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SPIKE

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EDITORIAL

No publication can presume to hold itself out as the opinion of the University, the view of a nation, etcetera. The most it can possibly do is to indicate the attitudes of a few. To say that "Spike" either in its editorial or conglomeration of articles is the opinion of Victoria University College is absurd and not according to fact, as it is to postulate that the institution is socialistic, nationalistic, a retreat for bachelarian revellers, or something else equally disturbing. Might I even have the temerity to disagree with those editors who, in the past, have ventured to express tendencies. A tendency could only be arrived at by a scientifically conducted investigation. The hypotheses previously stated appear to have been based not on these lines but on such isolations as results of debating society motions and expressions, of a particular ambit of confrères. That such tendencies can be accepted as accurate seems doubly doubtful, as the generalisations must be fallacious. So "Spike" is not the opinion of the College. Any such expression would require a considerable volume—probably as large as any single book published.

On these grounds a discussion of the printed word might be of some moment. Its utilisation is fraught with dangers, for it may, as illustrated, lead people to assume a homogeneousness when a series of conflicts is the truth, or it may be a totally inadequate medium for communication. By this latter is meant what I put into print (as my thoughts) will be interpreted and conditioned by the beliefs that you hold. And hence a grouping of my words may convey to you something entirely different to what I intend. The mere definiteness of the printed word as opposed to the spoken (which can be explained and elaborated ad lib) is an immediate disadvantage. For to obviate this would require an almost impossible effort of contacting all readers. As Ezra Pound has said, "You make laws (written) and they become mere mare's nests for graft and discussion. The meaning is to be determined, etc." Thus it would seem that the only writing that can acquire any true significance is that which is factual, i.e. such things are—and that is as far as one can go. This would imply that its content could only be the result of a scientifically conducted process. However even the reader of facts may already have acquired connected beliefs which may bias him in favour of those beliefs, and even influence him to reject facts in favour of beliefs. It would be possible to envisage an individual acquiring a belief in beliefs. Now what does this signify in a university? It is this. A major portion of the work at this institution is composed of a study of matter conveyed by printed words. This may be facts or beliefs. The vital thing is to distinguish the two, and that can only be accomplished by the application of the material to, or the observation of society or the particular phenomena in question. Failure to do this must lead to confusion and chaos. To look at society or phenomena dogmatically is to neglect to realise that it is in constant motion and that status quo is a belief. So much for typographical vagaries.

Continuing. Recently I perused an article by Mr. de la Mare on "New Zealand and the Ideal University." Firstly I must confess a certain suspicion of idealists. Their "ivory towerishness" is a convenient form of attempted escapism. Idealist de la Mare (in no derogatory sense) proceeds in a typical fashion. He would set aside "the University" in sylvan, rural surroundings, apart from the grime and muck of the city, "with certain experts free from vulgar prejudice and ambition, competent in scholarship and devoted to wisdom; men who seek truth without consideration of commercial profit." Admirable! Presumably the students are to also acquire these desirable attributes. But where is the nigger in the woodpile? Is it that Mr. de la Mare makes the fundamental mistake of assuming that the University can be divorced from social life? That the University can be a separate and complete organism is an ideal creation. He forgets that the University is in society as society is in the University—that one cannot be chopped from the other but each is intimately interwoven into the other. If the organisation of the community demands that the University shall do and provide certain things so the University will do and provide those things. As society is research, the seeking of truth, of knowledge, without consideration of commercial
profit are Utopias. It is one thing to talk about Utopias, it is another to change society to realise them. Mr. de la Mare blames systems but omits to mention that men make the systems. And so he condemns those students who are unfortunate enough not to be able to devote full time to University education. On top of this he would exclude the latter from the little benefit he or she does derive from contact with cultural activities. Finally, Mr. de la Mare says, "The University is the one human institution where truth is followed for its own sake." Such a radical exclusion is surprising indeed! but the Ivory Tower is complete.

It is an historical fact that "the mission of the University of New Zealand has not been to facilitate the diffusion of that culture which its founders sincerely desired to see spread from one end of the colony to the other; but to provide cheap professional schools for the supply of duly certificated lawyers, doctors, bank clerks, dentists, and teachers. This mission, in itself, is not contemptible and to condemn it is a mark of unhistorical snobbery." (Tut tut, Mr. de la!) It seems that this will be the case for some considerable time to come for New Zealand politics have moved rightly or wrongly on a "roads and bridges" basis. The most that can be done at the present is to improve our existing institutions by such alterations as will enable them to give the greatest efficiency. "The country might, perhaps, be able, economically, to afford yearly £400,000 for University education but to expect it thus to quadruple its present expenditure would be to move in the regions of abstraction exalted but alone. Our country . . . does not think along these lines." That a large percentage of students attending lectures are part-timers is a fact. It is also true that to provide a University education by which these students could be maintained on a full time basis would require firstly, that the tuition be gratuitous and secondly, that the maintenance (board, text-books, etc.) be likewise, and lastly there must be a reasonable guarantee that adequate recognition will be given in occupational status at the conclusion. Failing these requisites, which would require monetary grants of considerable magnitude, the large percentage must continue to following "God and Mammon."

(Quotations from "The University of New Zealand"—an historical study J. C. Beaglehole.)
HALF-CASTE

Jenny wouldn't cry but her throat ached and her hands clenched round the broom. When she stooped and jerked the sack mat away from the hearth she pitched it viciously out onto the porch and knocked the row of gumboots sprawling.

She wished her father would get mad at the boys too but there was small enough comfort even then. Because though he pushed the boys about and sometimes kicked them he rarely shouted and he never called them "Maori slut." That could sting Jenny to horrible shame. She had to walk miles along the beach, and lie for hot hours in the harsh sand grasses and cling hard to the secret of her knowledge that she could draw better pictures than any she had seen, before she felt ready to go home again.

Usually it was when she was feeling really happy that her father sneered most bitterly at her.

If she just when on sitting woodenly on the back step and looked at the sea and said nothing he would shout at her, swear and stamp and lurch over as if to strike her. She couldn't stand that. She always had to run. The words he shouted seemed to press down on her. Sometimes, swimming alone, naked at night, feeling relaxed and exultant, delighting in the lovely sensation of the water smoothly wrapping around her body, she would be startled into furious activity of splashing and swimming by the remembered sound of his voice. He could beat her with that.

This morning it had been worse than usual. It began when Roy had said at breakfast that Dick Wilson was skating down at the Post Office yesterday because he had got Jenny to say she would go to the dance with him. Dick was the first person she had ever accepted as a friend. She knew Roy wasn't being spiteful but fear made her suddenly hate him. She dropped her fork and looked at her father. His neck was stringy. The red in his face was mottled. She pressed back in her chair and waited. Roy shuffled his feet and spread his hands flat on the table. He didn't look up, but he was scarlet.

The man's vocabulary was limited but his festering bitterness made it savage. He sneered at her mother, raged about Dick Wilson, stamped up and down the kitchen, in blaspheming fury. Phrases struck at her like physical blows and Jenny covered.

Tripe like that! Bloody sissy cow-boy! Child of a fat bitch! His harsh voice was fiercely shrill and ugly with his anger. Suddenly he stopped and went outside, without any climax. His children sat in limp silence. Roy touched his half-sister's hand and, looking absurd in his clumsy sorrow for her, went outside too. Jack scraped back his chair, crossed to the stove and put in two hunks of wood then turned to look at Jenny.

"I'd clear out," he said, "you could get a job."

Jenny looked at him helplessly.

"Scrubbing," she said. Without meaning to, she raised her hands and looked at them. She could draw, strongly and beautifully, and whenever she had material she painted too. Only Jack knew of this. He admired it but the knowledge made him uneasy. Jenny's life was bound to be hard. Her intelligence was too fine for the surroundings she was born into.

"Better clear out, anyway. I'm going to feed the calves. I'll be in again. Dick Wilson is a fool," he added, making it easier for her.

So the girl washed the dishes and swept, and made herself go into her mother's room to wash her. She hated being reminded that she had been born of that coarse, loose body whose dark blood had given her at once a rare beauty and a shamed pride. Being a half-caste she was already a target for the neighbouring youths in their pitiful lust, and her fierce scorn was her only defence.
Jack came back to the shack in an hour, but the calves were not fed. He came out of the warm morning sun into the stale air, and called to Jenny. They went outside together.

"I rang Wellington," he said. Jenny looked up quickly. She caught his arm.

"You rang your friend? What did he say?"

Jack answered indirectly.

"I've got enough money for the train. Roy will take you into town in the truck. Keith thinks he can get you a job in a milk-bar, he says. You'll have to find board somewhere."

Jack's eyes were sad but he smiled with Jenny in her new excitement. He was a man and passively accepted his life but Jenny was different. Moreover he was secure in knowing that his own mother had been a white woman and his father had once been a man of intelligence and taste, whose bitter self-disgust found no release. Now Jenny was to be set free her young beauty would no longer torment his father with memories of his early infatuation for her mother. Jack's sadness faded and he laughed as he helped Jenny to get ready. It was some years since they had met but Keith used to be a good sort. He would look after her. He was married now, too. Maybe his wife would tell her what clothes to get. Jenny would be all right.

All the way down to Wellington Jenny looked out of the train window and saw trees she wanted to draw, hills she wanted to paint, and houses she wanted to live in and her excitement grew.

When the train drew in she leaped on to the platform and waited eagerly for her brother's friend. Through the thinning crowd came a man in a navy suit and tan shoes. He wore a bowler and had a bustling manner. Jenny, standing alone by her case, was easy to see and he made directly towards her. She felt no dismay. She was pleased that he called her Miss, that he insisted on taking her home with him. She saw the light in his eyes and thought how kind he was.

