small bag! He stamps across the room. The door bursts open, and Cynning appears. His face is red, but the keyhole is an inconvenient place at which to stand for long intervals. Also, he is aware that the staff have been regarding him with amusement and disgust. But now is his moment of triumph. He stands in the doorway.

**Cynning:** So!

**Dreen:** So-so. Try not to look a fool, even if you find it difficult.

There is a titter from the outside office. Cynning shuts the door abruptly and advances. He picks up Helmore's overcoat and runs his fingers through the pockets. Blank bewilderment passes over his face.
Dreen: Satisfied? Just arranged for your benefit, that was. I could see your coat under the edge of the door. Strikes me you’re very anxious to prove someone guilty—anyone but yourself. Did you embezzle the money?

Cynning tries to maintain his dignity, but it has received a heavy blow. Also, he is becoming apprehensive lest the wandering burden of guilt come to rest on him. He empurples, and roars with rage.

Cynning: You wizened little devil!

The majestic, the self-controlled Cynning has lost his temper. Dreen is panic-stricken. He shrinks back against the file cabinet.

Helmore: Look out!

Down comes the cabinet; Dreen jumps nimbly aside. Down comes the naked Venus. It splinters. It melts, and from it roll sparkling points of light. Cynning stiffens and glares at them. Then he laughs exultingly, teasingly. Cynning is himself again. Helmore stares at the gems. Stones; his hobby. Evidently also Dreen’s. This is the embezzled money.

Cynning: So that’s it!

Dreen’s old face is agonized, but grimly determined. He jerks out a little black object.

Dreen: Yes, that’s it. Keep your distance!

Cynning stops, astonished.

Cynning: You little devil! You wouldn’t dare!

Dreen: Try it! I tell you, I love those gems. I’ve collected them for years—I fondle them when I get the chance. I can’t do without them—I couldn’t live without looking at them now and again on the sly. I’m an old man, and that’s my only zest in life. They’re mine, I tell you. (He waves his pistol as Cynning moves.) Keep off, I say.

Cynning is uncertain. Dreen in his sane mind he can overbear. He has done it before. But now Dreen’s eyes are glittering. It scares him a little. Perhaps Dreen knew that, and was simulating madness for the purpose. On the other hand—perhaps not. You cannot rely on the cowardice of an unhinged man.

Cynning: You wouldn’t dare.

Dreen: Don’t experiment.

Cynning laughs. He will walk forward unflinchingly, arrogantly. He will overbear Dreen as he always has.

Cynning laughs and walks forward to his death. Dreen levels the smoking barrel to his temple, but that escape is denied him. He throws the useless pistol out of the window and slumps to the floor, moaning and gibbering. Helmore stands and stares and stares and stares, while from the outer office crowd in a multitude of white-faced workers.

Smith (with a catch in his voice): Sir—the firm?

Helmore (raising his eyes, abstractedly): Yes, Smith, a new firm. V. H. Helmore, Diamond Merchant.—B.A.S.

E x t i n c t i o n

My thoughts are red leaves blown and whirled away
Into the gulfs of silence—
They were so beautiful until the wind
Bruised them and tossed them and wrenched them adrift from life.

Now they are dead,
And drifting aimlessly over a dying world.
They will never come back to me, these phantoms of thought;
Their last red gleam of life will flicker out
In the glooms of space that lie between world and world.

—M.P.P.
To a Town Planner

Beside me grows
A slip of macrocarpa,
Which, crushed, yields forth its sweetness
Like life . . .

A fragrance blows
From gorse, from grass, from everything that lives.  
       Bees

Murmur a languorous symphony.

* * * * *

I turn
And Wellington, like an octopus
Lolls impudently in the hollow,
       Spewing forth
A thousand sepia streams.

Sometimes the pit has beauty,
But not to-day,
When light and air are free as God's salvation
But men growl: "Nay!"
       —B.A.S.

The Christ: the Ass: the Assenting

Bear up, pale ass, beneath thy load,
Move on, move on, forever.
Tread down the palms that clothe thy road,
The hearts and tongues that waver.
They follow when we twain pass on,
Each year they shout "Hosanna."
They urge us on, they wish us gone;
Pale ass, we trek forever.  
       —M.L.
“La Joie de Vivre”

“Until a man can enjoy himself he will grow more and more tired of enjoying everything else. What we have to teach him is to amuse himself. At this moment he only asks what will amuse him. And to judge by the expression on his face, it does not amuse him very much. When we consider what he receives, it is indeed a most magnificent concentration of amusement. He can travel in a racing-car almost as quick as a cannon-ball, and still have his car fitted up with wireless from all the ends of the earth. But all this does not help him, when the car stops; and he has to stand in a lane with nothing to think about. All this does not help him even when the wireless stops and he has to sit in a silent car with nothing to talk about. But if you consider what comes out of him as a result of all this absorption, the result we have to record is rather curious. In the vast majority of cases, nothing. Not even conversation, as it used to be. The first and startling effect of all this noise is silence. When he speaks it is with irritation. Do not think I am unfair to the whole trend of the time if I say it is intellectually irritated, and therefore without that sort of rich repose in the mind which I mean when I say that a man when he is alone can be happy because he is alive.”

These were some of the words spoken by G.K.C. in a wireless talk at the beginning of the year. It is indeed sad to think that he is now dead or as he would have preferred, that he has “ended with a bang”! But it is sadder to know that his words are disturbingly true. La joie de vivre. The joy of being alive. Is there any spice in the life of a university student?

The very word “student” should furnish the answer. To study; to acquire knowledge; to delve; to think—these should be his “joie de vivre”! That is as it should be, but not as it is. Instead, overshadowed by the grim necessity for passing examinations and by the worship of success, students are utterly divorced from the joyous inconsequential learning that alone breeds culture. Everyone studies so that he or she may earn more money. Study is proceeded with, not for the sheer joy of studying but because it is a necessary though unpleasant means of achieving ultimate “success”—that is, money.

Sapientia magis auro desideranda! M. de la Mare was cynically correct when he translated this noble phrase as “Wisdom is to be desired for the sake of more gold.” The student no longer possesses the title to the use of the word “study.” His joie de vivre must be sought in other fields. It is evident that students are afflicted with this prevalent canker of irritation. Solitude is not enjoyed, it is endured. When he is released from the rigours of self-imprisonment in his study, the student now seeks talkies, wireless, noise, speed, everything that is ephemeral, superficial and shallow.

The plain fact of the matter is that the world has slipped its moorings and is ploughing along at a breakneck speed, jolting minds, bodies, books and beliefs so suddenly and so heavily that life has lost is joy. Study for study’s sake has vanished and yet we are still trying to study under a system that belongs to the time that has past. “Rich repose in the mind.” How is that possible for students now, when their very study is distasteful? It is his “joie” no longer—rather is it his bête noire.

And year after year this irritation grows more acute. No remedy has been found. Tomorrow we will fly from New Zealand to England; to-morrow we will invent a more fatal weapon of war; and yet to-morrow we will be studying in the identical manner in which we study now and in which our ancestors studied. They lived in a world for which their study was adapted. We do not. They had leisure, silence and tranquillity. We have not. Their study was their joie de vivre. Ours is not.

Are we not driven to irritation? Our system and our methods are out of tune with the age. The world of study, has not yet adapted itself. And so in our hour of trial we cry—à quoi bon?

—J.N.S.
Detached

Vision is wisest from afar;
From hills of wisdom to watch rainbow-tonings
Life’s dizzy spectrum my foreground.
I know beginnings of trends
While men, dull pawns,
Sweat and are troubled;
At their weak tears I am amused.
When they are beauty-rapt
I see through beauty
And pity them;
I could never be happy in life—
I know how it works.

—I. R. McL.

To the Literary Staff of a Certain N.Z. Newspaper

If a volume of verse
should perchance be published,
discount it.
(Keeping in view the source of your "screw"
and other founts of revenue)

Say, good loons in your costive "notice"
(small wonder when poetry = lotus)
that it is marred
by that "obscurity"
common to all "modern poetry."

ABOVE ALL
Do not attempt to understand it.
That would be both unnatural and fatal.

—J.D.F.
Peace, Or—

I have been reading an account of a British armament firm who have in their office a schedule of orders which runs something like this:—

Schedule of Orders, 1935-36.

Italy . . . . £2,000,000 for armaments supplied Abyssinia £2,000,000 for armaments supplied

I have also the record of a similar French concern with branches in every country in Europe, whose schedule shows:—

1914-1918.

Germany £2,000,000 for armaments supplied France. £1,000,000 for armaments supplied

I have also on authority that practically the entire French press is owned by the above syndicate.

There is to my knowledge one, and only one, business in Great Britain manufacturing gas masks. The latest bombing planes can carry at least one ton of gas, and any warfare of the future will undoubtedly be aerial gas warfare; and so on.

A hat to be of any practical use, has to fit; so does a gas mask; they are extremely difficult and uncomfortable things to work in; a striking feature is the extreme difficulty of eating or drinking when wearing such a gas-tight muzzle; however, we shall assume for the sake of illustration that an unprovoked aerial gas attack by some “enemy” has suddenly been found on the way, and the population of England is complete with gas masks.

This assumption is of course ridiculous as a considerable amount of dexterity and training is required before the mask can be donned rapidly, as would be necessary if the bursting of the first bomb were the signal of the raid; hence the situation for inmates of hospitals and lunatic asylums would be most awkward, while the case of young children and babies can only be imagined. The psychological aspect, however, is the most serious: the horror of wearing a mask in real gas has to be experienced to be believed.

The population of Great Britain is of the order of fifty millions, and the number of gas-mask manufacturers, one, and strangely enough they do not seem to be making masks for Englishmen to wear. Most of them are apparently exported to Turkey, Italy and Abyssinia. Nevertheless it is assumed that in the locality under attack, Englishmen are clothed in gas-masks; the enemy approach at night with hundreds of planes, each laden with their ton or two of gas. Defence is impossible, despite allegations of the efficiency of sound indicators and anti-aircraft guns, as an airman may drop gas bombs from extreme altitude. Which particular building is hit is comparatively immaterial; he is in any case invisible, the atmospheric conditions being chosen entirely by the attackers.

Bombs are bursting everywhere, and anywhere. Babies and all sits round in their gas masks, terrified. The pangs of hunger, which occur in a few hours, will be impossible to allay without intense suffering and injury, as it must be realized that modern gas is not merely a weapon of fleeting character, but a deadly, persistent, horror of hours, days and weeks. Modern gas can last sufficiently long to cause the death of hundreds of population through a combination of terror and starvation. Also the result of coming in contact with an object which has been subjected to an attack of mustard gas is just as severe three weeks later, as at the time of application, and where depressions occur, the effect of rain is negligible.

Now let us drop the erroneous assumption that the total population of the affected area will be in gas masks, and study the effect of a gas, such as “Lewesite,” on a victim, unavoidably trapped before shelter can be reached. The particular characteristic of mustard gas, Lewe-site, and allied gases, is their property of dissolving body membranes. Hence the unfortunate victim is first assured of an agonising form of pleurisy, then, a little later, something gives, his life-blood is pumped through the disintegrated lung wall, and he drowns. Put yourself in his place, drowning in agony in your own blood.

Ah! think of the glory of it, the bravery, the supreme chivalry and sacrifice. There was equal beauty in the case of those boys, just left school, drafted to France, and blown out of existence by a renegade enemy shell as they sat down to have their first tea on the fringe of the “lines.” And a grateful, deceiving War Office adds to the parents’ grief the lying news of the “magnificent sacrifice for England’s glory.” Sons who, at the present time, are knocked fly-
ing into Eternity by roadhogs apparently do not deserve the same laudations; and yet they die as martyrs to the cause of safer motoring on New Zealand highways. The farcical bravery of having one’s intestines blown out by a piece of £100 shell coming from a gun five or ten miles away, or skull split by the bullet of some poor unfortunate under cover of darkness, is lamentably obvious.

The “glory” part, of course, comes in at Returned Soldiers Re-union dinners, but what of the stark realities?

Is it realised that every man who, in allegedly defending his country, principles, honour, nation, or any other lie a government can invent, caused the death of an “enemy” is a murderer in the true sense of the term—or if you would rather; in God’s sight—just as certainly as the criminal who goes to the scaffold or electric chair? When I read the Ten Commandments I see, “Thou shalt not kill.”

Not, as is often imagined, “Thou shalt not kill for fear of the scaffold, but, in event of war, you may cause the death of as many humans as possible, whom you do not know, and who have never interfered with you or done you any harm whatever.” The lawyer to whom Jesus told the parable of the “Good Samaritan,” held the solution of our problems, but, like us, failed to use it. “Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.”

The love of neighbours even in the most literal sense, is lamentably absent from nations and armament syndicates, but there is a much greater danger to peace than armament firms, as these would have rather a lean time if the support of unpopular nationalistic governments was to be relied upon.

Do you know it?

Patriotism! one of the most subtle and treacherous of human inventions. Under its guise, our Union Jack is more a symbol of murder, hate and treachery, than an emblem of which one can honestly be proud. Perhaps the case of Germany is the best example of the chaotic way down which the gilded finger of patriotism points.

In 1918, Germany, the beaten and dis-honoured nation, was subjected to great humiliation by the gloriously victorious allies. And yet no other nation has caused such uneasiness in Europe during the last fifteen years as a result of unjustified national hatreds, not to mention the waste of ten million men, and directly and indirectly the deaths of uncounted thousands of women and children. And the whole object of that disaster remains as un-achieved as it was in 1914.

Is there any remedy for this mess, any hope for the future of mankind?

My answer is a most emphatic “Yes.” The most stupendous event in the history of humanity, 1903 years ago, that of a Sinless Man, dying for the Principles of God, was not merely an historical event; it is the Event. The sole hope of the world in all its muddle is by the individual living of the Code of that Man. We call it Christianity.

But War is our problem now, and Christianity is evidently too high and too absolute a standard for those in whom the power lies to end this atrocity. Who are these fiends, who have this power, but allow the horror to continue? Just you and I! We must name our attitude, then, so let us call it Christian Pacifism. Here are the clauses set out in the Covenant of the Christian Pacifist Society.

“(i) I will do all in my power to promote peace, and to prevent war and strife between persons, groups, and nations, and I will endeavour always with the love God so freely bestows upon me, to love, understand, and serve my neighbours, whether near or far, white or coloured, friendly or hostile.

“(ii) Towards this end, and because my first loyalty is to Jesus Christ, I here and now renounce war and preparations for war, and I declare that I will not fight nor render military service under any circumstance.

“(iii) I further declare that I will not undertake “non-combatant” service such as Red Cross, Nursing, Chaplains, Y.M.C.A. work, etc. unless allowed to do so with Christian impartiality for friend and foe alike, and not under military control.”

It is obvious that if a fraction of the people of the European countries could take the above as part of their creed, the further use of the brutal arbitration of war, would be impossible.

This pacifism is definitely not a negative attitude as is so often argued, but a definite positive aim, which has no moral equal, and requires intelligence and character of the highest order to achieve. It is no easy matter to place
truth first; to place the teachings of Christ before the orders of a Government whose mind is perverted by a false sense of security, based on fear and greed.

The subtle inducements of such "non-combatant" work as is given in clause (iii), as an alternative to the job of killing, is no evasion of the fact that war is wrong. Whatever else may be involved, such work merely serves to enable the fighter more comfortably to carry out his inhuman task.

But do you realize the implications of Christian Pacifism? If the Great War may be taken as any indication it may mean imprisonment, torture, or the penalty of a brick wall and a firing party. Even if the latter, will it be in vain? If you want honour in the eyes of the present world, you will not get it that way; if you covet that type of "glory," you will be disappointed; but if your ideal is a world of peace, happiness, and true security to posterity, such sacrifices may have to be made; are being made. For instance, those countries with undeveloped colonies will most assuredly have to disgorge, if less fortunate countries need them in order that their citizens may enjoy that standard of living which through no fault of their own, they are denied. Tariff barriers, capitalism, race prejudices will all have to go.

That present methods will succeed, it is ridiculous to suppose: that the way of Love will, is an inevitability; but just how far in the future, depends entirely on ourselves.—M.B.R.

Nursery Rhyme

Go on playing little boys
With your leaden soldier toys,
Marshal them in companies
Call some Huns and others Tommies,
Shoot them over one by one
With bullets from your tiny gun,
Put them in your Hornby train
And bomb them from your aeroplane.
Yes,
Practise younger while you play
How to bomb and shoot and slay
And perchance
One day
You may
Become
Our
Next
Unknown Soldier.

—J.D.F.
Twilight Comes

The light is fading. Shadow-shapes are long
Across the green-gold grass. The setting sun
Glints on the tree-tops. Swiftly one by one
Birds homeward fly, singing their evening song.
Hushed is the wind; the whole world breathless lies
Waiting the darkness; now long shadows creep
Stealthily over the land, smoothing, with sleep
And dimness, the lovely light out of the skies.
The light is fading. Beauty passes away
Softly, as dies the sunset into the pale
Twilight; and with its golden moments fail
The light and warmth and colour of to-day.
The light is fading; yet, in a world grown blind,
Still shines the lamp of memory in the mind.

—M.P.P.

Nocturne

The night is decked like a maiden fair
With a crescent moon at her chin,
She's wreaths of stars in her flowing hair
And fleecy grey clouds for her gown.

—J.D.F.
The Origin of "O.K."

Dear Spike,

There have been so many absolutely satisfactory and conclusive explanations of the origin of the term "O.K." that I am afraid your reader will become confused. As he is a decent chap, and always lends me the magazine when he has finished with it, I am going to plug holes in his darkness for him. It happened this way:

The occasion was the celebration of the centenary of Aberdeen. A time of rejoicing and wild abandonment. Cabers, haggis, and saxpences went hurtling through the air. But come awa' wi' me, mon, wha'ur yon birkie stan's burstin' hissell over a pibroch. The crowd is dense, ye oonsteran', an' verra tight, callit together tae see Angus MacKerel, the fririst of the relay runners, receive the streamlined haggis, which will be carried arou' the wurld. Ye wonder what this has tae do wi' O.K.? Hauld ye whist.

Shortly he arrives at London, where he is to transfer the haggis to Sir Dancelot, who does the next stage. But because the King is not pleased with Aberdeen at the moment, the haggis has to be handed to 'Erbert Nockney, the Lunnoner, for presentation by proxy. So MacKerel throws the haggis into the unwilling hands of Nockney, cheerfully shouts "Och aye" and whirls off to join his friend MacAroniey in a cooling gallon just over the border. "Ore Kye" wonders Nockney.

Presently he stands meekly in the presence of the King, Sir Dancelot, and all the other Tights of the Round Table, all gentlemen, all clad in armour, all made in America. Tin Henrys, they call them. You didn't know Ford made armour before he turned to cars? Shut your mouth. Sir Dancelot's haka can be heard a hundred yards away; his armour, a hundred miles.

"Well," snaps Sir Dancelot, "what did the barbarian say?" Nockney produces a cigarette paper on which he has carefully written the letters, "O.K." "What does it mean?" snarls Sir Dancelot. "I think as 'ow 'e means 'orl korrekt'" volunteers Nockney apologetically. "Nonsense!" bites Sir Dancelot, "he meant 'Oh Kwaite.' Can't you spell man?" "I didn't smell anything," says Nockney.

Sir Dancelot dons a bathing suit over his armour, and dives in. In next to no time he is in the court of France with the haggis. Handing it to Monsieur L'Escargot Grenouille, he pronounced the mysterious words, "O.K."
"Sacre mille asticots" gasps the Frenchman, "vat zat?" Sir Dancelot winks solemnly, and dives buoyantly into the water backwards.

Grenouille turns pleadingly to the king. "Aux Cayes, what means it?" he pipes. "A term denoting outstanding merit in the pepper line!" "Also denoting any old kind of merit," judges the king gravely. "Use your etymology." Grenouille nods despairingly, calls his shark and chaise, and sets out over the Atlantic. By holding the haggis in front of the shark's nose he makes record time.

There he meets an American Indian and, bowing profoundly, hands him the haggis. "Aux Cayes" he murmurs. The Indian looks pleased. "Ok e" he says. (You will have gathered that the confounded thing means something in his lingo too. I've forgotten what!) And presently he wanders into Madison Square, n.y., N.Y., U.S.A., with the haggis and the catchword.

Now it happens that the promoters who know how have arranged an all-in wrestling bout between Joe Louis, Musso of Abyssinia (seeking vengeance for Carnera), and Man-Mountain-Deane. And they want an expression to describe the match. They've used "majestic." And "colossal." And "gigantic." And others. But none of them satisfy. And so they find they want the expression "O.K." but not the haggis, which they give to the Indian to eat. Also, their relay runner has been "taken for a ride" and not returned. And, because the expression means nothing, it may mean anything.

While, back in Aberdeen, pending the return of the haggis, they are still celebrating their centenary.—"Schaf."
Why War?

Behold them falling, falling,
Men that I loved:
Smashed skulls, parched throats,
Withered husks of clay . . . .
Only their shadows remain.
And we, who see, shall tremble
And be sad, but for a moment.
Mothers, weep not for those you fashioned
To glut the circus-halls of pagan gods!
Weep for yourselves! You gave them up
To idols you must worship too.
There is no love in warlike places;
Only one voice rings clear:
Fight, Man, if you must be saved;
Fight and exterminate the foe.
Who cares for war when war is over?
Surely those left, wear mourning to their graves;
Those who come after must not know;
And those who know, must hold the secret fast.
Is there a god of battles?
What ransom does he offer when we're dead?
We perish; forgotten soon,
Our prize the impotence of heaven.
Men that I loved,
They fall in mad confusion
For an end they were not destined:
Greater love hath no man than these
Who lay down their lives for their gods.

—M.L.

Ego

The Gangster In Embryo.

