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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—

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

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Victoria College

No dignity of tall facades, no dusk
Loitering pensively amid cloistered halls,
No spires to dream beside forgotten streams
No lawns to lighten solemn elms.
   Before, the crude clay falls
   To make swift impact with the town;
   Beyond, the gorse struggles stubbornly down
   Nudging the bland austerity of my walls.

This gorse, growth stiffened for difficult places,
Grudges its fine gold with churlish spines.
   I too, braced back against this chiselled scarp
   Have grown hardily upon reluctant soil
   And in the whirl and moil of hostile argument
   Held constant root.

Firm now, I yield my wisdom not easily.
Only the creed-loosed dare be bold
To pluck it, and from this seed
   The future-land unfold.
TOWN AND GOWN

Throughout her short history Victoria College seems at no time to have enjoyed the full approval and co-operation of the citizens of Wellington. This has been apparent in many small incidents, in themselves insignificant and soon forgotten, but by a cumulative effect building up almost a tradition of mutual resentment. Such larger events as the successful agitation against a respected professor in the early war years, the long hostility to opinions savouring of anything other than the orthodox and conventional, the communist purge by the Welfare League and a Minister of Education, and the purity campaign sponsored by Canon James in 1933 have intensified the conflict manyfold. The banning of Spike itself that year (allegedly on a suspicion of sedition) while not instigated by outside influence, was at least weakly pandering to popular opinion. Inasmuch as they have effected some curtailment of individual liberties they have aroused the antagonism of almost all students at the time; their deeper results have been too often a serious blow at the ideal of academic freedom which is the foundation of university institutions. An ideal which the University of New Zealand, from its very origin and nature, has never attained, but must yet strive for. More recently the banning of the capping procession and the censure of Cappicade by the Professorial Board has resulted from an outburst of civic indignation.

Now the fault for this conflict as usual, seems to lie in part with both sides. Where the town has been intolerant, the gown has too frequently reacted with impertinence. The capping procession for example—no great loss perhaps since it was an imitation and never a natural growth—had degenerated from an attempt to amuse the public into an opportunity to offend and insult them. Buffoonery redeemed by wit, had become lampoonery without it; and when the students failed to realise this, it may be that the citizens served
a justifiable end by their protest. Again, while it has usually been those of radical opinions who have attracted the hostility of the townspeople, the equally irresponsible conservatives gave greater cause for offence to a different class by their strike-breaking activities of 1933. The citizens for their part have always failed to realise and share the ideals of academic freedom and progressiveness which are the embodiment of a university education. The conflict is in no small part one between age and youth, between the self-security of fixed ideas, and the doubts and intellectual restiveness of active minds encountering much personal adversity. It is significant that in times of peace and easy living the student has been always more moderate in his views, the citizen more lenient in his attitude. In harder days where personal liberties and comforts are affected, fundamental principles of conduct are more rigidly examined. To some extent also there exists a class struggle, for wherever a community shows such obvious flaws as our civilisation presents, it should be for the student, privileged in knowledge if not always in experience, to rebel against them, seeking their cause and striving for their remedy. Equally, the escape provided by merely being rebellious dissipates energy that should serve a more constructive purpose. More than anything else this tendency on the part of the students leads to resentment and misunderstanding and hinders co-operation with the community of which the college should be a functioning part.

"The University is not an abstraction; it is an institution and institutions are part of the social system," writes Dr. J. C. Beaglehole, in his history of the University of New Zealand. The university therefore deserves from the community its support and its confidence, and must return to it the results of its learning and research. Victoria College has long suffered from a lack of financial resources, is dependent still on a few private endowments and an annual grant from the Government. An institution such as Dr. Beaglehole has defined merits more than casual endowments by private persons, it should (ideally) be mainly supported by the community which it serves. At the same time this involves an obligation to the social system, often wrongly construed as a justification for demanding from the university only those beliefs to which the system itself subscribes. Here lurks a danger of repression and intellectual atrophy which negates the whole purpose of the university. "A college supported by public funds should be known as a school of sound learning, not a snare for immature minds," said Canon James in 1933. Actually the sum received by Victoria from its annual grant in that year amounted to less than sixpence per head if paid only by the population of Wellington. But for this small public subscription the college suffered considerable strictures upon its freedom of expression and discussion, and submitted to the control of external influences.

In all discussion of the relation between Victoria College and the town in which it has its seat, the close proximity of the two must be borne in mind. Unlike most European and American institutions, secluded often in small "university towns" apart from the turmoil of commercial and political life, this college is crammed into a corner of a city concerned primarily with business rather than with any art or philosophy. Under such conditions statements and actions of the students, whether the exuberance of youth, or the inspired idealism of quickened minds, disturb the ordered complacency of the civilian. To seek the restraint of such "youthful irresponsibility" is his inevitable reaction, as long as neither faction makes any real attempt to understand the other's point of view.
Again, unlike colleges abroad, Victoria has always been noted for its large body of part-time students living permanently and working in the city. For this reason it is impossible to make any rigid distinction between the student and the citizen. Even for the mass of townspeople who have little direct contact with the students and no sympathy of ideas with them, the interests of the two classes are closely mingled. It cannot be denied however, that the distractions which part-time students find through their work or their homes interferes greatly with that corporate life which is an essential aspect of the university.

Nevertheless while the proximity of town and college has in the past led to friction, it actually offers great opportunity for co-operation. In Wellington, the administrative capital, there is available for research and reference a wealth of material not to be found in the other centres. The Turnbull, General Assembly, and Royal Society Libraries, as well as smaller more specialised collections connected with the various scientific, economic and educational departments are at the command of students and research workers. Too much of our research is still in a sphere remote from public utility at a time when more urgent matters clamour for attention. For while a concern with first principles in science and art may be the primary function of the university, it is charged also with the responsibility of seeing that these principles are related to public life, and the fruits of intellectual labour turned to practical purposes. The world is awakening now to a realisation that a great development of the social studies—economics, psychology, political science, education—is essential before the forced growth of the physical sciences can profitably be applied to human service. This is no less necessary in New Zealand than elsewhere; and the task can best be taken up by Victoria College, since we are capable of close contact not only with the local community, but also with the rest of the country through the administrative services centred here.

Should the time ever come when a system of specialisation of studies is established in the four colleges, Victoria may yet be a School for Social Studies, and the future history of New Zealand be moulded in no small part within its walls. Never was the time more propitious than now, when a new alignment in politics has accelerated the development of a party not only possessing the understanding of the mass, but concerned also with some knowledge of the science of government which the politicians of our early history had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to acquire.

At all events whether or not such co-operation of university and state is achieved it is still imperative that the College, more particularly the student body, settle its own problem and attain a better relationship with the community. The initiative must lie with the students rather than with the town. It is of no use to sigh "the world is too much with us." Our very claim to distinction, as a College, may yet lie in the proper working out of the relations between town and gown.
Statement

Some will cast
Away the past
Days gladly,
Emerging from basement and multiple store,
These few,
The auger-minded,
Will brace their limbs
To the cloudless hymns
Of the morning.

Eager,
Steady in grace,
Ready to face
A wilderness of winds
For to-morrow's sake,
They will turn
Pulses drumming,
Fists clenched,
To the future.

Though many shall fail
And many shall fall
To the baton
The judge
And the circular cell.

Some,
Struggle-worn
Reaching the focal point
Where past and present dovetail
Intent on toil
Will drive foundations
Through the thick-ribbed soil

And others,
Learning this
The sun full on their faces
Will take courage
And join them.

—J.D.F.
Flexibility

One of the facts I learned in Biology was that no two people are physiologically more than comparable; from psychology I gleaned that two people never react exactly the same to an identical stimulus, and logic taught me that reasoning processes are as varied as individuals. And I have discovered the conclusion that every person has a different sense of proportion and a varying degree of flexibility of mind.

Perhaps you know “JOHN.” He dreams. But his dreams are all of the same pattern. Though he is young his ideals are fixed already and he is proudly inflexible. If you stop to talk with JOHN in the street he will drive through polite preliminaries of conversation and penetrate your susceptibility with the theories that you probably heard when you went tramping with him and again riding in a tram and again sitting out a dance. It is a pity that JOHN’S ideas depend for force on the emotive words he uses in expressing them, because sometimes your mind clicks and you see that banality has become eager intensity, and you wish the disillusion has never come because you like John and you want to submit to his passion of words.

JOHN is contemptuous of PAUL’S attitude. Although PAUL admits readily that his education began when he first met William Morris, if you listen for long to his expression of ideas you can see how he has explored beyond the original impulse to socialism to all of the movements that can arouse the enthusiasm of young people. Because he feels the urge towards change he is prepared to face the challenge of inconsistency in order to explore by reading and interchange until he can reach independent solutions.

Now PAUL is flexible, but you can’t introduce him as “Paul,—interested in the Labour drive”; or “Paul,—who supports the Oxford Group Movement.” He resents a label that may pin him down. The enviable ability of being able to reach anyone’s level and progress outwards from there, is his. Maybe it is strange, but PAUL nevertheless is an uncomfortable person—his mind probes.

PETER is like a dog. He snuffles round the bigger dogs and because his mind is quick and polished he can run with any of them. Most of the dogs PETER runs with have fine coats and are well brushed—and they bark a lot. PETER barks too but you may not distinguish his bark from any of the other dogs. It is a clever echo and then, too, he is so nimble and quick to keep in the shelter of the pack and add his noise to theirs—unless you disapprove, when you discover that Peter just wasn’t barking at all. Do you like PETER?

Maybe you like MARK. He is that peculiar “withdrawn” man who is found usually on the fringe of a crowd. He doesn’t talk much. Occasionally, without exploiting what he thinks, he is likely to drop a very penetrating remark into your discussion if you are getting aroused about Educational Reform, or if it is Pacifism you are enthusiastic on, MARK can force you to defend your views there, too. His technique is simple. His mind sifts whatever he hears and ranges it alongside his present knowledge, to be reviewed in thought.

I polish my pebblestone towards the day when all these are my friends.

—E. M. BRISCO.
"Till the Day I Die"

An Appreciation of the Drama of Clifford Odets

In an age when the effusiveness of dramatic reviews is invariably directly proportional to the size of the accompanying advertising bill, one becomes accustomed to the indiscriminate use of superlatives, but no financial consideration is necessary to secure for the Dramatic Club production of Odets' play, "Till the Day I Die," the tribute of a first-class effort.

The writer, a former V.U.C. student, was well prepared for what the mimeographed programme charitably referred to as "the limited facilities at our disposal." And limited indeed they were. From the ramshackle stage and grating loudspeaker system to the bare bones of the Gym. Hall, probably nothing could more have militated against the successful production of such a play as this one. But somehow, the spirit of the play and the actors and the intelligent sympathy of the student audience caused one to pass over the difficulties. What must have seemed agonisingly long curtained intervals to the producer did not seem so long to the front of the house. And even the anti-climax of the mis-firing revolver on the first night failed to evoke a single diversion in the audience. Sufficient in itself is that, for a tribute to the dramatic skill of Odets and to the ability of the cast.

But if one forgot these shortcomings during the show, they should not be forgotten here. The conventional, self-satisfied attitude towards the superiority of New Zealand's educational system which is too often adopted by organs and men of public authority, cannot sound well in the ears of those who have seen the obstacles with which student amateur drama is confronted in each of the universities in this country. For even if amateur dramatics yields no dividends and gives no assistance to armament manufacture, a world which places education on almost as dizzy a pinnacle as these, might well endow Victoria College with the means of developing this most fruitful of arts, and in so doing, save the student body the indignity of begging for Building Funds . . . this without prejudice to the present Government which has shown that, given popular support, it can and will extend educational services.

Despite the fact that adequate theatrical facilities would have added enormously to the emotional value of the play, the bleak surroundings of the Gym. seemed to merge well with the theme for Odets' drama is nothing if not the product of struggle. The young dramatist, a Jew by nationality, has known from his own experience something of racial oppression and indifference, which coupled with his rather lowly middle-class birth, has meant for him a very real struggle for an education and for an outlet of his brilliant talents.

The talents which he possesses might well have led him to the mansions of the wealthy, into the exclusive circles of New York Society, but Odets has remained true to the people of his class. For his themes he has gone to the heart of the workers, to the striking taxi-drivers in his unforgettable "Waiting for Lefty," to the desperate suburban home of the impoverished professional worker for his "Paradise Lost," and to the nameless persecuted anti-fascists for his present "Till the Day I Die." For his inspiration he has drawn on his warm sympathy for the oppressed working class and his hatred for the wealthy and callously indifferent upper classes. And finally for his vehicle, he has gone to the Workers' Theatre which he found struggling and persecuted and which he has helped to build to quarter-million audiences and three-month Broadway seasons.

If Odets is to be conveniently ticketed, he might well be called the dramatist of the Depression. Spending his early twenties during the years 1930-1935, when the workers and middle-class professionals were suffering the cruellest deprivations of wage-cuts, unemployment, relief queues, and the like, there can be no doubt that the young dramatist was deeply affected by their sufferings and splendidly partisan in the many long and bitter struggles which the working-class waged against the moguls of American finance and industry. He became part of the workers' movement to emerge its premier playwright and dramatic propagandist.

In 1935 Odets along with members of the Group Theatre, an organisation allied to the two other working class theatre movements, produced a Sunday evening benefit performance
for the New York taxi-strikers who had been victims of the hired thugs and gunmen of the employers. "Waiting for Lefty," itself a dramatization of an incident during that strike, from that short forty-minute Sunday night season became a major stage sensation, sweeping through the States to Australia and New Zealand, and to the yet democratic remnants of the Continent. To the striking longshoremen of San Francisco, to the Detroit automobile workers fighting for union recognition, bands of strolling working-class actors took the story of "Lefty." No soft Pullman cars, no furs and frocks for Press photographers to dazzle the morning readers; the actors, rode, slept and acted in their denims and dungarees, "bumped" their transport from passing vehicles, slept their harder nights in county gaols . . . but they took triumphantly to the American working class its own answer to the "prosperity" ballyhoo of the "Golddiggers"—the drama of the rising working-class revolt.

"Lefty" was booked for Broadway—but forty minutes was too short for a main theatre. Five days remained before the opening night, and still no second attraction was found suitable in theme to succeed "Lefty" on the programme. In those five days and nights, Odets basing his story on a letter from a German concentration camp appearing in the worker's journal, "New Masses," wrote the second play for that programme. Hastily rehearsed, the programme went to the boards and 250,000 people passed the ticket-box before "Lefty" and "Till the Day I Die" closed its season at the Longacre Theatre.

So a new force has burst on to the American stage. "Distinction," "exciting," "dynamic," "not since Eugene O'Neill," . . . so the critics. One thing is certain, Odets has moulded a new drama, drastic in its social realism, which will give to the working-class movements of every English-speaking country at any rate, an impetus of which the consequences cannot yet be reckoned. He has given an effective answer to the well-bred snobbery of the upper social register which has denied the working-class any appreciation of art and culture. On the stage in place of the snivelling smut of nude parades and dancing beauties, he has put real live workaday people, and the stalls that were given over to the pearl studs and the tuxedos now have their complement of fellows in open shirts and slacks.

Clifford Odets has married Luise Rainer, the talented Viennese film star. Rumour has it that she too will throw in her lot with the workers' theatre. Who knows but that these two, together with the Millicent Greens, the hardy Hollywood core of supporters, James Cagney, Basil Rathbone, Frederick March, John Ford, to name a few only, may shortly dominate the film and give to us something of the feast which New York theatre has enjoyed these past two seasons.

—B.F.

In City Trams

Faces in trams are flat and dull
Blunt and hard and sere;
No laughter in red-rimmed eyes,
Bright with a tight-clenched fear.
Pitiful dullards
How could they laugh
Or nakedly swim?
How could they live in the rhythm of love?
In their dumbness they do not desire
They are not aware.
Paranoia

At home they were driving him crazy. He knew that. There could be no possible doubt at all.

Every time he opened his mouth they jammed the words back down his throat.

Every step he took, every thing he touched they found fault with.

They tormented him like gnats.

It made him sick. A nasty taste, like the one in his mouth every morning before he got up, used to come. He could feel the saliva running down the sides of his cheeks, and he had to swallow once or twice. It was horrible. Just like a ditch-full of stagnant water.

Something had to be done. There was no doubt about that either.

Their words grated in his ears. He hated his ears; they made him look like an animal, and their words used to grate in them. Like someone scraping the bone of your temples.

The skin above his ears used to get taut. He felt sure it would burst. Like a balloon blown up too hard. Life had all the terrifying expectancy of a lifted baton.

So he said to himself one day, "I'll show them." Just like that. In a matter-of-fact kind of way.

He knew he couldn't stop now. He was wound up like an alarm clock.

"I'll show them," he said, and went and got a pair of long black scissors from the sewing drawer and tried snipping bits of cardboard and leather. Just for practice.

Then, very calmly, he cut off his left ear. The one with the chilblains on. Just to spite them all.

Even though he had no Nanette to send it to, and even though he couldn't paint a line.

—J.D.F.

Retrograde . . . or Merely Retrospective?

Dear Spike,

I was an interested observer at the Debate held on Friday, the 23rd July, the subject of which was, "Is Weir House of any Beneficial Influence to V.U.C." I went with trepidation. I departed with regret and a sickening apprehension as to what would be the standard of mentality and the weight of Weir House opinion if such puerile exhibitionism as displayed on this occasion were allowed to rampage unabated in that "first-class boarding-house."

Hardly was I ensconced in my seat and waiting for the debate to commence, when my equilibrium was overthrown as, with the stentorian blast of the tuneless bagpipes as a foretaste of things to come, Weir House (or at least that majority by which it is judged) burst through the door—Weir House bedecked with weird hats and fatuous expressions. They had come—that band of fancied irrepressibles—to show the College that they were a beneficial influence. Loudly asserting their lack of refinement, they came in a gust of adulation to defend their glorious God of Vanity—their Offended God. Were they to accept without demur a slight upon their fair name; to allow any aspersion upon their virgin characters to remain unchallenged? Never! And still they came.

Throughout the debate the unruliness, pleasing solely to their own mute senses, continued. As with any undisciplined mob, they displayed only intolerance towards those opposing them and exaggerated deference towards those who pandered to their conceit.

With the above words I do not wish to aggravate further the smarting pup, but merely to appeal to those members of Weir who desire to retrieve the waning esteem in which they are held by the rest of the University. Those who have left the House still recall the days when such a display would have been severely checked. The time now appears to be ripe for the more matured residents to strive to preserve that judicious balance of frivolity and dignity which has been a feature of Weir House in the past, and will be, I sincerely hope, in the future.

Yours, etc.,
K. R. HORSLEY.

[Note.—This letter was referred to the Weir House Committee who saw no necessity to reply.—Editor.]
Half-light

Rain lashed the hunted wind among the flowers—
Great bronze-gold chrysanthemums and white
Hung on the drifting storm, and lined the path
With shreds of ivory
And little bits of finely beaten bronze.
Rain crackled on the windows, and the light
Was caught and twisted in a thousand streams;
And all night long the wind was clamorous,
Crying and calling like a hunted thing.

And yet—strangely—within your room
There was a quietness that spoke of summer,
The peace of dawn before the birds begin;
And the mad beating of the rain was stilled.
Gold lamplight hung about you,
And about
Your splendid, tawny-bronze chrysanthemums
That somehow matched your hair . . .
Gold light was soft
Upon a little bowl of ivory—
A little heart-shaped bowl, that held
A single spray of blood-red fuchsia . . .
You spoke of many things,
And as you spoke,
The silence deepened round you, till I heard
Your words like pebbles falling in a well.
Only your voice . . . and shadows playing
Furtive, half-laughing, in your quiet eyes . . .
Quietness . . . and the soft gold light upon you—
Outside, the storm had faded far away . . .

And then, quite suddenly, the spell was broken;
Snapped like a taut string quivering with song;
As you laughed mockingly at some old sorrow
That once had been a bond between us both—
Laughed, then turned suddenly and swift away,
Silent once more . . .
But it had gone, would not return again:
The peace of light and flowers.
The softness of your voice . . . and clamorous
Burst once again the tumult of the storm.

—H.C.W.
This Year of Blah

Since Spike was last published, observers have had the unique opportunity of being able to watch an empire run the gamut of its hysterical reactions. A spectacle far from edifying, it has nevertheless provided the sociologist with excellent research material, and even to the lay mind, it has been apparent that the intensity of the emotions has been unnatural. On enquiry there seems little doubt that these fluctuations of mass hysteria can be largely, though not entirely, traced to the influence of the press.

For years the British press has found that if “a smart, well-dressed royalty is good for the tourist trade” it is also good for the press business. Nothing has had quite the same sales value as Royalty, so for over a generation the fourth estate has pushed the line of Royalty, and pushed it hard. Each Fleet Street paper has vied with the others in featuring bigger and better adulatory remarks on the Royal family, and Empire papers unable to obtain first-hand information have outdone one another in reprinting these features.

With the advent of Mrs. Simpson, Fleet Street was placed in an awkward position—to suggest that the revered monarch was consortng with a divorcee, was not only to expose their own fabrications but was also likely to ruin their sales—so they remained silent. In maintaining this silence the action was in accord with the traditional Government policy of keeping the Royal lilies whitewashed, and so the press earned the blessing of the Cabinet.

With the abdication came public disillusionment. At first there was incredulity, then screaming rage against the idol for having its feet of clay. The press played its part in heeling and leading the flock at one and the same time. Amazing was the ease with which the labels that less than a year before been fastened on Edward were now plastered over George—and even more amazing was the manner in which the public refused to face the fact of their insincerity. Instead, a nettled people looked for a scapegoat, and the papers pointing towards Edward (not towards themselves), the chase was taken up.

As to the wisdom of the abdication it is impossible to form a judgment, future generations will have that opportunity. There is little doubt that Mrs. Simpson’s two divorces were a gift from heaven, and that the British ruling class as personified in Baldwin and Cosmo Lang embraced the opportunity of ridding themselves of a cadish monarch who did not play their game of keeping up the old traditions.