Keith McKendrick had never been kind in his life and Jenny was a beautiful half-caste.

—E.M.B.
THE WASTE LAND

The shadow! the shadow!
The face of the dark;
Who will restore us
Beyond this murk;
Who will embrace us,
And smile at our fear;
Who will then face us
And bid us have cheer?

For the shadow is silent,
The shadow is chill,
Like the dream of a sleeper
Whose brain is ill;
Like the fears of a child,
When midnight is bare,
When his room is a ghost
That seeks him there.

The future's long lamp-post
Bars the white sky,
The moon is flitting
To her pale belfry;
The waves are beating,
In solemn chant,
Beyond the horizon,
With dim descant.

The mountains are falling
Round roaring guns,
The sky is a chaos,
Whose tumult stuns;
No man knows its ending,
Each night with its wrack
Brings temporary solace,
But none come back.

The youth with their eyes lit,
The girls who were sad,
Succumbed to the shadow
That drives us mad;
Shall we in this evening
Which was their day,
Be caught in the tempest
That hurled them away?
The stars now commencing
Their vigil's trance,
Like perilous insects
In midnight dance,
Will soon be extinguished,
To leave the night,
Alone with the blackness,
They could not light.

No hope of a sunrise,
No waking star,
A pit in the heavens
Is all we are;
But break with this cincture,
Break with it we must,
Destroy that oppression,
Of war and lust.

A new dawn firing
The sky's clear grate,
Will be kindled from ashes
Of former hate;
Though the earth is fallow,
And the land is waste,
Spring leaps from the furrow
With an angel's haste.

—D.M.S.

Lo the unshakeable concrete men
broad-based each on a plinth of stone
floodlit, shadowless—bitumen
sealing the earth we press upon.

We have bound below us the wanton earth
the lips of the earth are plastered shut
none may whisper against us
naught take root beneath us
we seize hold
    weigh hard
and stay put.

—H.W.G.
PROFESSOR JAMES ADAMSON

Students and friends of Victoria University College were pleased to read in the "Spike" of October 1908 of the arrival of a most distinguished occupant for the Chair of Law. The College was then in its early and uncertain infancy, at a stage when men and events could well make or mar its future; and in a land where higher learning was but little esteemed it was courageously opening the petals of its promise of future blooms to the vicissitudes of public approval and support. Students, past and present, are agreed that the College owes its success and indeed its continued existence to the efforts of a few men who in its early days, bravely turned their backs upon the comfort, the security, and the rewards which the Old World would undoubtedly have accorded their talents, and embarked upon a University crusade in a land, which, by comparison with what they had known, must have seemed most rudimentary. Amongst these men we must number the man who succeeded to the Chair of Law in 1908—Professor James Adamson.

Early students of the College will recall the arrival of the new Professor in the full pride of his youth and strength, fresh from his triumphs in the Faculties of Arts and Law at the University of Edinburgh. Now, 31 years later, it falls to a representative of a different generation of students to express the regret of all students, past and present, at his relinquishment of his Chair, and to attempt to estimate what he has stood for in the life of the College.

Many of his students have felt that Professor Adamson was an inveterate opponent of the somewhat haphazard education provided by a part-time law course at a University. Sound and profound scholar himself, he had a distinct aversion to the hurried and superficial methods of study so prevalent amongst law students. He stood for the highest in everything, and woe betide the student who attempted to attain his degree in the shortest possible time and with the minimum of effort! His methods, although at times apparently a little severe, have borne fruit; he never allowed himself to be distracted from his objective by the chatter of the market-place; and to-day Victoria College can justly claim pride of place amongst the Law Schools of the University of New Zealand.

Certain characteristics distinguished the Professor in his classroom. His speech was the "King's Scotch" as distinct from the "King's English," and several lectures would pass before new students became acclimatised to his unfamiliar pronunciation. It was a tradition that each year his Roman Law lectures were commenced with the preface, "Now the subject is divided into two parts; the first part consists of the text-book "Buckland"; this is not a good book. You will wonder why I do not use a better. The reason is very simple—there is no better book. The second part consists of the Institutes of Justinian." Old stagers would inform new students of this unfailing introduction, and glee was difficult to suppress as each year the self-same formula was repeated to an expectant class. The Professor's method of teaching was to set a chapter of the text-book for home reading, and the lecture period would be spent by the Professor in cross-examining members of the class upon the work set. Members of the class were seated alphabetically, and the approved technique for the student who had not prepared the work was to arrive purposely late and sit at the back, where with his open text-book concealed behind the back of the man in front, he might with this artificial aid to memory, avoid the more flagrant forms of guessing. Competition for back seats was at times intense.

Humour was not wanting in the Professor's make-up. The writer clearly remembers a Roman Law class which was discussing the ownership under Roman Law of substances and liquids added to or mixed with one another. For such processes the terms accessio and speciatio were appropriate. "Mr. G—..." said the Professor, "if I mix wine belonging to A with whisky belonging to B, what is that?" "A cocktail, sir," was the prompt reply, and the Professor's futile attempt to hide the twinkle in his eye and adopt a stern mien towards this impudent answer was a source of joy to that class.
And now Professor Adamson's familiar figure will be seen no more in the classrooms of Victoria College. For some years past he has been sorely tried in the fire of ill-health. His spirit responded gallantly to the challenge, and with failing eyesight and a painful affliction of the chest he has bravely carried on with his daily tasks, never sparing himself in what he regarded as his duty to the College and to his students. This year, however, the burden has become insupportable, and with health gravely impaired he has been compelled to tender his resignation.

Professor Adamson may well look back with pardonable pride upon his services to University education. Throughout the country his students are scattered; Supreme Court Judges, leading barristers, and hosts of practitioners. And he will realise that the affection and respect with which all his students past and present join in lighting his evening path is a fitting measure of the services he has rendered.

Professor Adamson now lives in retirement—a transplanted Scotsman, and a fitting representative of his great country with its traditions of plain living and high thinking. Earl Baldwin once recounted how a relative of his on a trip through New Zealand asked an old Scottish farmer how long the traditions brought by the Scottish people from their homes lasted in a new country, and received the reply, "The porridge and the heather and the Psalms of David last to the third generation as a sustenance for body and spirit." May they sustain the Professor for many years to come, and may he be restored to health and strength to reap from the leisure of his retirement the enjoyment that his record of service has so richly merited!

—R.W.E.

Since the foregoing was written and just as "Spike" was going to press, the College was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Professor Adamson, which occurred on the morning of 27th September. To Mrs. Adamson in her bereavement, the College extends its sincere sympathy. For months past she has devotedly nursed Professor Adamson, and we realise just how cruel has been the fate that has frustrated all her efforts to repair her husband's health and strength. Professor Adamson's services to legal education in this country will stand the test of time, and we trust that a knowledge of the recognition of these services, and of the respect which the Professor was accorded, will be a source of comfort to Mrs. Adamson.
THE FATEFUL TWENTY-FIFTH

The fateful twenty-fifth of August.

Lowering grey skies dropping hopeless shafts of water, not the happy, laughing water gurgling on its way, but the dreary smoky wetness of a frightened city. Must there be war? Why must there be war? The accordion groans above the sad swish of streaming cars "Gassed in the war—help a poor soldier." What war? How soon will this city stand quiet, its grasping commercial sinews paralysed under a deadly fear, the drone of death high in the skies?

And what shall I do? Join up—hurry with the unthinking triumph-shouting army intent upon doom? Despite their banners of lambent patriotism, despite the urging of their sweethearts, friends, despite their pomp and circumstance, their doom is assured, predestined to be fouled and muddy, sudden, inglorious and sure. The atrocities of war are not committed by soldiers, but by those who wave them on to their prideful, premature oblivion.

Is this the purpose of the human race? Self-effacement in the hideous clangour of war? The course of Adam? No, we’ve forgotten that legend now. It’s either Socialism or Capitalism that causes our miseries now. No, a recriminatory line won’t get us any further. Must we fight? Tell us one good reason why, a reason you could equally well give to a German, Austrian, Russian, or Spanish youth . . . Must our children fight? Is artillery or infantry easier? A staff job? No, that’s shirking. Who the hell is to say it’s shirking, anyway? Why is it shirking to refuse your body for the foulest dung-heap civilisation can keep steaming in its glory? To feed the flames of hate and corruption so that our children may reap the harvest of blood and steel a hundredfold.

Children? Who dares say children? They are innocence and peace. Have we the right to create innocence in a world whose hungry maw craves only cannon fodder? (I don’t want to die a virgin, whimper the adolescent soldier lad. Well, fool, why die at all?) Is race suicide better by screaming, mutilating, maiming metal, than by ceasing to create? Is it? Turmoil—while all we ask is a quiet mind at peace, the satisfaction of instinct—but—what unit shall I join? Peace? Ha, ice in hell . . . O God, peace, grant peace.

I. McA.
CENTENNIAL MELANGE

"Before 1840, English settlements had already begun in New Zealand, and a New Zealand Land Company had been formed to exploit the possibilities of the island. In 1840 New Zealand also was added to the colonial possessions of the British Crown."


So is an origin recorded. To-day colonial hearts of all shape and form prepare to swell with a vague pride born of a realisation of a history. The average New Zealander, assuming that such a person does exist, views history with the suspicion which can justly be attributed to it. History has proved itself a protoplasm from which tradition grows and tradition will reveal itself to the canonicals of a newer age along with the perdition of the Victorian era.