Great man am I this night:
I accused God and found
He could not answer.
I have put Him in His place at last—
That is just where I want Him.
I felt I could not rule the roost
While this proud Monster lived.
Be careful, Satan! Tax me not!
I am supreme: I have killed God . . . .
I hold my life a ransom for my sin.
The Backbone

The sun was just about to rise, and all the hills and valleys of the Tararuays were lost in a pink suffusion, leaving only the thin outline of the range against a sky of exactly the same colour.

George, the farmhand, removed the Pompadour's left rear foot from the soft toe of his gumboot and murmured something secular. The cow looked round at him and leered as he proved her.

"Hoped to get it in the bucket, eh? Better luck next time."

His foot tingled as he went on milking. Glancing again at the mountains, where the edge of the sun was just showing, "Hills are looking pretty this morning, aren't they?" he remarked chattily.

"Never mind the bloody sunrise," said the boss from the next bail, "we've got to catch that lorry."

The Pompadour finished, Yum Yum, Buttercup, Inky, Google and Tin ribs (a philosophical cow who always came in last) were milked and wandered out.

The farmhand got the cream cans to the gate as the lorry came into the side road and covered the last half-mile at amazing speed, drawing up with a clatter. In view of the damage heavy cream lorries do to the roads, a stoker on the windscreen announces a speed limit of 19 miles an hour. No driver can obey the law and keep his job.

"Beat you this morning," observed George as he took the receipts.

"Time somebody did," said the driver, "I've had to wait five minutes at every bally place."

Few farmhands eat in the owner's house. Mrs. Farmer would have to wash their clothes too often, they would waste valuable time making themselves presentable, and they would probably bring in vermin anyway . . .

George usually had twenty minutes for breakfast, but this morning the boss looked into the whare after five minutes and said:

"Jorgensen's bought that little white boar. He phoned me and says will you bring it early because he's going to town. So if you wouldn't mind hurrying with your breakfast—?"

The boss was apologetic, coaxing, oily. That meant there was dirty business brewing. En-dowed with a natural low cunning and a meas-ness caused by years of stunted living on a farm that would never pay, he deemed himself a shrewd, hardheaded business man of the old school. A minute later he was back at the window of the whare.

"Here comes Stan with the pig now. Better leave your tucker, hadn't you? I'll get the missus to leave you something to eat when you come home."

George could have demurred, but refrained. He had risen at four; it was now half-past seven and he had eaten nothing. He gulped his tea, crammed his mouth with bacon, and went outside.

"How will I take him?" he inquired.

"There's no time for the dray. I'll put him in a super. sack and you can take him on your bike. Oh, it's easy enough. The last joker that was here used to carry pigs that way. An' I did it often when I was a youngster. Should-a saw some of the pigs I carried."

"But it's four miles to Jorg—"

"Well, you can bike four miles can't you? Not a cripple are you? You fellers nowadays are too soft."

This miserly weasel calling him soft! Because it was so dirty, he did not bury his teeth in the man's throat. Indeed, by a mighty effort of will, he did not even rend him in pieces. Instead, he replied calmly:

"I was thinking of the pig."

"Aw, he'll be allright, I reckon. Here Stan, shoot him into this bag."

Argument was useless. He started off with Herr Goebbels (George named all the animals, and this one he fancied had a Teutonic demeanour) slung in a sack over the handlebars. The road was loosely metalled and the bicycle was hard to manage, swaying horribly as cars dashed past in a cloud of dust. But after a mile or so he was becoming used to the loose metal, the troublesomeness of the bicycle, the halt every chain to adjust the sack, and the thought of the probable sufferings of Herr Goebbels inside it. It was an early summer, and the little boar had been so indiscreeet as to get painfully sunburnt. The sack was old and rotten—the mean old cuss was afraid of losing a bob on a good one.

"Which end up are you, mein Herr?" he wondered.
Upland Summer
Street Corner Gossip

C. H. Smythe
Another car whirled past like a young tornado out for a frolic, so filling the air with dust that he could not see a yard before him. His bicycle lurched, a ripping sound was followed by a thud, and the thud by a squeal. The little pig, suffocating, had bitten a hole and landed on the gravel.

The subsequent chase in the dusty tall fescue and toi-toi on the roadside exhausted them both, and the pig was bleeding from its crash. The bag was hopelessly torn, and there was only one thing to do. He wrapped the bleeding, swearing, struggling pig in the sack and took it under his right arm, wheeling his bicycle with his left. Motorists smiled, a bus full of picnickers hailed him gleefully. He was hungry, thirsty and miserable, the sun was baking hot, he barked his shins against the pedals, and he blasted the wretched sunburnt shoot as it kicked and struggled under his arm.

Came a party of hikers, happy carefree civil servants, three youths and three girls with pink legs. He had refused a job like theirs to realize his dream of being a farmer. As they drew nearer their conversation stopped, but their grins widened. Only one looked sympathetic, a nice girl with red hair and lapis lazuli eyes. Merciful Allah, 'twas Doris! and he remembered his college days. She did not recognize him though, and he blessed the week's growth on his face. He had wiped the dust off one temple, and the cheerful hikers did not see how red that dustless portion was as the farmhand averted his face, and walked by with forty pounds of squealing pork under his arm.

* * *

Before milking that afternoon, he fed Minerva, a large black sow. She was sleeping in a wallow she had made in a corner of the sty, but when she heard him coming she rose and stood upright in the trough, her forefeet on the wall. He hesitated, wondering where to pour the kerosene-tin of curdled skim. The sow stood looking at him, with that curious expression a pig has when it looks upward. Then, deliberately and distinctly,

"Chump!" she said.

"I beg your pardon, madam!" replied the farmhand, "A very offensive remark, surely?"—and he poured the milk over her head. She opened her jaws and chopped at it, swallowing as he poured. Then she shook her ears, splashing him with the sour and smelly fluid, and attended to the trough.

"But I confess you are right, milady," he continued, rubbing the curds and whey from his shirt. "Tonight I give notice, and intend to be a drain on my country until I get a job in town, where I work 40 hours a week instead of sweating my soul out for 80—where I receive a little respect from my employer and a regular holiday; where I can eat a decent meal and sleep on a bed whose mattress is not made of Scotch thistles and rat-infested hay. Your lot, madam, is heaven compared with mine, for you have time at least to reflect in your wallow on life around you. When you have an idea you may cogitate upon it; when you have a flea, you have time to scratch it on yonder rusty nail. The beauty and poetry of life are not for pigs alone."

The trough was empty, and the sow looked up.

"Oaf!" she remarked.

George bowed his head.

"Please don't rub it in, Minerva. Tonight I shall give the boss the comprehensive dressing down he's been waiting for, and you shall have an extra mangel. Give me the bright lights and gilded shams of the city—I'm through with the wide open spaces."—H.W.G.
Japan Through a Footballer’s Spectacles

Any observations one makes on the Japanese people must be read subject to the qualification that a bare month is too short a time in which to form accurate impressions of a country. These comments are not intended to be taken as dogmatic statements.

Probably the characteristic that struck us most forcibly was the intense nationalism of Japan: everyone is one hundred per cent. Japan-minded. This is a well-known characteristic, but we would see it in many things, from the methods of education to the conduct of the football crowds and the spirit of the players. It is worth noting that even Japanese immigrants, particularly to the Philippine Islands (where there are about 30,000 of them) remain intensely Japanese in outlook, wearing Japanese clothes, eating Japanese food, and buying only Japanese goods. They never regard themselves as citizens of the Philippines. Incidentally it would be a matter of no great surprise to many observers if, in the next 10 or 20 years, the Filipinos have to get used to the idea of being citizens of Japan. “Peaceful penetration” has doubled the Japanese population in the last six years.

The men at the top appear to foster this nationalistic spirit for all they are worth, and in two chief ways—by the inculcation of the Emperor cult, and by a careful guidance, or even control, of thought in places of learning. The Emperor Cult is bound up with the national religion of Shintoism under which the Emperor is revered and indeed worshipped, almost as a god. He apparently stands for the old Samurai spirit and for the new nationalistic spirit: he symbolises the highest ideals of Japan. Our first duty in Tokyo was to pay our respects to the Emperor, and this we accomplished by lining up outside the Palace moat and bowing solemnly in the direction of the roofs we could just see over the wall and through the trees. We had a good indication of what His Majesty means to his people in a story of the agricultural workers of the North. These people (who are having a very thin time) decided to come to Tokyo to lay their position before the authorities. On their arrival a disturbance was averted when officials told them that His Majesty was exceedingly displeased with their behaviour. They simply packed up their traps and went back to the old conditions.

We had very little opportunity of observing University life, our tour being conducted by the Japan Rugby Union and not by the University bodies. We did visit three of the major Universities but our visits consisted in little more than arriving, removing our shoes, partaking of refreshment, listening to a couple of speeches, putting on our shoes and departing. There are about 50 universities in Japan, with over 70,000 students, and judging by the three we saw, the buildings and equipment are magnificent.

Pioneers of the Labour Club will be sorry to hear that in the Universities there is very little radical thought—or indeed, any thought that isn’t the “right” thought. We were told that students are so bound and restricted that most of them are simply disinterested. They simply take what is given them and swallow it down—it isn’t worth while doing otherwise. These restrictions result in a lack of interest which is spreading outside the universities. An election campaign was in progress during our visit, and the apparent lack of public interest, as judged by attendances at meetings, was amazing to us.

Teachers may teach only what they are told to teach, students may study only within set curricula—and both teachers and students may think only along approved lines. When it is added that members of teaching staffs are required to forward the names of students suspected of harbouring dangerous thoughts and such students are still known simply and quietly to disappear it will be understood that the “twisted teaching” game is not worth the candle in Japan.

In the schools, courses are apparently carefully planned so that the notion of Japan first, last and all the time is kept uppermost in the youthful mind. One hour a day is commonly set aside for “moral lessons” of this sort.

For the avowed purpose of supervising thought tendencies, two institutions have lately been set up by the Department of Education. The first is the Government Institute of National Culture, the object of which is to conduct research in and diffusion of Japanese culture. The Institute also gives “proper direction and training” to the thoughts of wayward students whose participation in forbidden activities has earned them expulsion.
Secondly there is the Bureau of Thought Supervision. It had been found that "left" thought movements spreading amongst the people were traceable not only to students but to the teachers themselves. To cope with this situation the Bureau was set up in 1934, aiming at the general supervision and investigation of thought in schools and social educational bodies. It urges "the proper training as well as guidance of the trends and movements of thought current among teachers and students."

The first body would appear to act as a spur to thought in the direction named: the second is purely a supervisor and control—simply a brake on those whose thoughts turn them to the wrong side of the straight and narrow path indicated by the former institution. New Zealand students who cry out for freedom of speech may count themselves fortunate when they compare their lot with that of their contemporaries in Japan where apparently it is forbidden even to think out of harmony with the powers that be.

The team had the advantage of a short visit to one of the largest spinning mills in Osaka. We probably went with the usual suspicion that we would be shown only the best side of the factory and with a readiness to seize on any evidence of bad labour conditions. But we came away convinced that nothing had been kept from us and that all our questions had been frankly answered; convinced also, that it is high time that foreigners learned to approach Japanese industrial concerns with an open and unbiased mind.

We saw dining rooms, bathrooms, and dormitories, lecture rooms for the younger employees, little shrines for religious services, a magnificent baseball ground, gymnasiums and a swimming pool, and rows of small houses for the married men: a little village in itself.

In this factory the hours were from 7 to 5, with 40 minutes for lunch—but most of the larger concerns work for 17 hours a day in two shifts. The mean earn an average of 1/9 per day, the women 1/3. Meals are provided at 1½d. a time. Living accommodation is free for the single employees but married men pay a small rental for their houses. Medical attention is free and the company has a workers' compensation and superannuation scheme on the same lines as in New Zealand. The majority of the workers are girls from 13 to 20 years old—most of them leave to be married after three or four years' service. The wages mentioned seem contemptible to the New Zealander, but it must be remembered that the standard of living is considerably different in Japan. These girls, we found, are quite happy in their employment and consider themselves far better off than at home. Most of them are farmers' daughters, and are able to send some of their savings to their homes.

In spite of the wide facilities provided by the company and the admitted contentment of the employees, it was difficult for a New Zealander to resist the thought that even the best working conditions could not compensate for the effect on a young girl of making her work in a factory for nine hours a day. We did feel, however, that the conditions as they were had been frankly placed before us.

Japan has apparently until recently been a strong supporter of the view that woman's place is in the home. Not so long ago woman definitely played second fiddle to man in everything. The wife was not so much a partner with her husband as merely a necessary part of his household—an entertainer to him and a mother to his children. She had no part in the planning of the family's future—she had merely to fit in with his scheme of things. But latterly her status has improved, and she is now more on equal terms with her husband in the marriage venture. Even now, however, they are a fairly bold couple who will walk together in the streets—usually the woman is a pace or two behind or on the outside running. We ourselves caused considerable embarrassment to both sides when we involuntarily stood aside at doorways in the hotels to let the housemaids pass. It isn't done!

Again, co-education is practically unknown in Japan. Girls and boys are educated separately in the schools, and though there are about 50 universities, only half a dozen are for women, and in only one may women study in company with men. There are, however, numerous Colleges for training women in such subjects as teaching, medicine and dentistry.

Marriages are still usually matters of arrangement between the families, irrespective of the wishes of the parties. The marriage is not so much a binding of a man and a woman as a union of the two families. We had a good example in the case of a man who was incidentally a graduate of Cambridge University. One night he announced in a resigned tone that he was engaged. When pressed by his friend as to the exact nature of his feelings he confessed
that he wasn't in love, but expressed the hope that he would learn to like the lady!

The famous Mitsui family have kept up their stock in this way. If one of the younger sons or cousins does not show sufficient promise at the age of 14 or 15 he is quietly removed from the family and another bright young man is brought in by marrying him to one of the Mitsui girls. And the newcomer takes the Mitsui name. The older heads are not allowed to retire while the family council considers they are still serviceable—but when they are past their best out they go—and with a new name. The Mitsuis have a controlling interest in one quarter of the trade of Japan and their merchant shipping is reckoned to be greater than the entire mercantile marine of France.

The family is, of course, persona grata with the Emperor, and there is no trouble because the Mitsuis live a well-ordered life and their work is not for themselves but for the glory of Japan, in which object they consider themselves partners with the State. The common people believe this.

The Japanese views on defence are, of course, well known. They are very keen on their Navy and like to remember the Russo-Japanese War with tremendous pride. In one of the girls' school we noticed a wooden box into which the children were urged to throw their used toothpaste tubes so that they could do their bit in building up the Navy. A picture of a battleship in fighting trim appeared on the box to bring home the lesson. One inclines to think that there would not be so much warmindedness if Japan had been a more active participant in the Great War. It is doubtful whether the man in the street knows the horrors of war as vividly as does his Western contemporary. On the eve of our visit to the Yokusuka Naval yard we were urged by an official from the Foreign Office to study the Japanese point of view so that we would realise how essential to the peace of the Pacific was the maintenance of a strong Japanese Navy. This statement, it seems, fairly sums up the Japanese viewpoint.

At the same time there can be no doubt that the old "Yellow Peril" bogey, as far as British possessions are concerned, is utterly fanciful. Though they will not admit it, it appears that the Japanese now regard Manchukuo almost as a colony. Observers are of opinion that in Japanese eyes Manchukuo has not been the success it ought to have been. Climatic conditions and the lower standard of living have hindered Japanese immigrants. But even assuming that Manchukuo does not solve the over-population problem, it appears that the Philippine Islands may be the new outlet. The Japanese population there has doubled in the last six years and now stands at 30,000. It is questionable how far this peaceful penetration will continue: some authorities hold the view that Japan's aim is not so much to unload her surplus population by emigration as to absorb it in industrial development at home.

However this may be, we came away convinced that there is no foundation for the suggestion that British countries in the South are in danger of molestation from the Japanese. Though some of the customs and ideas of the country must naturally appear strange to us we found the Japanese themselves a wholly delightful people. No visitor could leave Japan without having formed the very highest opinion of their courtesy and generosity. For us the best entertainment and the finest hospitality was provided with ample opportunity to investigate for ourselves matters of particular interest. Such was their generosity that private citizens tumbled over one another to entertain us and some had to be content with giving us presents. Of these we received so many that we could scarcely keep track of the donors' names. It is hoped to arrange a return visit in a few years, and New Zealand will be hard put to it to return the kindnesses received by us.
Plunket Pleasantries

"As great strains of true sublime eloquence
as are anywhere to be found." — Swift.

"And what," I said, "of oratory?"

"Some are," he replied cryptically, "and
some are not. There is, to be sure, a society
of men among us bred up from their youth in
the art of proving, by words multiplied for the
purpose, that some long-forgotten relics should
be exhumed."

"But," says I, "is it not well to hearken to
the strength and beauty of the English
tongue?"

"That may be," says he, "but this society
of orators has a peculiar cant and jargon of its
own. For instance, they deal dexterously in
fraud, perjury, and oppression, in truth, jus-
tice, and valour, yet will do this only for re-
ward."

"Reward?" says I.

"Why yes," says he. "It has long been
ordained that to him who shall best disimulate
his true feelings and expound a ritual recitation,
concealing within the nervousness or boredom
which the occasion must warrant—to him, I say,
is given rank and honour."

"But," says I, "are these orators not the
leading scholars of the day?"

"Indeed they are," says he, "an unsunned
heap."

"Tell me, then," says I, "how do they speak,
and of whom?"

"Gladly," says he, "for not long since, eight
such orationists wielded the sadly tarnished
weapons of their armoury. One of them came
from the highlands, McGhie by name."

"Careful," says I, "for I, like Elia, have
been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, but
am obliged to desist from the experiment in
despair. Mine is a constitution essentially anti-
Caledonian."

"Well," says he, "this McGhie declaimed
concerning a dour and dogged Scot—Mac-
Donald it was—whose life was a frayed and
tangled skein of triumph and defeat. He spoke
of Celtic pride and idealism and the solace of
the heather, filling the air with mellifluous
phrases."

"And was not that delightful?" says I.

"It was indeed," says he, "and the judges
placed him second, the customary way of mark-
ing popular favour. But he would amuse us
when we should have been serious. He was
too happy on the stage, smiling at our innocence,
and ringing down the curtain with an imponder-
able conundrum."

"At least he did not bore you," says I.

"No, but there were others," says he, "who
after the first exquisite plunge into the archives
of greatness were soon beset by fear of cramp
and returned at once to the shore, to follow a
drear pedestrian course by land. No fiery
exuberance, no tempestuousness, save those
patches of dead-leaf gold that even a southerly
will stir. There was one Perry, an early Chris-
tian making a first appearance before the lions.
He spoke of Peter Chanel, yet could arouse
none of the feelings that a great man and great
works should readily inspire. Instead, a lucu-
bration, tinsel melodrama that could not be
heard or endured by anyone with an ear for
music and a heart to be moved by a tale of
nobility."

"Hard words," says I. "Do you freely
speak thus harshly of your orators? Is revenge
unknown?"

"Another of the speakers," says he, proceed-
ing undeterred, "would have had us quicken our
pulses for an American woman pioneer, yet gave
a humourless homily adorned with lists of the
emotions that an unadorned tale might of itself
readily have created. Jane Addams and Joy
Stock together—and the fumes of the Chicago
sweatshops were comparable only to the horrible
Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless. The
story was too heavily laden with good works
and concentrated essence of moral indignation.
How little, indeed divides an impassioned
speech from mere over-earnestness!"

"But I cannot follow you," says I, "do you
or don't you want the orator to rage and wave
his arms in a storm of emotion?"

"Oratory is the same in all languages," says
he, "and there is a just distinction, as has been
observed, between hearing what we cannot help
and approving what we ought to condemn."
“What’s all this?” says I.
“I remember reading somewhere,” says he, “that an ordinary cheesemonger that scarce ever heard of a university will speak much better sense and more to the purpose than these young philosophers.” And with this he would elucidate no more, but was away again.

“There was yet another,” says he, “whose brilliantly devastating conversation, blended with keen-edged stabs and jests, was as welcome as the chirping of a bird in a hedge on a hot day.”

“I know what you mean,” says I, recalling an appropriate line, “voice and gesture instinctively gave melody and force to the flowing period.”

“Not at all, not at all,” says he. “There was a pronounced groan of concern when she faltered—and that not once nor twice.”

“Ah,” says I, trying again, “the tongue cleaving to the gums?”

“Nay,” says he, “the recitation not cleaving to the memory. But a happy discourse withal, and one that caught the ear and the imagination at once with the spin of a gamblers’ wheel and a tale of the man that owns the bank at Monte Carlo. Here was sparkling phrase, provoking quip, keen irony, happy demeanour, and musical intonation.”

“Why, then,” says I, “this was surely a winning oration?”

“Not quite,” says he. “This Miss Shortall did not weld us into an emotional mass of haters or admirers, and what else is an orator supposed to do? It was too friendly, too personal a chat, too informal an attack. You see, it was so engaging. This man she spoke of—he should have been a villain: she made him out a mere Zaharuffian.”

“I suppose,” says I, “that all these orators of yours are trained speakers?”

“Alas, yes,” says he. “Elocution or electrocution—‘tis all one to me. Miss Souter we heard. She bleats except when she shrills. She waxed emotional, but the wax couldn’t stand the heat. She took us to the surgery, but wouldn’t leave it to the doctors. And the judges placed her third.”

“Why,” says I, “and whom may she have been extolling?”

“Sir James Simpson, discoverer of anaesthetics. And appropriately enough, she dwelt with loving emphasis on his birth and his funeral. Still, her grim recital of the doctor’s visit (old style) was stark and convincing, and you would hardly have realised it was all a recitation.”

“You speak obliquely,” says I.

“Would that some others could do as much,” says he. “Take the next speaker, for example—a Mr. Scott, who told us all about Rosa Luxemburg. Every seventh person will tell you he snarled his way through.”