The inanity of the Royalty blah having been exposed so conclusively it would be thought that the press would abandon this puerile custom, but the public having been conditioned to the absorption of blah, could not exist without it. If the monarchical institution is to be maintained the public will pay for its pap, so, in the issue following the formal abdication announcement the boosting game is continued. “The Times finds the aloofness of George VI a matter of appearance only, to be dispelled by five minutes’ talk.” The tone is a little subdued but the trend of the remarks is the same as those that initiated Edward VIII’s reign. If the use of the same superlative clichés on three monarchs in as many years is becoming a trifle hollow, there is a new approach, and that is to credit the new by discrediting the old. “George VI brings a priceless asset that his briefly-reigned predecessor did not possess—a wife and family.” This wife and family note is an excellent one, penetrating the hearts of all people and can be played with the loud pedal from the start. Photos of the mother and “little” princesses (sweet innocents all) flood the papers, while articles and books dripping with the syrup of sentimentality circulate by the thousand. An article, “Royal Taste in Arts” is a typical example of the “up the new, down the old” theme. Mentioning how the harp is played by the Queen (the angel!) this article explains that “Jazz is never heard in the Princesses’ nursery. Nor does the Queen herself like it,” the moral apparently being—look what jazz did for Uncle David. So we have been treated to detailed descriptions of how the racing stud has been maintained, the Sandringham employees repatriated, the old-fashioned Queen Mother put on a fuss, and the Archbishop of Canterbury helped at the Garden Party.

Thus up to the eve of Coronation preparations were there hyperbolical laudings of the present family at Edward’s expense. Then with the radio to aid it, the press is spurred to greater efforts in dealing out to the public apocryphal stories of the Royal virtues, while at the same time it explains away the King’s stutter and
left-handedness. So well is the affair stage-managed that one wonders how much is spontaneously done by the press and how much is put forward by the Government. Whatever is the true position, the ruling class of Great Britain must derive considerable satisfaction from knowing that the press and the radio have the public so Royalty conscious, that any efforts on the part of the administration to rouse “loyal” emotions are eminently successful.

Comes the event, and in an endeavour to describe worthily the climax the public has been led to expect, the press almost has verbal apoplexy. “Then were beaten the drums. In their mellow thunder are heard the drums of England that beat right round the world. Trumpets sounded together, even as the mornings stars, till the sheer glory of it brought the people’s hearts to their lips whence rose the united mighty shout, ‘God Save the King. Long live King George. May the King Live for Ever.’”

Space precludes the inclusion of other journalistic efforts to bring the Coronation emotionalism up to that of a negro revival meeting.

But the show is not over. To the press and radio were added the newsreels, hopefully scattering throughout the Empire sights “to stir the imagination of all Imperialists.” In spite of the beautifully spoken commentaries describing the “fervent tumult of the multitudes” and “the road of national homage” the whole affair strongly resembled a gigantic and well-staged queen carnival.

After the Coronation came an Imperial Conference which was summed up by Mr. Chamberlain as having been “an unqualified success.” Its success apparently lay in being able to ignore such uncomfortable issues as New Zealand’s suggestions on collective security and Canada’s opinions on fighting European wars. If that was not the case, Mr. Chamberlain’s words were merely another example of the hypocrisy of public utterances.

Though the furthest removed from the scene of the tumult and the shouting, New Zealand desired her own little display of “spontaneous” loyalty and in irony she outdid them all. To raise money for health camps the appeal was made in the name of the late King George V—the man of “happy memory who for a quarter of a century so ably directed the destinies and welded the component parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations.” We were thus treated to the ennobling spectacle of a public whose social conscience is so weak that unless it was allowed to do some flag-waving and shouting in the name of a defunct monarch, its children can remain undernourished. Even the superior intellects of Victoria College took the bait, and along with mobile units of the Defence Force (therein lay the greatest irony of all, guns to foster health) rode and cheered through the town.

Yet to Australia probably goes the palm for giving us the best display of public emotionalism. Its exponent was Mr. Paterson, Commonwealth Minister of the Interior who in defence of his action towards Mrs. Freer said “he was convinced that the presence of the woman would have wholly and irreparably encompassed the wreckage of an Australian home, which was the most cherished of Australian institutions.” The facts are too well known to need explanation but it is significant that Mr. Paterson as a successful politician realises along with the British press, the value of oozing sentimental appeal along the lines of Home Sweet Home. Apparently the publicity the Dewar family received as a result of excluding Mrs. Freer was all that was needed to weld them together again.

Thus throughout the year have we had Blah, Blah, and More Blah. Even Nazi Germany would not be ashamed of our efforts. May the present King rule for many years if it will spare us from the saccharine hooey of another Coronation year.

—H.

Extravaganza in Retrospect

The revues of 1937 were well acted and produced, but three features especially stand out in retrospect—the neat political satire of "The Book of Bob," the "Rush-in Ballet" in "Daze Bay Nights," and the excellent staging of "The Plutocrats."

On the whole, we liked "Bob" best, partly, perhaps, because the piece came first in an over-long programme, but chiefly because we thought it came nearest to what an extravaganza should be. It was good, topical burlesque, it had plenty of ideas, and it was not too long or overburdened with songs and ballets.

The "Rush-in Ballet," in the versatile Mr. Carrad’s "Daze Bay Nights," was one of the best things of the evening—perhaps one of the best items in recent extravaganzas. The Hula Ballet succeeded, too—men’s ballets like these always go over well.

Mr. Meek, author of "The Plutocrats," is a gifted versifier as well as an efficient stage magician. To our mind, however, this piece would have been improved if it had had a lot more dialogue and a lot less singing. Clever as the songs were, they could not possibly go over in the way that dialogue can. Songs, we believe, need to be few in number, simply worded, written to catchy tunes, and well sung, if they are to succeed.

We think, too, that "The Plutocrats" should have been a good deal shorter, to end the evening’s entertainment in reasonable time. Whatever the number of shows on the programme, a quarter past ten is about late enough to finish.

There were some excellent scenes and ballets in "The Plutocrats," and the costuming deserved high praise. Staging and costuming were perhaps the most outstanding features of the whole show, and were a considerable advance on the standard of a few years ago.

The orchestra worked hard throughout, but as always, suffered somewhat from lack of practice.

In conclusion, we must ask, What is to be the policy for future extravaganzas? Recent shows have gone in for more and more ballets and singing. That is, they have tended in the direction of musical comedy. But however well we may do along this line, we only suffer by comparison with professional shows, with whom, naturally, in the absence of time, money and talent, we cannot possibly compete.

On the other hand, there are some things that students really can do on the stage, and in the past the public has looked for these. For instance, students can turn on brainy topical satire, and they can do first-class humorous ballets. Two or three short revues, lasting altogether not much over two hours, burlesque like that of "Bob," more ballets on the "Rush-in" model, a few rousing songs, staging such as distinguished "The Plutocrats"—that is our idea of an extravaganza.

Fable

This poet and painter
Outrageously new,
Are stranger and quaintier
Than rhubarb at Kew.

One incessantly stages
Orgasms of rime,
Bestrewing his pages
With 'gristle and grime.'

His annex plans pictures
Which anticonform
To Mr. Bell’s strictures
On Significant Form.

But as not follows knot,
They’ll grow senile and flabby,
And both’ll soon rot
Safe and sound in the Abbey.

—J.D.F.
Distant Hills and Moving Shadows.

Hughan.
Sunlight and Mists.

G. A. Eiby.
The Debating Society held the Plunket Medal Contest in the Gym. this year rather than use the Concert Chamber, where the speakers would have had to compete with a wrestling audience in the main Town Hall. A few alma matrician graduates of pre-war strength were present and must have found it pleasantly reminiscent of the good old Clay Patch days before the contest became a social event for the intelligentsia of the City. The change of venue was necessary, for it would have been most unfair if the speakers in a championship contest had been fortuitously handicapped by varying degrees of frenzy next door. The Committee may have been influenced by these considerations of scrupulous fairness, but we suspect that the determining factor was the realisation that a Plunket Medal oration is a delicate product that can be created only under the most favourable conditions. The audiences have long known this and have established a tradition of impeccable appreciativeness. A Plunket Medal speech has the form only of oratory; it is the shadow without the substance or the effectiveness of the art it imitates. It lacks the alternative requirements of spontaneity or pertinence.

The chairman in his own little oration showed a worthy contempt for the merely political difference between colonies and dominions by forgetting 1907 and referring to the donor of the Medal as a former Governor-General. He then subsided and indulged in intermittent Edgley-conscious smiles.

Miss M. J. Stock gave a polished but unimpressive address on Masaryk. She painted him as a man of peace, but her desire to balance a sentence tempted her to mention the Czech campaign in Siberia, which could hardly have been for the defence of the Czech fatherland. She had a touching faith that she would find the opening words of each paragraph inscribed on the platform at her feet, and her faith worked the miracle every time.

Next came Mr. A. R. Perry, mouthing the name of Jawaharlal Nehru. Very fierce, Mr. Perry, but perhaps not without cause when he spoke of British rule in India. There were too many rhetorical questions, and we particularly disliked that persistent "Ah yes."

Mr. A. L. McCulloch spoke on Napoleon, rather nervously and unconvincingly. In an essayish way his speech was well-written, and certainly we were refreshed to find a maiden performer give so little time to biography.

As an oration on a man of note, Mr. J. C. White's speech was a good account of the military campaigns of William the Silent. Mr. White's voice is pleasing, his manner easy, and his speech was well put together. He would have been more convincing if he had admired his subject a quarter as keenly as he detested "devil Philip of Spain."

Miss M. Shortall gave a highly entertaining speech on Madame Curie and the emancipation of women. Her keen sense of humour was very welcome. She had apparently made a laudable resolution not to learn her speech by heart, but the result was sometimes rather disjointed. We wish Miss Shortall no harm, but she delighted us so much that we hope it will be some years before she becomes ineligible as a past winner.

Mr. A. H. Scotney made a very able selection of the significant aspects of Hitler's personality and career. He was a trifle unpolished, but he managed to avoid the flowery phrases and crude anti-climaxes that have marred his earlier Plunket Medal speeches. His diction was natural, his manner dynamic, and his confidence superb.

Mr. S. G. Andrews gave an intimate and revealing account of the development and decay of Robespierre's character. Mr. Andrews had a lively manner, but this did not prevent us from feeling that he took a merely academic interest in his subject. He was too analytical and impartial to attain the warmth of oratory.

Miss D. Tossman chose a splendid subject, Van Gogh. This speech would have been most effective but for a suspicion of midnight oil and a certainty of acute nervousness.

The judges, the Right Rev. H. St. Barbe Holland, Dr. C. E. Beeby, and Mr. W. P. Rollings, placed Mr. Scotney first and Miss Shortall second.

Later, a former winner told us this week's tactless story: a member of the staff had told him and another former winner that this was the first time he had ever agreed with the judges.
The winning speech was one of the best for years, but the general standard was rather poor. Perhaps the familiar surroundings, the lowness of the platform and the nearness of the audience made oratory rather an embarrassing goal.

The judges stated that they had attached considerable importance to the fact that Miss Shortall had exceeded the time-limit. This is by no means the first occasion that the judges have based their decision on considerations that have apparently been ignored by other judges in other years. It might be a good idea if the Committee of the Society were to prepare a memorandum giving rulings on the vexed questions of sex equality, the importance of the time-limit, the permissibility of humour, the importance of natural disabilities, the permissibility of de-bunking and attacking, the permissibility of notes, the sole criterion of effectiveness, etc. Perhaps the present Lord Plunket would be prepared to approve such a memorandum.

Heresy

"All things bright and beautiful,
The Lord God made them all"

All solemn pacts and treaties
That heal the nations' woes,
And all defensive armies
That hold the states from blows;
All plagues and floods and earthquakes
All good things that befall,
All graft and strikes and sweating
The Loving God sent all.

He made the earth and heaven
And saw that it was good,
Made strong the noble lion
And gave him deer for food.
And we who reap Thy Mercies
At Thy Throne lowly crawl,
To thank Thee, Lord, in dutiful
Obedience to Thy call.

All things bright and beautiful,
Lord God, you made them all!

—C.
In Etyel's Hall
(From the Niebelungenlied.)

In Etyel's hall they lay, and longed for sleep,
The travel-wearied, in a stranger's land,
Nor dared unslip the strained cords which keep
Eye, ear and sinew at Fear's swift command,
For Etyel's queen remembered her dead lord.

Transmant

Saying good-bye on the edge of the dawn
With nothing between us but distance of light,
And during the night
Your warmth was a mould.

From being a petal wisp blown on my hand
Your kiss was a rapier plunged through light
And during the night
It was jewel-dipped gold.

But the dawn...
In the dawn it was cold
Cold like the steel of an ugly knife
That hung poised
Beyond your colour-drained eyes and chiselled mouth.
O, the bitter dawn-light; the torment of light.

From the rim of the day
From the leap into light,
Can our love creep away
And hide in the night.

—E. M. BRISCO.
This New Zealand

God's Own Country they have called it. We are proud of our education, our sport, our democracy, of the high standard of our press. In the light of all that, let us look at these extracts, gleaned at random from local publications in the last few months, and see how essentially rational and sophisticated we really are.

"The "scroungers" are gone, the Communist element is dead, and the boozers have been chased out, and we are well on the way with our programme."

"I'm not a Mussolini. I hate dictators. If I had my way they would all be behind bars."—Hon. R. Semple, Minister of Transport.

"The youth of to-day must have disciplinary training. We in the British Empire flatly refuse to have this carried on as it is in countries under dictatorships. My own opinion and that of many others is that dictatorships undoubtedly do a tremendous lot of good to young people. . . . Certainly its [R.N.V.R.] members are in uniform, but it has been proved that training in uniform is much more efficient than training without it."—Commander Boyle to the Christchurch Navy League.

"To me there is something very appealing about public school questions and the links that bind us together, school tie or no school tie. Personally, I frequently wear my old school tie and I am not in the least ashamed to do it."—H.E. Viscount Galway.

Viscount Bledisloe stated: "I have never seen a finer average human physique in any part of the world than New Zealand. I put it down to the fact that football is the great game of the country, and it is the aim of every man and boy to feature in a football team."—Dominion.

"Radical reforms are necessary in the matter of New Zealand jerseys and pants. They are worn much too tight and should now conform to the loose styles adopted in other countries."—Dominion.

"Thirty thousand people, much of the sporting blood of Wellington Province, and much from farther afield, including some of the greatest in the land, watched tensely while the home team battled bravely against overwhelming odds—a city against a nation, in the Springboks—Wellington game."—Dominion.

With improved facilities throughout, and an infusion of new pedigree blood in its stock, the Acclimatisation Society will be able to do much toward fulfilling the ambition of the Minister, Hon. W. E. Parry, to provide more and better game for sportsmen throughout the country, and liberate pheasants by the thousand."—Dominion.

"You will excuse me if I read some of the things I want to say and have written down. You see, they have already been handed to the Press, and I want to make sure I say them."—Hon. D. G. Sullivan, Minister of Industries and Commerce.

The mayor then grasped the proffered spade to plant the first shrub and declare the dell open, but found to his surprise that all the plants had already been placed in the ground. "I see they are all already planted," he said. "What do I do now?"

"Stamp round it!" suggested a bystander. Acting on this advice, the mayor dealt the packed earth a couple of pats with the back of the spade, and announced, smiling, "Now I declare this tree well and truly planted."—Dominion.

"I have never met Captain Johanson. He always signed his messages 'Aloha Johanson,' I was not going to allow him to get away with Hawaiian like that, so I signed mine 'Kia Ora Davey,' and thus gave him a bit of Maori."—Captain Davey of the "Aweata."

Nearly every town and village in Britain organised a carnival procession as part of its Coronation celebrations, and the name of New Zealand figured largely on many occasions.
Anticipating a great demand for fancy
clothresses, the London office of the New Zealand
Meat Producers’ Board circularised the whole
of the retail meat trade in Britain offering to
supply red, white and blue crepe paper on
which was printed in gold the phrase “New
Zealand Lamb.” — Evening Post.

The organisers of Flag Day have enlisted
the co-operation of the students of Victoria
College, who will assist in the cavalcade of
transport and the mock court in Post Office
Square. The revels of the students will not
commence until after the procession has passed
the memorial plot. — Dominion.

The central idea of the arch is to bring forth
the world-encircling confraternity of the British
Empire in all its colourful variety of grades—
Great Britain, the Dominions, the semi-
autonomous Colonies, the Crown Colonies, the
Protectorates, Mandates, Suzerainties, Con-
dominiums, and spheres of influence. The
heraldry depicts the crests and insignia so as to
represent the majestic sweep of this vast trust
in which England has consummated her genius
for ordered liberty and flexible political growth.
— The Waitakian.

“The ——— Women’s Institute and the
Women’s Division of the Farmers’ Union com-
bined to hold a ‘Coronation afternoon.’ The
room in which the meeting was held was decorated
with pictures of the Royal Family, flags,
streamers and red, white and blue flowers.
A roll-call of ‘reminiscences of Royal visits’ was
readily responded to. Mrs. Fox, accompanied
by Mrs. G. Hansen, sang several patriotic songs.
A novel competition, a flower made of red,
white or blue paper, was won by Miss Wilson.

Another competition, ‘Jumbled British Empire
Names,’ was won by Miss Brittain.” —
Dominion.

“Is there a woman of education and refine-
ment with soul so great who would assist
widower, farmer, to put a family of eight on
the right path. ‘Complex,’ S633, Dominion.”

“A Large City Office requires the services
of an Inexperienced Clerkling (otherwise office
boy). Apply to P111, Press Office.”

“ROYAL HONOR FOR N.Z. POET.
Malton Murray’s Ode to Victoria sent by
the Governor-General for the King’s approval:
To a New Zealand poet has fallen the rare
distinction of Royal notice. Here is the poet
and here is verse. . . . In the body of this
centenary ode there are many grains of the gold
of true poetry.

‘Long live Victoria!’ Thus there has begun
In Royal script upon the world’s round page,
New scroll of Empire following the sun,
Outrivaling the scene on Roman stage.”
— N.Z. Radio Record.

The ghastly colour given to objects by the
sodium lighting at Devonport, Auckland, was
commented upon by the lecturer. Mr. Bell said
that safety was more important than colour
schemes. “It is better to look like a corpse
than to be one,” he added. — Dominion.

Now, when the tide of student life is once
more rising, a strong team in office with definite
progressive ideas, a strong arm and a stronger
will, could pull the old ship out of the Sargasso,
where it has been drifting once more on to the
High Seas. — Smad Editorial.
Commercial broadcasting has hit us. It has hit us harder than anything since the talkies, and like the talkies it has pulled our little world to pieces. Critics are indignant but powerless among the wreckage. An early decline of the new Monstrosity is confidently predicted, but never arrives. Meanwhile, ninety-nine radios in every hundred pour forth hour upon hour of carefully arranged amusement and education—in what to buy and where to go for it. And the barbarians are tickled to death while they sit on the ruins of Rome and twiddle their dials.

Here is a new world of art, where merit is measured by salesmanship and artistry means "sales-punch." Where new ideas and experimental forms are dutifully avoided by business men anxious to give the public "what it wants."

Naturally, for new forms are dangerous and no advertiser with his perception dulled by the grime of commerce can be expected to share the author's faith in his experiment. They forget, too, that the Public never knows "what it wants" till it gets it.

Meanwhile the author of broadcast works has no direct avenue of contact with his listeners; they must take him, secondhand, at the dictation of one whose interest is neither art nor its public, but the sales return for patent medicines.

Small wonder that our betters are indignant. Superior people sneer. In commercial broadcasting are perpetuated the worst evils of Capitalism, they cry. Radio has come back to the people, interjects a lowbrow.

Somebody murmurs something about sordid commercialism, and goes on talking through the dinner music. Superior people continue sneering.

Unfortunately this leads nowhere. We are tilting at a windmill which we cannot even see properly because it is essentially a part of us. The irritating fact is that notwithstanding our much-vaunted consciousness of self we still don't know what we look like. If we examine the age critically, our judgments are on those aspects of the regime against which we are in revolt—not on ourselves. Whether we like it or not, commercial broadcasting is a part of social evolution under the existing system; and criticism is a waste of time. It is inevitable, as progress comes often by a series of shocks, that many will be shocked into violent protest at the idea of Bach's divine harmonies being linked with the name of somebody's insect powder. Not that they ever cared for Bach themselves, or had any use for insect powder. Still, classics and insect-powder don't mix.

Perhaps fortunately for such people, New Zealand has made no attempt to make them mix; as yet there is little on the sponsored programmes which could possibly be defiled by association with honest merchandise. But the United States, many years our senior in this avenue of experience, is making them mix very well.

We feel that shocks are unjustified. If the public listens and feels no incongruity, the triumph is theirs—and Bach's; and the insect-powder remains, for its sponsors have found that Art is alive and more interesting to John Citizen than insect-powder. Otherwise there would be no advertising value in Art.

It may be that Broadcasting has been given the chance of its lifetime. Like literature and the stage in all ages, Radio must now talk to the public instead of to itself. It must please its public and stand as much on its own merits as a play or a novel. Great plays and great novels have thrived in all ages. Artistically, the talkies have grown up fast. The necessity for public approval may have hampered some aspects of their development, but it has toughened them, too.

So may the art of Radio produce its masterpieces when the struggle for life in a commercial setting has hardened its genius into a robust plant, stout in all weathers and as lofty as human genius must eventually push all its members. Thus in the long run does farce become glory, the ridiculous sublime.

But what of us who live in the short run? The days of adjustment are painful. Commercial broadcasting has hit us—hard. So let us accept the fact with a broad generosity and patience as the will of Progress. Then tune our sets to 2YA.
Love's Young Dream

(Lines to a Scottish Air.)

We're ower young,
We're ower young,
We're ower young tae marry yet;
I ken it's fun
But fower pun
A week wad never carry it.

Lass, bide a weee—
I'm twanty-three
And ye're but ae and twanty yet;
I'll save it a'
A year or twa,
And we'll be crouse and canty yet.

Noo dinna greet,
It isna meet
Tae plunge in matrimony yet:
As prices are
A hoose and car
Wad lave us a' but stony yet.

I'm thirty-five
And fain tae wive,
But mauna wed ma Jeannie yet:
The struggle sair
Of banking mair
My furrowed broos delineate.

It's waxing late
I'm forty-eight,
Though marry ye I dare na yet;
But gin we're thrifty
E'er ye're fifty
We s'll hae a bairnie yet!

—H.W.G.
Fairy Tale

"I have heard the mermaids singing each to each."—T. S. Eliot.

The moonlight moulded the cottage into the rocks and made it part of the landscape. In the hazy white light it was no more obtrusive than the billowing tussocks, so that its presence on the cliff-top seemed no longer an intrusion. With the angularity of its roof and walls softened by the heavy shadows there was little to suggest its human associations. Even the glimmer of candlelight in its shrunken window lacked conviction.

To all this the young man who sat inside the cottage was oblivious. With elbows resting on the table and chin cupped in his hands, he was sitting staring at the candle and its flame. In its tall stateliness there was an aloofness that humbled him; he felt the inapproachability of its uprightness. He saw in its white purity a coldness that ice could not equal, in its shining sides a hardness that was inexorable. Smooth, regular and flawless it knew not the weaknesses of humanity. Tilt it as you may, it would not bend. In order to destroy its fixity he longed to snap it in two, but what would he gain? It would be replaced by another thrusting column that did not differ from it in the slightest. Here was a constancy that he could not deflect, a phallic determination that left him powerless.