* * * * *

The story of the settlement of this Dominion of ours is a grand one if you seek grandness; it is a glorious one if you seek glory; it is a doubtful one if you seek truth and notoreity: but despite the inevitable inequity of the seeking hand of Imperialism, despite a now believed misinterpretation of the concepts of individual right, the pioneer fulfilled a task in the doing of which to-day, every young person would feel satisfaction, but we should have done it differently—that is one of the privileges which history confers. We live in a world of changing thought. The ideals of the forties of last century are not those of the forties of this; and because of this fact de-traction from the credit undoubtedly due to the early pioneer would be unjust. G. M. Young in his "Early Victorian England" wrote that "The colonists of New Zealand came mainly from that struggling and expanding class the Respectable Poor, as distinct from the mere proletarian on the one hand and the thoroughly successful artisan on the other—calling in a new world to redress the social as well as the political balance of the old. "Respectability," it has been said, "was at once a select status and a universal motive. Like Roman citizenship, it could be indefinitely extended, and every extension fortified the State."

For this same respectability, we owe much; for respectability in itself demanded the unquestioned veneration of ordered institutions.

Passing, they saw their race abide,
And now we know them great,
Whose hands took plain and mountain-side,
And grave'd thereon a State.

—W. P. Reeves.

If the American colonies had their Locke, New Zealand in spirit at least had its Bentham. Perhaps incongruously, perhaps impertinently, and perhaps with an entire lack of approval of the members of the Founders' Society, the youth of to-day, salute the pioneers who have made this impertinence possible.

* * * * *

Important, too, will be the inevitable crop of memorials to be sown almost nervously throughout cities and towns; each awaiting the ravages of the inexorable hand of time to gloss away the sinfulness of newness and to establish the so necessary halo of maturity and antiquity. Not till then will grey pillars of
Old Timer

T. W. RAIT
stone and local halls be serving a true purpose; not till then will bespectacled youth languidly gaze and conjecture on the curiousness of our ways and imbibe the true glory of heritage. For out of the mists of a past we transpose to the past mists of the future and there is glory in the tradition of heritage.

* * * *

To a New Zealand youth grappling with the problems of examination and thesis, the Centennial will prove of concrete assistance. A qualified staff have for some months been struggling with the irrelevancies and inconsistencies of a history recorded in volumes of unsystematised effort. Dusty papers have been recalled from the dark and damp of bottom pigeonholes and disordered safes. Much has been written and hours have been spent that a disinterested public might know true history. The fruits of this work will make the running up of a New Zealand history thesis an almost overnight affair. For this the unwilling seekers of letters must at least be grateful.

* * * *

The Post Office are doing honour with a special issue of stamps. The Government are producing a special film pictorialising our progress. A national anthem has been "officialised." The myriads of Government Departments and hundreds of private firms are presenting pageants and exhibits for public edification and it is rumoured that we shall have a Centennial toothbrush.

* * * *

The event is one for which celebration might perhaps be justified. But while history is being revered a newer and more stern history is being prepared on the striving soil of a disrupted Europe. The hundred years which in New Zealand have given rise to some measure of social reform are being celebrated, while a strife which must inevitably bring about even further reaching reforms lives its destructive hours but a few thousand miles away.

Some years ago the late Professor J. Macmillan Brown made this prediction:—

"When the last dream of world-conquest and world-power shall have been dreamt and shattered, when the last military autocrat and the last military bureaucracy have met the fate of Napoleon, when East and West have settled their differences and their long divorce, when mankind shall have attained that federation of nations at peace which is the ideal of all thoughtful and wise men, then from her environment, her oceanic position and her mountainous character, it may be predicted that New Zealand will be one of the foremost champions of freedom and peace for all men."

On this the eve of Centennial celebration, the further centuries of contention and distrust which may avoid the carrying into effect of this prediction must give rise to thought and to conjecture.

—R.H.J.
THE SALAMANCA SALIENT

In many respects to write a criticism of Salient’s 1939 issues is to carry coals to Newcastle for opinions on Salient (spontaneous and collected) were the major feature of these issues. Yet it would seem that the circumstances giving rise to this stocktaking call for certain commentary, while there are several aspects of the paper’s activities which were not the subject of discussion.

Obviously, the standard by which Salient should be judged is that of its success as a University college paper, but the desideratum of such success is capable of varying interpretations. Those people who consider that a ‘Varsity paper should merely aim to entertain with flippant reports of ‘Varsity gossip and club activities will consider Salient a failure. On the other hand those who desire not merely entertainment, but a serious consideration of topics affecting only students, may also be disappointed. To them “an organ of student opinion” should emphasise student. But again there are people who are of the belief that a ‘Varsity periodical should aim at penetrating the students’ traditional preoccupation with examinations, at arousing in them some social awareness, at shattering the academic seclusion by the introduction of world problems. Such people will see in Salient a successful paper, and in 1939 especially so, since it goaded a group of non-contributors into the activity of editing it for two issues, and, as a consequence, almost awakened the whole College. In practice Salient seems to try to please all three of these groups, but specially favours the last.

The dispute which arose at the annual general meeting over Salient’s policy was due, however, to there being two schools of opinion among those who wish to see the student better informed on extramural problems. Looking back on the incident, the impression gained is that a grievance, with marked religious and political implications, became magnified into a major difference. A guest editorship was arranged to allow the aggrieved to voice their opinions but being responsible for two issues only they were able to do little more than try to justify their action in attacking Salient, while coming to realise at the same time the difficulties of producing the paper. The gravamen of their charge was that “Salient’s viewpoint is utterly in conflict with that of the majority of those who should be its readers, and secondly too many of the articles expressing this viewpoint abound in assertions as objectionally provocative as they are utterly unproved,” or as it was put to me, “Is Salient the official organ of the Wellington branch of the Left Book Club?” As was mentioned in the first editorial and reprinted in the twelfth “the sole qualification of any article, necessary to ensure its publication, is its readableness,” and as that pronouncement was never refuted the viewpoint expressed (except for the editorial) was that of the paper’s contributors, i.e. the contributing students.

Of the pre-annual meeting editorials, only five out of eleven were concerned with political subjects and whether they expressed opinions with which the majority of students disagreed could only be decided by ballot. For an answer to the assertion that too many articles “abound in assertions as objectionally provocative as they are utterly unproved” reference should be made to the editorial in the tenth issue—one of the best editorials of the year—“Discourse on Truth,” where the difference between absolute and relative truth is enlarged upon. On the grounds set forth there, the accusation made may itself be, to some, “objectionally provocative and utterly unproved.”

To the contentions that suppression was never indulged in the reply may be given that a feeling of clique control, warning of which was given in last year’s criticism of Salient, discouraged the contribution of articles other than those palatable to Left Book Club members, and that this was borne out by the large number of articles submitted for the guest editorship. It should be now realised that any disinclination to contribute on these grounds was irrational, and those who had any grievance had merely to overcome their own inertia to be able to express it. It is also open to doubt whether the large number of articles received
could be taken as indicative of widespread disagreement with Salient, for it is possible that they were merely symptomatic of the friction prevailing at that time.

The consideration of this aspect of Salient has been prolonged but a discussion of the 1939 issues without reference to it is unavoidable, and once embarked upon not lightly dismissed.

To discuss the paper in more general terms and to compare it with the issues of the previous year is to gain the impression that the 1938 Salient was the better. If a more detailed comparison were possible that conclusion may be found to be wrong, but in retrospect it seems that no issue this year eclipsed the Spanish and Chinese numbers of last year for excellence of presentation, and that the reports of interviews were not so consistently well done. Further, more reprints from extra-Varsity sources seem to have been resorted to in order to make up for lack of contributions, while this year's Salient also suffered from lack of continuity by reason of the wrangle following the general meeting.

To point out these shortcomings is not however to condemn the paper, for this year's issues still maintained a very high standard, and throughout the year a conscious striving to fulfil the functions of a college periodical was obvious. Varsity activities appear to have been well covered; up to the annual meeting four out of the eleven editorials were devoted solely to student affairs, and in all issues, except the Nutrition issue, the emphasis of the majority of articles seems to have been upon college life. One bad omission is noticeable however, and that is failure to mention the Exec. elections for where such a great number of students are unknown to one another some mention of the qualifications of the candidates seems imperative if voting is going to be intelligent. Consideration of the thorny question of reporting meetings and debates by commentaries instead of verbatim reports leads to the conclusion that in the confined space of the paper the verbatim report is not possible, while condensations are dull and useless. Commentaries seem therefore unavoidable. They have however one great weakness—lack of objectivity. Greater catholicity in commentators would tend to offset this defect. Examination of the editorials shows a high competence and an obvious sincerity, and what may be lost on occasions by intolerance is made up by forcefulness.

As a special edition the exhaustive “Nutrition” number was commendable, and together with the cyclostyled sheet, “Truth in Advertising” that accompanied it, gave an indication of the scope for social betterment that such an independent paper as Salient possesses. The retention of the advertisement of a certain firm of grocers saying “Tea is good for the brain” certainly gave point to that number.

Of the special articles the two most outstanding were the message from the Prime Minister, which was a shrewd commentary on some effects of University life, and the report of the interview with Sir Harry Batterby which successfully transmitted the impressions of a somewhat enigmatic personality. Column fill-ups with the obiter dicta of the famous are commendable in moderation, but we hope that we will be spared any further quotations from “Eyeglass in Gaza.”

It is interesting to note that at the end of the first term a special appeal was made for articles of literary merit with the idea of developing the literary side of Salient, but judging by the issues of the next term there must have been little or no response. Whether a paper of Salient's slight format can hope to attract such material seems somewhat questionable. The great weakness of the verse published during the past year was the use of hackneyed imagery, and, being clogged with “poetic” expressions, it lacked spontaneity. In few instances was there the necessary compression and exactitude of expression. Contributions by H.W.G. showed him to possess superior facility in this medium, his sense of rhyme being especially strong, while his poem “Evolution” stands out by reason of its effective condensation.