“Come, come,” says I, “surely not.”

“Indeed,” says he, “it was Rosas Rosas all the way. Monotonously rings the little bell. Not that he renounced the substance for the shadow. He made the crowd talk. He dragged an unknown name from obscurity and posted it among the stars. He bestridden the nations, gathered in the past, and shot an arrow into futurity. At any rate, that’s what he meant to do. But men are as dust before the wind, and their way is dark and slippery. We heard the reverberations of civil war; but the speaker remained a barbarian to his auditors. They hear the sound, but are not edified. And so was he swallowed up, for their judgments are like the mighty deep.”

“Even in the days of dearth,” says I, “one may have too much.”

“It was different,” says he, “with another accustomed warrior yeclpt Scotney. His speech was clear, interesting, well-delivered, and progressively developed. He overflowed with fire and enthusiasm. He galvanised the audience with the tense drama of Henri Christophe, negro king of Haiti. No delicate and petty stature, no grey setting, no conventional career, but a man: and one that was equal to ten battalions.”

“Did not the speaker win?” says I.

“No,” says he, “there was one fatal error. He was the first to speak.”

“But then,” says I, “can one do aught about that?”

“In all future contests,” says he, “the position of first speaker is to be abolished.”

“Who then did win?” says I.

“Jack Aimers,” says he, “with Marie Antoinette, as mediocre a woman as ever sustained a flight of oratory. Too analytical to be dramatic, too accommodating to be provocative, he held the balance without fulcrum or beam. No
splendid conflagration, no thunder of gigantic
sentiments; nothing to inspire, to master, or
overwhelm; deliberate; lacking surprise. Never
carried away with his own eloquence. A good
plain not-too-forceful speech. A formal laying-
foundation-stone style. Not memorable; noth-
ing to make the sun stand still. Dignified;
technically correct; well-arranged; unexagger-
ated."

"One moment," says I, "what is this cata-
logue? Do you tell me this has anything to
do with an oration? What, after all, is ora-
tory?"

"That," says he, "remains to be defined."

(Adapted from the Classics by Sulla.)

---

**The Pagan**

*Spilt from the golden brim of a risen moon*  
*The yellow ribboned the stream:*

*Tossed from the flickering bowl of an evening star*  
*The gold drops fashioned the dream:*

*Speechless the calm of a slumbrous drowse*  
*Caressing the night in a flow:*

*And the pagan . . . aloft on the furthest height*  
*As a god . . . he saw it below.*

---

---

---
Two Devils

The above title resulted from a contemplation of the proverb—"The devil you know is better than the devil you don’t know." In this case I doubt it. They are equi-abhorrent.

Will you please solve this problem? There are, let us say, seventy million people in Japan, which is about the size of New Zealand. They are crammed together like tinned spaghetti. A little distance from their coasts is a continent named Australia in which about seven million people rattle around like a handful of dried peas in a barrel. Suppose Japan should cast her eyes around and notice Australia?

This is not an attempt to preach "Yellow Peril." But the Japanese, and for that matter, all philoprogenitive peoples, are candidates for new lands; and even if their desire does not lie eastward, we have no need to sigh our relief, and claim that the problem is non-existent. It does exist, and must sooner or later be faced—birth control or war.

We don’t like birth control, and we don’t like war, but which are we going to choose? Listen to the Japanese side of the argument:

"The world is able to support 2,500,000,-000 under the Japanese standard of living, and only 1,000,000,000 under the American standard. Therefore let those nations who are living up to the American Standard make room for extra millions of Japanese."

To which valid argument we validly reply: "The world is able to support 2,500,000,-000 under the Japanese standard, and 3,500,000,000 under the Chinese or Indian standard. Therefore, by your own logic, throw your lands open to the Indians and Chinese, that they may be populated up to their limit."

Such logic can be refuted only by war.

Japan cries for lands. Italy needed lands and helped herself. But these are powerful nations. India and China have population problems more acute, but, being militarily ineffective, they do not voice their needs. When China becomes over-populated—and it is always over-populated—people have to settle on the barely-productive land, or on land subject to floods, and then there is a flood or a famine, and the population problem is temporarily stayed. Some day the whole world will be like that if the nations who will not restrain their procreative fancies gain their will.

Extend the reasoning to its limit. The predictions of Malthus failed when applied to England, which, after the industrial revolution, more than doubled beyond the figures he had allowed. But there were undeveloped countries in the world which readily took her industrial manufactures, and enabled her to support her vastly increased population. But when the world is united with one standard—the lowest standard under which life can be sustained—the iron law of Malthus cannot fail. When we have honeycombed the rocks, when we have populated the centre of the earth, when we have our villas-under-the-sea, and when every ounce of earth is coaxed into production, the limit will have been reached, the iron law will swing into operation, and starvation will be the regulator of the world’s population. Starvation is birth-control—a very cruel and wasteful form. There is no method of birth-control which is ethically so criminal and pitiless as this, yet it is the very form manufactured by the nations themselves as a rod for their own backs. If birth-control is not practised in some more gentle way it will eventually and inevitably be self-inflicted. Birth-control in itself is bad, but starvation is the worst form it takes.

But it is not likely that the nations who hold a comfortable margin of unused land, and who profit substantially thereby, are going to relinquish those lands by arbitration. Neither reasoning nor pity will lead them to do so. Reasoning advises them to suggest birth control to the over-populated nations, pity also leads them to exhort them to "do the obvious thing." But it is not the obvious thing to the coloured nations. It is an abhorrent thing, equivalent to them to an abdication from life. And so their only remedy is to take the lands by force. Therefore we have our option—birth control or war.

The action of the western nations is obvious. They will hold to the last from those nations who can breed faster and live lower than they the lands they have gained. But the western nations have a strange method of fighting fire with fire. Because population problems are on the point of driving the Eastern nations in war against us, to hold off any such onslaught, let
us populate, they cry, that we may have the power entailed. That is to say, population is required only for cannon fodder, and that very increase in population is a potential cause of war, and may turn a happy country into a miserable, land-hungry one. Hence it is to be regretted that many “deplore” the drop in the population level of their various nations. It would seem that to such, Mr. Savage is of less value than a relief worker with eighteen children, or, to translate the analogy, a small, cultured, industrious, and happy community is of less value than a fetid mass of jammed humanity whose numbers are regulated by starvation.

Now suppose the land in the world were, by special agreement, divided up equally among the peoples of the world, each person having a piece of land equal in production, if not in size, to another. In one generation some sections would be sustaining one family each, others, ten. What then—a reshuffle? And then we are faced with another pertinent question—are the white races worthy of being consigned to extinction? For, as soon as the begettal of children becomes the prime factor in racial survival, the white races are doomed. They have such able competitors.

The coloured races will make prompt reply, “All very well for the white races, after taking for themselves most of the world, to sit back on their conquests, and cry ‘enough,’ and advise all to hold just what they have. There is no fairness there.” Yet the Japanese and Chinese were civilised when Europe was in barbarism, and they made no effective attempt to reclaim or lift the coloured races. Without the achievements of the whites, the coloured races would have been just as they are now—land-hungry, but non-colonising. To the white races there seems to be a fascination in empty spaces, to the yellow, a love and a longing for home.

And there the problem rests. It is not pleasant to advise those nations who are fond of abundant offspring that no assistance can be rendered to them, and no suggestion but birth control, but the only alternative is war.

Possibly the next war will solve the population problem for a long, long time.

—METUO.

The Desert at Evening

For Night comes swift on the desert
Like the swoop of a carrion bird
Changing a blazing Inferno
To a Void where each sound is heard:
Echoing as in a darkened vault
The mournful howl of the coyote dim
From somewhere out on the desert rim
Seems to voice the soul of the desert right
A Wilderness pitless in its stark might
Without any compensating charm
A world of dim silences, dust and storm
Where Nature has Man at an awful loss
And One who goes there, goes as One who’d toss
With his life as the stake on the coin’s fall.

—J.A.C.
Past Students

Activated by the incompleteness of the Victoria College records, Mr. G. F. Dixon, to whom we are indebted for the list below, has spent much labour in tracing the names of past students in all possible sources. Lists of earlier students, from the foundation of the College, were published in the last two issues of "Spike." Mr. Dixon writes as follows:—

In all but a very few cases, the persons whose names are given in this list have been definitely identified and the particulars in regard to them are as accurate as it is possible to make them. In the case of the remaining few—about ten or twelve—it has not been possible to trace them for more than a year or two subsequent to 1909 and in a very few cases it has not even been possible to obtain any clue whatever as to the identity of the individual concerned.

My next list, I hope, will cover the years 1910, 1911 and 1912 and complete the task I originally set out to do, viz., to place on permanent record the names of all students who attended V.U.C. during the years 1899 to 1912 inclusive—there being at present no such list in existence.

List of Students who Entered Victoria College in 1909

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anson, George Frederick Vernon</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auton, Thomas</td>
<td>1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbour, Grace</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. W. Hope)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnett, Maud</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, Cyril Palmer</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biffen, Emmie</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. A. T. Lowe)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bissett, Elizabeth Alice</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brodie, Herbert Frank</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brodie, Henry George</td>
<td>1909-10-11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, William Binet</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant, William Henry</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burridge, Ross Reginald</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burton, Eva</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. Chappell)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busby, William Baldwin</td>
<td>1909 and 1912</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callender, Geoffrey Gordon</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash, Francis Hawke</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castie, Winifred Agnes</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleghorn, Joan</td>
<td>1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comrie, Helen</td>
<td>1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotton, R. B.</td>
<td>1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cumberworth, Dorothy May</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. A. G. F. Lawson)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duigan, Lucilla Berenice</td>
<td>1909 (Mrs. H. H. Ostler)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easton, Charles Ernest</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edie, Herbert Kerr</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elder, Roderick Austin</td>
<td>1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everett, Gladys Gordon</td>
<td>1909-10 and 1913 (Mrs. ———)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flux, Gwendolyn Mary</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. C. M. Mason)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fossette, Ethel Gladys</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. A. E. Caddick)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fossette, Muriel Sylvia</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. J. Brine)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fossette, Walter Ernest William Richard</td>
<td>1909-10 and 1912</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibson, Helen Francis</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. W. M. Falconer)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goode, Frederick</td>
<td>1909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greig, William Napier</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffen, John Leslie</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffiths, Herbert Jewellyn</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggitt, Doris Evelyn</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12 (Mrs. C. A. Small)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haldane, Janet Minnie</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. H. McNeill)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haldane, Kathleen Florence</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. G. F. W. Jackson)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halliday, Henry Lloyd</td>
<td>1909 and 1911</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall-Jones, Frederick George</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harley, Harold Leon</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heine, Clara Mathilde</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hill, Constance</td>
<td>1909-10 (Mrs. Marshall)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hind, Florence Mary ........................................ 1909-10-11-12.
Hoby, Erika ..................................................... 1909 and 1912.
Hogg, Felicitas Mary Franziska .......................... 1909-10.
Hogg, William Ferguson .................................. 1909-10 and 1912.
Holmes, Clarence Howard ................................. 1909-10-11-12-13.
Hueston, Dorothy Lilian .................................. 1909-10-11-12-13.
Hursthous, Dorothy Blanche ............................. 1909-10-11-12 (Mrs. J. E. J. Bannister).
Jacobson, John Victor ..................................... 1909.
Jensen, Emma Hansine ..................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. E. H. Winter).
Kelly, Lucy ..................................................... 1909-10.
Kelley, Dorothy .............................................. 1909 and 1911 (Mrs. Evans).
Kendall, Ida Maude ......................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. H. J. Lancaster).
Kibblewhite, Forrest Gordon ............................ 1909-10-11.
Macdonald, Tina ............................................. 1909.
Matthews, Eric Rupert .................................... 1909 and 1913.
McCullough, Dorothy ...................................... 1909.
McCullough, Maud .......................................... 1909.
McGill, H. ..................................................... 1909.
McConagle, Minnie ......................................... 1909-10.
McKenzie, Annie Dorothy ................................ 1909.
McNamara, Patrick James ................................ 1909-10.
Menzies, James Lawrence ................................ 1909-10.
Morrison, John Cruickshank ............................. 1909-10-11-12.
Murray, Aileen Maybird ................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. A. M. Carroll).
Nelson, Isabel ............................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. F. F. Stapleton).
Nelson, Florence ............................................ 1909-10 (Mrs. W. J. Robinson).
Palmer, Ruth Eveline ...................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. G. McH. Speedy).
Pappus, Arthur James ...................................... 1909-10.
Park, Peeta Henri .......................................... 1909-10.
Phillips, Annie Amanda ................................... 1909-10.
Polley, Nora Treppss ...................................... 1909 (Mrs. T. A. Churches).
Printzen, Doris .............................................. 1909-10 (Mrs. W. R. Douglas).
Reading, Kitty ................................................ 1909-10 (Mrs. Freeborn Johnstone).
Robertson, George Harold ................................ 1909-10-11.
Robins, Frank Sanderson ................................ 1909.
Robinson, Alfred Herbert ................................ 1909-10-11-12.
Rockel, Clara Constance Herberg ....................... 1909.
Roas, Adelaide Winifred .................................. 1909-10.
Roulston, James David .................................... 1909.
Ryan, Patrick James ....................................... 1909-10-11-12-13.
Sanson, Edgar Earle ....................................... 1909-10.
Scott, John .................................................... 1909-10-11.
Scott, Mary ................................................... 1909-10.
Serpell, Elvira Margaret ................................ 1909-10.
Smyth, Francis Herbert ................................... 1909-10.
Tate, Robert William ...................................... 1909.
Teament, Ida Frances ...................................... 1909-10-12-13 (Mrs. G. M. Cleghorn).
Thompson, Richard James ................................ 1909-10-11-12-13.
Thomson, Florence McLean ................................ 1909.
Thompson, Sidney Thomas ................................ 1909-10-11-12-13.
Turley, Lilian Margaret ................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. B. Kibblewhite).
Turnbull, George Devereux ................................ 1909-10.
Tyerman, Marjorie Grace .................................. 1909-10 (Mrs. H. T. Russell).
Tyer, Robert Reid .......................................... 1909-10-11-12-13.
Vernon, John Douglas ...................................... 1907-10.
Verschaaffelt, Paul Desire Nestor ..................... 1909-10-11-12-13.
Waters, Richard ............................................. 1909.
Weir, James .................................................. 1909.
Willetts, Elizabeth ......................................... 1909-10 (Mrs. E. T. Peach).
Wilson, John .................................................. 1909-10.
Wilson, Margaret McDonald ............................. 1909-10.
## Obituary

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Death</th>
<th>Place of Death</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Date of Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black, Flora Christie</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Linwood) 17 November, 1911</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brockett, Archibald Geoffrey</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
<td>(Great War) 15 September, 1916</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castle, Arthur Penfold</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
<td>(Great War) 15 November, 1916</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clinie, Mary Elizabeth</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Napier) 21 September, 1926</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cook, Ethel Harriet</td>
<td>1909-10 and 1913</td>
<td>(Palmerston N.) 21 November, 1923</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goudie, William Wigram</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Wellington) 25 January, 1934</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, Lionel William Baird</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, Vincent John Baird</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, Ellen Vera</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henderson, Douglas Dalrymple</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
<td>(Hawera) 22 October, 1922</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Houghton, Kathleen Mary Lawrence</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
<td>(Mrs. G. H. Nicholls) 27 December, 1925</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan, Hedley Vickers</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
<td>(Te Aroha) 11 April, 1910</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larking, Frank Campbell</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
<td>(Wellington) 11 April, 1910</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee, Percy David</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Wellington) 11 April, 1910</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marsden, Joseph Stanley</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13-14</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCartney, Malcolm</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13-14-15</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mills, John Edmund</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholls, Marjory Lydia</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
<td>(Mrs. John Hannah) 1 October, 1930</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phillips, Charles Ernest</td>
<td>1909-10</td>
<td>(Wellington) 11 April, 1910</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reyling, Kathleen Ruby</td>
<td>1909-10-11-12-13</td>
<td>(Wellington) 11 April, 1910</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saxon, John Buller Hicks von Tunzleman</td>
<td>1909-12-13</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simkin, Doris Muriel</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stitt, Lilian Mary</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobin, Charles Edward O'Hara</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td>(Wellington) 15 April, 1933</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wardrop, Charles Lawrence</td>
<td>1909-11-13</td>
<td>(Great War) 12 October, 1917</td>
<td>(Great War)</td>
<td>15 July, 1916</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### "Estoilles Argent"

A delegate to be appointed by the Executive of the Students’ Association is now, thanks to the District Court of Convocation, eligible to attend meetings of the College Council. Spike renders thanks to those responsible for the gaining of this valuable right, long overdue, of student representation. One vote does not amount to much, but it is expected that the result of this move will be increased liaison between the students and the controlling body, which must be to the welfare of all. It is strange that it was not hitherto acknowledged that students had a right to sit on the council responsible for their own affairs.

Apropos of the above, felicitations are due to Mr. C. S. Plank, who has been rewarded by the student body for his constant efforts on its behalf by being elected a life member of the Students’ Association. Mr. Plank, whose achievements include the drafting of a foolproof constitution for the Students’ Association, and the student control of the student stomach (i.e., the Cafeteria) also had a hand in the move for student representation. It is good to see that Mr. Plank has now achieved recognition as well as success.

---

Spike joins with the writer of the Weir House article (quod vide) in extending good wishes to Max Brown, who, besides gaining a post-graduate scholarship and proceeding to Cambridge University, has had the added distinction of being a sub-editor on the 1935 Spike.

---

Another Committee-man of last year’s Spike, Alfred Katz, left in June for a tour of Europe, before returning to New York, after which he intends to gain a doctorate of Philosophy in Social Psychology at Yale University.
In regard to this issue of *Spike*, thanks are due to Mr. O. A. E. Hughan for his constant and willing assistance. Mr. Hughan, who is associated with the Camera Club, took care of the photographic side of *Spike*, arranging for the adjudication of the entries. It is suggested that the precedent thus formed should be followed by future *Spikes*. The co-operation between the Camera Club and *Spike* is of recent origin, but has given a great stimulus to the Club, and has supplied *Spike*, which has always lacked black and white artists, with the illustrations it has needed.

* * *

Perhaps T.C. may be able to do something in the way of black and white illustrations next year?

* * *

The literary prize of £1/1/- offered by the Executive has been won this year by Mr. O. A. E. Hughan, who wrote “Footsteps.” The photographic prize goes to Mr. C. H. Smythe, who produced the photograph opposite page 24.

* * *

Our thanks are extended to Messrs. Gretton and McLean who undertook all the proofreading for this issue of *Spike*.

* * *

Good wishes will go with our two Rhodes Scholarship nominees for this year, Mr. H. L. Baker, B.A., and Mr. G. E. Wilson, M.A. with Honours. Or rather, felicitations for having received the honour of nomination and wishes that they will succeed in bringing the coveted scholarship to themselves and to V.U.C.

* * *

Some little disappointment has perhaps been felt that the Training College has as yet shown little influence upon Victoria College Club life. The “T.C.” (as it will become when familiarity has finished breeding contempt) does not seem to have found its feet, and some of its members are of the opinion that it should emphasize its entity, even at the expense of V.U.C. This would be regrettable, as the clubs already suffer from anaemia, and no good purpose is served by making two anaemic clubs grow where but one grew before.

In the N.Z.U. Football Tour to Japan this College was represented by S. G. Eade, E. R. Chesterman, W. Tricklebank, G. G. Rae and H. R. C. Wild. The team left Auckland on 24th December and returned to Wellington on 16th March, the trip being made via Sydney, Brisbane, Thursday Island, Davao, Manila, and Hong Kong. Of the seven games played in Japan six were won and the last (the Second Test) was drawn. There were two games against the Hong Kong Club, both of which were won handsomely.

The Japanese proved themselves splendid hosts: they treated the team to the finest hospitality and showered gifts on them all through the tour. At football they were keen and able players and it was found that their natural elusiveness largely made up for their lack of height and weight. Towards the end of the tour, indeed, the New Zealanders were finding the physical fitness of the Japanese on the field and their generous hospitality off the field, almost too much for them.

A return visit by the Japanese in 1938 is already mooted and should this eventuate it will be the duty of New Zealand students to do all they can to repay the debt of gratitude we owe to the Japanese.

* * *

Following an illness early this year, Miss Ellen Pigott, lecturer in Botany, obtained leave of absence for the remainder of the session. We extend our sympathy to Miss Pigott and hope she will be able to resume her lectures in 1937. Meanwhile the teaching of Botany in the College has been carried on by Miss Ella Campbell, of Otago.

* * *

*Spike* would like to take this opportunity of welcoming back to Victoria one of its former editors, namely Mr. D. J. Donald. At present assisting Professor Hunter, Mr. Donald was editor of *Spike* in 1927 and for the first issue in 1928. (*Spike* was issued twice a year in the pre-Smad days.) With former *Spikes* and extravaganzas for reference we are well aware of Mr. Donald’s literary ability, and his facile pen is now being wielded once again for the enjoyment of the student body.

53
Progress

"The life and soul of Science is its practical
application to some purpose useful to mankind."
—Lord Kelvin.