To focus his attention on the spearhead of the flame was not to be comforted. Burning without a flicker, it gave no indication of its slow destruction of the candle; the two seemed but one in their immobility. No less indifferent was the wick; in its black curve there was no suggestion of softness. Rather, in arching did it appear to be stooping, to watch without emotion the minute particles dashing to and from it in the melted wax below. Ringed around by the rim of the candle there was for these particles no escape—one second they were being drawn towards the wick, the next violently repelled by it. For the man there was in their inexplicable action an epitomization of his own emotions.

Without being aware of the action he began to stroke the cover of the Bible he had been reading, his finger-tips following the channels in the leather. As his hand moved to and fro he recalled the peace the nightly Bible readings had given him when his mother was alive, a peace he could no longer attain. While she lived she had selected each night a chapter from the New Testament for him to read aloud. Not knowing what to read after her death, it had seemed sensible to begin with the first chapter of Genesis. At first bewildered by discovering the omissions from his mother's versions of the stories, his bewildermment changed to dismay as he realized the starkness of those she had never mentioned.

There was no one from whom he could seek enlightenment so each night he read on with increasing confusion. From the identification of the fancies of the nomadic people with those of his own lonely life he received no consolation, for he was too acutely aware of the disapproval that his mother could no longer express. Though she had held the Bible in unmistakable reverence, he knew that the candour of these descriptions would have offended her, their concern with the reproductive nauseated her. Moreover he found that he himself could not reflect on them dispassionately.

As the nights followed one another he was becoming more and more restless. With the feeling that he should read no more of the Old Testament, he returned to it each evening—a relentless curiosity drawing him on whilst he still hoped that finally he would find the tranquility he so desired. So far he had not succeeded for he had begun each reading with guilty apprehension and finished it in a ferment.

So he gazed at the candle, unable to find any benevolence in its frigid dignity. In one part of it he saw a mockery of his own frenzy, to be reminded by another aspect of it of things he should not remember. With a gesture of disgust he stopped rubbing the cover of the Bible and flung the book down on the floor. He stepped across to the fireplace, picked up his cat and returned to his seat. Unconscious of the act he began to stroke the cat, and as he stroked, the cat, purring, began to knead his thighs with its paws.

Suddenly the man jumped up letting the cat fall to the floor. Not heeding it, he began to strip off his clothes; they would not come off quickly enough so he tore his shirt apart. He tossed it after his trousers on top of the unwashed dishes. Naked, he postured on the
hearth in front of the cat, but it ignored his trembling foot, blinked, and moved a little closer to the fading embers.

Running outside, he felt the cold caress of the air on his body, and leapt on top of a rock. Stretched out in front of him was the cliff-top, rising gradually to the hills behind. In expectation his eyes followed the track, from the cottage to where it crossed a saddle, but nothing stirred on that treeless expanse. There was just the endless tussock from here to the motionless hills. Nor could he hear any sound, no noise of breakers on the rocks, nor even of wavelets on the beach below. He turned to the side to look down across the sea; it reached in black immobility to the horizon.

Behind him was the half-opened door of the cottage with a faint beam of candlelight shining through it. The light fell on the disused lobster pots lying outside the cottage. With their broken ribs gleaming in the dim light they resembled the skeletons of human beings, who, refused admission to the cottage, had died at its threshold. A feeling of apprehension made the man turn round. Seeing the pots, he leapt from the rock to bolt down the narrow twisting track to the beach. At the sight of the still water lapping the strip of sand he forgot his fear.

Completely bewildered at his presence there he began to strut up and down, until noticing his dinghy, he ran towards it and launched it into the water. Standing, he took up the oars and rowed round in a semi-circle, his net with its one end fastened on the shore slipped noiselessly over the stern. The semicircle completed, he sprang ashore, hauling up the dinghy with a flourish. Then he began to pull in the net. Generally a long and tiring task, to-night no effort seemed necessary; backwards and forwards he hurried as he drew part of one line up to the base of the cliffs, and then ran back to the water to pull up a further length of the other. As the net approached, his movements became frenzied for though the hauling was harder, he felt from time to time fain vibrations in the lines. As the strands of the net came into view he jigged up and down with excitement, until seeing that his expectations of an unusual catch had been realised, he dropped his end of the net and leapt forward. It did not surprise him to find entangled in the meshes a mermaid.

For a few minutes he stood looking at her, the beautiful red and untrimmed hair, the white skin which reached to her waist—from there the iridescent scales. For an instant he had seen the glint of her serpentine eyes before she averted her gaze. He remained enraptured as he watched the flicker of the nostrils and the rise and fall of the breasts. Suddenly she collapsed. With a few quick movements he disentangled her and picked her up after a quick furtive glance about him. Starting to climb the path leading to the cottage, he found the icy coldness of her skin so exhilarated him that he began to run uphill, insensible to the sharp stones cutting his feet.

Half-way up he tripped and fell, her body beneath him. For an instant he lay still, exhausted but ecstatic. He looked at her; he drank in again the voluptuous form, the flowing hair, the gleaming arms, but she was lifeless, she was no longer breathing. With a shriek that echoed along the cliffs he picked her up again to career down the path. He rushed across the strip of sand into the water; the weight of the water threw him off his balance and he fell, throwing her from him. She was caught by the first wave of a swell that had begun to roll into the cove.

She nestled against it, and her hair floated round her while her arms rested lightly on it. He lost sight of her as she sank into the trough and the wave rolled towards him. Slowly she rose up the next wave and was going out of his reach. Then she began to beckon, to beckon with her arms, her body, and her hair. He followed her out of his depth and still she beckoned. He stretched out his hands in appeal. She took him by the tips of the fingers and pulled him slowly down.

—H.
Conciliation Council

Good men and true;
Well-groomed and primed,
Well-fed employers.

Loud-voiced, ill-dressed;
Belligerent, sincere,
A little unclean—the workers.

With collar hot
Counsel for the workers
Got to his feet
To ask for two-and-eight.
Eyes rolling white
In pained dismay
To feel their pockets touched
Employers bleat out "nay".

Stupid men.
Thick skinned,
Lead souled.
They go into committee
Talk a little sex
A little Springbok
And return to disagree.

Conciliation Council
Met to-day
Searching for bread
The workers are—
The employers shocked
That they should dare
To bite the hand that fed.

—N.B.

I wrote my love a triolet
That burned, as many do,
With ardour, but I now regret
I wrote my love a triolet.

To-day a lighted match I set
To all our billets-doux:

I wrote my love a triolet...
That burned, as many do.

—H.W.G.
Midnight Misadventure

Beside the dim-lit taxi-stand she lingers.
She's all upset, no taxi-cab in sight.
No manly escort, none to squeeze her fingers—
It's far from nice at twelve o'clock at night!

Sudden she pales at sounds of drunken singing—
Some hoodlum, half-seas over, drawing nigh.
He stays, he stops, and round the lamp-post clinging,
Regards her with inebriated eye!

"Poor little girl!" He's full of moist compassion.
"I take you home?" He says it soft and low.
Her heart fast-pounding in a panic fashion,
She thinks to quell him with a crushing "No!"

But ardour's not so ready to be driven.
He leers, the brute—he tries to take her hand!
A feeble scream, a scuffle, then—praise Heaven!—
The taxi sliding swiftly to the stand!

Within she dives, in haste she can't dissemble.
Will he pursue her? One can never tell!
Thank God, they're off! She huddles all a-tremble,
Her forlorn Romeo cries a fond farewell.

Alas, above his bawlings energetic,
A nearer murmur stupefies her quite—
The taxi-man, urbanely sympathetic:
"Your boy-friend just a wee bit fresh to night?"

—D.J.D.

Lees

I hope that I shall never write
A poem schoolboys shall recite,
A poem whose touching lines shall be
Allayed with cakes and morning tea,
A poem that's said aloud all day
And used by parsons when they pray,
A poem singers may broadcast
With quaking voice and pounding hearts,
To whose spruce wisdom clerks attain
Whose elegance can never wane.
Poems are made by fools like me
And even God can't disagree.

—J.D.F.
Socialised Sport

New Zealand is to have a National Council of Sport. Rather a nebulous body as at present conceived, with a not very concrete plan of action. Still it is to be an organisation, a national organisation, and with the adjective “national” it is sure to find widespread support. The Hon. W. E. Parry, Minister of Internal Affairs, and Mr. H. H. McCormick, of the Olympic and Empire Games Association are the prime movers in it. Judging from the newspaper reports of the various meetings and conferences that have discussed it so far, its main purposes are to encourage and develop an interest in sport in the community and to increase facilities for physical training and recreation. Thus will be achieved a proper use of the leisure given us by the 40-hour week, a “general participation in healthy sport,” an “inculcation of the spirit of true sportsmanship,” and, in fine, a greater physical well-being of the community. This will all be accomplished by the Council working through local committees.

Now the scheme is undoubtedly concerned with a most worthy ideal, and prompted by a sincere desire to “promote a healthy mind and human happiness.”

We are rather doubtful, however, about the real urgency of the problem relative to others which might deserve the attention of Government and local bodies. Despite the abundance of good food available in this fertile country, our standard of nutrition among certain classes is not all it might be. A few minutes around Te Aro flat shows us that the housing question is not being dealt with before its time. These two factors alone militate against the full benefits to be derived from increased sport; worse still, too much exercise of undernourished bodies may injure rather than benefit them. Recreation may give a false contentment, an escape from squalid conditions, which obscures the underlying evil. As for the encouragement of more sport, is New Zealand not already sufficiently sport-minded? Judging from Monday morning conversation in trams, it is, although that may not be a fair criterion of participation in sport. Certainly the emphasis must be placed on the practice of sport, not the press-informed discussion of it. Speakers on the subject have referred to the cult of athletics in Grecian civilisation, but it is too often forgotten that the Greeks were concerned equally with music, art, and philosophy, as well as bodily exercises. Have we anything in modern civilisation to compare with the drama, or the crafts which were an essential part of the life of the Greek peoples? In Russia, perhaps, or the Workers’ Theatre movement in America; but not in New Zealand. Only provided attention is paid equally to other aspects of improving social conditions is it right to launch any great plan to develop our sports further. Greece suggests another point too—that worship of sport and glorification of the body may become a sexual perversion—like nudism—rather than an emancipation.

Such a project as outlined, moreover, has inherent weaknesses and dangers to be carefully examined and guarded against. Firstly, although Mr. Parry and the Olympic Games Council both stress the point that there is to be “no compulsion against individuals to take part in any particular sport,” the proposals of the latter body definitely advocate “compulsory physical education” in schools and that “the training of the youth should be continued until at least the age of 21.” Sport and recreation are spontaneous expressions and the whole benefit of them is lost when any compulsion is brought to bear on the individual; even formal exercises require a right condition of mind and a mental concentration, in the absence of which any physical development induced by them is without value. Especially is this so at the age of children in schools. The proposal to increase the facilities for sport, and to provide advice concerning it is much more likely to benefit the community than a system involving any suspicion of force or coercion. Medical advice on the best form of sport to undertake, as suggested in the outlined scheme, can be particularly valuable; while a very little instruction in some sports may enhance both the enjoyment and the physical benefit derived from them. Planning of playing grounds, giving open spaces near crowded areas, could be an aesthetic function of the council, and be an aesthetic as well as a physical advantage.

The proposed council is to consist of representatives, chosen by the Government, from the Health and Education Departments, the B.M.A., national sports organisations, schools, and the Olympic Games Association. Of these,
the larger sports organisations are a potential danger. Should powerful and influential bodies such as the Rugby Union gain too much control, we fear that their known proclivity to monopolise sport may adversely affect the project. Recent weeks have shown not only the value which such organisations place on “gates,” but the extent to which the people will go when in the grip of a national mania such as Big Football. To encourage the development of such a taste for vicarious participation in sport from the grandstand, which we feel is the main object of spectacular commercialised stunts masquerading as “international sport,” would defeat the whole aim for which the Council is being established.

Our Council for Sport is to be modelled on the lines already adopted in England. Precisely how this organisation works we have not been able to find out, but we do know that it received a great stimulus from the military authorities in Britain, and that it has been regarded by the latter as a great convenience for recruiting purposes. Because we regard the upkeep in New Zealand of a peace time infantry force, whether voluntary or compulsory, as a force which would be ludicrous were it not potentially dangerous, we believe that any attempt to link this new scheme with military organisation should be resisted to the utmost. We are still told that the discipline of the old compulsory training days was a desirable thing; our experience was that it was a system based on bullying and the right of strength, and as such, an evil that should not be tolerated in days when there is at least some tendency to think along lines of expression rather than repression. The ease with which an organisation devised for sport and recreation could be converted to a war machine or a political party is, we repeat, a danger that must be guarded against. Mr. Parry says that no such “regimentation” is intended; but under the emotions which prevail over reason in the stress of a national crisis, the old ideal is easily lost, and the potentiality becomes the accomplished fact. Development in this way has occurred in Italy and Germany, where the Ballila and the Hitler-Jugenf stand behind the controlling political organisations. The 1936 Olympic Games showed in many incidents the way in which the German Sporting Organisations lay in the control of Nazi authority.

On the other hand, in Scandinavian countries where the youth and sporting bodies are allied with the state educational organisations, politics has swayed them less. The comparison between these lands and the Fascist states may not be strictly just, since they have not known the intense political turmoil that has racked the latter. To regard the activities of the Council as a function of national education, seems however, to be the desirable approach. Fortunately the organisers of the Council seem to incline to this view. The ideal of Greece, where athletic sports was part of the national culture, is more worthy of attainment than that of Rome, in which physical prowess was ordered for martial purposes.

This review is but a scanty outline of an interesting and important movement afoot in New Zealand, all the more interesting in that it is a symbol of the present trend in social developments here. We have sought to indicate at least some of its potential dangers as well as its merits. Now in concluding we ask, what is the attitude of the university towards such a scheme? The duty is plain. To give the Council any assistance that lies in our power—and as a body concerned primarily with the education of young adults, the opportunities can be considerable. The organisation of our sporting clubs can well be adapted for cooperation with the new body. At the same time independent criticism is always a function of the university, so that a critical attitude to this new organisation should it evolve in any direction inimical to social progress is as much the concern of the university as any study of art or philosophy.

—N.T.
Bishop

I watched him stand
By the Military Band
With scroll in hand,
And with syrupy tongue
Sing songs long sung
Of “heroes young”
(who by some mischance
made excellent dung
for the farmers of France)
Of “re-arming fast,”
And “things that last,”
And “all the glories of the past.”

For such as he that stand and vent
The old men’s fetid sacrament,
For such as he, and none exempt
The virulence of my contempt.

—J.D.F.

Procne Unpartnered

Hushed is the Voice of Twilight; gone the thrills
Of other days: only their memories remain.
Sad tunes re-echo through Love’s misty hills,
And all things wear the mantle of proud Pain.
Sunsets shall pass, hereafter, with their sails
Of russet hue; the Printemps perfume lull
Warm hearts to sleep; the Jasmin tell sad tales
Of Love that came and vanished; and the lonely gull
Shall cry aloft, out of Heaven; but no more to me
Shall come the Body of my dreams, no more
The Hell of Pain be well rewarded by Love’s fee;
Only the soft sea lapping on some distant shore
Shall stay, when all is done, to mock my heart to sleep.
Hushed Voice of Twilight, Palms that never sway,
Your mysteries, things I loved, are far too deep
For Sorrow’s knowing. For my Love has passed away.

—MANUEL LIMA.
Buy "Smad" and Keep Up-to-date

So ran the sales caption of the first issue of Smad for 1937, but on looking back over the issues of the year, one searches in vain for articles whereby knowledge on current events could have been acquired. Instead one merely finds columns and columns recording in painful detail the petty activities of an esoteric group who pass in and out of a red brick building on a cliff top.

In the first issue, readers' attentions were also drawn to the fact that Smad was "an organ of student opinion," but on reviewing the year's output one would be forced to the conclusion that few students held opinions on any subject outside the Gym. walls.

To say that this evidence of parochialism is regrettable is the mildest criticism one can make. Not in any circumstances can it be argued that Smad's sole function is to chronicle ad nauseam the assemblies and junketings of the College year.

We are well aware that this condition is not entirely the fault of the editorial staff, for a voluntary paper such as Smad is very greatly dependent on its contributors, but nevertheless it is the editorial competence that sets the standard.

Considering the editorials in retrospect we find that their main theme was Varsity spirit as manifested in tournamments, elections and building funds. Even those editorials which were concerned with broader issues such as the one on the principle involved in synchronising of Capping activities, and another on the Phoenix Club, displayed not only immaturity of thought, but woeful examples of feeble diction—to say nothing of regrettable lapses into the vernacular. With such material before them there is little wonder that would-be contributors with wider interests and of some talent would not consider the paper worthy of assistance.

Unfortunately one can find no comfort in turning to the accounts of meetings and events for here is found not only a total inability to report but also an appalling lack of balance and arrangement. To be specific consider the reports of the Capping Ball and "Till the Day I Die." In the first we are treated to a two-column blurb on an event that (owing to the vacation) had been almost forgotten, and consequently did not merit more than two paragraphs, while in the other an appraisal of one of the Dramatic Club's best productions concerned itself with a résumé of the plot!

Again and again this occurs; over two columns are devoted to senselessly recording the motions and counter-motions of the annual meeting, while a report of Professor Shelley's address to the Phoenix Club consists of a string of disconnected verbatim sentences so that the whole totally lacked continuity and interest.

The amazing thing is that although several correspondents' letters were published criticising the childish tone of the paper, the editorial committee seemed incapable of taking the hint, for no improvement in the standard was perceptible as the year advanced. If anything the level fell for it was noticeable that while the first two or three issues contained contributions of some merit and originality, both in verse and prose, they were conspicuously absent in later issues. Obviously contributors capable of producing these articles had become disgusted and had ceased to write.

It is quite unnecessary to hand out sops to the editorial staff for carrying out a thankless and exacting task. That is an accepted part of the job and students who undertake the responsibility know what they have to expect. In return for the honour they achieve by being appointed to the staff we have a right to expect a production somewhat above the standard of a school form magazine. Everyone knows that it is extremely difficult to raise contributions from a body so pressed for time as our working-student community but the most important of staff duties is to solicit and even to bludgeon contributions from those capable of giving them. In this, the present staff have failed lamentably for it is obvious from reading even Smad reports of debates that there ARE people in the College qualified to render intelligent commentaries on contemporary conditions and future trends.

It is idle to say that such articles would only be repetitions of the contents of the daily newspapers for it is obvious that the student mind with its superior opportunities should be able to analyse current happenings more intelligently than our regimented and venal press. In other words students should be capable of throwing
some light on such vital topics as non-intervention and the local defence policy instead of apotheosizing our toy elections.

Though our principal charge is directed against the standard of the magazine we could also complain against the irregularity of issue and faulty methods of distribution but unfortunately we can hardly regard failure to receive our copies as any great loss.

In conclusion we cannot evade asking as to how long the Executive is going to allow the paper to continue in its present form. As it is produced now it is a sorry reflection on student intelligence and by no stretch of the imagination can it be considered a credit to the College. If it cannot be reformed it must be abandoned—and that would be a further reflection on student capabilities.

—O. A. E. HUGHAN.

Theatroptera

Wrap us up in celluloid,
Bind our eyes; eternally shut out
The horrors of life and light and all but dreams.
Drug us with harmonies, oh drug us deep,
And let no discord
Split the hermetic chitin laping us.
The sun would wither and the winter freeze
The larvae that we are. We dare not change;
We dare not risk the metamorphosis.

Of what avail
To grow and strive and put out clumsy wings
That tear, and drag you down as like as not?
Of what avail to fly
Shelterless, puppets of rain and wind,
And after a gaudy day or two to die?
Flowers we dare not trust
Except to hang on. Honey may be sour
Or sweet; we do not care. If once we break
The sheath, we cannot be again chrysalides.

Wiser far, for ever incomplete,
Never to change, never to challenge life
To harden sense and sinew or destroy;
But cased in soothing celluloid to lie
Still rudimental, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon your love’s unripening thorax;
Never to wake
And hazard the hurricane of consciousness.

Ah, let us always
Sleep, and sleeping spin a safe cocoon.
Inject us with the antidote to life;
Protect us from the growth of eyes and limbs,
And leave us ever pupae.

—H.W.G.
"The folded leaf is
woed from out
the bud."

Hughan.
Masters of Arts with Honours.

Bagnall, Austin Graham (1st Class in Philosophy).
Baker, Harold Leonard (1st Class in French).
Dickens, Iris Evelyn (2nd Class in English and French).
Griffiths, Clifford Avery (1st Class in French).
Hefford, Margaret Cicely (2nd Class in English and French).
Hills, Ivan James (2nd Class in French).
King, Letitia Myra (2nd Class in Latin).
Mason, Walter Wynne (2nd Class in English and French).
Missen, Eric Alderson (2nd Class in History).
Mitchell, William Stewart (1st Class in Latin and French).
Oram, Matthew Henry (2nd Class in Mathematics).
Stock, Mary Josephine (2nd Class in History).
Williams, Sybil Mary (2nd Class in Latin and French).
Hancock, Kathleen Montagu (nee Hickey).
Hornsby, Marryat Telford.
Irwin, Laura Evangeline.
Jackson, Yue Leonard.
Jenkins, David Ross.
Kane, Patrick John.
Kean, Geraldine Mary.
Kitchener, Eva Mary.
McLaren, Nora Marcia.
McPhee, Lorna Charlotte May.
Macpherson, Margaret Betty.
Malcolm, Flora.
O'Connor, Cornelius.
Pleasant, Clive Lochiel.
Sanders, Susie May.
Shaw, George William.
Slater, Kathleen Isabel.
Turner, Betty Frances.
Wells, Peter Charles Ralph.
Zohrab, Balfour Douglas.

Masters of Arts.

Baker, John Victor Tuwhakahewa (Mathematics).
Edwards, Percival Mary Patricia (Latin and French).
Hatherly, John Saynor (French).
Jackson, Basil George (Education).
Rollings, William Penrose (Economics).
Ross, Mavis Jannette (Education).
Scotney, Albert Henry (History).

Bachelors of Arts.

Ashton, Leslie Niven.
Branston, Claude Elgar.
Bullen, Nancy Maud Mansfield.
Campbell, Harry Manson.
Castle, Olive May.
Coles, Edna Alice.
Combs, Willis Ide.
Crombie, Ruth Mary.
Douds, Thomas Edmund.
Dunkley, Florance Joya Wynne.
Evans, Jean Charlotte.
Finnegan, Desmond Joseph.
Fletcher, Helen Martin.
Good, David Edward.