So far mention has not been made of the sports-page which entails some of the most onerous work in production. Though confronted with fewer difficulties in obtaining copy, the sports editor must always prepare his material within a restricted time, and high praise is merited for the uniformly attractive and accurate set-up of the sports page.
In spite of all the perfection achieved in production, namely its lay-out, punctuality and regularity, and in spite of the high standard of the reading matter, Salient has suffered from the two incubi of all papers at Victoria College—poor response from both subscribers and contributors. If the proposed universal subscription becomes effective one difficulty, from the paper's point of view, will have been solved, but there will still remain the difficulty of obtaining contributions. In many ways it seems that it is a problem that will always be with us. Past experience shows that a "popularisation" of the paper as in Smad does not result in increased support from writers, while a lowered standard acts as a strong deterrent to the better informed contributor. On these grounds it is considered that the proposal, as mentioned and demonstrated in No. 17, of brightening the paper with photographs is one that needs cautious adoption lest the College foster a second Pix. If the present standard is to be maintained (and it is not too high a standard for a University College) it seems that all an editor can do is to cast his staff-net as widely as possible, especially in political waters, and be prepared for the necessity of the staff having to write the paper. Such an arrangement has many disadvantages, as was demonstrated this year, but no other seems practicable, and provided the pages of the paper are an open forum there should be sufficient safeguard against undue influence. If the paper is then accused of bias it will be unfortunate, but not distressing.

—O.A.E.H.

RECRUITING OFFICE, 1939

Now, in this hour, war is here.
Fate stamps triumphant in and brings
Impassioned toxicants of hate and fear.
While Man, ordered to slaughter, sings
His brief bravado song and dies,
By plausible cause and faith unreasoned sway'd.

So, sapped with shibboleths and lies
Another visioned world-state rots half-made.

—C.
REVERIE

A log
was jutting out of the sand. Whitened with many a rushing wave. It cast a small shadow in which two heads, close together, were snuggled on a brightly striped bathing towel.

The one
to the right was oval and well shaped—perhaps the nose was a little too upturned but this did not detract from the smoothly tanned cheeks, thin black eyebrows, and a curly mass of black hair. And lips—ah those lips. Then there was a small black mole on the neck—from the neck—to the sunshine.

The head
to the left was oblong. Ears medium with one a little forward. Nose straight, narrow, sensitive—to a high forehead back to a mousy crop of sea-dishevelled hair. Cheeks brown but slightly skinned where a blunt razor had torn an uneven surface. And the chin and mouth strong and determined—determined.

Small words
came quickly—idled and fled. Silence—then the privacy of thought—yet not a true privacy. For close proximity moulded entities that were similar. Of the sun burning—the cool of a stray cloud—and a slight sea breeze gently caressing.

The moods
of the sun—bright dazzle—hot—quietly warming—fitful, fleeting, cloud-locked heat. Could be a sun worshipper. The mystic, unreal God leads to hallucinations. Whereas the life-giving rays are concrete—see them, feel them, and understand what they can do. A realistic deity with knowledgeable and tangible effects. This green shoot of young wheat, those trees with shady leaves, giving fruit—new life to sustain old life. Cannibalism—yet a comprehensible cannibalism, not vague and without body. Not a persecution and ignorance arising out of nothing. Heathen, perhaps, but a sensible heathenism, that does not lull one into dark insensibility.

Thoughts
in the mind—unspoken. Face right. Idling—dear Jamie—the thrill of a careless hand makes me want to stretch into the sun. Oh why are all those people along there. To be just us two—with the sun and the sand—naked. Towel uncomfortable—brush of skin—that thrill—that pang. How I love him—or is it that or is it the monotonous roar of the sea smoothing a false security. If—children birth and pain. Like a cigarette—I'll put one in your mouth. Wrong end—this is cork. Light. Sorry try this one. Someone swimming—nice bronze do you know who it is? Probably one of the boys from the camp.

Face left.
I wonder—would—I wonder. Voice spoken—Yes. Ivan Berry—decent chap. First class cricketer, plays Senior A. Smooth to touch—those lips to kiss. Look at that cloud—looks like an elephant. The head—trunk and tail—legs. Bit skinny though. Sand in your eye? Let me fix it. There alfright. Look at that beetle. Red back—black wings. He's crawled into a hole by that little bit of creeper. Wonderful how plant life clings tenaciously to its sustenance. Think that is one of man's weaknesses—his instability. In his restlessness he gathers the most pernicious habits and disregards the good strengths. Think I'll go to sleep—sleep.

Sun
was sinking—a lone chill crept.shadow merged in shadow—day warmed bodies shivered and shifted—came closer for warmth and—new life.

—M.L.B.
PROFESSOR SIR THOMAS HUNTER

When the Birthday Honours list revealed that the patent of Knight Bachelor was conferred on the Principal of Victoria College, one felt that the distinction was distributed in several directions. In addition to the well merited honour to Professor Hunter himself, it was a recognition of the College and of the services of education to the community. Indeed, it is not too much to say that His Majesty’s advisers did themselves honour in their choice.

Sir Thomas’s association with Victoria College has been a long one. He came here in 1904, as a young man of 27, from the teaching staff of the Waitaki Boys’ High School to fill the post of Lecturer in Mental Science and Economics. He was appointed a Professor in 1907 and to the Chair of Philosophy two years later. From the beginning he was a force to be reckoned with. His teaching exerted great influence on his students—so great that critics appeared from time to time who deplored this or that tendency in it. These detractors, who could usually be identified as persons who had never set foot within the precincts of the College, invariably overlooked the vital fact that Hunter’s method of instruction did not tend in one direction or another. It was merely to impart information, without twist or bias, and leave the facts to work like yeast in the leaven of the student mind. He believed in and observed the axiom of C. P. Scott of the “Manchester Guardian”: “Comment is free, facts are sacred.” Let us hope that the Philistines will now have the grace to be silent for ever.

Few of the graduates who listen with pride and awe to the familiar Capping formula, “I, Thomas Alexander Hunter, Vice-Chancellor . . .” realise how much the present standard of New Zealand degrees is due to the efforts of the unassuming man before them. The movement for University reform, which began in earnest in 1910, has been led by Victoria College. Writing of the movement in his “History of the University of New Zealand,” Dr. J. C. Beaglehole says: “The spearhead (and for a period the spear itself) was found in Victoria College . . . What indeed the University owes to the humanism of Von Zedlitz, the energy and concentration of Hunter, the analytic power of Laby and Picken, the courage and selflessness and ability in debate of these and Easterfield and Kirk, is difficult to estimate, but the debt is none the less certain.” Time and its vicissitudes have removed from the arena of active combat all these reformers except Sir Thomas Hunter, who is still in the vanguard as he was thirty years ago. When the University Reform Association was formed in 1910, following shortly upon a public meeting in the Concert Chamber of the Wellington Town Hall, he was appointed the first secretary; and he was one of the editors of a persuasive and influential pamphlet on the subject published a year later, under the title of “University Reform in New Zealand.” There was much opposition to the proposals of the reformers and the continuous struggle for improvement would have wearied a less dauntless fighter. But both in the Senate, of which he has been a member since 1912, and outside it, Sir Thomas has steadily and persistently carried forward the cause which he espoused so long ago.

No small part of Sir Thomas Hunter’s success in accomplishing reforms has been due to superior diplomacy. He wastes no time in tilting at impregnable windmills. He recognises that a temporary retreat is sometimes the best strategy; he knows when it is wiser to accept an adjournment and hope for a better day. His proposals are never found to conflict with the standing orders. Yet even more important is the fact that when he makes a statement to the Senate or the College Council, there is such complete confidence in his judgment and candour that further investigation seems unnecessary. To his genius for administration the reorganisation of this College since he became Principal will bear sufficient testimony. In earlier years he was prominent in Rugby and tennis councils, and was responsible for bringing the Davis Cup contest to New Zealand for the first time.
It is related of Sir Thomas that as a footballer he never failed to tackle, no matter what the odds were. He has shown the same pluck in the larger game of life; and it is surely a matter of great satisfaction to University men and women everywhere that valour in the intellectual field now has its recognition and its reward, as much as physical gallantry on land or sea.

—W.P.R.

IN SECESSU

Blue flames... dancing, flickering,
dancing on the red-hot coals below, hissing
out a warm, smug message in accents hot and dry
as they lick the crusted stone.
Red bells and white porphyry; how odd,
strangely and inconceivably plural.
they are one, yet why?
Why are they there? Why?

Ah my little one, soon, too soon.

Dresden china, painted shepherdesses, slow
fixed smiles on their painted cheeks—merciless
and artificial as the Mona Lisa.
Oh ye little symbols of a guarded security!
No flocks to come disturb your sylvan ease.
Why? Tell me WHY?

Cease, my pet, cease your disturbing murmurings.

"Lullaby and good-night,
Thi-ine angel's deli-ght . . ."

Red plush, how opulent.
red plush, above, below, all round.
No escape! Echo the dreary word in
the hot unsympathetic depths of a murmurous blaze,
or in the vague, vapid smile of the shepherdess.
No escape!
Oh God, the agony of confinement—that cloying
sameness that gnaws at the very root of being.
Think of it! Life bordered and bounded by a wall
of red plush. Red plush! RED PLUSH!
Scream the word, howl it from your crags,
your lofty crags that are denied me.
Whisper it sonorously in your caspar'd scintillating grottos,
hear it echo with an insensate, maddening intensity
in the lofty vaults.
Mingle it with the shivering of the murmurous grasses,
hear them softly repeat it... wondering, questioning,
yet hear them?
Mingle it with the sultry clink of well-filled glasses,
Breathe it in the stuffy board-room.
Shout it above the thund'rous roar of falling masonry,
whisper it in the ear of the dying man... and then
Leave it to the depths of a dawning consciousness.
Oh God—no way out!
A sinister, horrible captivity—held fast in the
silken bonds of Cerberus... unbreakable fetters
wrought in the dust, of antiquity.