I saw a film recently, a Gaumont-British instruc-
tional short entitled "Progress." Carrying
the authority of collaboration with the National
Physical Laboratory at Teddington, it por-
trayed the development of our methods of com-
munication over the last 25 years—in brief it
was a paean sung in praise of our modern god—
Speed. So one saw perfectly conventional
scientists working in perfectly conventional
laboratories—tight-lipped men intent on their
studies, tense with the excitement of new dis-
coveries. Before one's eyes were evolved for-
nuce for new alloys, that combined the virtues
of lightness, tensile strength and malleability.
Then from the smelting pot and the testing
bench the film cut successively to a Tourist
Trophy race, the mad roundabout at Brook-
lands, the frantic sweep of a Schneider trophy
machine. Another phase showed the armament
of Britain in the early days of the war, one amaz-
ing shot (filmed through a sort of synthetic mist
of microscopes and machine guns), showed a
ghostly headquarters staff appealing hystere-
ically in chorus—"More shells, we must have more
shells." Back in the laboratory we saw the
development of more efficient means of destruc-
tion, and then the solid brutal dignity of the
British fleet indomitably patrolling the seas. The
waging of war, we inferred at this stage was
the highest function of the state, of society, of
science; interesting in these days of anti-Fascism
to see the doctrines of Hitler and Mussolini
promulgated by the Gaumont-British Films
Corporation!

So this is—progress! We still press forward,
we still advance. Whither? Scientists still
dig deeper into the lodes of knowledge, each
down his own little specialised burrow. But how
many pause seriously to think, just where his
work is leading him, and those who will follow
in his track. More important still, how many
set up with a definite ideal of integrating their
work with the social advance of mankind? I
have come into contact with quite a number of
the scientific men of our community; leaders of
research, the younger men who work with them
and will in the near future be leaders in their
turn, and also the men who serve the public
more directly as routine workers. I am afraid
that few of them realise the full responsibilities
of their work, or are concerned about the
adaption of their discoveries to the needs of the
people among whom they live.

But to return to our film. I would not
decry the manufacture of materials and
machinery designed for greater speed in travel
if I were convinced that it would be properly
employed. The film "Progress" was itself
evidence to the contrary. It immediately link-
ed the concept of speed with racing cars
balancing perilously, thrillingly, on the Brook-
lands track; with motor-cycles bumping and
broadsideing round the Isle of Man; in short
with exhibitions of that craze for excitement, for
thrills, that seem to have replaced in our modern
life the more healthy and less nerve-shattering
habit of reflection and spontaneous recreation.
A motor-cycle owner informs me that these
"speed trials" are scientific experiments which
test the efficiency of machines under natural
conditions. If that is the intention I feel there
is something wrong; "scientific" experiments
could be devised in a well-equipped laboratory
under standardised conditions—such methods
are of course actually employed. Or, even
were we to admit the necessity of hurling
machines around absurd corners at impossible
speeds, this should at least be done in a place
where the public are not admitted to the danger
of their limbs, and, more important, their minds.
The most outstanding results of a recent "ex-
periment" of this type in a T.T. race were the
deaths of four people and the maiming of
seventeen others.

And, anyhow, just why must we increase the
speed of our regular travel? For the moment
I am going to define the legitimate aim of sci-
entific investigation as an improvement in the
general welfare, the standard of living, of the
community. This, I know, neglects the intellec-
tual side of science, the "pure science," the
"search for a truth," and so on; but it includes
in its scope the branches of science in which
all but a few workers are engaged and which
are to an increasing extent contributing to the
general structure of society to-day. With this
definition, then, what part does speed of com-
munication and travel play in our lives? In
communication, radio telephony has given us about the maximum speed attainable, and, rightly used, enables the diffusion of ideas, and culture with comparative ease. That is a Good Thing. In our ordinary means of travel the months of tossing, close herded in insanitary quarters which our forbears endured on their journey from Europe have shrunk to as many weeks in surroundings more luxurious than most of us normally enjoy. That is progress. But the immoderate enthusiasm of press and populace when a stunt ship such as the “Queen Mary” clips an hour or so off the time for the trans-Atlantic service—is that a sign of progress? Rather it is evidence of that uncritical acceptance of dictated standards which gives the Press, and the loud-voiced and the assertive, the power to control society to-day. The excitement which attaches to the conception of speed has such a hold upon us that the questions whether it justifies the expense of obtaining it, whether it is really serving a general need, are never considered.

In another recent film, a very true and inspiring one, Louis Pasteur was credited with these words: “The benefits of science are not for scientists; they are for humanity.” Such self-abnegation is put into practice by most real scientists, I believe, the biographical records in scientific publications are evidence of that. When a new anaesthetic for dentistry was produced in America last year the patent rights were taken out by the University where the discovery was made, with the expressed purpose of preventing exploitation. Similar actions would be welcomed in all branches of research. But Pasteur’s words do not go far enough. Scientists must recognize that they have a further duty also—to ensure that their work is really used “for humanity” and not for restricted commercial or national interests. In the days of Davy, chlorine was a chemical curiosity. In 1915 it nearly won the war for the Central Powers. Did you foresee a science so abused by humanity, Pasteur and Davy?

Since 1898 when M. and Mme. Curie obtained radium salts from pitchblende a whole science has grown up; yet in 1935 the market price of radium for therapeutic purposes was quoted as being greater than that incurred by the Curies in the original extraction. Is this progress? Although much reduced lately, the cost of platinum is still fabulous, but the combines that control the Great Lakes supplies can produce corrosion-proof for household fit-

tings coated with platinum as a commercial proposition. Not for scientists; for—humanity?

So the layman, seeing himself in the imminent peril of being overwhelmed by uncontrolled science, complains, “Science has gone too far.” I do not think he is right; I think science has not gone far enough. We have increased our control of the inanimate world until it can be made to minister to our needs and our comforts; we have yet to learn to control our own affairs and to work as a corporate society before we can hope to employ physical science safely and profitably. Meanwhile it is the duty for every scientist to realise the effect of the impact of his work and thought upon the rest of the world and to apply the methods which have been so profitable in his own researches to the other branches of his life and thought.

By progress in the wide sense of the term we imply the advance of human society towards an ideal of greater well-being for the whole community. An increase in the extent of our knowledge is not progress in this sense, though too often interpreted as such; where this knowledge is misapplied to the affairs of life, retrogression results. There can be progress only when the planned application of our knowledge leads to a better state of living of the people. Science and society are interdependent, but scientists have come to forget them, and laymen failed to realise it.

From an examination of the lives of great men of science Philipp Lenard of Heidelberg has said we shall find “an introduction to a world of clearer and more natural thinking, which is far from the life of to-day and from what to-day is often proclaimed as science; a world from which these investigators unselfishly brought forth all that forms the foundation of our present progress in knowledge and technical power. At the same time there can be little doubt that these men of science would find little satisfaction in the achievements of our so-called civilisation so far as they do not really make our life better, but that they would rather seek for progress in morals and true culture, which might have come about as a result of their manner of thought and their scientific achievements. Such advances might yet develop, if these men should come to be understood by us as regards their way of thinking and working, and exert their rightful influence to a greater extent than has hitherto been the case.
"Spike" Competitions

Literary

Dr. J. C. Beaglehole has once again accepted the task of scanning the pages of contributions as he used to scan them during his Editorship of Spikes in days gone by. His remarks are printed here in full for the delectation of the authors and poets concerned, and Spike here takes the opportunity of thanking him for the work so willingly undertaken.

I cannot honestly say that in my opinion the contributions which I have had to judge have reached a very high average level. But perhaps I am becoming old and disillusioned; and perhaps again to ask one who edited so many numbers of Spike in the past to judge Spike in the present is hardly fair to the present. In those days, one thinks, in the early 'twenties, neither before nor after, was the true glory of the pen! Before that they were stuck in the clay (Old and a Patch it might be); and after came all these young fellows! However I was not requested to exalt my own generation, and I must get to my job.

Of the present sheaf of contributions I think the prose is better than the verse. The verse, however, has a sociological interest of its own—it is interesting, that is, to note how the same subjects always take the young poet by the throat, and bring out his somewhat choked utterance—particularly God, and Fate, and disgust with humanity, and immortality, and unrequited love. Emotions about these things are common to us all, and as verse is fairly easy to write—up to a point—every editor gets his fill of them. But after Donne and Milton and Keats and Tennyson and T. S. Eliot it is rather hard to say anything particularly new and striking about any of them. So we are liable to get a sort of blundering sincerity, and though you can't write great, or even moderately good, poetry, without that quality, sincerity on its own is not enough. One longs for a bit of accomplished mockery, such as D. J. Donald used to give us, and finds peculiarly satisfactory the only parodies sent in this year, the Swinburnian Medusa and the new version of "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

It is much harder on the other hand to write passable prose than passable verse; the prose-writer has got to stand or fall on his merits, without the help of the jingle of rhyme or the hypnotic effect of chopped-up lines and old poetical associations. For this reason I have no hesitation in placing first the short story Footsteps. This is quite remarkably good, I think; the writer of this has a real sense of style, a real sense of words, of the value of simplicity and evenness of statement for some purposes, and a real idea of rhythm. The child's attitude too, it seems to me, is very truly and closely observed. I hope the author will keep on writing. One point—can you validly talk of "the glory" of a bird's song? There is nothing else quite as good as this, though I also liked very much, in parts, The Backbone. The writer of this sketch has some capacity for observation, and gets conversation down well; he is also felicitous with his names, both for cows and farm-hands—e.g. "Stan" is the perfect name for the purpose. He too has a talent worth cultivating, and this comic-observational vein is a very refreshing one. I put this contribution second. Of the other pieces of prose, Sea Fire has good description. I admire the purpose of the Joie de Vivre piece, but find it a bit heavy—and doubt the historical truth of the last part of the penultimate paragraph. The New Firm has some power and ability to handle words—quite considerable ability, in fact—but as a play it seems to me to be too short to get its proper effect—it is telescoped, foreshortened, and the motives of all the characters hardly seem adequately exposed.

About the verse it is difficult to know what to say. Even as conventional verse most of it hasn't been worked over enough, and good lines are linked with very lame and crippled companions. On the other hand, most of the verse in the freer forms also has some difficulty in justifying itself—or, if it justifies itself, makes a bad break somewhere. Generally speaking, the stricter the form with young poets, the better
Early Morning
Oriental Bay
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1936.


Front Row: D. R. Currie (Hon. Sec.), J. C. White, LL.B. (Vice-Pres.), H. R. C. Wild, LL.M. (Pres.), N. M. McLaren (Vice-Pres.), E. G. Budge, M.A. (Hon. Treas.).
the verse. E.g. the—alas!—deplorably flippant triollet "His love for her was going to be" is a much better bit of verse than the surrealist (is it?) Libretto about the coolly writhing thighs of Fanny Brawne, unhappy girl. I don’t say that the Libretto writer hasn’t more real poetic sensibility than most of the others, all the same, and more originality—see Carte Blanche, Selene (what are latent "limbs"?) and Medea (but where does the wallpaper come in?). I like those three things and the triollet; I like also most (but not exclusively) Extinction, Heresy, some lines of Beatrice, some lines of Rain, the first, very good, line of Nocturne, and the fragmentary Wireless Masts. On the whole, Medea and Extinction seem to me to have most real poetic content, and I bracket them next to the two prose pieces—though it is of course impossible to make poetry and prose compete; with Wireless Masts coming very close to them; so close indeed as to make hardly any difference.

By now I have outraged everybody of literary sensibility; I have raised to the highest point of indignation all connoisseurs of the written word; I have damned myself utterly and finally. I have left many things, of necessity, unmentioned, both prose and verse; and for that I apologise—but even good critics can’t criticise everything. Otherwise I am unrepentant, and retire with a pleasing sense of having done my duty.—J.C.B.

Photographic

Mr. E. T. Robson kindly consented to judge the photographic entries for Spike this year, and has commented favourably on the general standard of the work submitted. Mr. Robson, who has addressed the Camera Club on occasions, has given us the observations printed below on the competition entries.

I have based my judging on the following points:—Title, Conception, Composition, and Technique.

Title.—To me the title of a picture means a great deal. I liken it to a letter one may write a well-composed sensible letter, put it in an envelope and post it without an address—I need not tell you any more about that letter. So with a picture unless it has the correct title it fails in its object.

Conception.—Conception links up with the title. A picture must show an idea, an emotion, a theme, a thought, a feeling. And the expression of one or more of these is necessary in your attempt to make a picture.

Composition.—It matters little how good, or how simple, your material may be, it is left to your ability to handle that material to the best advantage to secure a pleasing composition.

Technique.—As is well understood, good technique involves the correct handling of all your photographic materials.

My awards are as follows:—

First—The Student.
Second—Street Corner Gossip.
Third—Broken But Unbowed.

The picture of The Student has been well handled, there is no doubt about the title being suitable, and there is no elaboration of detail. The light on the book is somewhat hard and the spacing would have been improved if the photo had been taken horizontally instead of vertically. As it is, 1½ inches can be trimmed off the top with advantage, while the upright pipes in the corner are unfortunate.

"Street Corner Gossip" is a good attempt at an unusual subject from a high viewpoint. The gossiping group of figures is well placed on the kerb, while the curving line of the pavement leading up to the figures strengthens them. The lorry in the left corner fills up an otherwise empty space as does the shadow of the building but the car behind the power line post is somewhat disturbing. The "Broken But Unbowed" print is a little too heavy though the tree stump is very well placed and claims the correct attention. Owing to the print being too heavy, a number of the fine tones in the landscape are lost. My title for this picture would have been, "Where Once the Forest Stood."

The title of the picture, "A Placid Summer" is not convincing as the tilling of the land is more associated with spring than summer. The principal focus is on the near foreground instead of on the team of horses, which are placed too much head on, and should have been photographed from a position more to the right. The mass of light clouds behind the team would have occupied then a position more to the right and this would have given better balance for as it is, the right-hand side of the picture is empty and featureless. This picture contains almost the best picture material in the competition, but has not been used to the best advantage.
The Mouse and the Vicar

The mild face in the illustration beamed happily. Good-nature, sympathy, and childlike faith shone in that printed smile. No doubt the photograph had been taken as the vicar waited on a sunny verandah for a second cup of tea from a very dear old parishioner. That sweet benevolent air suggested a christening satisfactorily accomplished—nay, more: a double christening, for it spoke aloud of twins. It seemed incredible that the owner of such a face should have an enemy in the world. And the front-page headline read: Cold-blooded Murder of Elderly Vicar.

Mrs. Button adjusted a cushion with some care, rested a bulging ankle on a small footstool, and sat back to enjoy the murder as it had been cleverly reconstructed in the paper. She already knew the main facts from the less sensational dailies, but she had waited impatiently for the colourful details in which this weekly specialised. The vicar might have had a Past: this would dig it up; there might have been some blood about: loud rubrics would sing of it.

There were other pictures: the bereaved wife, silver-haired, and his daughters, who probably always took bad photographs; the vicarage, complete with Virginia creeper; and finally a plan of the room where the murder was committed.

After an introduction in gory doric, the article, by a Greater Blue-Wattled News Hawk flown immediately to the scene of the crime, proceeded:

"It is Saturday night. The vicar's wife and two daughters have gone to a theatre several miles away, and he is alone in his study."

Mrs. Button's household had also gone out for the evening, and she too was alone, except for a large clock (with an irritating squeak after every tick) and a lingering smell of the evening meal. Only last Saturday! she thought with what in a slimmer figure would have been a shudder.

"Or rather, he believes himself alone. But somewhere in this rural cottage lurks a fiend with murder in his heart."

It seemed to be growing chilly, and Mrs. Button noticed that the door behind her was ajar. She got up and closed it.

"On this calm summer evening, surely the whole atmosphere ["Now for a heart-wallop!" the Hawk had murmured here] must be breathing quietness and calm. The very furniture suggests peacefulness—two comfortable armchairs, dark mahogany tables, old oak paneling on the walls, and framed water-colours, the work of his elder daughter. On a shelf (see diagram in column 4) are two vases of marigolds, on the table are Bibles, concordances, a dictionary, books of divinity. Who would have said such a house could have sheltered a murderer? It is ten o'clock."

At the very moment she read the line the dining-room clock cleared its throat and struck ten, and Mrs. Button was so overcome by the coincidence that she could not resume reading until the striking finished. Nerves must be getting jumpy, she thought. Perhaps there was a draught—no, the window was closed and the door—of course, silly of her—was still firmly shut. Like a schoolgirl, being scared by a newspaper and a bit of a coincidence. She read on more firmly.

"The scholarly man is working at his sermon for the morrow—a sermon preaching love and charity towards our neighbours. Can he have any slight premonition of the horror that awaits him, some vague, uneasy sensation of the evil about to shatter that atmosphere of peace? One can but wonder. If he did have such a feeling, then he must have dismissed it from his mind, for the sermon is nearly finished.

"Suddenly, a shadow falls across his table—"

The mottled hands that held the paper trembled.

"His throat is seized in a deadly grip—"

She almost choked; she imagined she too could feel the cold hands on her throat.

"And as he is forced back in his chair and gasps for breath, a phial of cyanide is thrust between his teeth—"

Mrs. Button shrieked and sprang from her chair as a mouse ran over her foot.

Not that she was afraid of mice. They were common enough in her squalid boarding house. But she shivered first with fright and then with anger. Confused emotions surging in her [X.X.O.S. bosom strove to find expression, so that she opened and shut her mouth like a magnified tadpole. Before she could gasp, "You awful little beast," the mouse had zigzagged the floor and scuttled down a hole.

"Here's me getting all worked up over the murder and you go and scare the livers out
of me,” she said to the hole. “I’m all over goosey. You just wait!”

There was no answer. She went to look for some cheese.

The new boarder came in. The landlady did not like him: he had funny eyes and strange ways, always smiling to himself as though he was amused at her—what reason had he to laugh at her? And he was always that particular about his food and his towels. One good thing, he was seldom in the house for long.

“Oh, hullo, Mr. Ferguson,” she said. “I’ve just been reading about that dreadful murder.”

“The Pururu case? I’ve heard something about it. Bit of a mystery, what?”

“Fancy that pore old parson chopped to pieces in the mortuary! It makes me quite miserable to think of it.”

He hung up his coat. “Nothing to be miserable about. People of his age just go on living through force of habit. No more sermons to write, no more people to marry and bury. What a stench of cabbage!”

“Open the window then if you don’t like it. I’m going to bed,” she said tersely. Musn’t let boarders get uppish. What was wrong with a smell of cabbage anyhow? She hated fussy people.

The boarder sat down with a book. The newspaper was still on the table, and he smiled in the friendliest manner at the vicar’s picture. He had read all about the murder with the interest of an actor in his criticisms, but he felt contemptuous of the avidity with which such sordid material was swallowed by people like his landlady. They led drab, uninteresting lives, and were forced to seek excitement in the crimes of others beyond their own daring.

He shrugged his shoulders with self-conscious grace and returned to his book, where he was absorbed for an hour. But when the mouse ran across the hearth he remained still, watching. The mouse paused on the fender to sum up the new occupant of the room. What fascinating little black eyes it had, what well-kept whiskers! “Harmless, but I’ll keep an eye on him,” it decided, and set off on a search for crumbs. The quantity it found was a warrantable reflection on the landlady’s housekeeping methods. The man followed the mouse’s every movement with his eyes, but remained quite still in his chair, scarcely breathing. Shortly it sat up on its haunches, and began a clean-up. Pink paws swept backward and forward over cloverleaf ears, phosphorescent sides and immaculate tail. It brushed its whiskers roughly and sneezed, then smoothed them with the care and affection of a Kitchener. Pity we had to kill them or be over-run. But who justified existence better—this svelte and intelligent creature or that fat human garbage, who couldn’t even keep her whiskers tidy, let alone wash often. . . . Suddenly the mouse looked up from its toilet, a puzzled expression on its face. The sharp nose wrinkled. “Is it possible,” the look seemed to say; “do I dream or do I?—By all that’s rodent—cheese! Now if I can once locate it. . . .”

The man was interested. Amazing how the little beggar could smell food. It took a brief run to the left and paused for a sniff, and looked disappointed. “Steady now, you’re losing it!” thought the man, becoming enthusiastic. Another experimental run, at a right angle. The nostrils were going full out now, sorting, tracking down that delicious smell. “Warmer—cool”—said the man to himself, joining in the game; “cold again—ah, that’s better—hot!”

He gripped his chair to suppress his excitement. The strain of keeping silent and motionless was a kind of ecstatic torture. The mouse had halted in the corner of the room, but with an air of conviction it made a beeline along the wall by the wainscoting, direct for the corner on the same side. And then cold fear laid a hairy hand on the man’s spine, because at that corner, almost concealed by a chair, was a baited trap, rusty but tense and supercharged with death. With a yell the man hurled his book at the trap, which snapped its teeth fiercely, thwarted. The mouse leapt back, darted across the room, slipped and skidded a foot as it made too sharp a turn, and wriggled down a chink near the fireplace. Then the man laughed and panting with relief. “I’ve saved the mouse,” he thought, “but I’ve waked Mrs. Button and all this will take a lot of explaining!”

There was a loud knock on the door. He opened it, first mopping his brow. There were three policemen there.

“You’re Charles Ferrier,” said one. “I reckon you know what you’re wanted for. Coming quiet?”

They said in court afterwards that accused, when arrested, was “considerably agitated.”

—H.W.G.
Bed and Bath

There had always been a bathroom baritone at the Kenna's but the end of the dynasty came when young Appleton was dismissed from his work, and had to seek cheaper lodgings or go back to Taranaki without gaining his much coveted degree. Two days later a wrinkled old man with a light brown overcoat, no hat and little hair, hobbled up the fifteen steps (“Count them carefully, dear; or you'll break your neck in the dark.”) and presented himself before old Mrs. Kenna. He was a pensioner, very quiet; he said, and not a big eater. Could she reduce the rent a little? Mrs. Kenna had just heard that her next door neighbours had advertised their rooms for two weeks at a price two shillings below that charged by Kenna's, and yet had received no reply. So old Mrs. Kenna assented with little objection.