Masters of Science with Honours.

Cairns, David (2nd Class in Zoology).
Donne, Amy Shirley (2nd Class in Zoology).
Gabites, John Fletcher (1st Class in Physics).
Gage, Maxwell (1st Class in Geology).
Hutchings, Jack William (2nd Class in Mathematics).
Lancaster, Robert Julian (2nd Class in Chemistry).
Searle, George (1st Class in Physics).

Masters of Science.

McFarlane, John Douglas (Mathematics).
Rands, Maxwell Barrett (Chemistry).
Saxton, Frederick William (Chemistry).

Bachelors of Science.

Bythell, Noel John.
Carey, Logan Boyce.
Carter, Herbert Wallace.
Coup, Mostyn Robert.
Currie, Donald Russell.
Garnham, Robert Leslie.
Gibbons, Marjorie Craig.
Goldfinch, Robert Leslie.
Gow, Ian Ronald.
Green, Colin Galloway.
Kingham, Basil Arthur.
Riddolls, Alec Wilson.
Seifert, Margaret Broughton (nee Pilcher).
Taylor, James Bruce Craig.
Thomas, Alfred John.
Tremewan, Colin Wilkinson.
White, Edwin Percy.

MASTER OF LAWS.

BACHELORS OF LAWS.
Chorlton, Anthony Francis Thomas.
Craig, Alonzo Augustus.
Duncan, Harold George.
Gough, Kennedy Aston.
Horsley, Alan Gilbert.
McGhie, Arthur Thomas Scott.
McGill, Donald Gordon.
Stewart, Alexander John.
Verschaffelt, Paul Nestor.
Wilson, John Adam.

MASTER OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.
Lingard, Frank (2nd Class in Economics and Company Law).

MASTER OF COMMERCE

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.
Arcus, William John.
Baker, Alan William Laird.
Blacker, Edward.
Broad, Geoffrey Charles.
Davey, Francis Joseph.
Dellow, Alan Roy.
Desborough, Lawrence Oswald.
Du Chateau, Victor Henry.
Edwards, William Leslie.
Evans, John Alfred.
Evile, Claude Kirkwell.
Fleming, John.
Gordon, Donald.
Hall, Hilton Rex.
Harper, Donald Edward.
Lang, John Douglas.
Lythgoe, Ian Gordon.
Murphy, John.
Plank, Charles Stephen.
Rogers, Rowlatt Matheson.
Scott, Russell Herman.
Tasker, James Francis.
Wainwright, Walter John.

DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION.
Birtles, Alfred James.

Scholarships, 1936-37

SIR GEORGE GREY SCHOLARSHIP: N. J. Bythell.


JAMES MACINTOSH LOCAL SCHOLARSHIP: D. R. Jenkins.

LISSIE RATHBONE SCHOLARSHIP: Elma H. Johnson.

SIR ROBERT STOUT SCHOLARSHIP: W. I. Combs, P. C. R. Wells.

LADY STOUT BURSARY: Susie Sanders.

SENIOR UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS: P. C. R. Wells (Latin), W. I. Combs (French), Y. L. Jackson (Philosophy), D. R. Currie (Zoology).

SIR JULIUS VON HAAST PRIZE IN GEOLOGY: M. Gage.

POST-GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS: H. L. Baker (In Arts), Mary M. M. Boyd (In Science).
malice
the friendly nudge
breaks through
with rubberless precision,
and sets
this fragile shuddering
into longsawn timber;
go lumber limber
frail as tinder
through labyrinths leaden,
you’ll not escape
the stifling cape
will track you down,
and stonehenge hands
will drill
this fretting gimlet
through your temples
tautly trusting.

—J.D.F.

Not because there is no heaven now believed in
not because there is no hell
to be bowed down to, or laid
cross striped over the flayed
sinner’s back
is there yet freedom.
To think, to think
is to see shackles set on speech.
To write, to be censored from the press.
Earth’s children we, kin
to the grass that wantsons with the wind
but being man-spawned,
man-taught, man-spurned, man-bought
have lost the fabled seed of God-head, and achieved
as yet no variableness without restraint,
whirling on metrically together over time
great bolus of regurgitating cosmic chyme.

—C.
Review

It has been stated that criticism of the education system had become one of the nation’s favourite indoor sports and with memories of the recent New Education Fellowship gatherings (at one of which the remark was made) it would seem that the observation was a correct one. That such is the case is a matter of doubly sad reflection; it is regrettable that the education system should be so open to criticism, but more regrettable still is the fact that with criticism the matter seems to end. Any attempt to alter the status quo immediately arouses the most acrimonious opposition. Just how long this state of affairs has existed, more especially in relation to University reform, can be learned from Dr. J. C. Beaglehole’s latest book, The University of New Zealand, An Historical Study, and the knowledge once acquired makes for sober and even despairing reflection.

This book has been written at the invitation of the New Zealand Council for Educational Research as part of its programme of providing historical surveys of our educational system. On first reading the book, one cannot but wonder, in the light of past events, whether the hopes of achieving reforms by the method of research and exposing the faults of the system is not foredoomed to failure. A more careful consideration of the question shows however, that faulty as the present system is, its shortcomings would be infinitely greater if it had not been for the efforts of reformers in the past; and the knowledge that in spite of all efforts the reforms were imperfectly realised does not alter that conclusion.

To many connected with the university, and particularly students, it might appear that though there exist many anomalies—as in all democratic systems—the present working of the university is efficient. Such an attitude arises from being too closely connected with the system and blindly accepting the status quo. In other words they consider that the present function of the university in merely supervising examinations and conferring degrees (with the colleges and special schools prescribing the text books and giving tuition) is all that is required of a university. That such a state of affairs is highly undesirable is convincingly explained in this book. Of the evils from which the present system suffers and to which Dr. Beaglehole draws attention, the following are the more important:—lack of co-ordination between colleges with the consequent unnecessary duplication and imperfect teaching of courses; almost total lack of specialisation and resulting neglect of serious research; the system of granting extramural degrees due to inadequate bursary distribution; the vested interest of examinations; the faulty system of professorial appointments; the peculiar system of appointments to the University Senate and the college councils whereby efficiency is sacrificed to mistaken principles of democracy; the unsuitable model upon which the whole system is founded; and finally the ramifications and dangers of political control.

With all these evils Dr. Beaglehole deals at length and in describing the manner in which they have arisen traces the evolution of the present system. In particular does he draw attention to the futility and stupidity of provincial jealousies which surrounded the foundation of each college, and how these senseless struggles are largely responsible for the present chaotic conditions. From the historical viewpoint however, they are of the greatest interest since they epitomize the whole of New Zealand’s political history.

Of great interest to Victoria’s students is the peculiar manner in which the college arose. At first unsuccessfully sponsored by Sir Robert Stout, the college finally and ironically owed its foundation to that desperer of intellectualism, R. J. Seddon. With his usual disregard of authoritative advice he drew up his Victoria College Bill and bludgeoned Parliament into passing it. That the bill needed reforming before many years had elapsed was not therefore surprising.

Of greater interest still is the debt that the University as a whole owes to the staff of Victoria College. In May 1910 there was formed in Wellington the University Reform Association which owed its origin to a majority of the Victoria professors. For years this group of which the leading spirits were Professors Hunter, von Zedlitz, Laby and Kirk endeavoured to awaken public opinion to a realisation of the need for reform. Their efforts were met with all the resistance that is customary when attempts are made to demolish the innate conservatism of authorities, and in particular did
they incur the wrath of Sir Robert Stout, then Chancellor of the University of New Zealand. Stout's attitude was a peculiar one; genuinely interested in the welfare of the University he was extremely jealous of the Senate's powers—the Senate being to his mind ideally democratic—and he would brook no external advice or assistance. In order to frustrate the Reform Association's activities he indulged in every kind of political subterfuge and emotional irony. Eventually the Reformers had the satisfaction, not unalloyed it is true, of seeing the New Zealand University Amendment Act 1914 containing portions of the reform for which they had laboured so strenuously pass through both Houses.

To try to draw conclusions from Dr. Beaglehorne's book is largely superfluous for in the concluding chapter is an admirable summation of the policies and ideals that have shaped, and still govern, the University in New Zealand. It should not be imagined however that by reading the final chapter one will be saved the necessity of reading the book itself, for the full understanding of the one is not possible without a good knowledge of the other.

In considering this book apart from its message its most outstanding feature is the manner in which it is documented. Such wealth of references points to the most painstaking research and an unrelenting desire for absolute accuracy. Yet by presenting the material in this manner, the book becomes limited in its appeal for with constant quotation and reference a readable style cannot be maintained. It is necessary therefore to regard the work as an outstanding example of exhaustive research rather than as a popular history. On the other hand it calls forth the great admiration for its conspicuous balance, for the impartiality of its statements, and for the manner in which all the cross threads of the historical back-cloth are successfully unravelled.

—H.

Requiem: For a Young Boy

Sometimes the sunset closes dark wings down
Before the dew has melted from the dawn,
And the young eager games are all fordone
Before the full warming of the sun.

Yesterday the careless cry of joy rang loud
Round your deep-valleyed hills;
To-day, only long shadows darkly crowd
Where bare bowed stumps crouch still.

Still, lie still, lie quietly, quietly now
Still as the white lilies on the fresh cool soil.
Quietly now, who knew in such short space
The whole wild struggle—valiant to live
Till Death
Cheated, and wrest away the breath.

—C.
Estoilles Argent

For some years the College has been sorely cramped for space, especially for administration and staff rooms, while the Biology Department has never been provided with adequately constructed laboratories. Shortly, however, there will arise, on the hill where now jerseyed figures caper in the floodlights, a two-storeyed Biology Block, bridged across by a corridor to the main building. This new structure will include a large lecture hall, separate laboratories for Botany and Zoology, seven research rooms, and a museum and library. On the flat roof will be a glass-house and specimen tanks.

The administration block, of three storeys and basement, will face Kelburn Parade, and have rooms for the Registrar and his staff, a council room and accommodation for female assistants; while atop of it all, Mr. Brook will at last be provided with modern living quarters.

These new buildings, costing some £50,000, will be completed in the next year, leaving the top floor of the Science Wing free for lecture rooms, a sound-proof music room to house the Carnegie equipment, and staff rooms. Then no more will arts classes be herded into C3, or the lecturers in “Braemar Flats” watch their books disintegrate in the corrosive drips from the chemistry drains above them.

* * *

Much as these new buildings will improve facilities at Victoria, that Students’ Union Building is still the great core lacking from the social life of the College. At least, however, the students are now becoming conscious of their need, and the last year has seen further efforts to really do something about it. Early in the session the Building Committee was received before the College Council, and was told that the Council had already placed the matter of a subsidy before the Government, and that the fund was included in the general subsidy scheme. In an effort to raise £550 each year, the Students’ Association has this year increased its subscription, and on the promise of a reasonable government subsidy, intends to launch an appeal to old students and local bodies for contributions, while College Clubs generally are organising to raise funds for The Fund. While

* * *

Spike is of the opinion that any curtailment of present Association activities in favour of the Building Fund would be a short-sighted policy, we emphasise again the worthiness of the objective, and hope that the committee will receive the co-operation not only of present students, but of all past ones, and of the public of Wellington. For the provision of such a building will give to Victoria a life that she has not possessed in recent years, and add to her a cultural value which cannot fail to be reflected upon the community.

* * *

Last year Spike bade farewell to the foundation professor in English, Professor Hugh McKenzie. This year we welcome his successor, Professor I. A. Gordon. Professor Gordon comes here from Edinburgh University, where he graduated Doctor of Philosophy and was for five years lecturer in English. Besides an interest in foreign languages, Professor Gordon has written a biography of John Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VIII., and a dissertation on medieval English poetry. We hope that Professor Gordon will find a congenial environment at V.U.C., and that beyond his teaching and research will have time also to mingle in the social life of the College—a matter we feel sometimes neglected by our staff. As a trampler, the Professor should find much to interest him here.

* * *

Each year a select few depart from the halls of their first learning to seek knowledge and experience abroad. We who remain to pursue the old routine are then suddenly surprised to hear once-familiar names qualified by the appellation Doctor, and in no time it seems they are back with us again. The latest to return is Dr. D. W. McElwain, who, after two years of study at University College, London has taken a Ph.D. in child psychology. Aside from his studies, Dr. McElwain has interested himself in affairs on the Continent, among other things serving for a while in the Austrian Army Corps.
Quite recently news was received that Mr. R. J. McIlroy, M.Sc., had been awarded the Chidlam Scholarship for post-graduate research in chemistry at Birmingham University. "Roy" McIlroy graduated at Victoria and after several years' research at Massey College and in the Department of Agriculture, set out a year ago for Birmingham, there to unravel further the threads of textile chemistry.

A science student of an earlier period was Dr. H. L. Richardson who went from Victoria to London University and joined the Rothamstead Experimental Station in 1927. Dr. Richardson has now been appointed adviser in soils and fertilisers to the National Agricultural Research Bureau, Nanking.

Another to return with a newly-acquired doctorate is Dr. A. E. Fieldhouse, Dip. Ed., Ph.D., who has spent two years in Europe studying educational methods under the terms of a James Macintosh Travelling Scholarship. Those who remember the estimate made by Dr. Fieldhouse of the musical appreciation of Weir residents some years ago (equal to that of a child of 12, wasn't it?) feel that it would be an interesting problem in evolution to make further experiments now that those bagpipes have become firmly established there.

Once a member of the editorial staffs of Smad and Spatke, and known for his skill in debate as well as at the oars, Mr. C. M. P. Brown is now immersed in an economics course at Clare College, Cambridge. Max has by no means lost his old ease with the pen, as this facile commentary, an extract from a letter early in the year, can testify.

"A Cambridge undergraduate has usually developed beyond the stamp-collecting stage and is taught to direct his activities towards policemen's helmets and the like . . .

"We have a fairly big market square in which—there being no zoo—a large crowd of townspeople gathered on Guy Fawkes' night, to watch the undergrads throw crackers at one another. Rightly tiring of throwing crackers at those who only threw more back, the undergrads began throwing them into the thickly-packed crowd of spectators. The crowd started to move off. By this time, the whole Cambridge Constabulary had been marshalled into the square, and the undergrads began to bombard the police who, however, continued to stroll about stolidly musing on Truth, Beauty, and The Fire at Home, and paying no attention to the concentration of crackers bursting about them. This was most unexciting, and therefore—to the undergrads—unfair. They accordingly gathered in groups about some of the gas lamps which surround the square. One undergrad would get up the lamp-post, put out the light, and be down and lost in the crowd before any policeman could break through to catch him. It was all the more exciting as once a policeman got into the middle of a crowd someone from behind would knock his helmet forward, someone in front would catch it and disappear, while the crowd would close in to prevent chase. This went on until about a quarter of the police force was hatless, and only six lights were left burning. Then the trouble started. The police gathered in large groups around the six remaining lights: the undergrads massed and charged in a body. In the dark and confusion they took as many helmets as possible and gathered round while one put the lights out. All but two of the lights were put out in this way, but twenty-five arrests were made, and that eventually quietened things down. College tutors who spent the rest of the night bailing people out were also among those who thoroughly enjoyed the evening."

With the appointment of Canon Percival James (who once took a keen interest in this College) to the Royal living of Halifax in Yorkshire, the Debating Club may be able to persuade the Professorial Board to allow debates once again on subjects relating to Sex and Religion. At least a request would not be harmful.

Towards the end of last year Dr. I. V. Newman was appointed Lecturer in Botany. Dr. Newman holds the degrees of M.Sc. (Sydney) and Ph.D. (London) and was Linnean Macleay Fellow of the University of Sydney.

Not until we have a properly-equipped music-room—a hope that should be realised when the new biology block relieves the present congestion—will Victoria's students be able to appreciate fully the munificence of the Carnegie Corporation gift of musical equipment. With
an electric gramophone and amplifier, 945 records, 151 volumes of miniature scores, and 100 books relating to music, we can ask for little more in order that we may acquire a wider knowledge and a deeper appreciation of the art of music. Hitherto we have had no means of gratifying our desires in this direction within the College, and in having at our disposal such a wide choice of music as the endowment presents, we can indeed consider ourselves extremely fortunate. At the present time, owing to the lack of a sound-proof room, the hours at which recitals can be given are inconvenient for the majority of students, but with proper facilities, the difficulty could be overcome. From the student viewpoint, Sunday evening would seem to be the most convenient time.

Apart from our indebtedness to the Carnegie Corporation, we are also under a great obligation to those members of the Staff who are so graciously arranging and supervising the recordings.

With the appointment of Dr. Ernest Beaglehole, M.A., Ph.D., to the lectureship in Philosophy, another graduate of the College returned to join the Staff. Dr. Beaglehole left here in 1928 with a post-graduate scholarship in arts and took his doctorate at London University. Recently he has been working in Honolulu under Professor P. H. Buck.

Victoria lost one of her most consistent performers in athletics and a stalwart hockey enthusiast when H. J. M. Abraham accepted the position of senior demonstrator in the department of Natural Philosophy at Melbourne University. After taking M.Sc., Mr. Abraham was demonstrator in Physics here during the last two years.

By the departure for England of Mr. A. T. S. McGhie at the end of last year, the College lost one of its most picturesque figures. Remembered as a kindly Exec. Secretary and a diverting speaker, "Mac" will have the good wishes of past and present students in his new and honourable position of Secretary to the Central Committee for Health Education in England.

That the Rhodes Scholar Selection Committee seems to have forgotten that Wellington possesses a university college is the conclusion that we have come to when we try to recall the date of our last successful nomination. In congratulating this year's nominees, Messrs. W. I. Combs and R. L. Meek, on their being our representatives, we sincerely hope that they will be successful in destroying the hoodoo that appears to have been placed upon us.

In these columns last year it was recorded that the Students' Association had at last gained the right of student representation on the College Council. The exercise of this right was not possible, however, until the constitution of the Council, as set forth in the Victoria University College Act 1933, had been suitably amended. The Students' Association has recently approved of a resolution to be submitted to the Government by the Council, asking that this amendment be effected. When this is done, the student body will have some share in the government of the College through a representative appointed by the Executive. The representative must, at the time of appointment, be "either a student actually attending lectures, or one who has within the preceding two years attended lectures," and will hold office for two years. It is to be hoped that this belated reform will lead to a closer contact and greater sympathy between the students and a body which has "entire management of and superintendence over the affairs, concerns and property of the College."

This year Victoria was worthily and successfully represented in the inter-College Debating Contest for the Jovnt Scroll by Messrs. A. R. Perry and S. G. Andrews. Our congratulations are extended to these two gentlemen for their Auckland achievement, and especially to Mr. Andrews in having been adjudged the best speaker of the contest.

Each year sees the passing of a College club or two, and generally the birth, or reincarnation of a like number. In the last twelve months or so the old Science Society, the Literary Society, and the Gymnasium Club seem to have sunk quietly into oblivion. A young outgrowth from the first of these this year was the Chemical Society, while it was almost inevitable that from the ashes of the Literary Society should emerge a Phoenix. These two clubs are composed mainly of younger students and are
enthused in common with one commendable principle — the encouragement of student speakers and of frequent discussions instead of a passive acceptance of the dogma of visiting speakers. The Chemical Society, because it is narrower in scope and more intensely specialised than the late Science Society, will appeal to a smaller circle, but it can perform a most valuable function in the Science Faculty — making students express themselves intelligibly. Let it not, however, wrap itself up over-securely in pure science, else it may waste away into sterility. That is the danger in too close circles in discussions — cliques are formed, and when they are gone, there is nothing more.

These remarks apply equally to the Phoenix Club, but here greater opportunities are apparent. We recall that the old Literary Society also set out to develop student discussions rather than formal lectures, but the Phoenix Club has further pledged itself to extend its interests over all the arts. In addition to the Carnegie collections of art and music, Victoria has access to a number of facilities — Libraries, Museum, Art Gallery — which afford excellent scope for the activities of such a club. Unrestricted by an examination syllabus, the study and enjoyment of these pursuits should engage the interest of all students who are more than mere attenders of dictation hours at an affiliated college. It is to be hoped therefore that this new society will develop along these lines, and not dissipate its young vigour in the usual popular lectures, by well-known speakers, which have in the past carried college clubs over a year or two of spectacular meetings into an oblivion of disinterest.

* * *

With the appointment of Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland to the Chair of Philosophy at Canterbury College, Victoria regretfully lost a valued member of her Staff. In his dual capacity of lecturer in Philosophy and Warden of Weir House, Dr. Sutherland earned the respect of a large circle of students. To Dr. Sutherland, Weir owes a great debt, for during his four years’ stewardship its welfare was his paramount concern and the success of his activities were borne out by Weir’s consistent popularity.

In succession to Dr. Sutherland, Professor T. A. Hunter has undertaken the duties of Warden.

A large number of entries were received in both the Literary and the Photographic Competitions organised by Spike, for prizes of one guinea offered in each section by the Executive. First prize in the Photographic Competition was awarded to Mr. O. A. E. Hughan for his entry Design for Spike Cover, while a further contribution from the same competitor, The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud, was placed second. Mr. Hughan’s cover design has been adopted for the present issue of Spike. In the Literary competition three poems by Mr. J. D. Freeman were bracketed for first prize. They are Statement, (love)ution, and Malice.

Comments by the judges on the contributions submitted to them appear elsewhere in this magazine.

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For the execution of a series of excellent posters (the source of much favourable comment) as well as the lettering of the cover, Spike is greatly indebted to Miss Joan Paterson, and wishes to place on record its appreciation of her very willing co-operation.

* * *

In having the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him, Dr. N. A. Foden becomes the recipient of an honour that students of Victoria have received on very rare occasions. As a past student and the present lecturer in accountancy law, Dr. Foden has had a close connection with the College for a number of years, and Spike wishes to take the opportunity of congratulating him on his success.

* * *

Victoria has one asset of which we are rightly proud — an excellent library, which continues to grow through the generosity of public and private benefactions. Mr. Miller has kindly supplied Spike with the following information:

“During the year the Library has received several substantial gifts of books. First of all came some 180 volumes (a good many of them relating to New Zealand, some of them rather rare, and many very handsomely bound) from the estate of the late John MacKay, Esq., so well known as printer to the New Zealand Government. Another gift of special interest from an old friend of the College, Mrs. M. E. Wallis, consisted of about 150 volumes from the library of Bishop Wallis, a member of the first Victoria College Council. Professor
Boyd-Wilson has added to his numerous gifts to the library some 50 volumes of Kürchner’s valuable Deutsche National-Litteratur. From Mr. John Innes of Remuera we have received some very useful law-books. The Evangelical Union has presented 54 volumes of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute and the Student Christian Movement some 60 volumes of recent theological literature.