Cast off those timorous inhibitions . . .
throw aside the tantalising folds and
reveal a world!

Why do you stand with blanched cheek . . .
Why that ghastly pallor? What do you see?
Far, far below . . . a maelstrom of swirling water.
Darksome and sinister.
Millions of tiny creatures struggling... impotently
hopelessly... all wrapped up in a swirling
vortex of beastliness.
Is there no escape there, either?
Alas, none. All will be sucked, engulfed inexorably
to glut the monster's icy maw.

Still... red plush, bells and white porphyry,
and... pale, blue, flames.

—Jasper.

The mist submerging the peaks
Sends an errant eddy
Down each valley, and packs
Its condensing cloud against the steady
Bulwark of the wood.
These pliant waves are not long withstood.

Here is never heroic thunder
Drumming the macabre timber,
Never lightning swiftly certain
Nor curt onslaught by hail.
The patient hills lie passive under
The pale mist's condemning swirl.

—C.
Sydenham Potteries

G. A. EIBY
PLUNKET MEDAL

One approaches the task of judging a Plunket Medal Contest with misgivings much the same as those experienced by the entrant. How is the speaker, you ask, to be oratorical without being theatrical? Oratory has its roots in inspiration whether this arises from the nobility of some cause or event or from the vividness of some personality. A prepared speech of the duration set by this contest has the same disadvantages as a poem made to order: it does not necessarily lack the sublime touch but the presence of the inspirational factor is more likely to be due to accident than to design. This year the difficulty was surmounted by an Irishman speaking on an Irish theme: a happy combination that has had several successes in the thirty-three years of the "Medal."

The judges reached the conclusion that of the nine speeches delivered that on de Valera was the most arresting, the one that came closest to their conception of the spirit of the contest. It was given with fire and spirit, but without prejudice or rancour. No one familiar with the mathematical precision of de Valera's nature could regard him as a particularly romantic subject for a moving address, and yet Mr. O'Connor made him live as an attractive character stimulated to great purposes by a belief in the essential nobility of his cause. It required no small effort to lift this thin-lipped, long-nosed, fishy-eyed individual that the newspapers present to us as de Valera from the category of a soulless pedagogue into that of a Curran or a Parnell, giving the latter the picture in which posterity, and not Clark Gable, has set him.

It was these features that set the winning effort by a narrow margin above the second gained by Mr. Meek with his talk on Jiddu Krishnamurti. Arrangement of material and presentation were both more subtle and distinctive than in Mr. O'Connor's speech: indeed, the subject-matter lent itself to an impersonal and quiet treatment, and this method was admirably handled by Mr. Meek. But while Krishnamurti and his philosophical and religious theory provide food for speculative debate, his intellectual detachment makes him a difficult choice for this sort of oratorical contest. Some years ago, a speaker on Socrates found himself in like case, but leavened his sombreness by references to "Mrs. Socrates" which were greatly enjoyed by the less reverent of the audience.

Burke (Mr. A. L. McCulloch) and the Earl of Strafford (Mr. E. K. Braybrooke) ran a dead heat for third place. Both speakers rattled the dead bones of history with some skill, but the result could not produce more than drab and dreary pictures drawn from eras in which we have little interest. There is no reason why such men should not be fit subjects for oratory but, treated purely from an objective standpoint, they become mere catalogues of events or achievements: if they lack colour in themselves, some light and shade should be infused into the age which serves as their background. Mr. McCulloch laid considerable insistence upon Burke's attitudes and speeches. A man can be an artist in attitudes: Wilde and Whistler were; but a speech, once made, is generally as dead as last year's love, and the last way to create enthusiasm for a politician of yore is to repeat extracts from his speeches. Mr. McCulloch, also, should refrain from a habit of submitting his "character for your consideration" as if it were a question either of probation or reformative detention. On the other hand, there was something of a "take it or leave it" manner about Mr. Braybrooke who gave us all the documentary evidence and invited us, as it were, to pass judgment upon the facts. As an essay, this address was to be highly commended: as a speech, it needed more life.

In "T. E. Lawrence," Mr. Edgley selected a colourful personality about whom it is not difficult to become enthusiastic. His introduction was excellent: the young and glamorous patriot, in his Arabian dress, seated amongst the world's most famous diplomats at the Versailles Conference. From that point, the treatment became objective—a piling up of factual data with which most of the audience must have been altogether familiar. But, behind all the known facts, Lawrence remains one of the enigmas of the age—
recluse, speed-fiend, pacifist at heart—any interpretation of the underlying reasons would have provided oratory with a scope it can rarely find in mere objectivity. Mr. Edgley, too, suffers like many good debaters from the defect of speaking too fast—a desire, no doubt, to crowd the canvas and avoid elimination.

Mr. Renouf (Kagawa) spoke earnestly on a subject that seemed close to his heart, but it sounded at times, with its emphatic embellishments, like the letter of an early Victorian maiden. "It was too heavenly to meet you of all people in such perfect surroundings." He described Kagawa as one whose social work was without equal in the world to-day. It is no reflection upon Kagawa to say that his admirer failed to establish so extravagant an assertion, and the failure is mentioned to illustrate the necessity in contests of this kind of avoiding the fascination of superlatives. The horses that are doped with adjectives almost invariably weaken in the run home.

In his study of Lord Rutherford, Mr. Foley went to the opposite extreme and gave a speech entirely lacking in light and shade. This was not altogether the fault of the speaker. The fact simply is that neither Lord Rutherford nor his life are fit subjects for a speech of the kind required to win the Plunket Medal. The splitting of the atom is a discovery of immense importance to science, but it is as impossible to become emotional about it as it is to become emotional about Dr. Murphy's intestinal button. With the paucity of available material, the most experienced orator could not have aroused an audience by a recital of Rutherford's technical experiments.

A similar difficulty did not apply to Prince Kropotkin, many-sided gentleman and spiritual adventurer. Mr. Lewin, however, produced a somewhat incoherent likeness, dulled by a poor delivery and ill-timed gestures. The tendency to punctuate a speech with gesture has perhaps been increased by the antics of totalitarian dictators, but it is slightly out of harmony with modern speaking and, unless performed with considerable ingenuity, is apt to strike a false note even in a sincere address such as Mr. Lewin's was.

Last but not least, we come to Mr. McDonald who handled Mustapha Kemal with discernment and a degree of pugnacity. Giving the appearance of being the youngest entrant in the contest, he made a good showing in his first assault on the "Medal." The speech was well-balanced, but here and there was a note of bathos that experience will correct.

After the presentation of the Medal to Mr. O'Connor, the Hon. W. E. Barnard, Speaker of the House of Representatives, made some interesting observations on Parliamentary Debate. Yet, it is not in the skilled debater nor in the stump orator that the Plunket Medal winner is to be found, but rather in a speaker who, having selected an interesting and outstanding personality, can make him live for at least a few of the short twelve minutes that are available for that purpose.

—W. E. Leicester.
YOU WILL REMEMBER

Why did you look so strangely at that man we passed just now? We both knew him once, centuries ago, when his name was Hradmar, and he came as a guest to the king your father with seventy fighting-men and a gift of wonderful otter-skins from the Gotland rivers. I should have liked to have one of those skins, just to feel the firm, fine texture, so unlike our shaggy bear and wild-cat. But after the fighting, when Hradmar was dead, you would not do anything except look out over the ruins of the hall to the dark white plains, that went on and on, perhaps to Tartary and the end of the world.

Don't you remember how excited you were, the night they came? They were dark, but taller than our people, and they moved about in the dusk looking like the giant Trolls who dig in the earth for iron and silver. The king, your father, was kind to them, as he always was to strangers, but your mother was silent, only watching us lay straw for their rest in the great hall. And you were watching Hradmar, all the time.

People said afterwards that this man was no stranger, and that your mother had had great cause for hate towards him in the early days, long before she came to be queen in the north-east kingdom. They talked of a man from the west, strong and fair and a prince in his own right; of intrigue and women's jealousy, dark as storm in winter; and of death that might have been mischance, a boar's tusk in the forest. But all this was noise and servants' chatter as the kitchen boys stood around dressing the frozen ox-flesh and the old men heated spear-heads for new shaftings—there had been so many broken.

The sleeping-hall that night was alien ground. Awe and curiosity joined hands about it, making a fence you could not see, while yet another feeling breathed in the gusts of air and ran across the open spaces and lay on its belly in the shadows of trees, till men grew silent and dogs and cattle restless and even the pine-trees moved uneasily; till only the moon saw down aloof between the shoulders of piling clouds. I saw the stack for weapons in the centre of the yard; there was one gaping shield remaining. I saw the queen, her eyes like blue steel.

We would never have got out that night if I hadn't stolen the key, but there was only one place for us—at the north end of the hall, where the sun had pulled the logs apart enough for us to see through. Inside, torches were flickering; shadows of the heavy beams moved to and fro across the sarking. Hradmar was over by the door, leaning back, his head in two big hands; I don't think you saw any of the others. They were lying about on the straw, some cleaning their steel from flecks of mud and rust, others talking in the western dialect that was so hard to follow. One spoke of a hermit he had met in the Prussian woods: soon they were all listening. "He told me, 'You will cross the Vistula three times, but the Dvina you will cross only once.'" I crossed the Vistula for the third time coming home from Posen last winter; the Dvina, I think, was the river we crossed last night."