One night they heard him clamber up the stairs, switch on the light and enter the bathroom. A pause of five minutes and then he came down to ask for a match. Then commenced a sequence of events that through following years became ineradicably impressed into the memories of the Kenna-ites. Every Sunday night, Mr. Campbell would walk upstairs with the towel on his arm and soap in his pocket. Those below would hear him put two pennis in the meter and turn on the gas. Then would come an instant of anxious expectation for the people below as they imagined him fumbling unhurriedly for a match. A young explosion would follow as he opportunely cut short the flow of unlit gas, followed by divers splashing and rumblings as he filled the bath and tested the temperature. Then would come the splash. Those who heard it were firmly of the opinion that Mr. Campbell climbed nimbly on top of the caliphont and dived into the bath from that position. Old Mrs. Kenna's emotions would be best undescribed as she heard the water swishing merrily about the bathroom floor. Then to the delight of the flattites assembled for their evening entertainment, Mr. Campbell would begin slowly and ponderously to sing the Anvil Chorus in a nasal tenor, supplying the beats before the second stanza with beautifully timed thumps on the side of the bath, which would resound hollowly throughout the house. This finished, he would begin to wash his scanty hair, the soap would get up his nose, and he would sneeze sonorously until he crawled out of the bath.

But one night, after his celebrated dive from the caliphont top, they did not hear their accustomed song. They had grown to expect it, and were astonished to find that they were disgruntled because their interruption had failed them. “Shouldn't be surprised if the old beggar had swallowed the soap,” ventured a student to the interested group at the dark foot of the stairs. And presently old Mrs. Kenna herself opened her door with a look on her face akin to dread, and trod courageously up the stairs.

She knocked; and those below heard no answer; no, not even the splash and gurgle which usually precedes a change to sitting posture. She knocked again, this time supplementing it by an urgent call in her high, weak old voice: “Are you all right, Mr. Campbell?” Still no answer, and she tiptoed down again, her face set. They all went to their rooms, more silently than usual. Something was wrong.

Half an hour later they heard Mrs. Kenna at the door again. “Mr. Campbell, are you all right? Speak, man, are you drowned?” Not a gurgle, not a splash. She came down again, pale with determination. “You'll have to break the door down,” she said. The students welcomed any physical exertion, and without waiting for Mr. Deacon who picked holes in roads all day long, they flew to the door and shoved. “One, two, three,” they panted, “—she's going.” And they all fell headlong into the room.

He was dead, of course, lying face down in the water. “Heart failure,” said one of the students, “he was dead before he drowned.” They looked at him with awe—death is strange to youth. He had just parted with the one little strand of life which had kept him animate, and now he lay, half submerged, like a wrinkled old apple, floating down the river.

But there are no bathroom baritones at Kenna's now. New boarders have the matter firmly explained to them, regardless of the protests of old Mrs. Kenna. Somehow, a jazz song between four walls which still echo the Anvil Chorus would sound out of place.—B.A.S.
Christmas Trip, 1935

Sunk deep in the barren plain formed by the eruption of the mighty peak that once was Ruapehu, the Waikato River is scarcely more than a stream as it sidles along the foothills of the Kaimanawas. Its bed is a park-like expanse of turf, rich with green English grasses, and dotted with old grey boulders half covered by the soft mosses with which Time hides its scars.

As the stream makes its way down to Lake Taupo, it crosses from one bush-covered bank to another as if uncertain where to go, and it was in a clearing in the bush that we made our camp. Below, the river ran noisily over the stones, and was then hidden from sight by a green ridge. Behind us, we knew that the mountains kept silent watch in the skies, and all around was the sad silence of the forest.

It was here that we lay basking on the sand, and dived deep into the cool river. Here, we watched the stars flash out when the darkness came, and, rolled tightly in our sleeping bags, lay close beside the water's edge to be lulled into forgetfulness by the whispering of the rapids, and the lazy nodding of the toi-toi.

Rain

Through misted panes I watch a soaking town,
As rain drives past my window from the South.
The housetops drip, the gutter overflows
Dammed by a roadside's toy avalanche.
Dustmen in oilskins pass, clerks in waterproofs,
Muttering their maledictions on the day.
The tram is squelching water on the bend,
And cars cling warily to a greasy road.
The landsman curses, but, beyond the port
I hear Pencarrow choaking.

—S.G.A.

Spring Madness

They say it takes us all in different ways—
This fever of the blood that comes with Spring.
Some fall in love—a violent form of craze,
Some merely whistle, some break out and sing.

The dullest student feels all queer inside;
Small wonder, with a demon on his track
That bids him mount the banisters and slide,
Or thump some staid professor on the back!

—D. J. Donald.
Politicians Pilloried

Not since "1066 and All That" have we read a history book with so many laughs as "New Zealand, A Short History." (Dr. Beaglehole, 1936). Before we got out of the preface, the flat surface of our student calm was rippled with the first cynical snigger.

Says Dr. B., "And perhaps even to write a preface is to run the risk of pretentiousness."

Say we, "Brother let us pull out the mote that is in thine own eye."

Mirth and derision both with and at the author follow in waves as his studied impudence and "acidulated disrespect"* rise and fall from page to page.

And before we forget. At the end of the book we felt that New Zealand history was more a matter for the Spirit Ironic than for the historian, and we would have said this, but the wrath of Dr. B. interrupted, "Those are my words. I said that very thing about New Zealand's attitude to Imperial affairs only, on page 71."

Say we, "But Dr. B. You shouldn't be so bashful about it. The Siren had you all the time, and not the Muse."

[Query: Is the Spirit Ironic a Siren?]

There is one thing about being an intellectual. You don’t have to admire anything, and all in one breath you can deride anything you please. Take monuments for instance, Dr. B. says, "The southern provinces were building their surplus funds into monuments of Victorian-Gothic repulsion which remain with dreadful steadfastness to this day." This must mean Canterbury, because we have thought the Christchurch Cathedral, the Provincial Council Chamber, and the Museum all beautiful; and besides that, Bernard Shaw said he loathed the Christchurch Cathedral, and he is an intellectual, which brings us back to where we started.

"Well," say we, naively, "what if it is Victorian? You don’t throw out museum specimens when they get out of date, and you don’t renovate them. You put them in a case labelled 'Vicoriana,' or what have you, and say they are very interesting products of their period."

It begins to dawn on us. Perhaps the stigma is on us who are so Victorian as to admire some of the things our grandmother admired, and our repulsiveness and dreadfulness is heightened by the epithet.

Our next exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, is the pillory. Come along and watch the little victims squirm and writhe as we jab them here and there, and pour acid on them. Here we have DICK SEDDON... "who loaded the four winds of heaven... with superhuman frock-coated jingoism... He united himself a whole orchestra, or, rather, brass band of achievement; and as a performer on the big drum he was without peer."

And BILL MASSEY, "Laborious farmer and laborious politician, successful in both roles, dividing a faith as massive as himself between the Scriptures and the British Empire. Precipitate in patriotism and inaccessible to subtlety, he was the epitome and exemplar of the country he led."

And GEORGE FORBES, "Successful in spending a lengthy period in Parliament without giving rise to the suspicion that he would one day lead it... He assumed his own reputation as an honest man."

And GORDON COATES, "The largeness of whose reported administrative achievements history may hardly yet estimate... Arm'd with his own confidence as never before."

And DOWNIE STEWART, "Wise with all the wisdom of a world that had passed. He saw with terrible distinctness the disadvantages of everything."

And OTHERS.

Between gibes and words and thumbnail portraits, Dr. B. occasionally lapses into historical facts which give the essay an air of verisimilitude, but as Dr. B. (and Anatole France) says, "All history is selection," and Dr. B. is a good Maori but a dead Maori," but it tickles us to lose causes, and championship of oppressed minorities.

We say what a contemporary reviewer says, "New Zealand settlers never said, 'There's no good Maori but a dead maori,'" but it tickles our ears to hear about the wicked National Government and what they did to Freedom of Speech.

We also say (and this is all), "You had better read it. All the M.P.'s are reading it, and it wouldn't do to be less informed than they, and you will find it highly entertaining and diverting."

—Tweeddedum and Tweedledee.

*Words not ours. See Holy Writ.

+Words not ours. See N.Z. Financial Times.
An Opinion from London

The following commentary on present-day affairs in Europe is an extract from a letter from a former New Zealand student now residing in London.

"The general situation has become much more acute, thanks largely to Spain; but I think that was a bit premature. I still feel the first big moves, if there is to be any way, will be in Czechoslovakia, will be started by Germany and bring in Russia. Japan will move in the Far East. The Fascist countries in Europe will be together and France be involved in Civil War. England is essentially Fascist and will support Germany. The people here may oppose this move, and strikes and so on take place, but I fear that patriotic propaganda and a red scare may overcome their intellect. The war will be on everywhere at once—round the borders of Russia and in different parts of Europe, and as I said before it will be democracy v. fascism.

"There is a possible alternative to this, since this country does not want war because of her favourable economic position. She may prevail on the fascist countries to follow a more peaceful path. She is in the position of a well-fed pawnbroker lecturing his starving clients and telling them to quieten down and he will lend them a little more. In fact he is forced to lend them some more because he may lose the lot otherwise. He is forced to condone their aggression against his rivals, the co-operative concerns (Russia, etc.), but is frightened that they may become too powerful and independent and that he will still lose control of the moneybags. He may see possibilities of tremendous trade with the co-ops and put his foot down, taking to-day's profit and risking the future.

"This is the line being frantically pursued by Russia, who will even sacrifice her support for the struggles of the workers in other parts in order to achieve this—witness Spain for instance.

"In the meantime, England is re-arming at a rapid pace and is going to make sure that whatever happens she will be able to make a job of it. Aeroplanes stage attacks on London nightly. Blazing searchlights pick them up. Dozens of new aerodromes are being built. Mass production of gas masks for every person in the country. Most important firms require their employees to be in the territorials. In fact, the whole country is getting as quickly as possible on a war basis.

"A word about Spain; this development has demonstrated perfectly the general position. The blame can be laid at the door of international finance which is ruining the smaller economic groups. The people get fed up and elect liberal, labour, or socialistic governments. These try to ease the low state of living of the masses and start taking some of the wealth from those that have it. The fascists, black-shirts, or Nazis then get going, organised, subsidised, and controlled by the financial group, come out with a strong patriotic line and start to save the country. They fasten on any popular prejudice, the Jews, the Irish in Scotland, the English in Ireland, and blame them for everything. This, together with an appeal to primitive passions is a powerful psychological force and with the average modest intellect it works. They are led and officered by the best public school element who have undoubted intelligence but who are the favoured class of society and have much to lose. So Spain has been split in two and the war is completely ruthless. Leaders and organisers on both sides are shot as soon as they are caught. Individual excesses occur when violence is the only law but as most papers are owned by fascist sympathisers it is natural that the Government forces are called "reds" and the fascists the insurgents. The Government of Spain is condemned by them for opposing the fascist rising and all atrocity stories blamed on the communists. It is indeed fortunate that all the socialist groups decided on a united support of the government, and kept control of the greater part of the country, because without it the fascists would have had victory and no working class leader, or even the modest liberal reformers would be alive to-day. Why I don't hold with the fascists is because their aggressive nationalism will lead to further devastating wars and though the cost in life of opposition to them is high it will save countless times more in future generations.

"Far from being the depraved savages the papers make them out to be, the red organisers are the most intellectual leaders of the workers and it may well happen that if the rebels are put down the new society will be classless, state capitalistic, with the red flag flying over Spain.

"In London the reaction to Spanish events among the people is considerable. I saw a demonstration of several thousand people march to the Spanish Embassy to show their support
of the Government. It was really impressive. It was raining as in complete silence they marched past the Embassy with their right hands raised in the clenched fist salute. Events politically are slower in developing here, but there is a definite move. The Communist daily paper comes off the press at 10.30 in the evening, and in an hour over 500 were sold at Hyde Park gates last Sunday.

"But enough of politics. I see Lovelock won. . . ."

---

**Adoration**

I moved in a strange land.
Eternal mists hung on the lofty hills,
Spongy slopes oozed with the slime of ages;
For here no sky was blue, nor ever sun was seen.
I saw men
Pale and frog-like
Bowed men, while a sullen tyranny of sound
A heavy hymn of praise roll'd up sluggish from temple doors,
Till, caught in the all-embracing clouds,
Its muffled melody became a ghost,
Spectral, shadowy as the wreath-like men who sang.
Said I to one, the frailest: "For whom this honour.
This temple? . . . these hymns of praise?"
Sunless eyes were raised; lifeless lips told of a long-passed stranger
Pointing these pale sun-seekers to a land beside,
Sun-bright, birds and children singing.
They knew it well . . . And the flood between—
That none might cross its swiftness.
The stranger bared his back,
Breasted the torrent, bearing a rope on his shoulders,
That the stream of the ages might be bridged.
But when he was all but crossed,
Men shot him in the stream with arrows
Thought him some river-thing.
But his dying forces flung the rope-end
Round a low-hung branch. "Thus was the river spanned;
So this marble, and this heavy sound."
I left the temple, wandered to the river,
Saw the rope, grown vague with weeds and filth;
For though the way was safe, yet were the waters cold
And few indeed the crossers,
It seemed a voice rebuked them from the heavy sky:
"Ye sing my praises, weeping my death,
But the rope?
Cross, and dwell in the sun with me."
But none heard for the singing.
And the Rope was forgotten.

—I. R. McL.
THE FIRST FIFTEEN, 1936.

WINNERS OF THE SEDDON STICK.

Crown Studios.

E. T. Robson.
TOURNAMENT REPRESENTATIVES, 1936.
Tournament, 1936

On Good Friday morning the main bodies from the other Colleges descended on Wellington in their masses. V.U.C. awaited them in the traditional fashion, and this year Haile Selassie and his Ethiopian horde welcomed the visitors. They arrived intending to leave the two Wooden Spoons in Wellington and to this extent at least their hopes were realised. We still have those lumps of wood.

The 1936 Tournament was remarkable for one thing, namely the clean sweep made by C.U.C. They won every Shield except the Basketball and the Swimming Shields. With perhaps one exception, the Tennis, it was not a question of luck—it was sheer merit and general all-round superiority. The final Tournament points show the extent of this superiority:—C.U.C., 31½; O.U., 13; A.U.C., 10½; V.U.C., 9. V.U.C. fought valiantly to lose the Tournament Wooden Spoon, its fate depending on the last Tennis match of the day.

The Rowing was held on Saturday morning, under perfect conditions—flat calm with no wind from any quarter, and bright sunshine. C.U.C. won by two lengths from O.U., with A.U.C. third. V.U.C. rowed well was was about seven lengths behind the winners.

Swimming was held in the afternoon, and the Shield was won by O.U. King was our only successful entrant. He won the 440 yards free-style and brought to V.U.C. its first men’s swimming title.

In the evening the Boxing preliminaries were held, and with six finalists, all good men, we thought we had a chance of annexing the Shield. However, it was not our turn, and well-merited victory went to C.U.C. All the contests were interesting, but the fight that will linger longest in our memories was that between Armour (V.U.C.) and Vosailagi (O.U.). Vosailagi gave the gamest display of all the boxers. Pummelled and knocked about the ring, he came back time after time and rocked Armour with heavy blows. A thrilling fight which stirred everyone. N.Z.U. Blues were won by O’Connor and Edgley.

The Athletics on Monday was another walkover for C.U.C. who arrived with an exceptionally strong team comprising among others, Boot, Anderson, Carmichael, and Pilling—all well up in N.Z. Championship meetings. Boot’s win in the half-mile and Anderson’s 440 yards hurdles will always be remembered. V.U.C.’s only title came when Bowie won the 120 yards hurdles in strong company. Mention should be made of Abraham, who equalled the 220 yards hurdles record in his heat. Black and Barks were second in their events, the mile and mile walk.

In the Basketball, A.U.C. again demonstrated that they held the Shield. The games were, as always, exciting, and although V.U.C. put up a good fight, second place was their best.

The Tennis was considered our brightest hope, but although we had three finalists we could win only one event, the men’s singles. J. J. McCarthy is to be congratulated on his win. The Shield went to C.U.C.

The Haslam Shield for Shooting went to C.U.C. also.

Our lone success came in the Putley Drinking Horn. In glamorous surroundings and to the cheers of the multitude, V.U.C. staved off challenges from all comers. No Tournament points are awarded for this.

The Ball was quieter than the reports of the National Weekly had led us to believe. A fitting function to conclude the week's festivities.

We can only say in conclusion, that we hope we repaid the debt of gratitude we owed to the other Colleges. If the work put in by the Tournament Delegates is any criterion, we have done.
Weir House

"Where? Weir House? Ah yes, the University hostel place!"

The resident, stunned beyond words, can merely nod bleakly at the offender. At last he rallies sufficiently to summon up an expression of withering pity—and the unwittingly sacrilegious one remarks to himself, "What peculiar people they keep up there." But this offender is one of the five per centum of Wellington's population who have at least heard of Weir House; the pitying glances should be kept for the remaining ninety-five per centum, who scurry about the floor-boards of the city at the House's very foot, and lift not up their eyes unto the hills from whence cometh—

Well, whence cometh what? Surely something is expected of the corporate life of ninety University adolescents. But wait a minute; Weir House is only a place where ninety mere men can eat and sleep, isn't it? Whatever the answer, there is no record of any controversy among the students of four years ago when they started holding meetings and drawing up Constitutions—they presumed that something was expected of them, by themselves if by no one else. And even now the fruit of their labours, the Weir House Association, admittedly not considered universally a very delectable fruit, is still as ripe as ever.

A few months ago, the 1936 University year involuntarily came in, and in like wise a number of the more or less (literally) responsible residents went out. With the greybeards gone, a younger House proceeded to impose upon itself the task of being ninety per centum of the College life instead of the ten per centum which its numbers entitled it to be. Kindergarten sublimity ignored the frantic sarcasm of "Smad" correspondents who seemed to have changed their minds about this being an Age of Youth. And now, with two-thirds of the year gone, some residents admit that a youthful graciousness may be prone to undue exploitation by the Students' Association Executive (may its bribe increase). A wise Weir House will watch for this.

The Weir House cog in the College games machine functions as supremely as ever; nearly every branch of sport can boast of some Weir House element. College and New Zealand University Blues are no strangers among residents. The coming fixture—Weir House v. The Rest at football—is going to be no walk-over for the latter team. Incidentally we mention that the non-training III. C. team is in an unassailable position in its grade.

Sufficiently appreciative of scholastic genius and an adequate supper, the residents gathered recently to farewell Max Brown, prior to his departure for England. Max, a first-class honours man and former Rhodes Scholarship nominee, has decided on the strength of a postgraduate scholarship to test the patience of the Chair of Economics at Clare College, Cambridge University. He leaves with the best wishes of all, especially those who have been associated with him in his active contribution towards all aspects of House and College life.

Harold Baker, recently nominated for a Rhodes Scholarship by Victoria College, has the residents' assurance of their hopes that he—the fifth nominee to have passed through the House—will achieve that distinction which hitherto has eluded our grasp.

Contribution to the flow of wit and communion of souls at the meal-table and similar centres of discussion has been made by the reopening of the Wellington Teachers' Training College. Matters pedagogic are considered in public, and wondering residents of the 1935 standard are dazed by the fact that these chaps are paid for swotting.

The Weir House Association Social Subcommittee occasionally displays criminal tendencies. Weeks of conspiracy and confabulation result in an orgy known as the Annual Dance. It has to be experienced to be believed. The functioning of the 1936 aforesaid subcommittee has been well up—or down—to usual standard.

Not long since, "Spike" heard whisperings of Weir House breaking out into print on its own account. The competitive strife thus born is responsible for the classic standard of this present edition. Yes, "Weir House Magazine, No. 1" recently appeared. Immediately prior to its publication the Editor left the country for England.

Thanks for the space that this has taken, "Spike." All Weir House, from the Warden down to the freshest freshman, from the Janitor down to the House Committee, await publication with a kindly critical enthusiasm (force of public opinion, y'know!).

66
Serando

Poised, plunge
and shatter
the glass-green depths in
an ecstasy of motion.

Down, glide down
caressed by
sweetly soothing waters
in cooling union...
soft embrace
that yields before the thrust
smoothly.

But haste,
for pounding lungs and pulsing blood
roar
for the pure tranquility of air.
To linger in this place
of shell and fin
Is death.

Gasp,
struggle up
from dumb sea caves
to winds
that love to kiss
the stumbling white-lipped waves...
to hear them hiss
and rush
blustering in angry fear
booming
bashing their faces
on the rock-teethed shore.

Pant,
weary
rest
in the quiet sand-hot cove
avid sea-stroked body
pressed
in a more ardent love
of sun-stroked dunes
that sleekly writhe
under a bowl of crystal blue.

Dully booming now the surf
that licks the sweating foamy shingle.
Softly sighing now the breeze
Softly crying now the seas

Somnolent Life,
lie softly in your sleep.

—K.A.
Beatrice

Why do the gods, I wonder, vex me so
By mocking me with that elusive You,
According, every time we meet anew,
Only a few sweet words.... before you go?

Swift golden seconds, each a passing gleam
That leaves the darkness deeper, yet to me,
Brief moments that revive a reverie—
A reawakening to an olden dream.

Though many a moon divide us, many a mile
Conspire to banish to oblivion
All but the memory of your parting smile,

I find myself, when years have hurried on,
With you and music just a little while;
And when the music changes, you are gone.

—H.W.G.


Medea

—a pattern for wallpaper.

Dark woman
how alert you are and how compelling
with your swift panther-like eyes
you have tamed me
with your fierce fervent eyes
you have possessed me
with your ebony eyes
so wise and so compelling.

—J.D.F.


Lament

Even the mild amoebae mate
And spirogyrae conjugate;
Spring has tipped the willow wands,
Goldfish spawn within their ponds—
Ah, cruel Fate
Why must I languish celibate?
The Year's Sport in Review

A general survey of the sporting year at V.U.C. is not a record of glorious achievement. There has been, during the last three or four years, a general low standard throughout all branches of sport in the College, and despite the earnest hope of everyone, the future is not indicative of a general improvement.