“In addition to the splendid musical equipment from the Carnegie Corporation, the library is, of course, still obtaining a grant from the Corporation. This year we are receiving our fourth grant of 5000 dollars, to be followed by one more instalment of the same amount next year.”

Suicide

Did naught dissemble, then the naked Truth
Must shield her eyes in weeping... He
A short space woke from sleep,
To such a light as terribly cuts through
Each saving guise and thought-invested shape,
And gives our very gods to our own laughter...
Having seen,
He sighed, and turned, and slept again for ever.

Storm Past

Storm past. Broken soft beat
Of rain drops from high eaves
Upon the wide bent backs of hydrangea leaves
Like the pattering of children's feet
Hurrying down many irregular steps.
In this clear air, sound has been clean-swept by rain.
From garden ways steals out the sweet
Cool fragrance of violets.
Storm past. Stream, singing a new song
Through fields that have lusted long,
Urges the quiet stirring, upwards,
Within the once-more vitalised
Womb of the earth.
Storm past, and now night's soothing begun—
To-morrow the sun
Stoop into suckle the new birth.
—C.
The Meaning of Spain

Amid that derangement of signposts which newspapers call "the contemporary situation" there is one tangible determinant which all can cherish—our cultural heritage. This cultural tradition, merely the externalisation of the aspirations of man, has down the years attained a unity and totality meaningful to every Tom, Dick and Harry and real enough to demand preservation.

Strangely enough, except for occasional breakdowns, culture with its "passion to prevail" has been able since the middle ages to look to its own livelihood. It has only been within the lifetime of the present generation that really serious disintegration has occurred. The overthrow of an economic order has meant the intrusion of the destructive element into more than one compartment of living. And fascism, like a circus strong-man run amuck, is careering through Europe on an errand of annihilation.

Small wonder therefore that with such a charade before them, many writers and thinkers have revised their affiliations with the common people and set about concerning themselves with their duties as political units. Thus the formation of the International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture, with such members as H. G. Wells, Ernst Toller, André Gide, Aldous Huxley, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Naomi Mitchison, Rebecca West, André Malraux, Julien Benda, Egon Kisch, Heinrich Mann and Leon Feuchtwanger. This body takes its task of defending culture against the inroads of war, tyranny and fascism, with an intense and workmanlike sincerity.

On the English front we have seen the incisive social awareness of the New Signatures group of poets and writers, the establishment of Left Review and the founding of the Left Book Club. While in the United States the American Writers’ Congress has met several times, its primary purpose—"the exposition of all phases of a writer’s participation in the struggle against war, the preservation of civil liberties, and the destruction of fascist tendencies everywhere.”

Now it is as obvious as a lamp-post to every alert mind that all this ado is not about nothing. But about something gravely threatening what Matthew Arnold called "a passion for sweetness and light." An ever-widening realisation of the necessity for individual concern is the surest hope we have of splintering the despairing inactivity of the average man.

During the past sixteen months these issues have received undeniable and direct expression in Spain—the reluctance of the Spanish workers to bestow the freedom of Madrid on Francisco Franco.

In 1931 the Spanish Republic was established by the Spanish people.

From 1931 to 1933 the Republican Government attempted to change the Spain of the 16th century into the Spain of the 20th century. It decreed the separation of church and state and proclaimed freedom of conscience. It reformed the army. It laid plans for agricultural settlement. It set up a public school system. It announced a policy of international peace. In its constitution and laws the Republic opened the way for the establishment of all those rights of personal liberty, progressive government, and advancement in education and culture which have long been the heritage of the English race.

But Spain of the 16th century—the landed aristocracy, the army and the higher clergy—rose in defence of their positions of special privilege and political preferment. These elements opposed the Republic with parliamentary filibustering, a deliberate campaign of agricultural and industrial sabotage, and armed assaults. They emasculated the agrarian law. They organised terrorist gangs. By means of all this they even succeeded in recapturing political power for a time. In February 1936 came the Popular Front Government, which restored the constitution of 1931 and proceeded to make it effective. It released political prisoners; restored states’ rights in Catalonia; renewed the land programme; re-established non-religious schools and started on a course of liberal reform. For the reactionaries this meant disaster, they realised the game was up, they saw that as long as political democracy existed in Spain the people would keep them out of office, they finally resorted to open rebellion. That rebellion began on July 18th, 1936.

The rebels marched out of their barracks with the aristocracy and Juan March’s millions behind them and the known support of Germany
and Italy; they were met by unorganised, half-armed hordes of workers with the compact and determined backing of freedom-loving men and women the world over, and this backing was not just dimly-felt sentiment, goodwill expressed at a distance. It was as real and reassuring as a handshake.

Within a few weeks, workers, peasants, artists, writers, and scholars began to come in their hundreds—men who had denied the "old lie," men with a desperate clear-headed awareness. At first, they fought alongside the Spanish workers, but as their numbers grew the International Brigade was formed, and at their own request they went where the danger was greatest.

Many hundreds were killed, but Madrid still stands. There have been wars before this in which men have fought for the liberty of small nations, but never before has there been an army of international socialism. An army of volunteers, free from the romanticism of other days, which fights with full knowledge of the political issues and social implications involved.

Let us turn to some of the writers who left their desks to fight for democracy and Spain.

First, Ralph Fox—killed on January 3. His talent as an author and his passion for liberty were equally outstanding. A tribute signed by 29 leading English authors, members of the International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture, ends with these words:—"The death of Ralph Fox as well as of the other young Englishmen with him can only be understood if it is made entirely clear that this was not an adventure, not the result of quixotic temper nor spleen, nor rashness, but that these men valued what they gave freely, were in service to their fellows and died at it, and understood the danger they went out to." The "other young Englishmen" were many.

There was Charles Donnelly, volatile Irish poet; Christopher St. John Sprigg, author of Illusion and Reality, a fruitful and penetrating exploration of the sources of poetry; and Wilfred Maclaurin, author of Walls Have MOUTHS.

Of special note are John Cornford and Griffith Maclaurin—both university men.

John Cornford, poet son of Francis Cornford, had a brilliant career at Cambridge where he edited "Student Vanguard," but his finest work was extra-mural—the unifying of the University Labour Federation being one of his most notable achievements. Of Griffith Maclaurin, Auckland University and Cambridge graduate, Victor Gollancz wrote, "by his death the whole profession of letters is honoured."

Numbered among those not yet dead are J. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, I. H. Wintenham, John Sommerfield, Ludwig Renn, André Malraux, Ralph Bates and Ernest Hemingway. These men have had more to offer than the tobacco smoke of intellectuals, their convictions have attained realness. Their action must be one which will radically recast current literary opinion. The writer is ceasing to be the motley intellectual gigolo of the bourgeoisie. Perhaps not many days hence he may be one with the people.

These hard-headed mufti Byrons who have fought long months in Spain inevitably command our admiration. Of those of us who cherish the liberty of the individual, and despise all forms of fascism and tyranny they demand more—a heightened awareness and a more intimate personal concern. To-day is the struggle. But let it not be a vicarious one. Above all let us not make of these men attenuated projections of our own aspirations. There must be no concessions to faintheartedness.

"The stars are dead. The animals will not look. We are left alone with our day, and the time is short, and History to the defeated May say Alas but cannot help or pardon."
(love)ution

ONCE  I would have said—
   "There is nothing of confining here
   no hemming in
   between the deliberate dissonance of walls,
   naught but the full quick-flowing beauty
   of water curving round a stone."

AND NOW  "Empty—
   Empty are the ways of this land,
   as empty as a Lord Mayor's laugh.
   Empty—yes and bitter
   —bitter as the unvintageable sea."

—J.D.F.

Flag Day
(For June 3rd, 1937.)

Jason, who planted dragon's teeth
Reaped his harvest of mailed men by subtlety
And Medea's magic aid.
To-day they plant flags upon the sward
But when the flags fade
And their pins sprout as spear and sword
Who will hurl the charmed helmet
Into this charity-made sentiment-nurtured glade
Of potential gladiators?

A shilling sir, only a bob for a flag
May help some slum-blighted boy to health,
Fit again to defend his master's wealth
When we name der tag.

—C.
God Defend New Zealand

In recent issues *Spik* e has published articles written by Professors newly arrived at the College. Following this custom *Spik* e has obtained from Professor I. A. Gordon the following contribution, wherein he has applied his poetic talent in a salutary criticism of local habits and affairs.

**Ode to the Southern Hemisphere**

Oh half the world, yet how much less than half,
Great HEMISPHERE, forgive me if I chaff
Your thousand little oddities or praise
The wonder of your free and easy ways.
When I packed up from Europe's blessed shore,
The multitude sent up an envious roar:
"Ah happy man!" the Booking Office cried;
"Ah happy man!" the parting friends replied,
"Gone though he be so many miles from home,
The latitude is much the same as Rome.
The land there blossoms with a million flowers,
The annual sunshine is two thousand hours;
What could a man ask more than spend his days
In yon far island paradise and laze
In such a land of butter, thermal spas,
Meat, greenstone, passion fruit and pakehas?
Ah happy man, farewell," cried every mouth,
"Gone to the Brighter Britain of the South."

I came, I saw, I had a good look round.
Great HEMISPHERE, what wonders there I found!
(Starting, of course, with the deflated Pound)
Here man proud man is born and lives and dies
Under the gaze of legislative eyes;
Drilled from the hour he gnawed his teething ring
Upon the system of Sir Truby King,
He falls a victim (with his own applause)
To cock-eyed custom and maternal laws.
Orion stands, up-ended, at a loss,
Mutely protesting to the Southern Cross.
Domesticated bankers wash their plates
While wharfies drive around in Ford V Eights;
Here LEARNING'S subterranean course is run,
A spare time hobby when the day is done;
Here Brighter Britain has but Evening Flicks,
(Here where the pubs shut down for good at six!)
If Pictures pall, imported records play,
From 2ZB and staider 2YA.

They say no Englishman can understand
The catastrophic ways of Maoriland.
"New Zealand Leads the World," the headlines blare.
It may be so; I only answer "Where?"
Where are the songs of Spring and Autumn too,
Where are the things that only craftsmen do?
Where are the architect's aspiring dreams,
Where are the scores with more ennobling themes?
Where (if we must compare small things with these)
Where is the car not screwed from C.K.D.'s?

GREAT HEMISPHERE, you are a pleasant place;
GREAT HEMISPHERE, you breed a pleasant race,
But bright progressive country of the fern,
Like your great HEMISPHERE you have a lot to learn.

—I.A.G.

War Memorial

Should Phar Lap ever leap
    Down to the Quay
Taking the warrior astride
For a Pegasusian ride to earth,
Then slip the girth
And unseat him into the street—
    Imagine the commotion there would be!
How the people would shout
And gaze, and race madly about.
The windows of the Buildings would wake
Apoplectic, amazed
At the dazed column standing solitary.
    What a tumult in the town,
Should Phar Lap
Ever leap
Down.

From Featherston Street

The Prudential
Though perhaps not essential
Is some sort of credential
Some surety for insurance.
Propped on a subsidy
Made for the minor builder
The Prudential surveys the Quay
Haughtily.
Photographic

For the judging of the entries for the Exec.'s photographic prize of £1/1/-, Spike is once more indebted to Mr. J. W. Chapman-Taylor, who in conjunction with Mr. J. W. Johnson, undertook the task of deciding which photograph was worthy of the award. For their very ready assistance we wish to express our gratitude to these gentlemen.

The following is the commentary on the entries, kindly prepared by Mr. Chapman-Taylor:

"Photographs are made to be enjoyed, to give pleasure and not merely for competition or criticism. Mr. Johnson and I obtained this pleasure from some of the work submitted and found some difficulty in discriminating between the prints.

"We had to make awards, however, and placed the 'Design for Spike Cover' first because it so perfectly fulfilled its purpose, and because the artist, being thrown entirely on his own resources with such a subject, had completely succeeded.

"Second place we gave to 'The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud.' This is to me a very beautiful picture. The delicate nuances of tone in the dark water and the fairy-like bracken stems catching the light are delightfully stimulating to the imagination. One gropes for words to express the pleasure this picture gives and I hesitate to say what visions it calls up for me. This surely is the perfect service and office of pictures. However, all this is so subjective and another person might react quite differently. Can we award marks on such a basis? On the hard cold basis of composition rules, the 'Spike Cover' comes first.

"'Distant Hills and Moving Shadows' is a 'painter-like' picture. The delicate gradations of tone in firm crisp edges to its forms and masses suggests well-handled water-colour. It would gain much by enlarging up to 10 in. x 12 in., or 12 in. x 15 in.

"Several other prints, if not so good technically, showed thought, feeling and imagination.

"Of these, 'Solitude' successfully conveys the idea suggested by the name. A good print on a much larger scale would make of this subject a fine picture.

"There is a relation between the size of pictures and the size of people. Below a certain size, our eyes do not appreciate the true values of objects, and their dignity suffers privation. A print on 10 in. x 12 in. paper is quite small enough to give proper value to a good subject."

Literary

One of the most valuable features of the Spike competitions is the opportunity afforded young writers of having their work subjected to independent criticism. Mr. W. J. Scott, of the Teachers' Training College, undertook no small task in judging the Literary contributions this year, and we give below his considered discussion of their merits and defects.

I have bracketed together for first place three poems, "(lovE)ution," "Malice," and "Statement," all by the one author.

Before making some comments on the entries, may I without rancour protest against the conditions of this competition? Last year, I notice, the judge remarked that "it is of course impossible to make prose and verse compete." With this opinion I strongly agree. The lumping together of prose and verse in a competition for one prize, when both poets and prose writers are reasonably able, makes a farce of the competition. I hope those responsible will change the conditions for next year, and offer at least two prizes.

I am quite disinterested in making this protest. As it happened the conditions of the competition did not embarrass me, because with one exception the prose pieces submitted ruled themselves out of consideration by their ordinariness, or worse, and I was left with only the verse to concern myself with. The exception was "Paranoia," which has some distinction. It is not by any means an entire success. For one thing it requires more elaboration to get an adequate effect; in his attempt to suggest the degree of tension for which his paranoic was suffering, the author has overdone the concentration of statement. For another, I think the similes spoil it; they are too studied and give the piece an air of artificiality. None the less
Solitude.

G. A. Eiby.
TOURNAMENT REPRESENTATIVES 1937.
it is composed with some skill. Of the other prose pieces the criticism can fairly be made that their writers either had nothing very important or compelling to say or, when they did have something, failed to say it effectively. To put it differently (since it is perhaps questionable if these alternatives really do exist) they did not have a large enough stock of manageable ideas; so that what they wrote was too lifeless, too commonplace, to impress or excite. Should the Editor decide to publish “For they shall inherit the earth,” readers who are interested will be able to see what I mean. It is a subject I have much sympathy with and one I should have liked to see made real and vital; but I could make no response to the author’s method of treating it. Parables and personifications such as he has used are so stale, so mangled by overwork, that they have lost the power to strike home.

Generally speaking the poetry was decidedly better. None of the good poems submitted were without blemish of some kind, but several of them were competent pieces of work. No doubt at all exists in my mind that the author of the three poems I have placed first has a greater poetic sensibility and a wider range of knowledge and experience than any of the others; and the genuineness of his feeling, too, is clearly beyond question. What he has to say—what he is trying to say it must be sometimes, because he does not in my opinion always manage to say it coherently—is often intricate and difficult; but he has managed the obliquity of reference such themes demand with considerable skill. The means he has used are less obvious and more original than those of any of the other competitors.

Having said that, I want to criticise some of his work. The middle part of “Malice,” for example, I find rhythmically flat and rather meaningless, and I would criticise the line “empty as a Lord Mayor’s laugh” in “(love)ution” on the ground of triteness. On similar grounds I object to the theme of his poem “Bishop,” well written though in many ways it is. “Bishop” and “Lord Mayor” as terms of abuse have surely entered the class of overworked and hackneyed symbols. Though “Statement,” unlike some others of the several interesting poems sent in by this writer, is coherent and complete, it has one or two ineffective lines—“steady in grace” for example. I must confess, too, that “the focal point where past and present dovetail” conveys no very intelligible meaning to me.

“Ring-a-Ring-a-Rosary” I can make little of; certainly the title gives a vague direction, but the poem as a whole will not take any clear shape in my mind. (This poet incidentally is more accommodating than W. H. Auden used to be—he at least gives his more cryptic poems titles!) “Synod” begins with a very effective couplet; “Lees” is weak, especially the second half of it; “Configuration” is good enough verse, but more imitative and less distinguished than most of the others.

Other poems that impressed me are “In Etyel’s Hall,” “Suicide,” “The Necklace of Commerce,” “Transient,” “Half Light,” “I Shall Grow Old Without Regret,” “Pastoralia,” roughly in that order, and particularly the first two. I am not quite sure, however, that the metaphor which is the main element in the excellent rhythmic movement of “In Etyel’s Hall” will bear examination:

“Nor dared unslip the strained cords which keep
   Eye, ear, and sinew at Fear’s swift command.”

If the analogy is with dogs on the leash, the figure gives the opposite meaning to the one intended—that is, action instead of relaxation; if with slaves tied by a master, it is still not a success: slaves in such a position would scarcely be able to obey their master’s swift commands swiftly; if with dogs pulling in harness, it might do, but did the author intend this?

In “Suicide,” too, there is an analogy that seems to me inaccurate:

“Did naught dissemble, then the naked Truth
   Must shield her eyes in weeping.”

If there were no deceit, what would happen?

(1) Truth would be stripped bare; (2) She, a person, would be so overwhelmed with grief or shame that she could not bear to look on—what? Is it her own nakedness? But why, if she is Truth? I do not think that the raising of such points is quibbling, but legitimate and necessary criticism. A poem fails in one of its most important elements if the analogies or comparisons used are inaccurate or incomplete. In this respect, poetry must be more carefully written than prose, which since it is less concentrated and repetition may be used in it more freely, can get away with looser and less precise comparisons.
"The Necklace of Commerce" is technically interesting and not ineffective; so is "Transient." The first line of this poem, by the way, has apparently been lifted, with two minor alterations, from Robert Frost's "This saying good-bye on the edge of the dark"—unless, of course, the identity is quite accidental.

The main fault of the poetry submitted was a rather irritating carelessness of composition, arising fairly certainly, not from absence of ability, but from a failure to spend the time and energy needed to complete and round off the work begun. Many blemishes could have been removed by the expenditure of a little more Carlylean sweat. I recommend aspiring poets not to trust to flashes of inspiration, but to take seriously the admonition to revise assiduously, to prune away the loose inaccurate analogy, and the dead and moribund metaphor, to revise again, and recast, until every element of the poem fits into its exact place in the whole and helps it to go unerringly home.

Straw-burdened
The pigeon heaves clumsily from the lawn
To thatch in some corniced nook
A secure couch for its young.
Once more has the drugged year
Lurched into Spring, dragged sullenly back
From the dull atrophy of dreams
To bend, delving, and bring
Forth from the stirred earth the restless bud
To wring from the oak bough's unwilling end
The green congealing of its blood.

—c.

From Cambridge Terrace

Queen Victoria in a thicket of roses
Seeks to maintain
Dignity
And never dozes.
Even the little dogs refrain
Deflecting their noses.
Of The Caxton Club

"It is the aim of The Caxton Press to encourage New Zealand literature," says the first brochure of the Caxton Club. This Club, modelled fairly closely on the lines of the various Left Wing Book Clubs that have arisen recently in England and America (and we presume in other countries where Left things are tolerated), was formed about a year ago and has to date published half of its proposed annual quota of eight books. These are issued at half the ordinary price to all club members, the annual subscription being 6/6.

The four books published so far are Parliamentary Portraits, a volume of caricatures by J. T. Allen; Enemies, poems by Allen Curnow; Caxton Miscellany, "poems by many hands"; and Verse Alive No. 2, being again a selection of poems from To-morrow.

The young caricaturist, Allen, has in his second publication, given a shrewd but facile analysis of the more prominent features in our legislative assembly. Caricature, to be successful must be good-humoured. To that extent Mr. Allen has succeeded admirably, expressing the essential humourogenic qualities of his subjects and delineating them with a bold and expressive line. Especially in his drawing of the eyes—that part which stuns or quickens any portrait—Mr. Allen has by skilful draughtsmanship caught the essential expression of his subjects. On the other hand, Mr. Allen seems less at home with chins—there are apparently three or four standard patterns under which all our parliamentarians can be classified, so that Messrs. Jordan, Langstone, and Armstrong are given a megalcephaly which we scarcely feel they possess in common.

The writers contributing to the three volumes of verse issued by the Caxton Club form a group of the most vigorous and skilful young New Zealand poets—a group which represents the most hopeful development in local literature at the present time. In keeping with this swift-moving age, the most noticeable characteristic of their verse is its transience. Especially is this marked in the latest publication Verse Alive No. 2. It is verse alive, in that it is freed from the trappings of sentimentality and the formal "beautiful" subject matter that was not so long ago the only acceptable topic of poetry; it is alive also in that it takes the rhythms and the diction of ordinary current speech, gives them sometimes a rather startling connotation, but in so doing seeks to stimulate the unperceiving mind; or to condense an image into an easily-viewed form.

But verse alive is not necessarily immortal verse; nor do its authors claim it to be. That by the way is another well-marked characteristic of these writers—they are not only well skilled in their technique but very clear in their own minds about the purpose and the scope of their art. If we presume that Mr. Curnow may be taken as the spokesman of the group, they say "Poetry is made for the pleasure and stimulation of the mind. It has a direct relation to human needs. Human needs (in terms of language) can only be well served by things made out of the language with which human beings (including the artist) are familiar." For this reason their transient verse when it pleases and stimulates, is fully justified. In Verse Alive there is a considerable amount of bitter-flavoured humour which serves on first reading to stimulate rather than to please; but, read again proves a little irksome; and, examined closely, reveals often clever twists of composition that are too slick to satisfy. Worse still, one is left with the feeling that its dogmatism is too emphatic to be entirely true, like scientific theories evolved by the suppression of conflicting facts. That is always a danger when poetry strives to be logical in its argument, and propaganda verse, which stimulates the mind to an idea without necessarily justifying it, is all the more suspect. The Caxton Club writers are largely of one political caste, their verse is inevitably coloured by their social creed and by their disillusionment. Yet we do not think anything published in the three books under review will kindle any new revolt in the minds of those whom it reaches. To this extent the propaganda value of such verse is negligible; its merit must lie rather in the exactness with which it reflects the poet’s experience, and in the wealth of that experience. This political alertness is further evidence of the vitality of such verse, but a restriction upon its appeal.