After that no one spoke; the rushlights cowered and fell, sank to points of light, till in the gloom it was hard to see. Each tried to sleep, but disquiet was a heavy blanket that by its chafing made rest impossible. They lay as if straining every nerve to hear or see, these men who had crossed the Baltic and made their way inland against river and weariness and storm; till one near us drew out a flute and began to play. It was an air as old as the sea, that the men of the herring-fleets used to sing, returning up the river low-keeled from the summer harvests. One after one the notes rose in the darkness calling to sleep, rose and died as they touched her sleeve; and at last sleep descended, folding their fear away inside her gown. So as least they had a half-hour's dream before the clouds broke apart and you screamed, to see the moonlight fall on shining spears.
Up in your room you fainted clean away; I had to bring water and burning pine-needles. Meanwhile they had set fire to the hall, and the fight was raging, seventy against four hundred. Shouts and the clash of weapons, steel against steel and axe on tough bulls-hide; rush of feet that ended suddenly, shrieking and the tumult of cattle in the stalls, crackle of flames that danced to the crazy fiddling, thunder of falling beams, roar of the wind that, roused, sprang out of the forest, seized great armfuls of smoke and rushed up skywards, thick pine-smoke that drove into every hole and crevice, stinging, blinding, choking and, at last, obliterating . . . The smell of smoke was in the air the next morning, when they brought your mother the ring that Hradmar had carried. We had lost forty-eight of our best men, and your father was much annoyed over that, and the loss of his honour and his great hall.

But that was how they died, the men from Gotland; it is strange you have forgotten, or so nearly forgotten. But if we pass that man again in the street, I think you will remember.

LIEBESLIED

Beyond the light of ripening grain
Heavy with sun on an autumn plain
A moment in time—
Posed in the quivering soundless air,
And hushed like a song about to begin
Still, still . . .
Till a breathless beauty an exquisite joy
Poured from the harp of a woman's breast
Played by the hand of a peasant boy.

—E.M.B.
JUDGMENTS

Passing judgment in any competition is not an easy task, and the "Spike" literary and photographic competitions were no exception. With this in view "Spike" wishes to thank the judges for the manner in which they have performed their duties and for their helpful comments and criticisms are given below.

Photography

The judges spent a very enjoyable though strenuous evening in judging these prints which show a marked advance on previous exhibits. Some of the prints show a high standard of poetic imagination and ability to use the "Language of Pictures" as well as good photographic technique. We may look forward to the time when these workers will be producing pictures of salon quality.

Our method in judging was to first go through the lot and put aside those which were definitely out of the highest class. This left about a dozen that merited careful study and judgment, and gradually we selected in the following order those which seemed to us the best, taking note of all those points that go to the making of a picture.

First award, "Students." This is an excellent study of what is rather a difficult subject. To bring two figures into a composition and give each full value without setting up a competition between them is no easy matter. It has been done here exceedingly well. The picture is full of interest and full of beautiful tone and rich quality in both lights and darks. All the material used to make the picture is harmonious and supports the main theme. The mounting is good and the tiling clear without being assertive. There is no fault to find with the whole ensemble.

Second award, "Old Timer." This is a delightful scene well rendered. Its rich, if somewhat dark tones help to suggest the romance of the scene which is full of interest and contains no jarring note. Everything is well placed and nothing is superfluous. The mounting and tiling are excellent. The head of the figure is rather lost against the dark tone behind and would perhaps have been better seen without the cap while the dog evidently resents the whole proceeding. Through such small misfortunes does a picture come to be placed second.

Third award, "Sydenham Potteries." Here is a first prize picture spoiled by its mounting and tiling. The tones of inner and outer mount should be reversed. A warm toned print should be on a cream inner mount or better still one broad cream mount with a simple cut-out and possibly a line round it. The title is much too big for this small print and overwhelms it, attracting attention first instead of last. The print is a delightful rendering of unpromising material and we longed to place it ever so high. but, shades of D. O. Hill! what could we do with a mount like that?

Very highly commended, "Excursion." This is well composed and photographed and the print has a pleasant softness and atmosphere. Perhaps the white circle on the left would be better out of the picture, while the headless coat on the right is also unfortunate. But what spoils the picture is the dreadful blank band round it. Very rarely will a photograph stand anything darker than a lead pencil will give around it. The picture is the thing, the mount is there to concentrate the attention on the picture. It must never attract attention to itself.
Highly commended, "Deep in the Forest." A beautiful scene and delightful texture in the print. Unfortunately the brometching has gone a little too far on the upper portion of the dark tree trunk so that the light in the middle distance seems to come forward across the tree. A little doping would rectify this, says J.W.J.! Another black band and badly cut mount helped to put this picture out of the higher places. I don’t know what we would have done if these mistakes had not been made.

Commended, "Nightfall." The level lines and soft atmospheric tones all help to convey the feeling of evening. A gentle and dreamy feeling fills the picture, which alas the sharp and aggressive lettering of the title does its best to destroy. The stern of the boat is just a little too vertically under the dark headland and its artificial definition with a pencil is therefore the more undesirable.

A number of other prints show imagination, poetic and emotional feeling without which a picture is as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," but they fail in one way or another such as those already mentioned faults, or in some other way. For instance let us consider "Decline and Decay." This has splendid "picture language" in it, but where does the bright light on the water come from? The sky has a half circle of lighter tone that looks like a fault in development, otherwise it is a flat grey. A slightly hazy moon would do the trick and could be printed in. But for this weakness the picture would have scored highly. And so with several others, but be not dismayed; who would want to make pictures if it was easy?

Prose and Verse

A large number of entries were received this year—as many of twenty-five from a single competitor. Three handed in about sixty between them! As most of them were uniformly mediocre in quality—too good not to read right through and too bad to excite—I found them a bit boring to read and very difficult to judge.

The prose on the whole was disappointing. The winning piece, "Half-Caste," was the only one that at all satisfactorily met my requirements—ability to write clearly and cogently, some originality of idea and expression, and refusal of the writer to kid himself, i.e. to trick himself into feelings and attitudes that were not his own. The writer of "Half-Caste" aimed at 100 and, I think, has hit it. Not developed enough to stir one deeply it depends for its success on the effectiveness with which the frying-pan-fire point is made. In my opinion that is well made, without undue sentimentality or exaggeration. The tone is pretty well right.

The writer of "The Fateful Twenty-fifth of August" does not avoid kidding himself. The result is that he must have felt rather better after writing it than anyone in his situation has a right to feel. Apart from some errors in composition and grammar, its faults are the stereotyped language and the artificially dialectical manner.

I have a deeply rooted dislike of Saxon Sagas of the romantic past like "You Will Remember," which seem to me too unreal to be worth much attention, but I had to recognise in this one some efficient writing. In its conventional way it is a workmanlike effort.

"The Relation of Science to Politics" moves flat-footedly. Though it raises some important points in an interesting way, failure to elaborate them makes it rather a series of dogmatic, inadequately substantiated generalisations than a reasoned exposition.

Too many of the poets appear to differ from the Faith Healer of Deal in not disliking "what they fancy they feel." One of the more prolific (he submitted 21 poems) is a habit-hardened romantic whom it would now probably be impossible to convince that "gardens of pale fragrance and cool shadow," etc., interminably, have no existence outside romantic minds. The emotional meanings of such words have indeed been so altered by over-use in poems of spurious sentiment that they cloud instead of clarify-
ing the objects they are intended to picture. When a poet (another one), who begins, "God pity them, the dark of sight, who never looked upon a tree."

goes on to assert:

"I have within my mind a star.
Of beauty burned upon my sight:
Dim bluebells in the twilit woods
The boisterous gorse blooms’ gold delight
The skylark in the cloudless blue..."

we may agree that the star is within his mind all right but suspect that he has never really looked upon a tree either, or, more likely, has failed to record what he saw and felt when he did. Under the dominance of these terms many competitors have written verse that has an atmosphere of remoteness and unreality. The imagery tends to be smudgy, lacking the clarity that is needed to surprise readers into a new response, and the rhythms are too flabby to express feeling strongly.

In "The Waste Land," D.M.S. has almost managed to shake himself free from trite "poetic" words and cloying rhythms and written a satisfying poem. The verse form he has chosen has helped him to define the emotion with some firmness and certainty. This does not mean that there are not serious flaws in the poem. There are, for instance: a few weak rhymes—weak in idea as well as sound—and one or two flaccid phrases like "war and lust." Further some of its integrity is sacrificed in the optimism, long-term though it is, of the last stanza. But its Auden-esque movement and vigour are refreshing.

"Like Purple Flowers on a Corpse," also by D.M.S., is not nearly so good. Its merits are its coherence, its concern with real and vital things, its occasional felicity of expression; its faults, some doubtful figures (e.g. "... avalanche that cataracts to national death"), but mainly a forced dragging movement.

I like the rhythmic strength and tautness of "The Concrete Man," which seems to me to express the necessary sense of solidity and immovability very well. The effect is got with a commendable economy.

"In Secessu" reveals a considerable amount of poetic ability. Its author has, however spoiled it by melodramatizing a little moment in the usual way. Something of the dull flatness of Charlotte Bronte's "Schoolteacher’s Monologue" would better express the misery of the experience here.

I thought "The Shrinking Valiant" was the most successful of the dozen and a half pieces submitted by K.M.M. He (or she) uses orthodox poetic forms with much skill; her poems, in fact, have fewer technical blemishes than those of any other competitor, but she lapses too often into sentimentality and rarely manages to escape being hackneyed in her choice of themes and in her treatment of them.

The general standard of the verse submitted was higher than that of the prose. What is the reason for the absence, noticeable in "Spike" for the last few years, of really good prose?