In dealing with sporting activities so far as V.U.C. is concerned, we are apt to look only to the Tournament events and to take no notice of those sports which are not included in the Tournament programme. Viewed in this light the year has been indeed disastrous, nor can it be said to be merely a lapse in this year, for we have successfully competed for the Tournament Wooden Spoon for the last three years. Certainly it was a clean sweep for V.U.C. this year, but what of the other three?

It seems that V.U.C. is at present "Wooden Spoon Minded" and that there is an inferiority complex evident throughout the whole College. There is also a general apathy towards College activities—not only in the sports club, but throughout. We urge all students to forget the wooden spoon, to take an interest in all activities at the Old Clay Patch, and to get rid of this influence which exerts itself, perhaps subconsciously.

Looking at the position broadly, however, it will be found that although the standard is not high, it is a good average. For instance, the Football Club is well placed in the Club Championship and after all this is the only true method of judging the strength of any particular club. We should regard, not the performances of the senior team or of any individual, but the performances of all teams or individuals. We have not the athletic stars of some years ago, but the Smiths and Browns may develop into Owenses if strict attention is paid to training.

And yet in this galaxy of what may be called mediocrity, there are a few bright spots. For the first time for several years, V.U.C. has produced an international cricketer in J. A. R. Blandford who played in two tests against M.C.C. His 40 in the second Test when with Roberts he saved the day for New Zealand, was an excellent debut into first-class cricket. The Swimming Club in open competition won the Peck Shield for the Harbour Swim. The Football Club has also annexed another championship—the W.R.F.U.‘s Third Grade C Championship for the third year in succession. These at least are something.

And so another year has passed.
CHEVROLET

“Leader in World Sales”


MANTHEL MOTORS LTD.

Sole Wellington Distributors:
Buick Cars. Chevrolet Cars and Trucks.
Office, Showrooms and Garage: Corner of Wakefield and Taranaki Sts. Tel. 54-766.
Used Car Dept. Open Evenings.

Drive it only 5 miles and you’ll never be satisfied with any other low-priced car

CHEVROLET
SEDANS from £290

Visit the Palm lounge

ENJOY A CUP OF TEA OR OTHER REFRESHMENT WITH YOUR FRIENDS AMID LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS

10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE
WELLINGTON

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
The Following Students Gained V.U.C. Blues:


HARRIERS.—A. G. Bagnall and M. O’Connor.


SWIMMING.—Messrs. M. J. Mason and F. King.


The Following Were Awarded N.Z.U. Blues:


As a result of North v. South Inter-University match.—R. B. Burke, E. G. Parsons, and W. Tricklebank.

HOCKEY.—P. N. Grant, H. J. M. Abraham.

TENNIS.—J. J. McCarthy.

ATHLETICS.—P. T. Bowie.

ROWING.—G. B. Gibbons.

BOXING.—R. W. Edgley, M. O’Connor.

SWIMMING.—F. King.

BASKETBALL.—J. Grainger.
A point worthy of note

The financial success of this paper depends to a certain extent on the support that we get from our Advertisers.

The financial success of our advertisers depends likewise on the support that they get from our readers.

Please do your bit

---

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
HARRIER CLUB

"...if you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost.
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank.
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear.
O'er-run and trampled on."

—Troilus and Cressida.

Saturday afternoons have again found the Harrier Club on the trail in good musters. The fragrance of gorse on sunlit hillsides at Tawa Flat, salt spray on the lips at Pencarrow, or the struggle against the southerly at Lyall Bay—each in its varied way yields pleasant memories, when we have exulted in the free play of unfettered muscles, and the invigoration of clean air.

In club races the first victory of the season went to Horsley in the Novice Race, with Reid second, and Horsley continued his success by making fastest time in the Sherwood Cup sealed handicap. D. Cairns ran a close second, and Scrymgour, third, in this event, while Gabbies proved the winner of the cup on handicap times. In the 10,000 metres championship at Lyall Bay, Cairns proved his real superiority over the rest of the club by covering the course, in the worst storm of the year, in 41 mins. 13 secs., three minutes ahead of the next man, T. Price. D. Viggers ran third, while the handicap title was awarded to A. Stewart, as Cairns was not eligible. The Club championship, decided on the results of the Sherwood and the 10,000 metres race, was won by Cairns.

In inter-club events the season was not outstandingly successful, chiefly owing to sickness among members of the team. The best effort was made by Cairns, who ran seventh in the Dorne Cup, and eleventh in the Provincial Championship at Masterton. Horsley ran second to Cairns, filling twenty-first place in both races. In the Vosseller Shield ten miles race the Club this year finished a full team, of whom Scrymgour was the first home, with Bagnall second.

In Auckland, running in a heavy rain over a course in places inches deep in water, the four colleges competed in N.Z.U. Cross-country Championship for the trophy presented by Mr. G. F. Dixon. Two A.U.C. men, Stephenson and Hazard, were first home, enabling Auckland to score a decisive win with 15 points, Victoria second with 32. Our men gave their best effort to date as a team, Cairns, Horsley and Bagnall keeping well together to finish 5th, 6th and 7th respectively.

The usual activities of the Club have been continued and extended—including eight invitation runs—and new country has been traversed for novel trails. Now, as the season closes, we record here our thanks to our hosts and hostesses during the year, to Weir House for the use of the gym. for training, and to that energetic trainer, Mr. G. C. Sherwood, who has given so freely of his varied experience in developing the physical and intellectual prowess of the Club.

SWIMMING CLUB

The past season has seen the achievement for the first time of two of the Club's major ideals—the winning of an N.Z.U. Men's Championship, and success in the annual teams' harbour race of 14 miles for the Peck Shield. These victories, combined with the fact that at Easter one of the best Tournament Carnivals was staged here by our own members, show that at last the Club has attained a well-merited position of eminence in the aquatic world.

Of the many worthy members in the Club, three deserve special mention for their successes last season. Oliver, as Comptroller of Swimming, was the directing genius behind the highly successful Tournament meeting; King, the easy swimming distance man of the Club, convincingly won the 440 yards N.Z.U. Championship in the face of opposition of provincial standard, while Maon, our amiable sprinter, was selected to represent the Wellington Centre at A Grade Water Polo.

An innovation was provided this year by the progressive Massey College Club, which, keen to test the prowess of its men, sent down a team to try conclusions with our own representatives. In spite of extremely adverse conditions, several short races were swum, the results showing that in standard sprint distances our men were slightly superior. Contests between the two Colleges in future will do much to raise the standard of both.

Apart from King, the performances of our representatives at Tournament were not up to the standard we expected of them. The team consisted of Misses Pilcher and Sanders, and Messrs. Mason, King, Meek and Archibald, and there is no doubt that there has been no cold snap to interfere with training immediately prior to Easter, far better times and places would have been recorded.

The exhilarating and exciting partner of the sport of swimming—water-polo—again had its numerous devotees from the Club. Both the A and the B teams gained no small measure of success and are now firmly established as strong contenders for the premiership of their grades. More practice, however, is necessary, particularly in throwing the ball and it is suggested that next season more members, instead of training rigorously over distances, take the opportunity of "scuffing" in the water and of thus learning to handle the ball rapidly and accurately.

The success of the Club's A team in winning the Peck Shield was not expected, but all are agreed that the win was deserved. Though a handicap race, the contest is one of stamina and endurance, and all credit is due to Tate, Andrews, Archibald and Carlyon, who were the first complete four of any team of six to finish the course. Ennis, who was the first competitor to reach home, was in the B team, otherwise the win would have been even more decisive. Our own annual
**Watches**

of true Littlejohn quality: ... as low as 45/-

Easily the finest value ever offered in Wellington. Modern Chromium Cases, 15 jewel Lever movements. With 10-year Gold-filled cases, from 63/- at...

Littlejohns

W. LITTLEJOHN AND SON LIMITED
224 LAMBTON QUAY, C.I.

---

For Tasty Snacks and After-theatre Suppers

**GATES’ LOUNGE**

81-85 WILLIS STREET
OPEN ALL DAY TO 11.30 P.M
(11 p.m. on Sundays)

- Our Spring Specials:
  - ICED MILK DRINKS
  - ICE CREAM SODA
  - FROZEN DAINTIES

THEY • SERVE • ONLY • THE • BEST

---

**Dial ...**

**55-180**

for your Safe Prompt Courteous Transportation

Black & White Cabs Limited

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
harbour race of half a mile was noteworthy for two
facts. First, that a lady member—Miss Morris—
competed and secondly, that she deservedly secured
first place.

These notes annually record a poor showing in the
ladies' section of the Club. Last season, although the
fair sex were more fully represented, was no exception
but we hopefully anticipate future success with two
of the ladies who show distinct promise—Misses Norton
and Pilcher.

With the Maranui Club, a combined carnival was
held at Thorndon Baths and proved a success from
all viewpoints. Three provincial championships were
decided during the evening, and the large crowd fully
appreciated the clubs' enterprise in arranging this
fixture. Besides this event, the club ran its own College
Carnival, and subsequent dance, both providing enjoy-
able entertainment, highlights of the swimming being
the Inter-Faculty Relay and the Weir House v. The
Rest water polo match.

The Cup for the most points in weekly races was
won by Mason, with Jeffs runner-up.

ATHLETIC CLUB

From the point of view of success in competition,
the 1935-36 season was not a particularly good one for
the Athletic Club, but from the point of view of building
up the club it can be claimed that work has been
proceeding steadily and satisfactorily. We have a
large number of young athletes who, with coaching and
steady training, give promise of success in the near
future.

As far as open competition is concerned it was again
very noticeable that the athletes who achieved any
success were those who trained consistently and regu-
larly throughout the season. And although the en-
joyment of athletics is derived from the competition,
the pitting of one's strength and stamina against that
of one's opponent, and from the physical well-being
resulting from healthy exercise, yet success in competi-
tion contributes largely to that enjoyment. We cannot
stress too strongly the necessity for regular and con-
sistent training.

At Tournament, held in Wellington this year, we
were not particularly successful, except in retaining the
Athletic Wooden Spoon. However, the Tournament
Athletic meeting was a great success despite a tem-
porary break in the fine Easter weather, and many
fast times were registered. Place-getters in the Victoria
team were P. T. Bowie, 1st 120 yards Hurdles; H. J. M. Abraham, 2nd in 220 yards Hurdles (equal-
ling the record in his heat), L. S. Black, 2nd to V. P.
Boot in the Mile Flat, and W. R. Birks, 2nd in the
Mile Walk.

Members of the club who represented Wellington
Province were P. T. Bowie, 2nd 120 yards Hurdles at the
New Zealand Championships and 1st in 120 yards
Hurdles against Canterbury; W. R. Birks, 1st and D.
R. Currie 3rd in Mile Walk against Canterbury; L. S.
Black, T. A. Rafter, B. M McIntosh, H. M. Abra-
ham, R. C. Morpeth, and M. O'Connor who repre-

sented Wellington against Canterbury.

Although the Club did not attain a very high place in
the Dewar Shield inter-club competition, the fine
effort of Black, Watt and Baker in winning the half-
mile event must be commended. Phil Bowie won the
120 yards Hurdles, Abraham tied for 1st place in the
220 yards Hurdles event, and Birks won the Mile
Walk.

In the scratch competition decided on points awarded
at weekly meetings throughout the season, Varsity took
an active part, and the green singlet was much in evi-
dence at the meetings each Monday night. These meet-
ings are very good training and are very enjoyable, and
enable all members to enjoy racing in their own stan-
dard. Only two trophies came our way, B. M. Mc-
Intosh winning the A grade field events trophy and
W. R. Birks the walking trophy.

An innovation was introduced at Interfaculty this
year—the inclusion of Massey Agricultural College
competing as a separate faculty. Massey sent down a
team of eight men which added largely to the interest
of the meeting. In view of the fact that students from
Massey will be eligible for inclusion in Victoria's
Tournament team in future, we look forward to this
visit at Interfaculty as a regular event. The sports
were a great success, all events showing big fields of
competitors, and Arts and Science winning the banner
by a narrow margin.

Owing to a heavy programme of open competition
this season, very few club meetings were held, but each
such meeting brought a good attendance of members
and competition was keen for the Old Members' Cup,
awarded for most points scored at these meetings.

The Club's trophies have been awarded for the sea-
son as follows:

Old Members' Cup: M. O'Connor.
Oram Cup (for most points at Interfaculty): H. J. M. Abraham.
Heinemann Cup (for most improved athlete): J. S. Adams and D. R. Currie.
Dunbar Cup (for most points scored in open com-
petition): P. T. Bowie.

75
Don't say

BOTTLED BEER

Say

MACARTHYS'S

RED TOP

It is just as easy to say, and it makes all the Difference
FOOTBALL CLUB

This season has been a very successful one for the Football Club. The College would have liked to see the First Fifteen finish at the top of its grade, but an unjustifiable loss removed any chance it had. However, it had a young team which improved considerably as the season progressed. Provided these players are available next season, the future of the Club is definitely rosy. Burke was the outstanding forward while Eade was a good second. The backs were all sound in their own departments, Reid showing exceptional brilliance. Unfortunately we had the benefit of Parsons’s ability for only a few games, as an injury placed him "on the bank."

The following played in the First Fifteen:—Tricklebank, Fitzgerald, Wild, Ekdahl, Reid, Parsons, Simm, Rae, Burke, Jackson, Culiffe, Wilson, Blacker, Desborough, Thurston, Eade, Russell, Gibbons.

The team also played Auckland University at Auckland as a trial for the North Island team. We were well beaten, but attractive football was played by both sides.

In June, the annual match was played against Massey College, and after an exciting game we came out the losers 6-3. Our thanks are due to both Auckland and Massey for the hospitality lavished upon our players.

A return match was played against Massey as curtain-raiser to the North v. South Varsity game. We won 8-3, but neither team was up to full strength.

JUNIOR A.
This team did exceptionally well, and at one stage, it was hopeful of annexing the championship. A loss to Wellington, however, spoilt its chances. The forwards were very even, with any honours going to Clendon, Maunder and Hanson. Of the backs, Biddle, Simm and Hoy were the most consistent. The team was ably led by Redwood.

JUNIOR B.
Until meeting its Waterloo against Technical, this team was well in the running for the championship. It fielded a solid pack of forwards, with Eustace the only one outstanding. Mitchell was probably the best back, though all were good. Kissell should make a name for himself in higher grade football. Campbell seemed to keep control of the team ably.

THIRD A.
Lack of a regular second five-eighth handicapped this team. Still, they produced good football on occasions and showed great keenness. Campbell, Hutton, and Findlay were the best of the backs, while Hercus, Adam, and Rogers were the best forwards. The team was captained by Fraser.

THIRD B.
This team had very few regular players and was often forced to take the field short. They showed great club spirit and turned out faithfully each Saturday. Our thanks are due to Oliver, the captain, for the manner in which he kept the team together. The best forwards were Mitchinson and Halliwell, and Robertson and Kirkby were the best backs.

THIRD C.
This is the social team and we cannot learn much about it except that it wins every Saturday afternoon and then adjourns to the Gresham. The competition has not yet closed, but we think this team will head the list and bring home the only champ. Jeffs has been responsible for keeping the team together.

FOURTHS.
This team has not been the "fourths" of other years. Some of the players, Larkin the captain in particular, are exceptionally good. It is a young team and next season it will probably "come again."

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Mackay, Eckoff, Wilton, and Hislop, who unselfishly gave their time to coach the various teams.

Congratulations are offered to the following:—
N.Z.U. Blues: Burke, Parsons, Tricklebank.
Wellington A Reps.: Burke.
Wellington Second Division Reps.: Reid, Ekdahl.
Junior Reps.: Simm, Hansen.

BOXING CLUB

Owing to lack of equipment, suitable training facilities, and the inevitable claiming by football of most of our members during the winter months, the Boxing Club has in recent years practically confined its activities to the training held prior to the Easter Tournament.

We disappointed ourselves, we disappointed our supporters, and we disappointed our trainer, Mr. Roy Brien, by failing to retain the Boxing Shield at Easter, after the latter had trained with unremitting vigour what was felt to be a winning team. We had to bow, however, to a better team from Canterbury, who indubitably deserved all the success which came to them.

The following was the team which represented V.U.C. at Easter:—


Light-heavyweight: K. W. Barnes.


Welterweight: R. J. M. Meek.


Featherweight: M. O’Connor.

Bantamweight: B. C. Campbell.

Of these, only Meek and Edwards, both of whom were beaten by the ultimate N.Z. University Champions, failed to fight their way into the finals. But Dame Fortune, who had smiled upon us in the preliminaries, deserted us here, and of our five warriors, only O’Connor and Edgley won their weights and their N.Z.U. Blues. Both were on the final night pitted against rugged and heavy-punching opponents, and both
SWALLOW

TYPEWRITER

SUPPLIES

CARBONS
RIBBONS
STENCILS
DUPLICATING INK
WRITING INK

BRITISH and BEST

Sole Wellington Agents:

J.A. McKay & Co., Ltd.
COMMERCIAL STATIONERS - D.I.C. BUILDING

PHONE 40-741 P.O. BOX 1536

Home on the Range!

...Yes, there's no doubt about it!
Judging by the samples of their
wares we've tried...

W.C. Cooper
LIMITED
BAKERS and
PASTRYCOOKS

250 MAIN ROAD
KARORI
PHONE 26-693

are very much at home by the
side of their ovens

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
proved that a forceful left, a sound guard, and a free use of the ring space can surmount heavier artillery.

Possibly more success might have come our way if there had been more competition for places in the Tournament team. As it was, all the old Blues, Armour, O'Connor, Edgley and Meek made the team unopposed and it can only be regarded as unfortunate that the mere fact that a man is an Old Blue should have the effect of intimidating intending opponents from taking the ring with him. In the other weights there was fair competition for places. We were unfortunate that Walsh and Skelley, two of the best boxers at present at Victoria were not eligible for Tournament. Walsh in particular impresses, and as he is a boxer of considerable note in amateur circles he should be a certain winner of his N.Z.U. Blue next year.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Roy Brien, our trainer, for his untiring energy and enthusiasm, year in and year out, despite many disappointments at our hands. Those who have ducked between the ropes and stood alone before a noisy and critical crowd, will always pay a tribute to him for the tactful way he handles a nervous and awestruck competitor from his ringside corner.

Regular weekly training is being held this winter, but the support accorded is somewhat disappointing. Next year, with several promising newcomers, and the prospect of competition from Massey College, we hope to be able to produce that winning team—that team of the millennium.

---

CRICKET CLUB

It cannot be claimed that the 1935-36 season was a particularly successful one for the Club, although there is no doubt that the players enjoyed their games. Although six teams were entered in the competitions none finished first in their grade, the Junior D team, nevertheless, being somewhat unfortunate in not doing so.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Starting off well against Kilbirnie in a match in which rain on the second day probably deprived V.U.C. of the game, the eleven had a similar exasperating experience in the next game against Petone. The ill-luck which had thus attended the opening games seemed to dog the team throughout the season, and apart from a handsome win against the champions, Midland, no other victories came the side's way, although on two further occasions rain interrupted play when the eleven was in a winning position. The Team thus finished last on the senior championship table with one five-point win, four drawn games, and five losses. The team was handicapped by the absence of Tricklebank in Japan with the New Zealand University Rugby Team for the greater part of the season, and the frequent absences of Blandford from the side owing to Representative and Test games. Vitzmeyer, a century scorer, was in particular good all-round form, and Blandford was as consistent as usual both with the bat and gloves. Wren was a tower of strength both in batting and fielding, and Harding, a newcomer, played several fine innings. McMillan, another sound bat was a consistent all-rounder, and the side was ably captained by J. R. Stevens. The eleven should do well this coming season as most of last season's team are again available.

SECOND GRADE.

The performances of the second grade were very disappointing as the team to all appearances was a strong one. Simpson was captain in most of the games. Victories were recorded against several of the leading sides in the grade although the inconsistent form of the team saw it lose on several occasions to the lower teams on the championship ladder. With the bat, Stephenson (a century maker), Fortune, Masters, and Betts were prominent, and the side's main bowlers were Knowsley, Masters, Stephenson, and Fortune. Taken on a whole the side played somewhat inconsistent cricket and it is hoped that this season more attention will be paid to practice.

JUNIOR B.

Under the captaincy of Arthur Wicks, the Junior B's experienced a successful season, and were well up in the championship, although the team appeared to lose ground towards the end of the season, mainly owing to changes in personnel. Revell made a century for the side and Henry Moore was again among the runs. The batting on the whole was really consistent, but the bowling was not of the strongest, the stock bowlers of the side being Geddes, Wicks, and Evans, although at one stage as many as nine bowlers were in the team.

JUNIOR C.

The Junior C's under the captaincy of Pat Kane had a most enjoyable season, and although here again the material appeared to be there, the performances were on the whole disappointing judged from the results point of view.

JUNIOR D.

Ted Blacker's social eleven once again performed well and were well in the running for championship honours. The side ended up third equal for the championship after a most enjoyable season both on the field and off. Among the outstanding performers were Porous, Roberts and Camp (who performed the hat-trick).

THIRD GRADE.

Captained by "Mac" McGhie the Thirds did not win many games, but undoubtedly enjoyed their cricket, judging from all reports. Their theory appeared to be to build up the team as an all-round combination and the players certainly all appeared to get their fair share of batting, bowling and fielding. Johnston and Walker were probably the most promising players.

CHRISTMAS TOUR.

The annual Christmas tour was not undertaken this year owing to the difficulty in getting together a side, but games were played at Levin early in the season, and at St. Patrick's College, Silverstream, where a most enjoyable afternoon was spent, thanks to Father Bell.
LEITZ
Microscopes, Epidiascopes
Etc.

The latest models of Leitz microscopes and projection apparatus can be seen at our showroom. Inspection invited. Illustrated catalogues will be sent on request.