Quoting again (from Mr. Glover this time), we find that poetry has lost its popularity "because it has been too detached, too remote from the interests of the people." With this statement we are entirely in accord; but does the
new poetry come very much nearer the people? Granted that it is concerned with human problems, chooses them for its subject matter, is often inspired by a genuine sympathy for the people; but is it any more intelligible to the untutored mind than say, Wordsworth, Browning, or Bridges? The "average man's" conception of poetry is cut off fairly definitely at this point with perhaps a jingle or so of Kipling or Masefield thrown in. He is capable of "appreciating" only those poems the anatomy of which has been explained to him at school; and even when instructed to reverence them in dissected ugliness, he still fails to grasp their real import. While should he meet with any verse using only the rhythm and diction of the common language he is inclined to apply his conceptions of literary standards and dismiss it as "unpoetical." The poet who sings for the common ear to-day has a task harder than that of the bards of old, for he sings not to a simple and receptive mind but to one twisted by false ideas of poesy. In brief the present production of these modern poets cannot achieve the effect they desire unless something is done about the education of their public. In this respect some critical work or the suggested bulletins would be useful for Club members. The reflection upon the system of teaching literary appreciation in New Zealand is obvious.

So we find after all that the Caxton poets are often speaking only to a small circle capable of appreciating their particular style of word juggling. That some of them, at least, realise that a poet's consciousness of his audience is essential before his appeal can be effective is the one fact which can prevent this group from running into a cul de sac such as too often traps "schools" of literature. Because they have so much in common—youth, economic adversity, a revolt against conventional standards—they may tend to close into too tight a group. In the corresponding class in English letters to-day we find Spender writing in praise of Auden, Auden in praise of Day Lewis, and Lewis dedicating a volume to Spender. The old story of members of little cliques—S.C.M. or Communist Clubs—confirming one another in their own faith. It is to be hoped that the Caxton Club will not narrow its outlook or its personnel too much, for if the circle closes too tightly its field of influence will be lost.

We have discussed at length this ideal of bringing poetry back to the people because we feel it is one of the major aims of the Caxton Club. That the work produced is not, on the whole, successful in this object is not entirely the fault of the writers, for after all, the very fact that they write verse shows them to be apart from the class to whom they attempt to communicate their ideas; and a poet can write effectively only of what he has himself experienced. The chief fault of such verse as might appeal to the multitude, is the sophistication of its satire. Curnow's poem Enemies, The Rubbish Heap by Amen, Fairburn's Keynes Chorus are clever in a manner that excites antagonism in the reader's mind. On the other hand, Fairburn's Subsequent Engagement, Sargeson's Anomaly, and Glover's Major Francis Francis succeed because of their terseness and lucidity. The wordy obscurity of Apocalyptic, Poison Gas and the Old Men Look at Death requires no little effort to wrest out their message. And when found it scarcely justifies the trouble. The same thing could have been said in a few lines or in prose. A similar criticism can be applied to the two pieces of Robin Hyde, Pacifist and Husband and Wife. These contain carefully considered lines, vivid images, touches of starkness; but neither music nor imagery is sufficient to warrant spending the amount of time and thought required to decipher the rather trite meaning. In this way, poetry will soon find itself back in the wilderness from which the Caxton writers profess to be leading it.

Judged however from a more "cultured" point of view there is some verse of a high standard in these collections. Of them all Mr. Curnow is the most accomplished in his ability to command diction and to crystallise the image into a few selected words, while still retaining an easy flow. His style does suffer at times however from over concentration—words used in too strained sense. Mountain Rhapsody (probably his best, certainly his most ambitious work in these collections) conveys an atmosphere rather than an image—height, distance, rarity, detachment, something of that indifference when a new grief numbs. Unlike much of the Caxton verse this poem brings a new pleasure at each reading. Of Curnow's other poetry the sequence A Woman in Mind possesses an unexpected ingenuity comparable in its simplicity and restraint with the Elizabethan lyrics. These stanzas are the more remarkable by contrast with the intensity of hatred in Enemies, or the bitterness of Honour.
Mr. Glover is like Mr. Curnow in the study and polish of his more serious contributions, but we are more aware of his technical devices than with Mr. Curnow. In *Landing Field* for example, his frequent compounded words (sun-lustrous, sky-refuse altitude-eager) obtrude on the reader, while the vowel variation and stopped consonants with which he achieves his effects are obvious. On the whole his poems are smooth flowing and easily read. His philosophy is more rounded, more subtly worded than that of most of his fellow writers; but we doubt the idealistic origin of the fraternity implied in *Scab-loaded*.

Mr. Fairburn is undoubtedly clever, in fact so slickly clever that we want to read once and pass on. To jest in rhyme, as he does in *Keynes Chorus* and *Newsrag Newsreet* is an amusing exercise but he does not go across with his satire nearly as well as Glover does in *Rotary*. For sheer terseness and grim effect, *Prelude*, by R. A. K. Mason, is outstanding. Its apparent slightness may cause it to be dismissed more easily than it deserves.

Apart however from the literary matter of the Caxton Club publications, these small books are distinguished by the excellent way in which they are produced. At a time when a revival of interest in printing as an art is manifested in the original, often bizarre, layout of many periodicals and books published abroad, the Caxton Press is working, almost alone, along similar lines in New Zealand. The first essentials of good printing are that the book as a whole must present an attractive appearance, and that the type should be easily and comfortably read. These requirements are very well exemplified in the Caxton booklets. By the use of clearly defined types untrammelled by too much serif, and plenty of white, with wide margins, and careful arrangement on the page, the Caxton Club verse is presented in a manner refreshing to eyes that are tortured by newspapers and text books. Although perhaps a slightly bolder type could have been used to advantage, the layout and format of *Enemies* is especially good. When it is remembered that the early Caxton publications were hand-set in a windy sack-shuttered barn on a vacant lot just off Colombo Street, all the more credit is due to Messrs. Glover and Drew for their work.

For the immediate future the Caxton Club is to publish a long poem, *Dominion*, by A. R. D. Fairburn, then as a relief from the satiric mood, some light verse by R. G. Park. A collection of pen drawings by Leo Bensemann is also projected. Remembering that the first brochure of the Club suggested that publications would include “fiction, poetry, drama, critical writings, and perhaps art work, in judicious proportion”, we feel that a little drama or prose or at least some of those critical works are overdue. Criticism of social, literary or art topics is a more direct means of communication with a society for whom verse is still too elevated. There is surely material enough for it, and judging from the keen social consciousness of the group, the necessary talent is available.

In its brief existence the Caxton Press has already encouraged the growth of an endemic literature paralleling modern advances in other countries; a literature which, since it is not acceptable to the sales-bound conservatism of our well established periodicals, was formerly quite unknown to the public. The Caxton Club is a conscious effort to continue this work and to present it to readers in an attractive and convenient manner. Whatever the future policy of the Club, its development deserves the attention and assistance of all interested in contemporary literature.
Past Students

As previously explained, I discovered some years ago that Victoria College possessed no permanent record of the names of those students who attended lectures there during any part of the period 1899–1915 inclusive. By searching the Registrar's receipt books for fees paid by students, I was able to compile such a list for the years 1899–1913 inclusive, but unfortunately the records for the years 1914–15 had already been destroyed. Lists of students who entered V.U.C. during each of the years 1899 to 1909 inclusive have already appeared in the \textit{Spike}, and in continuation of that work the list of those who entered the College in the year 1910 is submitted herewith. It is, unfortunately, not complete so far as years of actual attendance of some students is concerned because of the difficulty above-mentioned of ascertaining whether they continued at V.U.C. subsequent to 1913.

There are ways in which further information can be obtained which will permit of the list being made complete, but I am sorry that I personally have not been able to undertake this extra work for the time being. The same difficulty presents itself in respect of the lists for 1911, 1912, and 1913, all of which I have in a form for final checking, but am unable to complete for this year's issue of the \textit{Spike}. They will appear in a later issue.

G. F. Dixon.

LIST OF STUDENTS WHO ENTERED VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE IN 1910.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Andrew, Florence</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argyle, Doris Winifred</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baird, William George</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13-14.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Batten, Claude Wilfred</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bertrand, George Frederick</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biss, Hugh Roland</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bothamley, Robert Westley</td>
<td>1910 and 1912.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brockett, Percy Cecil</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Isabel</td>
<td>1910-11 (Mrs. A. Kerr).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burbush, Nellie Maria</td>
<td>1910-11 (Mrs. K. McK. Stevens).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgess, William Henry</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrick, Mary Elizabeth</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cattell, Sydney Rivers</td>
<td>1910.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke, Patrick Temple</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13-14.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooke, Philip Brunskill</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cox, Thomas Patrick</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13-14.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Danby, Gladys Cornelia</td>
<td>1910-11 (Mrs. F. M. Kempthorne).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dempsey, Kate</td>
<td>1910.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dixon, Lily Wallis</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Duff, Ethel Margaret</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duff, Minnie</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egley, Bertram</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitt, William Frederick</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flux, Doris Nellie</td>
<td>1910.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fogelberg, Hilma Elvira</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gooder, Hazel Ninian</td>
<td>1910 and 1913.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grey, Philip Oswald</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heath, Mary Elizabeth</td>
<td>1910-11-12 (Mrs. Ballantyne).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henderson, Margaret Elizabeth Alice</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hill, John Lionel Coendoz</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hill, Percival Coendoz</td>
<td>1910-11.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hodson, Frederick Stanley</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holmes, Edith</td>
<td>1910-11-12.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hopkirk, Susan Margaret</td>
<td>1910-11-12-13.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
OBITUARY.

(Last date in each case is date of death.)

Aston, Cyril ................................................. 1910 (Karori) December 1911
Clachan, William James ................................. 1910-11-12 (Great War) 6 January, 1918
Corner, George Broderick .............................. 1910 (Little Rakaia) 25 July, 1913.
Dundon, William Thomas ................................. 1910-11 (Great War) 5 June, 1915
Dowling, Mary Francesca Compere ..................... 1910-11 (Hawera) 22 November, 1918
The Year’s Sport in Review

Victoria College is on the ascendency in the realm of sport. A startling statement perhaps, but none the less true. In comparison with the general low standard prevailing throughout all branches of sport in the College, the level reached this year shows that Victoria is once again on the up-grade.

To many, sport at V.U.C. means Tournament and its ancillary contests. But, even though V.U.C. has moved forward one step nearer her ultimate aim in Tournament honours, we must still look beyond this. Perhaps it was the departure of the Tournament Wooden Spoon, so long a cherished emblem in our hallways, that moved Victoria and Victorians to greater endeavours.

On home fields, Victoria has proved herself a formidable rival. The Athletic Club has brought home two provincial championships, the cricketers finished their competition with creditable success. Highlights in the summer season, these are evidence of the growing ascendency of V.U.C.

Old Man Winter brought in his train further laurels for Victoria. The Football Club cannot claim the annexing of any grade championships, but a glimpse at the various ladders shows the Varsity teams well-placed in each division. The Seniors were promoted to the First Division, a fitting reward to their early-season efforts. A light team, they managed to hold their own against better teams. Hockey, fast counterpart of football, produced a Wellington men’s representative and two women representative players. Ski-ing, a newcomer to the ranks of Victoria’s sports’ parade, gave the Tramping Club the opportunity of bringing honour to Victoria by their second place in the Wellington Clubs’ championship. The recent success of the Harrier Club in carrying off the G. F. Dixon Trophy in the N.Z.U. Cross Country Championships was particularly pleasing after they had run a close second for the last three years. In local events, the Harrier team not only ran third in the Vosseler, but came very near to filling second place in the Provincial Championships against much older and numerically stronger clubs.

Tournament this year saw Victoria’s 9 points of ’36 leap to 163 points this year. This was in the main due to the rowers, the basketball players and the marksmen, each of whom swept the field in their respective branches of sport. We seem to have lost our complex of “Wooden Spoon minded,” and that influence routed, a subconscious trend to do better things has exerted itself.

Perhaps, of some effect to sport at V.U.C. was the schism in sport by Training College forming its own particular entity. No doubt Victoria would have done even better with her aid on the sporting fields.

Of particular importance to all sporting enthusiasts is the proposed Sports’ Section in the College Library. When it becomes a reality, may all avail themselves of it, to improve their sport, and to do their bit for V.U.C. May it be a power of good, a fount, as it were, from whence shall come a flow of glorious results, a harvest of glowing rewards for Victoria.
Tournament, 1937

Thursday of Easter week saw the hosts of Victorians hastening to Christchurch to put into effect their resolve that the Spoons must go. And go one did, for Victoria by dint of meritorious deeds, advanced one place nearer her ultimate objective. The Tournament Wooden Spoon has gone—grant that its holiday from our portals may be lengthy.

Tournament this year was an unqualified success—and this not only because we caused to be abandoned a specific lump of wood. From the chant of greeting given us by Canta’s straw-toppered haka party to the last lingering departures it was a merry, mad round of enjoyment.

Victoria acquitted herself well on the whole—she scooped the pool in three divisions, bringing back the honours of championship in the rowing, the basketball, and the shooting. In other avenues of sport she did her part bravely and though beaten was never disgraced—except in that pleasant Tournament aside, the contest for the Drinking Horn.

Friday saw the gathering of the four Colleges in the Assembly Hall at Canterbury College for the official welcome, and here, with simpering grace, we posed for the photographer.

Saturday ushered in the battle royal. The morning was devoted to the various preliminary events, while the afternoon brought the contest of the Spartans wielding long oars. Held under unfavourable conditions on a two-and-a-half mile course on the Waimakariri River, at Stewart’s Gully, the rowing proved a worthy victory for Victoria. Perhaps the conditions, after Port Nicholson, were more to their liking, but our lusty oarsmen rowed a great race to snatch victory by a length and a half from C.U.C. Have those swamped boats of former days become but a legend now? The night was devoted to the finals of the Boxing events of which Victoria was to win but one. Congratulations to Canterbury for retaining the Shield, despite O.U.’s very strong bid for premiership.

Sunday—ah, blessed day of rest—gave us an opportunity of seeing Canterbury’s scenic wonders from the car windows as we scurried past on a delightful motor-drive. The evening was spent—by some at least—in spiritual exercise, and later at a picture entertainment.

The busiest of all days at Tournament is Monday. Victoria began well, for the Basketball team played magnificently to win the Basketball Shield. Our congratulations to the girls for their victory—a reward for sheer merit and general all-round superiority. Our marksmen brought a further honour when they lifted the Haslam Shield for shooting.

Perhaps the most significant reminder of how we fared in the arena of athletics can be found in the trophy case at V.U.C.—to wit the Athletic Wooden Spoon. Our athletes managed to stave off the strong challenges for that coveted trophy and so ’tis ours once more. Something will have to be done about our athletics before next Tournament. Most College sports tend to be haphazard, but in athletics, perhaps because team work is allowed to play too small a part, there is a lamentable lack of enthusiasm. The tennis finals saw our “hopes” meet their Waterloo against a more seasoned team from C.U.C. Our representatives in this department played well but just could not make the grade.

Monday night saw V.U.C.’s dolphins engaging in aquatic skill. Swimming, of all the Tournament sports is probably nearest to national standard and our “reps” were beaten but by no means disgraced by Otago’s team of potential champions.

Then came the contest for the Drinking Horn, with Victoria’s eager and stout-hearted defenders not so very ready for the fray. “Down, down, down; down to the depths” did not seem to be the goal of our team’s endeavours. And so we lost our most coveted possession. ’Tis gone, but aha! not for long!

Canterbury are to be congratulated for the success of the Tournament Ball—worthy conclusion to a very successful Tournament. Truly the spirit was,
Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!

V.U.C. supporters deserve a word of praise for the lusty encouragement they gave all our representatives throughout the Tournament.

Then came Wednesday. A day of farewells, sad enough perhaps but all with that underlying thought of "see you in Auckland next year."

And Victoria, when do we see them, how shall we fare? We have progressed one step nearer—what about the other two? Our congratulations go to C.U.C. for their win in this year's Tournament, and for the entertainment which they gave us.

Perhaps next year, Victoria.

New Zealand University Blues

BASKETBALL.—Misses M. O. Bell, R. W. Drummond, S. S. Phillips.
BOXING.—P. H. Ryan.
CROSS COUNTRY.—D. Cairns, A. G. Horley.
SHOOTING.—R. J. Corkhill.

HARRIER CLUB

A wealth of new talent, new trails and the appearance of the "Idle Along" pack aided by a Paterson cartoon, are possibly the most noteworthy features of the 1937 season of the Harrier Club.

We are left with pleasant memories of turbulent streams and an icy wind over the flux-flats behind Wallaceville, of sunlit cliffs at Titahi Bay, and the lonely cries of the gulls as they encircle the mighty spire on the hills; and of course, the thought of those cheering cups round the fire-side’s glow have helped to link us in bonds of friendship both to those who have showered their hospitality on us, and to those amongst ourselves whose acquaintance we had not previously made.

An indication, too, of the firm establishment of the Club in College life is that many of the older members, while retaining close connection with the Club have now yielded the most responsible activities to younger men. To the enthusiasm of the latter is due in no small measure, the success of the Club this season.

The first race of the year, the Novice, went to Price, followed by Burge and Morpeth. However, in the Sherwood Cup race, Scrymeour asserted a supremacy from which he has not yet been displaced. Last year’s champion, Cairns, ran into second place. The winner of the Cup on the handicap was Hutchens, who continued the long succession of comparative newcomers to attain this laurel.

In the Five Mile Championship held recently at Lyall Bay, Scrymeour was again the winner, followed by Cairns, Bagnall, Burge, and O’Flynn in that order. The only remaining Club race to be decided is the eight-mile race for the Endeavour Cup, a trophy generously donated this year by an old and enthusiastic member, and we take this opportunity to express our gratitude and obligation to him.

The Club has also been fortunate in receiving a further handsome trophy this year from another old member who prefers, however, by reason of his modesty, that his name should be written only in the memory of the Club. This Cup, which is to be held each year by the Club Champion, will be known as the Shorland Cup.

In Inter-Club events the Club has to date experienced its greatest success, as such, since its inception. In the Dorne Cup race at Lower Hutt, we secured fourth place as a team, and in the individual placings in a field of about 185 runners, Scrymeour was 6th, Cairns 17th, and Horley 26th. This performance was even bettered in the Vosseler Shield Race at Lyall Bay, where the Club finished third, Scrymeour again securing highest placing in the individual list. The Provincial Championships have not yet been decided, but we anticipate there a continuance of our previous successes.

And now we are again the eve of the N.Z.U. Cross Country Championship for the Dixon Trophy. We understand that competition will be strong, but our hopes run high, and if willing hearts are any criterion of athletic prowess, we can visualise a further prize being added to the Trophy shelves at V.U.C.

Finally, it is fitting that we should record our gratitude to the many friends of the Club who have contributed so much to our enjoyment and to the development of the social side of our activities, with, once again, a special reference to our untiring friend and trainer, G. C. Sherwood, whose efforts we hope this year to reward by success in the N.Z.U.C.C.C. race.

Note.—The New Zealand University Cross-Country Championships have recently been decided at Lyall Bay, and resulted in a win for Rogers (C.U.C.) with Scrymeour (V.U.C.) second, in a fine finish. Victoria College (Scrymeour 2nd, Horley 4th, Cairns 5th, Bagnall 7th, Burge 8th) won the G. F. Dixon Trophy, with Canterbury second. The same team also ran third in the Wellington Provincial Championships, only 9 points behind the second team.
MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY

Unobtrusively but insidiously the Mathematical and Physical Society Delaware, its way into problems which concern the essentials of human existence. In the language of double integrals and cosines are dissected the philosophies of Aristotle and Jeans, the mechanics of Maxwell and Schrodinger. In its 17th session of unbroken activity, the society retains all the interest of early days, and continues to hold well-attended lectures of interest to engineers, scientists and mathematicians.

In the region of Pure Mathematics, Professor Miles introduced the awesome-sounding subject, "The Historical Difficulties of the Idea of an Irrational Number," which soon lost its fearsome note and was keenly listened to by students. One of our members, Mr. Hutchings, tried to convert us to a new school of Mathematical thought and provoked much discussion but, we suspect, left most of us unbelieving.

Mr. Carey, B.Sc., told us how we get our electricity and Mr. I. O. Stevenson, M.Sc., proved to us that the Railways give Safety, Economy, and Comfort, and that some day, when the electrical equipment arrives, will give cleanliness.

Three radio lectures were very popular and added considerably to the education of members. Mr. Taylor gave his presidential lecture on the Cathode Ray Tube and apart from some mathematics was listened to very eagerly. Mr. Macedo spoke on Modern Radio Receiver Design, and Mr. Searle on Directive Antennae and as both are specialists and competent speakers, both lectures were very valuable.

Visits were arranged and attended by large numbers of members to Wellington Railway Signal Station, Neon Signs Ltd., Radio Corporation of N.Z. Ltd., and the Evans Bay Power House.

Suppers have been very kindly provided by Messrs Florance and Miles, and the Committee, and the Society has been favoured to have for the first time in seven years a feminine hand on the committee in the person of Miss Earnestine Winstone.

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THE BLUE LION

NO! Not a pub; nor a boarding house. This heraldic emblem has been chosen as the sign of that section of V.U.C. resident at Weir House. (Quite distinct from the Red Lion, y’know!)

If neither pub nor boarding house, what then is Weir House? Opinions vary. A glance at the College Calendar tells us prosaically that "the accommodation provided is of two types"; in his foreword to the current issue of the "Weir House Magazine," the Warden says "that Weir House has established a good reputation and worthy traditions"; while Mr. Horsley would have us believe that it has degenerated into a glorified kindergarten whose "infant warriors" are scarce rid of their "swathing clothes." Actually, of course, in spite of the lack of unanimity among these great minds, Weir House is one half civil servants, one quarter Training College students, and the rest that collection of beings peculiar to Universities, known as "full-timers."

As usual, the equilibrium of the House was disturbed at the opening of the session by the departure of all our Old Contemptibles. It has now become a matter of course that once a man climbs to the giddy eminence of house affairs, he is sent toppling down by a very worldly factor in the shape of the Management Committee. For three years in succession our Presidents have seen their year of office followed by the fate of expulsion merely "for an accident of birth."

However, youth has carried on and the past year has not been without its moments. Occasionally the gods have deigned to smile on us.

The beginning of the year brought a new Warden in the person of Professor T. A. Hunter.

Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland left in February and the throes of matrimony to fill the Chair of Philosophy at C.U.C. The enthusiasm aroused at his farewell supper extended to a celebrated lawn at Talavera Terrace, known to its habitués as the "Fairy Ring."

This superabundance of vitality has also been displayed at intervals throughout the year. Capping Week saw the usual haka party at work both in the Opera House and in the sacntity of the parlours of the more well-known local hosteries. We also understand the residents attended a recent debate at the College (a full account will be found elsewhere!).

Readers are advised not to be led into believing that this phase of our activity is representative of the whole. Weir occasionally shines in the academic sky. This year we add to our collection another Senior Scholarship and yet another Post-Graduate Scholarship, not to mention the Sir George Grey Scholarship. We still marvel at this amazing exhibition of the triumph of mind over chatter.

The youths have also made their small mark on the field of sport. Last Easter we swelled the numbers of both the fighters and the camp-followers in the Crusade to the Holy City. It is said that the haka party was again a feature of the Tournament. At home the first annual match against Massey College seconds resulted in a win, while the next week or two should see the contest for the Kelburn Keg. The big match of the season against the rest of the College is imminent and we can confidently say that the House team is expected to lift the Ruru Shield this year. We have held our own in other branches of sport, having collected our fair share of Blues and contributed towards all College activities.

In other words, in spite of the blowing of our own trumpets to the extent of the preceding paragraphs, life at Weir has followed its usual course. We held our elections; we have a House meeting occasionally; we complain about the food; we sometimes play billiards; we sing and tell yarns around the fire on Sunday nights; the C.C. boys, in spite of their taking ways, do childish things at times; the Committee has supper with the Warden; the janitor sometimes forgets to...
MATCHES.
(a) Interclub: Six teams were entered in the W.L.T.A. Inter-Club Competitions. The first division men's team was unfortunate in losing J. J. McCarthy early in the season, but under Rolly Ferkins's inspired leadership, continued to play well and by winning six matches out of eight, finished second equal with Wellington A. The second division ladies' and the third men's A teams also gave good accounts of themselves, and in both cases finished second on the championship ladder. The third B, the fourth, and the fifth teams were more concerned in getting out of bottom position. Nevertheless, they served as training grounds for the players who were required to fill vacancies in the higher teams.
(b) Club Championships. These have hung fire even more than usual, possibly on account of a wet season. Those still in the running should make every effort to play their matches at the beginning of the coming season.
(c) Tournament: The team sent to Canterbury at Easter was, judged by usual standards, young and inexperienced, at least in so far as the men were concerned. Five of the ten players were representing V.U.C. for the first time, and the sixth had played only one match before. Consequently, we did not entertain extravagant hopes of victory. The first round brought success to both of our strings in the two ladies' events, and in the combined doubles. The semi-finals, however, took their toll; Stella Phillips and Janet Grainger and N. A. Morrison and Janet Grainger being the only survivors. The latter pair were regarded as the strongest in our team, and potential title-holders. They were unlucky not to win the final. Once again Canterbury were too good to lose the Cup.

YANKEE TOURNAMENTS.
Yankee Tournaments were held on Opening Day and at the commencement of the 1937 session to welcome freshers. They serve admirably to enable the players to get to know one another. An additional tournament was held in aid of the Permanent Building Fund.

OLD BOYS' DAY.
The annual match between Past and Present Students for the Eichelbaum Cup was held towards the end of the season. The veterans struggled hard to avenge their defeat of the previous year, but could not quite manage it. Perhaps the afternoon tea was the trouble. At the close of play, the Cup was presented by Mr. Eichelbaum to Mr. E. G. Budge, the captain of the students' team. As usual, that afternoon was the most enjoyable of the season.

CLUB LADDERS.
Activity on the men's ladder has been maintained at the pace set in previous years. Ferkins and Morrison have enjoyed almost undisputed right to their respective positions, but below them, places have changed continually. From time to time, keen players prove that it is possible to reach the upper rungs of the ladder in one season. This year Joe Hartley started from scratch and is now well-established in third place. The ladies' ladder continues to function in a semi-dormant condition—the indications are that there will be keen rivalry during the coming season. The top six players at the close of the season were:

We are not often privileged to have a New Zealand title-holder in the Club, and so are happy to congratulate Rolly Ferkins on his part in winning the N.Z. Men's Doubles Championship.
Congratulations are also extended to N. A. Morrison on obtaining a V.U.C. Blue. They are hard to get.

ATHLETIC CLUB

The 1936-37 Season was generally a disappointing one for Wellington athletes—a large proportion of wet weather prevented consistent training and active competition. However, the season for this Club was satisfactory; it did well in the various competitions for which it was entered, and the gold "V" was well to the fore at the sports meetings held in Wellington.
The use of Hataitai Park for training and sports meetings during the season was a great asset to Wellington athletes, although they were not able to make the fullest use of it. This Club, however, is fortunate in having the use of Kelburn Park and the Weir House basement for training purposes, as well as the able and willing services of C. B. Allan Esq., the Club Coach, and a past Varsity and New Zealand champion. With these advantages therefore, we are not benefited by using Hataitai Park to the same extent as are other clubs.
A feature of the early part of the season was a social gathering made possible and put into effect by the present Club Captain, Mr. W. R. Birks, and his predecessor, Mr. S. Eade. The guest of honour was H. H. McCormick Esq., President of the Club and well-known in New Zealand amateur athletic circles. Mr. McCormick gave a most interesting talk on Jack Lovelock's ideas about athletics, and was able to pass on to his audience the benefit of personal acquaintance with the great athlete during his tour of this country at the end of last year.
On the track, the Club made a good showing in the Dewar Shield Inter-club competition, winning second place. At the Provincial Championships, we achieved second place for the McVilly Shield, thanks particularly to L. S. Black, who won the 880 yards Championship in convincing style, and to H. J. M. Abraham, who carried all before him in the two longer Hurdles events. Our Relay team, consisting of Clarke, Bowyer, Gorringe and Black distinguished itself by winning the Mile Medley Relay Race, and upheld the Club's high reputation in these events in Wellington.
Black was our only member to represent the Province. He competed against Canterbury at Christchurch, and in the National Championships at Auckland. Abraham, in view of his proved ability over
the "sticks," was most unlucky in not being included in the Provincial team for Auckland, and on actual performances at the National meeting, he would certainly have been placed in at least one event.

Massey College again competed at the Interfaculty Sports, and the meeting was very successful. Competition was keen and interesting. Law and Commerce winning the banner by a narrow margin.

Our Tournament team was strengthened by the inclusion of four Massey men, but even so we were unable to lose the Wooden Spoon; Tournament was none the less most enjoyable.

Owing to the wet weather we were able to hold only three Club meetings, but these were well attended by numbers of young members. We look to these younger members to carry on the work of the Club next season, and on their showing this year some of them should soon be well up in Wellington athletics. Furthermore, under the system of competition to be adopted for use in Wellington next season, junior members will be just as valuable as the more seasoned athletes, as events will be contested in three grades, the winner of the bottom grade gaining just as many points and being just as valuable to the Club as his fortunate fellow in the top grade.

As far as the material rewards for following this sport are concerned, bona fide students members of the Club are eligible for College and N.Z.U. Blues, and there are also several trophies awarded every year. Successful athletes for last season were:

- Heinemann Cup (for most improved athlete): A. A. Congalton.
- Dunbar Cup (for most points gained in season): H. J. M. Abraham.
- Ladies' Cup (for best performance at Inter-Faculty): H. J. M. Abraham.
- Oram Cup (for most points at Inter-Faculty): H. J. M. Abraham.
- Old Members' Cup (for most points at Club's meetings): H. G. Bowyer.

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MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

This season has again been quite a successful one for the Men's Hockey Club. Though in club competitions the senior team has not done so well in collecting wins and goals as they did last year, they have maintained their reputation for fast, clean play and ability to extend the best teams in the grade. They suffered even more than usual from the loss of last year's players, only five—Newcombe, Abraham, Shaw, Innes, and Johnston—being available at the commencement of the season, though Eggleton returned to Victoria after Tournament. However, they were fortunate in the calibre of the newcomers to the club. Struthers (a brother of our former member) and Cole proved valuable acquisitions from Otago and Canterbury respectively; and the other vacancies were very creditably filled by most promising juniors.

The team reverted to the orthodox formation, Benjamim proving his worth in goal on many occasions. Banks profited from Abraham's experience at full-back, and after Tournament, when the latter left us, Banks and Dixon combined well and played some excellent games together. The half line consisted of Stratford (later Eggleton), Newcombe, Johnston and Keen, the latter falling capably the difficult "fourth half" position. The forwards, Struthers, Shaw, Cole and Innes were a speedy quartet, and Shaw's tally of goals must be nearly a club record for one forward for the season.

Tournament was held earlier than usual this year, during First Term vacation, to enable all participating teams to be at full strength. Although unsuccessful in retaining the Steedon Stick, the team gave a good account of themselves, and thoroughly enjoyed a memorable tournament.

During the season the club entertained Massey College to a mid-week game: a keen and enjoyable game resulting in a win for Victoria by 4 goals to 3.

This year, more than in others, the Club is most fortunate in its junior players, many of whom show distinct promise of gaining places in higher grade hockey. The withdrawal of Training College from the Club affected the membership, and this year five teams were entered in the Wellington Hockey Association's competition.

Special mention must be made of the Junior and Third grade teams. What these teams lacked in experience and finesse they made up very completely in keenness and team spirit. The result is that they have during the season developed into very solid combinations, and the consistency of their performances sets an excellent example to the other teams of the Club. The decision as to which of these teams should be awarded the Dixon Trophy will present a very difficult problem this year. Suffice to say that hockey at Victoria will continue to flourish while we have such enthusiasm among the junior players. Possibilities for senior honours next year are Long, Mason, Pickering and Chisholm; while others whose keenness should take them further in the game are Williams, Topp, Gallagher, Bowyer and O'Donnell.

The standard of hockey continues to be affected by lack of proper coaching facilities, but it was distinctly encouraging this year to see the interest taken in the junior players by the more senior members of the club.

Immediately after Tournament, the club suffered a reverse in the loss of one of its staunchest members, Henry Abraham who left to take up a position in Melbourne University. Not only was he a fine player, he was also a keen club man, who spent a great deal of time in the interests of his club.

Another loss from the playing-field midway through the season through injury was Harry Oram.

Congratulations are extended to our two representatives in the N.Z.U. team which met and defeated an Auckland provincial team as a finale to the Tournament—A. B. Cole and W. F. Johnston.

We congratulate also F. Newcombe, whose solid and consistent play earned him a place in the Wellington team. Innes also played in a minor representative fixture, while Shaw and Johnston were emergencies.
CRICKET CLUB

In comparison with the previous season it can be claimed that the 1936-37 season was a very successful one. Of the six teams entered in 1935-36, four ended at the bottom of their respective grades, whereas of the five teams entered in the 1936-37 season, only one was last, three ended up in the top half of their grades, and the remaining team finished about the middle of the ladder.

FIRST ELEVEN:

The Senior XI under the able captaincy of W. H. McMillan, had its best season for some time. It rose from bottom in the 1935-36 season to fourth in the 1936-37 season. Of the ten matches played, only three were lost and they by only narrow margins on the first innings. Bad weather affected the team adversely, potential wins being turned into draws as a result of the weather. The batting was really strong right down to the last man, the three-hundred mark being passed on several occasions. As can be seen from the averages below, members had batting averages of twenty or more, which was very pleasing in view of the weak batting of the previous few seasons. The bowling, though steady, lacked its usual sting and the need of a spin bowler was greatly felt. The bowling honors went to Stevens, Blandford, Lunn and Wiren, while Tricklebank, Rolfe, and McMillan headed the bowling averages.

SECOND ELEVEN:

The team had a most successful season and climbed seven places from bottom to fifth in its grade. Even so, its position should have been higher, as bad fielding lapses in several games cost the team at least a couple of places on the ladder. In batting, the team was mainly served early in the season by Lunn who later earned well-deserved promotion to the Seniors, and after Christmas by Johnston, who scored well consistently. The chief strength of the team lay in the excellent bowling of Knowsley who captured over 50 wickets during the season, and in one innings performed a noteworthy feat in capturing all ten wickets. He was assisted by Stephenson, who captured over 30 wickets, Dean, Edgley, Fortune, Martin and Ongley. The team had a most enjoyable season and hopes that the coming season will be even a better one.

JUNIOR B.1:

This team did not have a successful season from the standpoint of results, but all games were keenly contested and, although sometimes outclassed, the spirit of the team was excellent and the players who stuck to the team had many Saturdays of enjoyable cricket as a reward for their enthusiasm.

Comparisons are perhaps unfair in a team which did not contain any outstanding players, but the batting of Caird (who was with the team for part of the season only) and the bowling of Howell merit special mention. McRae and Evans returned consistent performances with bat and ball. Berendon and Haplin deserve notice as young and keen players whose batting improved noticeably during the year and who should go further in the game if they keep it up. A word must be said about the difficulty this team had in
fielding its full quota of players each Saturday; this factor more than any other was responsible for the poor results obtained.

JUNIOR C:
The social team playing in the Junior C grade, had a happy and successful season and for the greater part of the season were at the head of their grade championship. After the Christmas vacation, owing to the lack of Connell’s and Wilson’s assistance in batting and bowling, wins became more difficult to obtain, the side finishing the season in third place. Though the team needed a steady batsman who could be depended on to get runs each week, Roberts, Connell, Campbell, and Porteous picked up a few on occasions, while in the bowling department, Desborough by guile, Roberts by talk, and Connell and Porteous by good bowling, collected most of the wickets in spite of the protests of seven other self-recognised bowlers. Richards and Wilson kept wickets admirably throughout the season.

THIRD GRADE TEAM:
Although not very successful as far as results were concerned, the Thirds showed considerable improvement by the end of the season. Due mainly to the team having to play short, we did not win a game until after the Christmas holidays. However, we beat the First and Second teams in the competition, and finished about half-way up the championship ladder.

The most outstanding players were, Oram, F. Bray and Wells, all three being well above third grade standard, while Harrison, H. Bray and Evans also played well. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the season, and hope to do better next time.

The team was: Bray (2), Evans (2), Greaney, Harrison, Murphy, McGavin, Oram, Watt, Wells, and such people as we could persuade on Saturday morning to make up a team.

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS:
J. A. R. Blandford and W. Tricklebank earned representative honours in the Wellington Plunket Shield Team, while P. Knowles thoroughly deserved the honour of being picked for the Wellington Colts Team against Canterbury for the Brabin Shield.

College Blues were awarded to T. A. Harpur, W. Tricklebank and W. Wilson.

All of the above are to be congratulated.

CHRISTMAS TOUR:
The annual Christmas tour was not undertaken this year owing to the difficulty in getting together a side for the whole tour. A team was, however, sent to Wanganui at Christmas and succeeded in defeating Wanganui.

EASTER GAME:
At Easter a match was played against Canterbury College at Christchurch. Neither side was at full strength but the cricket was of good standard. Canterbury succeeded in winning by six wickets. This was the first occasion that a match has been played against Canterbury College, and it is hoped to make this game an annual fixture.

AVERAGES:
The best average for the season was put up by J. R. Stevens, who in nine innings carried his bat six times, and scored a total of 139, an average of 46.3. His highest score was 33. The highest score of the season was made by J. A. R. Blandford, with 138. In eleven innings, Blandford put up 454, an average of 45.4. P. D. Wilson made a fine hit of 137 not out. Of the bowlers, W. Tricklebank was the most successful, taking 36 wickets at an average of 15.4. T. Raffe took six wickets with an average of 16.3, and N. McMillan 20, with an average of 18.1 runs.

ROWING CLUB

In winning the Inter-University Eight-Oar Race at Tournament this year, V.U.C. realised its great ambition.

Since the purchase of the “Eight” three years ago, the club has been building up a crew with the hopes of winning the Hebeber Shield, but each season the combination has been upset by the transfer of a few members. Consequently V.U.C. this year started out with an untried combination. Thanks to the valuable coaching rendered by Mr. J. E. Barnes, and the keenness of all members of the crew to reach a high state of physical fitness, V.U.C. overcame all obstacles and were victorious in a hard-fought race.

The crew which represented the College was:—

In order to maintain our present ranking amongst other university crews, this Club requires new members and all those wishing to take up the sport are assured of every assistance in coaching and a very enjoyable season’s rowing.

The Club congratulates the following members for their success in being award N.Z.U. Blues: F. Bowling, G. C. Broad, R. P. Hansen.

Blues, 1936-37

BOXING.—F. G. Bowling, B. C. Campbell, T. Kent, E. Miller, P. H. Ryan.
SWIMMING.—M. J. Mason, R. L. Meek.
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Winners of the Haslam Shield, 1937.

P. G. Pasley, R. J. Corkill, D. A. Blackley, A. A. Gawith,
DEBATING SOCIETY

When this magazine went to press last year, the Debating Society was in a most prosperous condition. It is pleasing to note that this is still the case, interest in the Society’s activities still being maintained by a large number of students. There have been good audiences at most of the debates, and even one in the vacation drew 50 members.

The debates themselves have generally been of a high standard and have brought forth much discussion. The subjects have been well varied and have catered for all views.

The Plunket Medal Contest was held in the Gymnasium this year, and was extremely well attended, many being turned away.

The holding of the contest in the Gymnasium was an unprecedented occurrence, made necessary by the fact that the Main Town Hall was engaged for a wrestling match on the night on which the contest was set down for the Concert Chamber. Rightly fearing that the noise of a wrestling bout would ruin the contest, the Committee decided upon this change of venue, rather than postpone it. This was done, and as recorded above, it was well attended in spite of the late change, there being about 330 people present. The accommodation was certainly somewhat cramped, but this was made the basis of some very useful propaganda for the Building Fund by the chairman (Mr. R. W. Edgley) and Mr. W. P. Rollings, one of the judges.

The Medal was awarded to Mr. Scotney for his oration on Hitler, with Miss Shortall (Madame Curie) a close second. The standard generally was high, and both Mr. Scotney and Miss Shortall made extraordinarily good speeches.

The Joynt Scroll Contest was held this year on 4th August at Auckland, and Victoria’s representatives, Messrs. A. R. Perry and S. G. Andrews, brought the Scroll back with them. Mr. Andrews further distinguished himself by gaining first place among the speakers.

Last year’s Union Prize was won by Mr. A. T. S. McGhie, with Mr. Tahiwi a close second. The New Speakers’ Prize was won by Mr. A. R. Perry, with Miss I. Dickens second.

The Society has taken part in a wireless debate with Auckland University College, which was won by V.U.C., and fixtures have been arranged for debates with Canterbury and Otago later in the year, thus giving the Society a chance of trying its strength against all the other Colleges.

An indication of the increasing popularity in debating in the College is the attendances at the New Speakers’ debates held so far this year. The attendances have been exceptionally good, and the talent shown by the various speakers is a happy augury for the continued prosperity of the Society, which now seems to be assured of success for the next few years at least.

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LAW FACULTY CLUB

The objects of this Club are to promote the welfare of law students in both academical and social activities. The efforts of the Wellington Law Students Society have relieved the Club of a large part of the responsibility of maintaining the academic standard of the faculty, but in the furthering of its second object the Club has had a very busy and successful year.

The Annual Law Ball, in which this Club cooperates with the Wellington Law Students Society, was, for those fortunate persons who attended it, a most enjoyable function. The Club is indebted to Mr. Justice Smith and Mrs. Smith who acted as host and hostess on this occasion.

The Annual Dinner held in the Empire Hotel on the 9th March was subsidised by the Club with the result that the standard set in previous years was maintained in spite of the increased costs. Although we were unfortunate in not having our President, Professor Adamson, at the dinner, nearly all the vice-presidents were present. The Attorney-General, the Honourable H. G. R. Mason, as speaker of the evening gave a most encouraging address on the future of the legal profession.

During the year the Committee took steps to institute a cultural legal section in the College Library. It is hoped that their recommendations will be adopted by the Librarian so that students may extend their studies to the less practical and equally interesting aspects of the law.

An effort was also made to procure a reduction in the price of typewritten Professors’ Notes, but the Committee was assured that the Board does not regard the sale of these notes as a source of revenue and that any lower price would result in an uneconomical burden on the College Office.

The entire profits of the Law Ball, namely $6/2, were donated to the Building Fund and it is expected that this year, with more support from the University, an even larger contribution will be made.
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FOOTBALL CLUB

This season has been very interrupted through trial games and Springbok matches. However, everyone seems to have enjoyed the games, and a fair proportion of wins were recorded. The following are reports on the various teams.

SENIOR “A.”

The past season can be reviewed with a great deal of satisfaction, in spite of the fact that no outstanding honours were obtained. Commendable keenness and well-attended weekly practices, however, resulted in good team play and later in promotion half-way through the season to the First Division. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the team’s play was the fine showing by the forwards. Good scrumming, combined with Burke’s effective hooking, enabled the forwards to more than hold their own in all matches. Blacker proved a good leader, and Eade, Hansen, Meade, and Russell all showed to advantage. Wild was the outstanding back and played splendidly right through. Although the team will probably start off next season in the Second Division, there is every prospect that with all of this year’s players again available, the 1938 season will find the Ist XV, again firmly established as one of Wellington’s strongest Rugby teams.

SENIOR B.

This team, as other University B teams, is recognised as being a recruiting ground for the A’s, with the result that, first the team is never the same from one Saturday to another, and secondly the team contains two distinct types of players—the ambitious ones who are on trial for higher honours and thus try to do too much on their own, and those who go out each Saturday to have a good old romp around the paddock, enjoying themselves thoroughly and not caring much who wins finally. (This is an excuse, not a grousing!) Desborough, for the way he fathered the team, and Black, for being the most consistent back, need to be congratulated.

JUNIOR “B” (Social) A.

This team has had quite a successful season, but it cannot win its competition as it did in a lower grade the three previous seasons. Lack of weight in the forwards has been the stumbling block. Moore and Watson played excellent football, while several others including Tate and Fitzgerald were not far behind in their efforts. Of the backs, Brock, the half-back, was always reliable, Ryan, Te Punga and McLeod played some very good games in the threequarter line, while Ngata shows promise of developing into a very fine full-back. Seven members of the team played fine football to win the Junior seven-a-side tournament on the King’s Birthday. A fine spirit and great keenness have been important factors in a most enjoyable season. Jeffs piloted the team throughout the season.

JUNIOR “B” B.

The team was unfortunate in not getting settled down early in the championship. Outstanding among a very even pack was Craig, while the front row, Frazer, Adams and Buddle, call for special mention. It can be said with truth that of the backs, through injuries, not more than five players played more than two Saturdays together. Scouney, at half, was the mainstay, but Anderson, Mulvey, and Campbell all showed promise of developing into good footballers. Arnold, though not a genius among footballers, is a player capable of developing into a first-class wing three-quarter. The team were a happy company both on and off the field, and their assiduous training was a compliment to their coach.