—W. J. Scott.
L'ÉTERNELLE IDOLE

Composition on a Theme of Rodin.
L’ÉTERNELLE IDOLE

Whether he turn to Christ in Heaven
Odin in Valhalla
Buddha ’neath a bo tree
Brooding in Nirvana

Whatsoever Name he breathe
Hiding from the world
Whether in prayer or sleep or death
Like a foetus curled

Snuggling man blots out his qualms
In the Eternal Idol’s arms.

Mother maiden harlot queen
Idol holy and obscene

Whom poet prophet sculptor spend
Lives of thought to apprehend;

The great desire and quickening
Shuddering through the soil in spring

The terror in the cave, the blind
Folly in the Maya mind

The warmth the traveller in the snow
Feels, and can no longer go

Along the waste of paper-white
The hand that soothes us in the night

Let me nameless Deity
Chant your only litany.

Goddess of life deliver us
From gods who vulcanise our flesh
Electrify our minds and turn
Sinew and vein to copper mesh
From shiny nickel-plated hearts
Rubber livers, standard parts
Eyes of chromium and glass
Goddess of life deliver us.

Goddess in this blood-warm sea
Among the flow and lapse of tides
Where dark is darker, light more light
I know that you are nearer
Where all around is purple weed
And overhead illusions glide
In green fathoms blue fathoms and the
yellow surface water
Goddess of love deliver us
From the plasma's slow dilution
The virtue in the bowler hat
The test-tube marriage institution
From the damping sense of sin
Passion only stirred by gin
The noise behind the wall the fuss
Goddess of love deliver us.

Goddess when the temples fall
When altars spill their offerings
And blow-lamps turn on sepulchres

From broken bitumen there springs

In green and white embroidered dress
A punga like a shepherdess
With curling crook and modest air
And unembarrassed pubic hair

Goddess of strength when temples burn . . .

But Quetzalcoatl won't return.

That shepherdess!—too late to start:
The priests are cutting out my heart

Goddess of death deliver us
We have lived too long

Loveliness did never last
And now our footprints burn the grass
Goddess of death deliver us

Dawn, first love (they say), the rose
Pass—and we must I suppose
Goddess of death deliver us

And let your seas wash clean away
The soot that falls on us to-day

Bring the tides that drift your hair
Across the brow of my despair

Tear the paper from the wall
Let seaweed seaweed cover all.

Amen.

—H.W.G.
THE UNIVERSITY, ITS PUBLICATIONS AND THE WORLD

Although circulation figures, at any rate at Victoria and Auckland, show that New Zealand students do not particularly want to read our present student publications, this year has seen the birth of another, this time the work of the N.Z.U. Press Bureau. The probability of "Rostrum's" competing with the annual publications of the Colleges is fully recognised by its producers: indeed, both the Editor and Mr. Kennedy, chairman of the Press Bureau, suggest that "Rostrum" should displace these rivals "which have become," says Mr. Kennedy, "the last retreat and expression of university parochialism."

In inveighing against "parochialism" these gentlemen are assured of the sympathy of those connected with V.U.C. journalism; for was not that the most damning of the charges levelled against the old "Smad" (vide "Spike" 1937), and is not the chief plank in the policy of "Salient" "to link the University more closely to the realities of the world"?

Now, none will deny that what is ordinarily meant by parochialism, the preoccupation with petty local concerns to the exclusion of national and general topics, is a most pernicious evil, in the University no less than elsewhere. But has not the reaction against this evil, like all reactions, gone too far? Judging from "Salient" and "Rostrum," I would say that our aim has become to get as far away as possible from the University and to essay nothing less than the problems of the world. We fear not at all the rivalry of the commercial press. "It is obvious," wrote Mr. O. A. E. Hughan in the 1937 "Spike," "that the student mind, with its superior opportunities, should be able to analyse current happenings more intelligently than out regimented and venal press." But is it so obvious? What are these "superior opportunities of the student mind?" The student is not venal, I will grant; but, apart from that, I consider he is rather less than more qualified than his fellow citizens to analyse current happenings. The Chair of Political Science recently established at V.U.C. may do something to remove the political ignorance of those who take advantage of it; but others will continue in their abysmal ignorance of the fundamentals of politics, sociology, economics and thinking generally. The part-time student, who so greatly preponderates among us, has no time to study more than his own side of any question; and if he reads at all deeply even into that, it can only be at the sacrifice of his university work. He is then not a typical student at all. It is difficult for him to avoid the charge of being at the University only to bask in the admiration of the younger students or to make converts to his own point of view.

The superior opportunities of most students to analyse current happenings thus seem to me to be non-existent. However, there are questions which they are qualified to deal with, questions which are now almost entirely neglected, but which vitally affect our very existence as students. I mean matters such as university reform, student social and intellectual life, and the relationships between the sciences and the arts, and between the University and the world. We have become used to seeing these relegated to the background in "Salient," but it will be a great pity if "Rostrum" also fails to give them their due. Certainly there were two articles on them in the first edition, a fine survey of the whole position of the New Zealand University Colleges by Mr. F. A. de la Mare, and a thoughtful and suggestive article on our libraries; but the rest of the space was devoted to articles on the various imperfections, real and alleged, of our "capitalist" society.

I recognise that these articles may have been the best sent in, and I am far from agreeing with the recommendation of the correspondent who urged "That articles which are controversial, e.g. in praise of the Government, anti-war, anti-Chamberlain, distinctly Leftist, or radical, be cut down to a minimum
in this first issue." However, I am glad there were no anti-Chamberlain articles. The clause in the Press Bureau circular "preferably under a New Zealand sun," is a wise one. It is in its articles on the international situation, particularly when they appear as editorials, that I consider "Salient" trespasses furthest outside the scope of a University paper. When every student has access to European and American reviews, digests and periodicals giving every point of view on international affairs, what need is there to supplement them with second- and third-hand matter in "Salient"? Of course, the students' attitude in time of war is a subject entirely appropriate to either "Salient" or "Rostrum," but discussion of it should be based on fundamental principles and accredited facts, not on individual interpretation of the entirely inadequate evidence available here. To my mind the only right way for us to treat foreign affairs is through reviews of books and periodicals, in which at least an attempt at impartiality should be made.

But to return to "Rostrum." Far too many articles are purely critical. This defect is recognised by the Editor, who says "The preponderantly critical attitude is forced upon us as much by social abuses as by our own immaturity. Limitations of space, too, forbid constructive suggestions except in a limited field." I doubt if the excuses are valid, particularly the last. Far too much space is taken up in a mere enumeration of the already well-known evils of advertising, the press and the cinema, while the remedies and their efficacy are supposed to be taken for granted, or we are told dogmatically that "International Socialism is the only remedy." Would it not be infinitely more valuable to take the obvious evils for granted, and to devote the bulk of the article to showing how some new system (e.g. some particular form of Socialism or of Christian state) would eliminate present evils without bringing greater ones in its train? Better still, why not suggest what the University can do about the matter? I am sure, for example, that science and law students could collaborate in mitigating the evils of advertising, if only a lead were given. Constructive discussion might well lead to Honours students taking some aspect of the problem as a subject for their theses.

But even as purely critical articles many of those published seem to me to be almost worthless. The chief fault is a total incapacity to discriminate. The condemnations are much too sweeping. Every force that is opposed to complete Socialism is denounced as a capitalist vested interest, as Fascist, as reactionary. The press, the theatres, the Church (not the Churches, mark you), all come under the general condemnation. A few extreme instances of abuses, however unrepresentative, and a few emotionally charged labels are sufficient to damn a whole class of institutions. I could cite many instances to show that Mr. Meek's "Technique of Reaction" is even more the "Technique of Revolution." I noted particularly the way in which the argument from the person to the group, or an equally fallacious modification of it, was used to condemn the Christian Churches. Some Christians and some sects are obviously hypocritical and corrupt; so therefore are all. What is the use of inveighing against the propaganda of our opponents if we unscrupulously and inexcusably use the same methods ourselves?

And one last unfavourable comment. Might I ask what justification can be found for the publication of "Dance, Puppy, Dance"? Would not the author of the quotation which precedes it be one of the first to condemn such deliberate wallowing in indecency?

For all my destructive comments, however, I would not say that "Rostrum" has not a legitimate place in University journalism. Better than any other publication, it can serve two most important functions those of showing each College what the others are thinking (if contributions are sufficiently representative), and of showing the general public what the Universities are thinking, and what they are doing. It should not try to oust the College annuals, as it would only cramp the legitimate individual development of the Colleges, which are really independent entities. The University of New Zealand can never have any real existence except as an examining body.

Somewhat out of place as a postscript to this article, I should like to express my admiration of the truly artistic lay-out of the new periodical. It is doubly satisfying in that it is the work of the Caxton Press, which came into existence with the set intention of fostering original literary effort in this country. If "Rostrum" is any indication, it is more than justifying itself.

—W. S. Mitchell.
"... breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land"

Like purple flowers on a corpse;
Like rotted fungus on a tree;
Like odours of some chemical;
Like dreams of some drug-plumed brain;
So rise the feeble skeletons
Of our philosophies;

with march
Like that of obscene murderous tanks,
Events deploy their fatal clouds
Over the smiling face of lands
And peoples; faces feel the chill
Approach of that vast shadow; cries
Of anguish on the crest of each
New wave go circling to silence;
And from the deep-down hearts of men
A cry that bars the ringing stars,
Resents oppression; all have felt
The loathsome monument of pain
That is imposed by less than men.
All hate the giant of the times,
But some, who saw the crisis grow
And fade, and grow, and grow again,
And fade, like fluctuating flame,
Whose menace is not less by change,
Have grown out-wearied; theirs the cry,
Withdraw into the inner soul,
And build the towers of mystic might
Upon the river fading slow
Wherefore and whence no man may know,
To ultimate reality.
"J'accuse!" Such men but satisfy
Their own great need of peace, afar
From turmoil and the avalanche
That cataracts to nationed death.
"J'accuse!" I say they do allow
Oppressor to oppress the more,
They do remove the only brake
We had on the fantastic car.
"J'accuse!" I charge them all,
By Guernica and China now.