BIOLOGICAL DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS
We have good stocks of Dissecting Forceps, Scissors, Scalpels, Razors, etc., both inset and loose.

GEO. W. WILTON & Co. Ltd.
156 WILLIS STREET WELLINGTON
AND AT AUCKLAND

Are You Insured Against Accident?

CONSULT . . .

The
MERCANTILE & GENERAL
INSURANCE CO. LTD.

A New Zealand Company with its Head Office at
27-29 Panama St.
WELLINGTON

In these days of fast-moving traffic it is absolutely essential that all people—heads of households especially—should be insured against accidents.

If you meet with a serious accident would you be in a position to pay without inconvenience the Medical Expenses and other charges you may be called upon to meet?

Our Personal Accident and Sickness policies provide liberal benefits at a very reasonable premium, and we urge every business man to insure before it is too late.

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
REP. HONOURS AND BLUES.

J. A. R. Blandford, the senior eleven’s wicket-keeper was a regular member of the Wellington Plunket Shield Team and also represented Wellington against the visiting M.C.C. team. His splendid performances gained him a place in the New Zealand team for the second and third Tests in which he figured on each occasion in century partnerships, his Test average being 38.00. The congratulations of the Club are extended to “Gin” for his outstanding performances. Blandford also represented the Town against the Country.

The New Zealand University Cricket Council has recommended W. F. Vietmeyer and W. Tricklebank for New Zealand University Cricket Blues.

N.Z.U. CRICKET COUNCIL.

After several years of negotiation the New Zealand University Cricket Council was finally formed this year and the Council has now recommended to the New Zealand University Students’ Association the names of several players for the award of New Zealand University Cricket Blues for last season. It is hoped that a North-South Varsitys’ game will be played this coming season, and the Council is hopeful of obtaining games with visiting touring teams in the near future. Mr. A. M. Cousins was elected the Victoria representative on the Council.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY GAME.

At Easter, the annual match for the Speight Trophy was played on the Wellington College grounds and the game resulted in a win for V.U.C. by nine wickets. Neither side was at full strength but the cricket was of a good standard. A splendid innings by A. G. Wren, and a fine partnership between Wren and J. R. Stevens who scored a fast 60, saw V.U.C. well ahead on the first innings, and the Auckland team could not recover, although Lewis played two very sound innings. Knowles bowled well for V.U.C.

MEN’S HOCKEY CLUB

Notwithstanding the apparent slackening of enthusiasm as the season draws to a close, this year has been for the Men’s Hockey Club, most successful. The absence of purely statistical success deplored in last year’s review of the club’s activities has been replaced by a more gratifying column of victories and goals for.

Seven teams were entered in the Wellington Hockey Association’s competition and have been maintained up to full strength throughout the season. Training College players have joined with the club and have fielded a team which has proved itself an excellent combination and should win the Junior grade.

Tournament was held in Wellington this year on the King’s Birthday week-end, and was thoroughly successful. Besides providing an opportunity for Fiji reminiscences there was an abundance of very enjoyable hockey, together with pleasant weather and satisfactory social activity. Two teams were fielded by Victoria to even the draw, and the A team, by winning the Seddon Stick, defeating the holders—Canterbury—in a fast and most thrilling final by 5-0, succeeded in proving V.U.C.’s place in Inter-University Hockey and also in vindicating their three full-back formation in the face of strong orthodoxy-formed combinations. A great deal of credit for the smoothness with which the functions during tournament were executed goes to the committee members, all of whom devoted a great deal of time and effort towards making the whole affair a success.

Criticism comes easily from those uninitiated into the team formation taught us by our invaluable coach, Mr. N. R. Jacobsen. There is little doubt, however, that besides providing a match-winning asset, the increased enjoyment and incentive to skill, speed and fitness that the necessary co-ordination between players in this formation involves, makes hockey an even more attractive sport than before. The fact that for the first three games of the season using the orthodox formation the Senior A eleven registered no wins, while since the changeover, the team has been beaten only twice is in itself a reply to the criticism that has been levelled at us from outside. Now that the formation is soundly launched in the Senior team, it should not be long before the lower teams will be able to adopt it.

Lack of practice facilities still remains a serious handicap to Victoria’s hockey, although we are probably in a better position than other Wellington clubs owing to the fact that we have access to the gymnasium and the football club’s floodlit field. Full team practices during the day, such as Training College can manage, would work wonders with the standard of play throughout the club.

In Mr. Jacobsen the club possesses a coach whose fund of knowledge, keenness, interest in beginners, and ideals of sportsmanship invest the game with a great deal of benefit and enjoyment. F. H. Stewart, our club captain, deserves a tremendous amount of credit for improving the standard of play, keeping alive the club spirit, organising a highly-successful tournament and captaining the senior team to victory and the Seddon Stick (the first time since 1932).

Training College look like carrying off the honours in the Junior Grade, unless the Varsity team, at present unbeaten but having suffered a few drawn games, beat them in the final, and so draw level in the competition.

There are some enthusiastic and improving players amongst the Juniors to mention only Lancaster, Evans, Oram and Dixon, who should prove worthy to take their place in the Seniors when vacancies arise there next year.

The club was unfortunate in that owing to the Wellington Hockey Association’s regrading of a Senior B team they have three Third Grade teams entered in the competition. Although one of these teams should have been near the top of the competition, none of them has achieved much success, all suffering unfortunately from a changing personnel.

The Senior B’s have been unfortunate with injuries, but nobly took part in Tournament, although they could not come up to the standard sufficiently to make an all-Victoria final.
Hearty congratulations are extended to our two N.Z.U. Blues for this season—H. J. M. Abrahams and P. N. Grant. Keeness and hard training have consolidated the natural ability of these players to bring them this reward.

There have been many changes in the personnel of the club this year. Ben Denby was very unfortunate in having to stay out of the game for the season, being injured in the first five minutes of the first game. Cliff Camp has been similarly unfortunate, although he has been forced to the sideline only since Tournament. McEwan was transferred to Dunedin and played against us for Otago University. Innes and Johnston are valuable newcomers to the club from Hamilton and Christchurch respectively.

---

**WOMEN’S HOCKEY CLUB**

This year the Women’s Hockey Club has entered two teams in the local Women’s Hockey Association matches one in the Senior A grade and one in the Junior division. Neither team has done as well as has sometimes been the case in previous years, which may be due to the fact that owing to holidays and sickness we have rarely fielded the same team twice. However, enthusiasm and practice have done wonders for the Junior team, and the outlook for next year is very hopeful.

The Inter-University Hockey Tournament was this year held in Wellington, and was a success in every way. After some close games, Otago won the Stick from Canterbury without losing a single match. The Tournament concluded as usual with a match between the N.Z.U. and the local provincial team. Miss J. Bacon of Victoria College played in the team and Miss N. Bayfield was emergency. We would like to congratulate them, and also Miss M. Nelligan and Miss E. Campbell, who played in the Wellington B team against Horowhenua.

---

**TENNIS CLUB**

Owing to the inclement weather conditions prevailing during the last summer, Wellington experienced its poorest Tennis season for some years past. With scarcely two consecutive fine week-ends, the courts did not display their usual activity.

**FRESHERS’ TOURNAMENT.**

The increasing popularity of the Yankee Tournament held on this occasion was proved by the fact that this year some 80 pairs participated.

In addition to the usual opening day Tournament, and Freshers’ Welcome, a Yankee Tournament was held on November 23rd, in aid of the Students’ Association Building Fund. We were able to add a few more “bricks” to this worthy cause.
CLUB LADDERS.

During the season the Men’s Ladder has shown considerable activity, there being many keenly contested matches. Although some of our senior players were not in the field, the ladder strength remained at the high level set up during the previous season. The dormant state of the Ladies’ Ladder coupled with the fact that only ten places on it were occupied shows that the College is very much in need of enthusiastic lady players for the forthcoming season.

The top six players on the ladders at the close of the season were:


MATCHES.

(a) Interclub: The Club entered six teams in the Wellington Lawn Tennis Association’s Interclub Competition. Our senior team was not sufficiently strong to retain the championship won during the previous season. The senior ladies’ team was not so successful as in the previous season due to their numbers being depleted. The best performance was put up by the club’s Fourth Division team, while the Senior B team, transferred to the Second Division owing to the loss of W. B. Gomel, gave a fairly good account of itself.

(b) Club Championships: These are as yet unfinished due to the weather conditions.

The results to date are:

Ladies’ Singles: Miss J. Grainger.
Ladies’ Doubles: Misses D. Briggs and J. Grainger.

Tournament: We have to thank the Wellington Lawn Tennis Association and the weather for the outstanding success of the Tennis section of this year’s Tournament. The Association placed at our disposal six grass courts in the very best condition, besides making several others available for practices. The weather did its part by forgetting to rain or blow.

Our representatives, one and all, gave a good account of themselves, losing to Canterbury by a single point. Excitement ran high when it seemed that we might eclipse the 1932 record of tying for the first place by being the sole possessors of it. Alas! Not this year. We must congratulate J. J. McCarthy who played excellent tennis to win his N.Z.U. Blue and the Men’s Singles Title from B. D. Duffield of Canterbury, 6-3, 7-5. After a marathon match of 30 games against Miss D. Briggs in the semi-final of the Ladies Singles, Canterbury entered the final to fight another long match against V.U.C.’s other representative, Miss J. Grainger, before finally retaining the title.

Yes, V.U.C. was unlucky in Tennis this year.

BLUES.

We extend our congratulations to J. J. McCarthy who won his N.Z.U. Blue.

OLD BOYS’ DAY.

The annual match between Past and Present students was held on the College Courts on one of the finer week-ends. Despite the overcast weather conditions good sportsmanship and keen rivalry prevailed. At the close of the afternoon, Mr. S. Eichelbaum, Club Patron, and Captain of the Old Boys’ Team, presented the Challenge Cup to Mr. C. S. Plank, the Captain of the Present Students’ team as the winners of the 1936 contest.

GYMNASIUM CLUB

The Women’s Gym. Club has decreased considerably in numbers this year, partly owing to the fact that Training College students find they have plenty of drill as it is.

It is to be hoped that the Club will receive enough support to continue next year, as it is of great service to many.

Miss Webber was forced to resign from the position of instructress, owing to pressure of work at her studio, but the Club has a very capable instructress in Miss Mariel Butler—a former student of the College.

No display is to be given this year, the members being well content to attend classes and practise energetically for the sake of keeping fit—and we do feel fit, too.

BASKETBALL CLUB

This year we entered a Senior A and a Senior B team in the Association Matches.

The Senior A team has met with varying success, showing at times unexpected brilliance.

The Senior B team has played much better this year and has been quite successful, especially as the team has been changed so many times during the year.

Practices this year have been held in our own Gym., since it was hoped that it would be more convenient for players, but the attendance has been far from satisfactory.

One of our players, Miss Lancaster, is in the Wellington Senior B representative team which will take part in the annual tournament at Rotorua.

Under the able coaching of Miss P. Quinlan, the Tournament team, after numerous keen practices were well up to standard by the time Easter arrived. V.U.C. beat Canterbury and Otago, but lost to the Auckland team. Six of our A team were awarded V.U.C. Blues, Miss J. Grainger having the added distinction of a New Zealand University Blue.
SPORTING GOODS

We specialise in sports goods only, and are now recognised as the headquarters in Wellington for all sports material.

Every requisite for...

TENNIS  CRICKET
FISHING  SHOOTING
CROQUET  BOWLS, Etc.

REPAIRS IN ALL BRANCHES

WITCOMBE & CALDWELL LTD.

The SPORTS DEPOT
45 WILLIS STREET  WELLINGTON  PHONE 42-662

"The Best is not too Good"

THAT SAYING COULD NOT APPLY MORE FAITHFULLY TO ANYTHING THAN TO FOOTWEAR

Everyone knows how necessary it is to have a satisfactory shoe and comfortable tread... this is yours by wearing...

DUNLOP
Superior Shoes

for house, beach, tennis and other sports, also winter walking boots and angling waders.

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING SHOE RETAILERS

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire must have a Shooting-box when he comes into the country for a day or so—

and naturally there is a ruined Abbey nearby in his beautiful grounds. 'Twas ever thus.

Whilst the farmer has his "quaint" home almost on the road. "So attractive, my dear," and, of course, he has no sewage, no bath, and no electric light.

In the towns one lives like this if one is able to afford such luxurious apartments.

(30,000 unemployed in Liverpool.)

Otherwise one lives like this—like Mr. Average Imperial Englishman.
If one is an Insurance Company or even a Shipping Company, one can do this sort of thing provided Mexico doesn't repudiate.
(300,000 unemployed in Lancashire.)

But as one is NOT an Insurance Company one shops with Mrs. Average Englishwoman. It is true that dust and petrol are in the air, but one learns to forget those things with Imperial high-mindedness.

Still, it does pall sometimes, so one goes to the village inn out in a rural district and owned by a powerful company:—naturally.

But to get to the inn one generally passes thru' a "quaint" village such as this. And noticing a castle on the hill, one goes up.

A Ruined Castle.

—This England!
STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Once more the Victoria College Student Christian Movement has had a fairly full and, on the whole, satisfactory year. While several of the cultural and intellectual clubs of the College have been complaining of a decrease in the interest formerly shown in them by the students, the active membership of the Student Christian Movement has shown an increase; the reopening of the Training College in Wellington has, of course, been one of the reasons for this increase.

There has been no great change in the activities of the Movement as compared with former years. Three weekly study circles have been held, catering for various interests, as can be seen from the themes studied, namely Communism, the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, and the question of religion. The spiritual side of the Movement has not been neglected. Every Monday evening students have gathered for a brief period of prayer.

Since the first meeting of the year, in the Gym., when Mr. Lex Miller and Mr. Max Riske spoke on Christianity and Dialectic Materialism respectively, most of our studies and addresses, at the College or at camps, have centred round the position of the Christian and the Church in society; we have had addresses on “The Church in Society” and “Pacifism”; at camps we have studied “The Church as a Missionary Society,” “Salvation,” and “The World Situation To-day.”

In June we were privileged to have a visit from Rev. C. F. Andrews, of India. In a series of four addresses he outlined the need for Christian love in the world to-day, and the power of that love to transform men and to sustain them through all the vicissitudes of life. His own genial personality, brimming over with love, joy, and peace, and his own life of devoted service, added special point to his message. His visit was followed up by a meeting at which, after several students had explained what Christ mean to them, Rev. J. S. Murray gave a splendid talk on the necessity for discipline in the Christian life.

Apart from our meetings at the College, we have held since the end of the 1935 session three Sunday teas and three week-end camps. These gatherings are valuable not only for giving us opportunities of studying things spiritual and of worshipping together, but also for the opportunities they afford us of learning to understand our fellows better.

The practical side of our faith has not been neglected. The improved financial condition of the poor families we have been assisting has rendered such material assistance less necessary—though a little is still done in that direction—but we have continued to visit regularly one at least of these families. At the beginning of the year the Movement ran, as usual, its Second-hand Book Stall and its Information Bureau; and at Easter we assisted with the Tournament by providing a tea on the Sunday for the Tournament representatives.

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB

Contrary to the practice of the club in previous years, this year’s discussions have been led mainly by outside speakers, and this policy has had the advantage of fusing new and old thoughts and arguments in these discussions. Only one meeting was held during the First Term owing to the Inter-University Tournament and the Capping, which interfered to some extent with the club’s activities. A chartered accountant from England, Mr. Sherwood, put forward his views on world affairs to the club, and as the speaker had first-hand knowledge of his subject, which the majority of his listeners did not possess, the discussion tended in the direction of a lecture.

Dr. Mario Dessaulles, the Italian consul, addressed a record meeting on the Abyssinian affair, justifying Italy’s action in that connection. So great was the interest taken by the meeting in the subject that an extension of one hour was granted.

In a discussion on “Europe, Soviet or Fascist,” led by Mr. I. D. Campbell, the speaker traced the development since the War, of theories which in pre-War days had seemed fantastic, and analysed the growth of the power and control of the state in recent years.

The Free Discussions Club has in general fully maintained the standard of debate set in previous years.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Science Society followed the precedent set in former years of arranging lectures of general and scientific interest, even to those with only an elementary knowledge of science.

Two dances were conducted under the auspices of the Society—viz., one—a “Bob Hop”—and the other held in conjunction with the Athletic, Football, Harrier and Fencing Clubs. Both were successful socially.

Lectures held up to the end of July were: the Presidential address on “Cosmic Rays,” by Mr. Stewart; a very interesting address on “Soap Manufacture” by Mr. Saxton, and an instructive lantern-illustrated lecture by Mr. Sticht comparing “Yellowstone Park with New Zealand Thermal Activity.”
WAIRARAPA FARMERS’ CO-OP. ASSN. LTD.

LAMBTON QUAY

QUALITY GROCERS and GENERAL STOREKEEPERS
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS
Household Ironmongery, Crockery, and Glassware.

INSPECTION INVITED

Phone 43-043

(5 Lines)

Not a luxury but a necessity

Day and night pure hot water is an ever-necessary commodity. No one who has once lived in a home with a gas hot water system would think of dispensing with it. Hot water in the kitchen means that the dishes can be washed and dried before the kettle has time to boil. In the bathroom it increases the pleasure of cleanliness and saves endless time and trouble. And the added convenience of gas water heating is to-day a very economical proposition. No home can be truly modern without it.

WELLINGTON GAS COMPANY LIMITED
64 COURTENAY PLACE - WELLINGTON

PHONE 55-100

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
FENCING CLUB

The added interest in fencing this year is shown by the increased membership of the Club, and though the attendance at weekly practices has not been large it has been made up in enthusiasm.

This season a new system of coaching was introduced which did not involve the expense that has in past years proved a slight handicap. The arrangement has been that the senior members of the club should instruct new members, who could finish up with professional tuition if they so desired, and the system has proved quite satisfactory.

The season opened with a match against a team from the Younger Set Club. Though the club lost to the more experienced Younger Set team, it was a most enjoyable evening. The club has fought a return match against the Younger Set, with greater success.

At the opening of the season, G. Bliss was elected Club Captain, but owing to a position which he has since taken he had unfortunately to resign, when his successor was elected.

The club is now in a position to provide adequate material for its members, especially those who do not feel inclined at first to purchase all that is necessary. Also the club intends to purchase an early date some sabres, and all members are looking forward to this opportunity for the interesting and exciting sport of sabre-fighting.

EVANGELICAL UNION

The Union is now in its fourth year and steady progress has been maintained, this year marking an appreciable increase in membership.

The year was opened with a banquet to freshers, followed by a Sunday Tea, at which an address was given by Dr. Laird, Ch.M.B. A weekly study circle held each Monday at 6 p.m. and the daily prayer meetings have been the regular activities of the Union throughout the year. The former have been led by various laymen of the city, and the regular attendances attest to the interest of these studies. Various addresses have also been given by visiting missionaries and others.

During the First Term the Evangelical Union were the guests of the Island Bay Baptist Bible Class at a Sunday Tea. This was followed by a student service in the Church, conducted by three of our members.

On the 4th August, the Union held its Second Annual Public Meeting in the Blue Triangle Hall, and we were privileged to have Dr. C. J. Roll, the Director for Australasia of the Sudan Interior Mission, as speaker on that occasion.

A conference of E.U. delegates was held in Wellington over last Easter, when addresses were given by Rev. Funnell (C.I.U.), Dr. Laird, and Dr. Petit. The formation of an I.V.F. (N.Z.) marks the conference as a definite milestone in Student Christian witness.

VICTORIA HOUSE

The House is filled to capacity this year. The dignified old-timers being greatly in the minority, due to the arrival of hordes of homeless Training College students, the whole tone of the House has been altered. However, turbulent and peaceful elements are united under Miss Murison’s sheltering wing.

Although many of us are too much taken up with the heavier side of Varsity life to have time to attend to the lighter, there are generally a few of us at most noteworthy gatherings.

We have shown our mettle at both the Varsity and the Training College Tournaments, and are carrying on the good work on the athletic side by challenging the V.U.C. Women’s Hockey Club to a match in the Third Term.

Our social energies have found outlet in two jolly dances, which were much appreciated by inmates and visitors alike.

Though not yet rivalling Weir House in quantity, the quality is here, and when our building fund materialises, we shall rival them in luxury.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY

Hidden from human sight by a mass of series, electrons, equations, differentials, dielectrics, ballistic galvanometers, and other impediments of the scientist, the Mathematical and Physical Society, now in its Sixteenth Session, has been maintaining the traditions of the past, and establishing new ones for the future. Although the Society cannot claim to have upset any of the theories of Rutherford, Einstein, James Clark Maxwell, or the late Lord Rayleigh, yet it has certainly helped to spread some knowledge and appreciation of them through the Science Faculty.

The Society travelled many millions of miles in the course of its activities during the Session, as Mr. J. W. Hutchings, B.Sc., on June 9, in outlining “Some Aspects of Astronomy” organised a personally conducted tour of the Moon, while Mr. R. C. Hayes, of the Dominion Observatory, on July 2 took us all over New Zealand in the study of “Seismology.” Then
For Furniture and Furnishings
that are better . . .

visit

The Scoullar Coy. Ltd.
88-90 Lambton Quay

Makers of fine furniture for
50 years. Scoullars new value
prices will interest you and
remember, terms may be ar-
anged

THE SCOU LLAR COY. LTD.
88-90 Lambton Quay
AND AT HASTINGS AND BLENHEIM

YOUR EYES
ARE WORTH
THE BEST
!
CONSULT
MORRISON & GILBERD
LTD.
OPTICIANS
FOR ALL SPECTACLE WORK
48 Willis Street - Wellington

FOR
Prompt Service
We're the Boys who make no
noise,
But we're always after busi-
ness.
Have a Clean Towel in your
office or factory—we supply
Hand Towels, Tea Towels,
and Dusters.
Also a Special Service for—
Hairdressers, Doctors and
Dentists. Uniforms and
Towels Laundered and Re-
turned Without Delay.
Always Ring 25-275
Hygienic TOWEL SUPPLY
LIMITED  ▲ ▲

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
followed some time later, a very short journey with Mr. C. N. Watson-Munro, B.Sc., on July 28, to the centre of the atom, while considering "Recent Advances in Nuclear Physics." Other lectures delivered during the year, which were no less instructive and enjoyable than those mentioned above, were "Electro-Magnetic Radiation," Mr. R. J. Meek, B.Sc., on June 24, and "Service Area of Broadcasting Stations," Mr. C. Searle, B.Sc., on July 14, while on August 11, the Honours Students in the Physics Department gave an account of their researches for the year. Visits were organised to "Rangitira" on Floating Dock, Dominion Observatory, and Ventilation System, Mt. Victoria Traffic Tunnel. The lectures and visits were well attended, as were the suppers after the former, so kindly provided by Mesdames Florance and Miles, to whom are due the thanks of the Society. Altogether a most successful year.