THIRD “A.”

From the point of view of results, this team had a disappointing season. The fact that the season was broken had much to do with their failures, but the main cause was the exceptionally strong opposition encountered in the grade this season. In the forwards, Howett, Adams, and O’Shea were a hard-working trio, the first-mentioned being an outstanding loose forward. McIlhinney gave consistently good displays in the backs.

THIRD B.

This included a fair majority of players of merit, but a difficulty in fielding a regular fifteen men prevented their recording a top-notch performance. They did grow over-keen one Saturday, and try to play 16 men. Skipper Mitchinson set an excellent example to his team in the matter of turning out on Wednesday nights, and he was also an honest worker in every match. In the forwards, he was ably assisted by Hamilton, Barnett, Austin and Fraser. The latter pair, with weight and pace in their favour, should gain higher honours next season. Of the backs, Burchall, Black, Scott and May deserve mention for keenness and team spirit, while Scott will develop into a first-class full-back.

So far, the only inter-Varsity game has been with Massey College, when a mixed team travelled to Palmerston North for the annual fixture. We were beaten, but considering the players came from four or five different teams, they acquitted themselves very well. We are indebted to Massey for their hospitality and the enjoyable game.

Further inter-Varsity matches to be played this season are against C.U.C. and A.U.C. The First XV travels to Christchurch to play Canterbury College as a curtain-raiser to the Second Test, while Auckland travels down here to Wellington.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Parker, Chapman, Eckhoff, Richards and Macintosh for the valuable service they rendered the Club as coaches.
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BOXING CLUB

This year has unfolded a tale, similar to previous years, in regard to Victoria College Boxing. Winter training has proved well-nigh impossible, owing to the lack of suitable facilities, and also to the inevitable claims of football and other winter sports on possible trainees.

We had, perforce, to limit our activities to those few weeks prior to our own tournament and to the period ensuing between then and the Easter Tournament at Christchurch.

Due, no doubt to the absence of the old “hardies” from our ranks, competition for representation was very keen, and our tournament at the Winter Show Stadium revealed a high standard of boxing. Following this, training was continued at Parris’ Gymnasium under the watchful eye of Roy Brien.

The team selected to represent Victoria at Easter was as follows:

- Bantamweight: B. C. Campbell.
- Featherweight: S. Walsh.
- Lightweight: T. Kent.
- Welterweight: P. H. Ryan.
- Middleweight: E. Miller.
- Light-heavyweight: A. Dandy.
- Heavyweight: F. G. Bowling.

Though shaped into what was thought would be a successful team by our conscientious trainer, Roy Brien, the team did not live up to expectations. Of these, only Ryan and Kent managed to fight their way into the finals. Kent was unfortunate enough to meet a sturdier, more rugged, fighter in Adams (O.U.), who took the decision from him after an exciting struggle. Ryan succeeded in winning his weight and an N.Z.U. Blue. He was awarded the cup presented by the N.Z. Breweries for the most scientific boxer.

Our congratulations go to Canterbury for their success in retaining the Boxing Shield. Perhaps, however, Easter, 1938 may show a different result.

Indications, from training as it has been this winter, are that Victoria will field a strong team in the Boxing next year. May Dame Fortune smile kindly upon our representatives who will be ducking between the ropes to withstand the gaze of the critical crowd!

We owe a very sincere debt of gratitude to our trainer, Roy Brien for his untiring efforts to mould the raw material into the finished article. Only those who have trained under him can really speak of his enthusiastic endeavours on our behalf.

Our thanks also to those gentlemen who willingly gave their assistance to us at our own College Tournament, and to those who maintain a keen interest in our doings in the realm of Boxing.

TRAMPING CLUB

“To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

—“Ulysses.”—Tennyson.

During the past year, the activities of the Tramping Club have met with considerable success, for which we have to thank not only trip leaders, but also all members, for the splendid spirit in which they have shared occasional hardships and discomforts.

Since last Spîke, the Club has accomplished its sixth consecutive winter crossing of the Tararua’s, and following this, a winter sports trip was made to National Park, a regular feature on our programme. In late November, the Eastern Hutt River was the scene of activity; some explored the gorge, while other more energetic members climbed to Mt. Alpha, returning by the Quoin Ridge.

The scene of a most popular Christmas trip was set in the beautiful Travers River valley from which Mt. Travers was climbed by the whole party, and earnest attempts made on Mt. Hopeless and Mt. Little Twin.

Early in the year a Mitre-Holdsworth traverse was successfully completed after a long struggle against a westerly. At the end of a strenuous and tiring tussle, we felt that the Club’s previous defeat had indeed been avenged. Enjoyable tramps from Tawhai Hut on the Orongo-orongo River have also been held from time to time. Totara Flats near the Waihina were visited via Sayers track and thence through to Pakurastahi via the Tawherentikau Valley. On 3rd-4th July, Mt. Mitre was climbed and magnificent panoramas obtained of the surrounding snow-mantled peaks.

The annual Club fixture to Kime Hut set down for 16th, 17th, and 18th July, was enthusiastically supported despite early storminess and, in perfect conditions, all indulged in the thrills of skiing and tobogganing.

More recently the Club fielded a team to compete in the Inter-Club Ski Championships, and though run in difficult and unfamiliar conditions, the team acquitted themselves reasonably well to take second place. Interest in the skiing side of the Club’s activities has increased to such an extent—many members are the proud possessors of their own ski—that this year it is proposed to hold Club races at Tongariro National Park for the first time.

The Club wishes to thank all those who have permitted the use of their huts, and those who have helped to make club fixtures a success.
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SWIMMING CLUB

An increase in membership has led to a general increase in our activities for the year. The V.U.C. Swimming Club this year cannot boast of its major successes of the previous season, but it can boast of an excellent club, where all interested in swimming will be welcomed.

The Club has had an active season, despite the wintry conditions which prevailed during Wellington’s so-called summer. Early in the season, the Club combined with the Maranui Swimming Club to hold a carnival—the first to be held in the new Karori Baths. Varsity managed to hold her own against more seasoned competitors at this carnival.

Following this, we endeavoured vainly to stave off challengers for the Peck Shield—the Wellington Centre’s Annual Harbour Race over a course of three miles. This race was swum under very wintry conditions, for, though the day was fine and sunny, the temperature of the water seemed almost on freezing point. A young team, we were defending the Shield, won for the first time in the previous season. Hutt emerged the victor in this year’s event, V.U.C. finishing sixth. Our congratulations go to Hutt for the excellent performance of their team.

Perhaps the most popular feature of our season was the weekly training nights held at the Thorndon Baths. By means of these, members can garner much experience in racing and helpful practice at water polo. The Cup, for the swimmer gaining most points in our weekly races, went to R. L. Webb.

The Club entered an “A” and a “B” team in the water polo competitions. Though more practice would improve the teams, they performed consistently well throughout the season. M. J. Mason, our dashing centre, was selected to play against the visiting Australian Surf Life-saving Team, in a match at Riddiford Baths, but unfortunately was away from Wellington at the time the game was played.

Polo, the exhilarating and exciting partner of swimming, is a game all swimmers should indulge in, and we urge all would-be dolphins to play.

Our representatives at Tournament, viz. Misses Hefford, Morton and Sanders, and Messrs. Mason, Meck, O’Flynn and Webb, swam very well and were well up to standard. Miss S. Hefford and Mr. R. Meck each secured a second in the ladies’ and the men’s breaststroke events respectively.

The Club Championships decided at our own pre-Tournament Carnival, resulted in victories for Miss M. Morton and Mr. W. J. Mason. Mason was awarded the cup for the Men’s Championship. It is hoped that more interest will be shown this season in the Ladies’ Section of the Club. Miss Morton shows distinct promise and was an ardent follower of the Club’s activities.

The Annual Harbour Race arranged by the Club resulted in a win for P. H. Ryan, who swam a well-judged race under choppy and difficult conditions.

In conclusion, may we remind swimmers that the Club depends for its success, not on champions, but more on the mediocre, enthusiastic member. So, even if you are not a champion, join up next season and help improve not only your own swimming, but also a club of V.U.C.

EVANGELICAL UNION

1937 marks a step forward in the existence of the Union in more ways than one. There has been an appreciable increase in membership and interest has been shown in the general activities of the Union.

The year was opened by a Freshers’ Welcome Supper, addressed by Dr. Northcote Deck. Daily prayer meetings have continued at 4.50 p.m., and a weekly Bible Study Circle has been held on Tuesdays at 5-6 p.m., conducted in the First Term by two laymen of the city, and in the Second Term by individual members of the Union. Various addresses have also been given by visiting missionaries and others on Friday evenings.

During the First Term, a social evening in the form of a “Squash,” was held in a home in Brooklyn and was well attended by members of the Union and other students.

During the Second Term, the Evangelical Union were the guests of the young people of Island Bay Baptist Church at a Sunday Tea. This was followed by a student service in the Church, conducted by six members of the Union.

The second Inter-Varsity Fellowship conference was held at Christchurch over Easter. This was attended by fifty to sixty students from the four University Colleges and the Training Colleges, Wellington being represented by nine delegates. The special speakers at the Conference were Mr. A. G. Roke of Abyssinia, Canon R. B. S. Hammond of Sydney, Dr. J. M. Laird, M.B., Ch.B., Mr. H. R. Minn, M.A., lecturer in classics at Otago University, and the Rev. W. A. Orange, B.A., vicar of Sumner.

The annual House Party of the Union was arranged for August 6-9th week-end. It was held at Plimmerton and the Rev. W. A. Orange delivered a series of addresses.
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GLEE CLUB

There is undoubtedly much scope for increased enthusiasm on the part of the students to foster some interest in singing at the College, and especially with regard to the rendering of the College songs. The Glee Club, although suffering to some extent from a scarcity of tenors has had its membership increased this year by several very enthusiastic members. Even the sombre old Gym. has perform to grin while our practices are in progress on a Friday evening, for we get a lot of fun from our attempts, successes—and mistakes. (The best of artists make mistakes—so they say.) So far the Club has played a minor part in College activities, but it is ambitious and July 30th witnessed its first independent effort in support of the Building Fund. This was a variety concert, somewhat novel to the Varsity stage, but nevertheless a great great success.

VICTORIA HOUSE

Victoria House, like the Royal Family, has its traditions. Our roll of honour indicates the large number of graduates that have slept, eaten and made a noise here. Then there are certain untabulated things that have always been done here—and, we grant you, some few that have never been done before. In fact, we are so steeped in the tradition of the place, and each year is so much just a repetition of the one before, that conventional notes for Spike could well be drawn up, with a few blanks to be filled in as each new copy appears. It would simplify matters for us—but perhaps that is more or less what is done! [Apparently.—Editor.]

The customary dance this year was the customary success. The common room was transformed into an orange and yellow spider's den—wherein were trapped many flies. The pillars of the House, conferring later, voted it the best dance that ever resounded round them.

PHOENIX CLUB

One of the youngest of the College Clubs, the Phoenix Club was inaugurated early in the First Term, to take the place of the defunct Literary Society. The activities of the Club, however, have not been by any means confined to literary ends; and through various channels, attempts have been made to stimulate interest in music and the formative arts.

During the year seven papers were read by students, the opening one being "Why Modern?" by Mr. R. G. Tosswill, which was later answered by Mr. Goring-Johnston, "Why Not Modern?" A paper by Mr. O'Reilly dealt with the fundamental relationships between Science and Art; Miss Emmanuel and Mr. Hutchings addressed meetings on Edna Vincent Millay and T. S. Eliot respectively; Miss Hefford's subject was "Plays and Propaganda," and Mr. Wells gave a brief survey of Spanish Literature.

Outside speakers included Professor Shelley, Director of Broadcasting (Patron of the Club), Professor G. A. Gordon (Vice-Patron), Professor G. W. von Zedlitz, and Dr. J. C. Beaglehole. The programme for the year included also a visit to the Museum to inspect the collection of Chinese Art; here members of the Club were fortunate enough to hear an address from the Curator of the Collection, Captain Humphreys Davis, who not only introduced his audience to many priceless gems of the collector, but also furnished them with some interesting sidelights on Chinese philosophy.

Under the auspices of the Phoenix Club, musical recitals have been held twice weekly in the Library, under the direction of Drs. Keys and Beaglehole; these have lately been extended to alternate Saturday mornings for the convenience of part-time students.

So much for a review of past activities; it is to be hoped that the Phoenix Club has come to fulfil an essential part of College life.
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DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB

The 1936-37 season has been a most successful one for the Defence Rifle Club. An increase in membership, together with a considerable improvement in the standard of both aperture and service shooting have combined to place the Club on a very sound footing for the coming season.

As usual, weekly shoots were held at Trentham from November onwards, and a team was entered in the Junior Division of the W.R.A. Annual Inter-club Match for the Union Shield. This year, for the first time, so far as is known, in the history of College shooting, a team was entered for the N. Frank Albert Trophy Match, which is open to teams representing the Universities and University Colleges of Australia and New Zealand.

For the first occasion since 1932, and for the fifth time since the Shield was presented in 1909, the Club was successful in winning the Haslam Shield in the match held in conjunction with the Tournament at Easter.

At Christchurch, at Easter, a match South Island v. North Island was organised by the C.U.C.D.R.C. in which four representatives of the Club took part. The match was won by South Island.

The Club Championship was won by R. J. Corkill, who also won the Mills Vase for the highest individual score in the College Haslam team. The Aperture Cup was won by J. B. C. Taylor, and the Musketry Trophy by A. A. Gawith.

The only N.Z.U. Blue in Shooting to come to V.U.C. for many years was won by R. J. Corkill, who also received a College Blue. College Blues were also won by C. J. Gates, T. R. C. Muir, and J. B. C. Taylor.

Important changes have been made in the method of firing the Haslam Match, and the abolition of the unsatisfactory system of each team firing on its home range has meant not only that V.U.C. riflemen will in future travel to Tournament Centre as full representatives, but that the entering of University teams for Imperial Matches has been made possible. The N.Z. University Shooting Council, of which the Club is a member, has been granted affiliation to the N.Z.U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

The Photographic Club is one of the youngest in the College, so that it is perhaps appropriate that it should devote itself to one of the youngest of the arts. By means of talks, demonstrations, and visits to places of interest, the club is attempting to show all those that have a camera (and there are few people who have not) that they have at their disposal an extremely convenient medium for artistic expression. Some of the attempts of members to gratify their yearnings in this direction are demonstrated by the illustrations in this magazine.

This year we have had talks by Mr. J. W. Johnson on "Finishing the Exhibition Print," and Miss Elizabeth Greenwood on "The Snapshot in Relation to Portraiture," and visits to the Portrait Studios of Mr. Spencer Digby, and the Dominion's processing department. The beginner, too, has been catered for, demonstrations of development and contact printing being held in the club darkroom. The Club is fortunate in having this room, which is tolerably well equipped for all branches of photographic work, and which is available to all members on application to the secretary for the key.

Once again the Club co-operated with Spike in arranging for its annual photographic competition, which was judged by Messrs. J. W. Chapman Taylor and J. W. Johnson. The judges' remarks on the entries will be found in another part of the magazine.

It is perhaps unfortunate that there are in the College a number of persons who are unaware of the facilities provided by the Club, and of the excellent standard of work which is being produced by our members, and in order that they may be enlightened, the Club is trying to arrange for an exhibition to be held during the Third Term. The proceeds of this will be devoted to the Building Fund.

There is no doubt that this Club, by its talks and demonstrations is doing much to encourage one of the most accessible of the arts, and it is hoped that in the future, as in the past, the work of members will conform to the highest traditions and ideals of photography.

The Club wishes to place on record its appreciation of the great assistance given us during the year by those people who have so kindly given talks and demonstrations and those who have co-operated with us in arranging visits.
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STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The Victoria College Student Christian Movement can look back with pleasure on a busy and successful year. Its fellowship has been warm and its activity sustained. The number of students actively interested in the Movement has increased considerably, this no doubt being due in part to the increased number of students attending the College this year.

The activities of the Movement have been more or less the same as in previous years, although there have been several interesting variations. A weekly study circle has been led by the Rev. D. J. Davies, who took as his subjects, "The Development of the Belief in Immortality," and the book "Ecclesiastes." Another circle which a number of Victoria students have attended has been held at the Training College. Under the leadership of Rev. J. S. Murray, this circle studied the main doctrines of the Church as outlined in the New Testament. Both these circles have been well attended. The usual Monday Evenings Intercession circle has been made use of by many students and accordingly it has been found advisable to hold similar circles on Thursday and Friday evenings.

The sales of the Student, the journal of the New Zealand Student Christian Movement have increased in the College by fifty per cent. and its reorganisation this year has met with favourable comment from its readers.

The theme of the year's work has been mostly related to questions of personal faith, while the remainder of the year will be occupied with studying Christianity and Society. Shortly after the beginning of the year, the Rev. Gordon McKenzie addressed a gathering of students on "Growth and Perplexity in the Christian Life," while at Camps we have studied "The Meaning and Implications of Faith in Christ," and "The Resurrection." The Winter Camp was replaced by a Sunday Retreat with "Prayer" as its theme.

In May we were privileged to have with us for the greater part of a week, Dr. T. Z. Koo, one of the travelling secretaries of the World Federation of Student Christian Movements. Although he was only able to give us one address at the University itself, he was warmly received by a Gymnasion packed with students whom he delighted with his vivid personality, his cultured bearing and speech, and above all, by his convincing message. His subject was, "Avenues to the Reality of God."

Dr. Koo also spoke at a number of public meetings in the City, which were well attended by students.

Opportunities have been given during the year for the free discussion of religious subjects.

After addresses given by Archdeacon Bullock and Rev. O. E. Burton on "Is Christianity Out of Date?" and "Church or State," discussions were enthusiastically conducted.

As well as two Camps and several Sunday Teas, a number of tramps were held at the beginning of the year to give freshers an opportunity of becoming familiar with the Movement. We have further extended our social activities by holding regular evenings in students' homes. At each of these evenings a friend of the Movement has given a short address, after which the gathering has entered into the business of discussion, singing, and supper in the true S.C.M. spirit.

The Movement has manifested its willingness to be of service in the College by running as usual the second-hand bookstall when the College session opened. £7 of the proceeds from the bookstall have been donated to the Building Fund. At the same time, the Students' Handbook was published in attractive form, and our Information Bureau taught freshers the paths of the wise.

The Student Christian Movement is always ready to welcome your interest, your enquiry, or even your opposition.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

From the point of view of success, Women's Hockey has been disappointing this year. We entered two teams in the local competitions, one in the Senior A grade, and one in the junior, but neither has had very great success. There are several reasons for this, the chief being a lack of recruits from secondary schools; and also, as few players are full-time students, it is difficult to arrange effective practices in order to train new players. However, in some part, it must be attributed to want of enthusiasm among the players. The Junior team is composed almost entirely of new players who have shown considerable keenness, and should some suitable system of coaching be inaugurated to ensure that Juniors with ability and practical experience would be coming on, we might build up a strong Senior team.

Holding the annual Tournament at Auckland this year, marked a departure from the ordinary procedure, but it proved so successful that, in future, Tournaments are to be held at the four centres consecutively, instead of at Christchurch or Wellington as previously.

We extend our congratulations to Miss N. Bayfield on her selection, and on her play, for New Zealand against the Fijian team, and also to Miss B. Thompson, who was selected as emergency.
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CHEMICAL SOCIETY

This year the newly-formed Chemical Society has replaced the old Science Society and has been affiliated to the Students’ Association. Its object is to foster an interest in Chemistry and it is to be hoped that by encouraging student speakers at its meetings and by holding frequent discussions, it will fill a long-felt need of the students of Chemistry in the College.

Lectures held up to date include a lecture demonstration on the “Liquefaction of Gases,” by Mr. Edmundson of the Acetone Welding Company, the Presidential Address on “New Pathways in Structure” by Mr. White, a demonstration on “Chemistry in Pharmacy” by Mr. Morison, and lectures and discussions on “Chemical Warfare” (Mr. Davis of the Dominion Laboratory), “Crystal Structure” (Miss Thompson), “Research Work of the Past Year” (by the Honours students), and “Spectra” (by Mr. Davis of the Dominion Laboratory).

BASKETBALL CLUB

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

The Senior A team has been doing well and stands about half-way in the grade of the Association matches.

The Senior B team has suffered from lack of new players. Some of the players have been outstanding, but it has been hard to keep up the standard of play, because the team has been changed so many times during the year.

The Club has been very fortunate in securing Mr. Max Riske as coach, and the practices which have been held in our own Gym. have been fairly well attended.

One of our players, Miss Phillips, is in the Senior A “B” representative team, and Miss Kniveton is in the Senior B representative team which is going to Canterbury.

After numerous keen practices, the Tournament team was well up to standard; beating Otago and Canterbury quite easily, and also beating Auckland after a very close game. So Victoria holds the Basketball Shield for 1937.

Three of our team were awarded New Zealand University Blondes, R. Drummond, M. Bell and S. Phillips, and nine of our A team were awarded V.U.C. Blondes.

DRAMATIC CLUB

During the “past twelve months,” the Dramatic Club has been functioning as dramatic clubs are wont to do.

The major production of the period was “Till the Day I Die” by Clifford Odets, the famous play on Nazi Germany which was banned by embryo Australian fascists when it was presented in Sydney. The play was presented on two evenings in the V.U.C. Gymnasium, to crowded houses. A large number of trade unions and educational bodies were circularised prior to the presentation of the play, and the response was most gratifying.

The play was produced by Dorothea Tossman. Earlier in the year an evening of one-act plays was presented—“Wurzel-Flummery” by A. A. Milne, “Weatherwise” by Noel Coward, and “And So To War” by J. Corrie. The producers were J. Aimers, P. Macaskill, and Dorothea Tossman respectively.

Several readings have also been held, notably “Murder on the Second Floor,” by Frank Vesper.

During the year the Dramatic Club has been a leading contributor to the Building Fund.

That seems about all.
ATHLETIC CLUB.—Club-Captain, W. R. Birks; Coach, C. B. Allan; Secretary-Treasurer, L. S. Black; Committee, H. J. M. Abraham, R. Freeman, S. Eade, M. J. Mason and M. H. Oram; Delegate to Wellington Centre, W. R. Birks.

BASKETBALL CLUB.—Club-Captain, N. Bullen; Vice-Captain, S. Phillips; Secretary-Treasurer, R. R. Singleton; Captain B Team, M. McWilliams; Fresher Member, P. Higgin.

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