DRAMATIC CLUB

1936 has been a most successful and instructive year for the Dramatic Club, the general meeting and election of officers being held towards the end of the third term in 1935, thus enabling the incoming committee to decide upon the programme for the year, over the long vacation. An early start was made with the acquisition of a prompt box and the cutting of a new door in the side of the stage, in an attempt to equip the stage a little better for productions.

The production of "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward early in the First Term, made an encouraging start on the year's activities. The play was ably interpreted by an experienced cast, who, for young amateurs, made an exceptionally good showing, holding the interest of the large audiences, and keeping them thoroughly entertained. In some cases the character work displayed by the cast was of a particularly high level. The club was fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Leo Du Chateau to supervise the production, and the exceptional way the cast worked together as a team, and the detail and finish which were responsible for much of the success of the production were largely attributable to Mr. Du Chateau's instruction.

A most interesting feature on the year's programme was a lecture by Max Riske, entitled "Plays and Films I Saw in Russia." Mr. Riske, in his easy conversational style, gave very clear accounts of some unique plays and films he had the opportunity of witnessing. Three very successful readings were held during the year. "Jabber," by Edward Wooll; "Canaries Sometimes Sing," by Frederick Lonsdale; "Bird in Hand," by John Drinkwater, and a circle reading at which considerable new talent was discovered among fresher, and used later in the year.

"Journey's End" was produced in the Second Term, with a cast composed almost entirely of fresher. Although the attendances were not all that could have been expected, the production was of a high standard. Credit is due to those responsible for the setting of the play. A convincing and realistic setting was constructed on a very poor stage, and helped considerably with the success of the play.

During the Third Term an evening of three One-Act Plays was given to a small but appreciative audience. "Villa for Sale," "Mr. Samson," and "Thread of Scarlet" were the plays featured, and they proved a good combination of comedy and drama. The acting was of a very high standard, especially in "Mr. Samson," in which the cast of three gave very fine characterisations and succeeded in creating an atmosphere.

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB

The Victoria University College Defence Rifle Club is an officially recognised body supported by grants of money from the V.U.C. Students' Association and by grants of ammunition from the Defence Department. It is affiliated to the Wellington Rifle Association, and a member of the newly-formed N.Z. University Shooting Council.

The season 1935-36 saw more activity than for several years past. Weekly shoots were held at Trentham from the end of November onwards, and a team was entered for the annual W.R.A. Inter-Club match. The upshot was that by Easter time, V.U.C. was able to make a serious bid for the Haslam Shield, and did indeed, by putting up a leading score in one practice and thus gaining a Tournament Shooting point, break the spell which had bound her and which had made her for three years the only College entirely without success in Tournament shooting.

At Easter time there was an Inter-College competition between four skeleton teams of two men each (won by O.U. with V.U.C. second), and later a match between the eight University men and a team of eight drawn from outside Clubs affiliated to the W.R.A., an event won by University by a small margin.

C. T. Ryan won the Perry Aperture Cup and the Club Championship, while A. A. Gawith, who put up the highest individual score in the College Haslam team, won the Mills Vase.

College Blues in shooting were awarded to C. T. Ryan, A. A. Gawith, J. B. C. Taylor, and B. D. A. Greig. These were the first Shooting Blues awarded since 1932-33.
25 KENT TERRACE
WELLINGTON, C.3.

phone 52-159

Where it costs no more for that finished and unobtrusive sympathy . . . . .
only obtained from long experience

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
DEBATING SOCIETY

This year the Debating Society has sailed through troubled waters, but these are now completely past, and the Society is in a most prosperous condition. Following on some trouble in connection with last year’s accounts, the Executive refused a grant, and after a stormy General Meeting the whole committee resigned with the exception of one member. But the committee was subsequently re-elected, almost in toto; and a number of successful functions conducted by the Society have so improved the finances of the Society that it is now in a position to make a grant to the Executive.

The interest shown in debates during the present session is a great improvement on that of last year, and the attendance at the Society’s meetings has not slackened off even towards the end of the second term, as is usually the case.

The Plunket Medal Contest was held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall as usual. The audience filled the Chamber almost to capacity, and the standard of oratory was high. Mr. J. B. Aimers was awarded the Medal, and Mr. A. T. S. McGhie and Miss Dorothy Souter took the second and third places.

Mr. A. H. Scotney and Mr. McGhie represented the College at the Joynt Scroll Contest, which was held this year at Canterbury. Victoria came second, and Mr. McGhie was placed third among the individual speakers.

Last year’s Union Prize was won by Mr. A. H. Scotney with a very big lead. This year, however, there are several competitors running very close.

For the Annual Visitors’ Debate the Society was fortunate enough to have the Rt. Hon. Mr. J. G. Coates and the Hon. Mr. J. A. Lee as the leading speakers. The debate aroused enormous interest, with the result that the Gym. was packed, the best part of a hundred people having to stand during the whole of the evening. The meeting coincided with pay-day and this fact appeared to have had some effect on the spirits of the audience. The frequent interjections were commonly received with uproarious applause and the meeting was one of the most enjoyable V.U.C. has known for years.

The Society has recently embarked on two new ventures. It has taken part in two wireless debates with other University Colleges, losing to Otago and defeating Canterbury. These debates are both interesting and remunerative. The other new venture is to enter a team for the Impromptu Debates class in the forthcoming festival of the Wellington Competitions Society.

ROWING CLUB

The past season has been one of progress for the V.U.C. Rowing Club. Despite our being unplaced in the major event of the year—the University Boat Race—the Club can still boast of a successful season.

For some time it has been considered that for a V.U.C. Rowing Club to achieve popularity in the eyes of the students, the Club must have an eight-oar boat of its own, and the nearest approach to a plant of its own. Recognition as a separate entity in the rowing world has been considered essential. Towards that objective, rapid strides have been made. For the second season now we have rowed in our own eight-oar boat at Tournament. In order to house this craft when assembled it was necessary to erect an extension to the Star Boating Club shed, and the work involved in this job was all carried out by the members of the club last season. The Club also became affiliated to the W.A.R. Association. This action enables us to row in our own colours at regattas. Unfortunately we do not possess our own clubhouse, which confines our regatta rowing as a V.U.C. Club to the local Eights race and the Tournament event.

Next season we hope to see a big increase in membership and every assistance will be given to new members to enable them to become proficient enough to claim seats in the boat for Tournament.

TRAMPING CLUB

The Tramping Club has yet another very successful year to record. Reference to the record book reveals that since “Spike” last went to press, trips have been arranged to many of the best tramping regions handy to Wellington. The average attendance on these trips has been high, though it has, on more than one occasion, fallen as low as two. On the other hand, three dozen rallied round the Varsity banner at the Tararua Sports Meeting in December, and in July the same number of student bodies reached Kime Hut with sufficient energy in reserve to enjoy four strenuous hours of skii-ing and toboganning.

The week-end of August 24th-25th witnessed the Club’s usual winter crossing of the Southern Tararua, this time under extremely arduous conditions. The notorious Tararua weather can, however, claim three victories. On Anzac week-end a Southern Crossing failed to go through, and Mt. Mitre has twice repulsed our efforts. The first occasion was early in February when it was intended to traverse the range from Mt. Mitre to Mt. Holdsworth—but that was the day that the “Rangatira” ran on the rocks, so enough said. Six months later, abnormal weather conditions again defeated a party which made a very determined effort to climb the peak under winter conditions.

The scene of most activity has been the Orongorongorange, where, with the kind consent of the other owners, the club has had more than its two-fifths share of the
Crown Studio
CROWN BUILDINGS
CUBA STREET

Special Concession
to Graduates

The Largest and most Up-to-date Studio in
New Zealand

---

Tuckwell’s
"The Manshop"

3rd FLOOR, NATHANS’ BUILDING
" ‘Tween the quay and the sea"

OLD BOYS of all colleges, know ye
one and all that TUCKWELL’S have
created collegiate cuff links, cigarette
cases, tie pins, serviette rings, with
the old school crest as the decora-
tive motif

---

UNITED DENTAL SERVICE

DENTURE SPECIALISTS

“Teeth to suit the face
shape”

ALSO FILLINGS AND EXTRACTIONS
OF ALL KINDS

54-56 MANNERS STREET . WELLINGTON

PHONE 43-363

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
use of "Tawhai" Hut. Working parties have re-built the chimney and made other improvements to the hut and its surroundings. Besides being a handy base for several official trips, "Tawhai" has been used by various parties who sought to combine recreation with "swot."

Our activities further afield are worthy of mention. During the Second Term vacation of last year, a large party spent an enjoyable week at Tongariro National Park, skiing and climbing. A similar trip has been organised for this year. The peaks of National Park were again assailed at Christmas by another large party who established a base camp in the Kaimanawas. At the same time, a smaller and more energetic party tramped in the Waimararinui and Wilberforce districts.

Then at Easter there were some students who feared that they would be unable to face the strenuous demands of Tournament, so that triumphant shouts of "Victoria" rang out from the summit of Egmont and the College was on top there, if not at home.

Our new Executive has wisely decreed that none but bona fide students shall henceforth be appointed to executive positions in College clubs. Although it is the only essential of tramping, experience is invaluable. Tramping can be enjoyed by the inexperienced, but many places are inaccessible to them without a capable leader. It is therefore pleasing to note the number of freshers who have been converted to the cult.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

Though one of the newest clubs in the college, the Photographic Club has had a very successful year, marked by the enthusiasm of members in all club activities. Prominent local photographers continued to support the club by delivering addresses, Mr. J. W. Johnson, Mr. Chapman-Taylor, and Mr. A. T. Mitchell talking on Enlarging, Composition, and Portraiture respectively. The club was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. E. T. Robson as judge of the "Spike" Photographic Competition, and a meeting was held to hear his comments on the entries.

A field day, held in perfect weather early in the Second Term, proved most enjoyable.

Members have realised the value of the facilities provided in the Club's darkroom, and much good work has been produced there. As we have now been successful in securing the sole use of the darkroom, the safety of the club's equipment is now assured. A satisfactory grant from the Students' Association allowed the purchase of much-needed equipment, which it is hoped to augment in the near future.

There is no doubt that this Club, by its meetings and the provision of darkroom facilities, is doing valuable work in carrying out its object of fostering the photographic art in Victoria College.

LAW FACULTY CLUB

During the past year the Club's activities have been attended with a very pleasing success, and it is now hoped that with the social functions on a sound basis, the Club may be able to devote more time to other matters in the direction of "promoting the welfare of law students in academical activities."

The Annual Law Ball organised by a committee comprising two committee members of the Club and two of the Wellington Law Students' Society was an outstanding success, in fact it would be safe to say that it was the most successful yet held; and as a result the sum of £20 was paid into the Building Fund.

The success of the second annual dinner has placed this function on a firm footing and we may confidently expect it to become a permanent event in the Faculty. Although for financial reasons the committee was somewhat restricted in making the necessary arrangements this year, it was a most enjoyable evening, all the speeches being of a particularly high quality. It is hoped that the Club will be in a position to subsidise the dinner next year and thus improve the quality still keeping it within the scope of the law student's pocket.

The problem of obtaining degree hoods for use at the Capping Ceremony is one which troubles graduands every year. This year the Club had four manufactured at a very reasonable price, to be hired to graduands each year, and they have already proved their worth at the last ceremony.

As a result of representations to the Professorial Board, students other than law students have been asked to refrain from sitting in the law section of the library so that budding barristers may now study their law reports in peace.

The Club has not arranged any addresses this year as activities of this nature are carried out very efficiently by the Wellington Law Students' Society with which the Club co-operates.
FAMOUS PRODUCTS OF N.Z.

PROXOGEN.—This brand of Peroxide of Hydrogen is now made in New Zealand by the most up-to-date process which ensures the greatest stability and purity. The use of Proxogen is indicated in every department of the well-conducted home: for the Nursery, Toilet Table, Bathroom, Kitchen and Laundry. Be sure you ask for Proxogen. It is safe to use and does not contain poison.

Q-TOL SKIN EMMOLLIENT.—An antiseptic, penetrating, healing emollient for General Skin Comfort: the Hands, Sunburn, Chilblains, Insect Bites, Burns and Bruises, Cuts and Abrasions, Sprains, and Stiffness, Before and After Shaving.

Q-TOL TOOTH PASTE AND GUM TONIC.—The special ingredients of this improved paste scientifically polish and brighten the teeth safely and thoroughly. Its searching antiseptic foam penetrates between the teeth and reaches the danger points—preventing decay and stimulating the gums. Q-Tol Tooth Paste has a pleasant taste that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed, sweet and clean.

Q-TOL SHAVING CREAM.—Lathers instantly and evenly into a fine soothing foam that makes the razor work quickly, closely and smoothly, yet with the safest, coolest shave you could wish for.

FLUENZOL.—Most diseases enter the human system through the nose and throat, therefore when infection is likely to occur, the passages should be made antiseptic with Fluenzol. Sniff up for colds in the head (or use an atomiser with Fluenzol); gargle Fluenzol for sore throats; swallow Fluenzol to reduce temperature.

Made under the careful supervision of Chemists and Analysts at the...

Q-TOL - FLUENZOL Laboratories

Mention Spike to Advertisers.
GLEE CLUB

In the second year of its existence the Club was affiliated. Its members have been comparatively few, but the few are keen, and the Club has done more to justify its existence than some bigger Clubs. (Who has not at some time heard melodious strains wafted from the Gym?)

We have done nothing in a big way, though we are planning a concert for next year, but we have added a little here and there—items at the Dramatic Club Revue, at the Women Freshers' Welcome, assistance at Extravaganza and Capping, and an anthem at the Easter Tournament Church Service.

This may not sound much—but we are doing a little to maintain interest in music in the College—an interest which we hope our efforts will further.


Callow

"I thought my Life
Meant something more than petty strife:
But I am disillusioned."

I thought my verse
Was new and bright, but I'll be terse:
It's trite
And I am disillusioned.
Club Officers, 1936

ATHLETIC CLUB.—Club Captain, S. G. Eade; Deputy
Club Captain, W. R. Birks; Secretary-Treasurer, P. T.
Bowles; Committee, L. S. Black, R. C. Morneth, B. M.
McIntosh, A. S. Henderson, and T. A. Rafter.

BASKETBALL CLUB.—Club Captain, Miss I. Phillips;
Secretary-Treasurer, Miss R. R. Singleton; Committee,
Misses M. C. Gibbons and M. Morton.

BOXING CLUB.—Club Captain, R. W. Edgley; Vice-
Captain, A. H. Armour; Secretary-Treasurer, W. P.
Edwards; Committee, Messrs. Campbell, Lima, Stewart
and Toosman.

CRICKET CLUB.—Club Captain, J. R. Stevens;
Secretary, R. W. Edgley; Treasurer, J. P. Mules;
Committee, E. Blacker, J. A. R. Blandford, H. S. V.
Simpson.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—President and Chairman, A.
F. T. Charlton; Vice-President, Miss M. Shortall; Secre-
tary, R. E. Jack; Treasurer, R. W. Edgley; Committee,
Misses J. Stock and D. Souter; Messers. L. R. Perry
and L. H. Soutney.

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB.—President, D. H. K. Ross;
Deputy-President, F. J. McWhinnie; Hon. Secretary, H.
M. Snowdon; Hon. Treasurer, B. D. A. Greig; Committee,

DRAMATIC CLUB.—President, Miss D. Tooseman;
Vice-President, J. H. Almers; Secretary, A. Ashley-
Jones; Treasurer, Miss P. M. P. Edwards; Committee,
Misses C. Childs, R. Cromble; Messers. P. Macaskill,
N. A. Morrison and L. Gow.

EVANGELICAL UNION.—Student President, R. S.
Miller; Graduate President, Miss M. M. M. Boyd; Secre-
tary, E. A. Mussen; Treasurer I. C. Edwards.

FENCING CLUB.—Club Captain, M. T. Hornsby;
Committee, A. J. Hull, P. Wycherley; Secretary, C. R.
Hutton.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—Club Captain, E. Blacker; Deputy
Club Captain, H. R. C. Wild; Secretary, L. O. Deg-
borough; Treasurer, W. Tricklebank; Teams Officer, A.
P. Wilton; Committee, G. G. Rae, S. G. Eade, and R. S.
V. Simpson.

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.—Chairman, R. E. Jack;
Secretary, B. I. Harding; Treasurer, J. S. Hatherley;
Committee, Miss S. Saunders, Mr. N. Hull.

GLEE CLUB.—Patron, Professor Kirk; President, Dr.
A. C. Keys; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. D. Hutchens and
J. Withers; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss S. Sanders;
Committee, Miss D. Briggs, Messers. H. Baker, J. Hills,
C. Smythe.

GYMNASIUM CLUB.—Patron, Mrs. Monroe; Presi-
dent, Miss N. Bayfield; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss S.
Sanders; Committee, Messes G. Keen, K. M. Johnston,
E. Bush.

HARRIER CLUB.—President, Mr. G. F. Dixon; Vice-
Presidents, Messers. J. O. Shoreland, H. H. Cornish, G.
C. Sherwood, C. C. McCormack, Dr. I. L. G. Suther-
land; Club Captain, M. O'Connor; Vice-Captain, A. G.
Horsley; Secretary-Treasurer, R. J. McElroy; Delegate
to Wellington Centre, D. Veigars; Delegate to Sub-
Committee, D. R. Scrymgeour; Publicity Officer, N. T.
Clare.

MEN’S HOCKEY CLUB.—Club Captain, F. H.
Stewart; Secretary, M. H. Greaves; Treasurer, L. P.
Denby; Committee, Messrs. A. E. Kennard, P. N.
Grant and P. E. Webb.

WOMEN’S HOCKEY CLUB.—Club Captain, Miss N.
Bayfield; Field Captain, Miss C. Robertson; Secretary,
Miss G. Keen; Vice-Captain, Messrs. J. Bacon, Miss M.
Johnstone.

LAW FACULTY CLUB.—Chairman, R. S. V. Simp-
lson; Secretary, R. C. S. Agar; Treasurer, H. S. Slyver;
Committee, F. C. Christensen, R. C. Connell, A. R. Perry
and J. N. Sellers.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICS SOCIETY.—
President, G. Searle; Vice-Principles, C. Watson-Munro
and R. J. M. Meek; Secretary, B. C. Taylor; Com-
mittee, H. J. M. Abraham, L. W. Mason and C. W.
Stewart.

PHOTOGRAPIHC CLUB.—Chairman, Mr. O. A. E.
Hughitt; Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. C. H. Smythe;
Committee, Miss Mackay; Messers. R. S. Odell, I. S.
Hunt and J. T. Salmon.

ROWING CLUB.—Club Captain, G. Milne; Secretary,
C. W. McColl; Treasurer, H. M. McIntosh; Committee,

SCIENCE SOCIETY.—President, C. W. Stewart; Vice-
Presidents, D. Currie, Miss A. S. Donne; Secretary, A.
Rafter; Committee Miss N. Welch, Miss H. Maysmore,
R. V. Berry and N. T. Clare.

STUDENTS’ CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.—President,
L. R. Nash; Vice-President, Miss S. Williams; Corre-
sponding Secretary, H. L. Baker; Recording Secretary,
Miss D. Glover; Treasurer, B. H. Kelly; Committee,
Messrs. J. Burdette, N. Hartill and Mr. H. Arnold.

SWIMMING CLUB.—Club Captain, M. J. Mason;
Deputy Club Captain, J. G. Oliver; Ladies’ Club Cap-
tain, Miss N. M. Webber; Secretary-Treasurer, C. J. W.
Archibald; Committee, Messrs. J. Stock and S. Sanders,
Messers. T. E. Ennis and E. Tate.

TENNIS CLUB.—Chairman, C. S. Plank; Secretary,
H. S. Slyver; Treasurer, C. G. Budge; Committee, Messes.
M. O. Bell, P. M. P. Edwards, D. Briggs and J.
Granger, Messes. T. E. Ennis, W. H. Thodey, K. J.
McNaught and J. S. Withers.

TRAMPING CLUB.—President, Professor E. J. Boyd-
Wilson; Vice-Presidents, Dr. J. C. Beanhole and Mr.
F. B. Thompson; Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. E. Shaw; Chief
Guide, Mr. J. H. Croxon; Committee, Messes K. Muir
and R. Wright, Messers. M. R. Coup, A. R. Perry, C.
W. Stewart, and C. Watson-Munro.

VICTORIA HOUSE.—President, Miss S. M. Sanders;
Committee, Messes M. C. Denton, W. Dunkley, S.
Wight and D. Wild.

WEIR HOUSE ASSOCIATION.—President, R. W.
Edgley; Secretary, R. L. Hutchins; Treasurer, K. A.
Wills; Committee, Messes. A. G. Horsley, R. S. V.
Simpson and F. D. Christensen.