By slums, by misery, by war,
By every wrong the system holds,
To leave their chrysalis of rest,
Where they abet the tyrant's grip
Or else, as from a corpse the plants
May come, and "cruel" spring return,
So shall the earth be prey to death,
And the slow mourning of blackened age.

—D.M.S.
CAPPICADE, 1939

The annual capping revue was held this year in the Wellington Opera House, on April 22, 24, 26, 27. The show took the satisfactory form of recent years, that is, an opening song and dance, two short burlesques of differing types, and a second half composed of the usual political extravaganza. This arrangement though open to some objections has many advantages and appears to be the most desirable.

It can be safely said that the capping shows of recent years have been riding on the crest and this has been reflected in packed houses. The talent and enthusiasm has never been greater and enthusiasm is essential for the tremendous tasks undertaken by literally dozens of people who spring forward each year to do the preliminary work, and who ask for no publicity or reward except the pleasure of helping the show and perhaps "cracking one or two togethers." This is the spirit that makes for success in the shows and is more important than all the ballerinas and baritones ever assembled. It is to be hoped that the crest of this particular wave is not followed by a deep trough.

Of the shows the "spectral prelude," a well-thought-out curtain-raiser, embodying ghosts of previous shows, did not quite reach expectations though it was quite a promising beginning. It was written by Ron Meek and produced by Hilary Henderson.

Those venerable anonymsities, the Seven Pillars of Wisdom, who, we understand, had been completely overhauled and renovated, again raised their imposing structure to support another chapter in the Book of Adam. This time our friend was in Wonderland, complete with kilts and gimp. The local political satire was intended to be witty and succeeded in being very funny. Actually it was done on excellent broad lines with enough detail to hang together and give a most entertaining half-hour. This is the best form of show for entertainment even though it is lacking in finesse and subtlety. The satire was plain and some of it very well written but it was done with confident good-humour and so was very effective. It was produced with efficiency by Jack Aimers assisted in the ballet work by Marie Fletcher, who also scored a personal triumph as first emergency.

This was followed by the inevitable John Carrad with a most accomplished cast in "The Dinkum Oil," a burlesque musical comedy. The entire show was again engineered by the maestro himself with the exception of the ballets which were splendidly done by Hilary Henderson. In this was the star turn of the evening, the pas de deux, a piece of fooling in the very best extrav. style which very properly brought the house down.

The second half of the programme was composed of a political extravaganza introducing everything from magic to cowboys, from dinosaurs to Snow White, from Hit and his Adolmaniacs to the Druids. This was a clever and biting satire. It was bitter and fierce in places and there is no doubt that it struck home, as was obvious from certain reactions of a hysterical or even pathological jingoism expressed in a certain quarter. However, though this show was exceedingly clever, it was lacking in humour in places and thus lost some of its deserved appeal. That it was well worth the effort goes without saying. This type of show leaves a good impression with the intelligent members of the audience but it would have been more effective still if the humour had been more direct in places and if more laughs had relieved the slower scenes. "The Vikings" was written by Ron Meek and the production by Ralph Hogg was very effective. The large choruses were well arranged and drilled and the show where it was possible moved with a swing. The magic scene was a little unnecessary and not very effective and also tended to slow up the action. Other incidental turns however were particularly neat and though almost interpolations gave the whole affair much variety. I refer of course to the excellent scenes with Terry Dactyl with his Dinosaur boys and to Denny and Dinah, probably the two most efficient actors of the evening. So Tite's scenes with the Dwarfies was also very good variety.
The Vikings' chief virtues lay in its variety and its excellent songs, many by Ron Meek and Dick Hutchens and its weaknesses lay in the very worthy seriousness of its theme. Of those responsible for the various jobs, special mention must be made of the wardrobes which must have been a nightmare job.

This review cannot give credit to all the good points nor to the individuals but as I have already said those most deserving of praise hardly appear even on the programme. However the Capping book "Cappicade," gives all the details and it must remain as the permanent record rather than these sketchy remarks.

A final thought, in optimistic vein—Herr Adolf, who has been such a reliable source of material for extravaganzas in the past, has done one more good service to V.U.C. The report is that he has effectively cut short Ron Meek's scholarship jaunt and that we may see next year another biting attack on the Fuehrer, this time perhaps with the personal venom of a disappointed travelling scholar. We have no doubt of the ability of the Seven Pillars to support a sixteen-pounder shell, a tent, a candle and enough energy to produce their Centennial effort. The right of students to express themselves should not be questioned and next year may produce another capping revue of the same high standard as its recent predecessors.

—D.

FOR RECORD PURPOSES

Winter's freezing could not slay  
The hope of hopes I hid away;

Now in spring a whirlwind kills  
The daffodill of daffodils.

—H.W.G.
THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO POLITICS

Science . . . to the average man this is a term signifying the cause of a number of evils which have befallen him. From the book "Britain," by Mass Observation, we obtain an insight into the reasons why such prejudices have been built up against science and scientists. When asked what he thought about science, the average man's answer was one of this nature—"What with them scientists and Mussolini and Hitler, the world'll be in a bloody mess soon, that's what I think." The statement gives a clear indication that science must be shown to the people in a better light, so that ultimately the whole of humanity will be able to reap the benefits of scientific research. It appears that the average man looks at science from an economic angle. He sees it as a means to an end; that is, as a method whereby certain individuals are using it for purposes of their own gain, a method whereby a few are reaping the benefits at the expense of the majority. This attitude is a result of the present economic system. The capitalistic state was necessary for the birth of our modern science and also for its growth, but now capitalism is beginning to use the results of scientific investigation to suit its own ends—for the benefit of the few. From this we are forced to the conclusion that in order that science can be used to benefit humanity as a whole, capitalism in its present form must go.

In the past it has been considered that science should remain neutral, that it should be placed on a plane apart from politics, but now it is realised that this neutrality must be in the nature of a compromise. Science cannot remain neutral when the political designs of individuals are such that they restrict its expansion and the freedom of thought which must necessarily be part of the furthering of scientific interests. The spirit of free inquiry, which is essentially the basis of all science, must not be hampered in any way, otherwise its further investigation will prove fruitless. The ideal of science is international and it must not be used as a means to satisfy the material appetites of individual nations. Looking back over the period of years between the Renaissance and the present day, we begin to realise that the growth and expansion of science is necessary for the very existence of our civilisation. States where restrictions are imposed tend to drop back into a form of barbarism. Let us review Fascist Germany as a typical state where science has been permitted to develop only along certain prescribed lines. What is the attitude of those young Germans who will, some day, be the rulers of Germany? They appear to be intoxicated with the idea of the glorification of war, their intellectual discussions are restricted to those views which are held by the Fuehrer, no free thought can be considered because it may be detrimental to the purity of the Aryan race; science finally is being used merely as a means to build up a vast war machine greater than any the world has seen. What will be the outcome of the building of such a state? Such a state must be, economically and politically, unstable. The arms are being placed in the hands of those people who, because of the privations and restrictions which they suffer, must ultimately bring about the collapse of the dictatorship. We hope it will be by this means that the struggle between the Fascist powers and the democracies will be settled.

But what of science in the democratic states? The present tendency is for it to be used in much the same way as it is being used in Germany. In the democratic states, science must not only be let free, but fostered. Then the economical and material development of these countries will be such that, should the clash between the democratic and dictatorial powers come, the victory for the democratic powers will be overwhelming, due to their great excess of wealth and material, and their happier and healthier people. The chief factors which are hindering the true development of science in the democratic states are capitalism, in its present form, and the church. The reason why capitalism is proving to be a stumbling-block
Excursion

J. T. GALLOWAY
for the further expansion of science has already been given, namely that science at present is being exploited as a means to benefit the few, whereas its results should be used for gain for the people as a whole. Modern church discipline and organisation are based on formulæ and superstitions that are centuries old. The church considers scientific progress and method inimical to its continued unchanged existence, therefore it steadily opposes the science which tends to expose its foundations of fable and mysticism, the theories which will ultimately be of benefit, socially and materially, to the community. This opposition is usually based on some religious pretext which in reality has no bearing on the case. And this attitude of the church must be changed, otherwise science will never be able to give full range to its powers of increasing the well-being of those people who are most vitally concerned.

In future the scientist must become a politician, but he can never become a party politician. He will see the economic, social and political situation as a problem which must be solved, and not as a means to his own ends or those of his political backers. He must be conscious of the relation of his science to society, otherwise his gifts to humanity will probably prove fruitless.

All true scientists realise the cruelty and utter futility of war, and all problems of an international nature will be solved by the application of those scientific methods which have been proved to be practicable. Here it may be argued that the use of weapons of war in such a situation are the application of scientific method, but it must be realised that science, in its true sense, is to be used entirely for the well-being of the world as a whole and is used as a destructive force only for the eradication of some social evil, such as disease.

We all must realise that the integrated, scientific world organisation is coming. Such a state cannot be reached overnight, because, as we look back over the last few hundred years, we see that science has not progressed very far as yet. We must wait many years before this form of Utopia will be attained. Nevertheless, this realisation must not deter us from working towards that goal. We must seek, test, apply or reject methods which will affect, socially, economically, and politically, the well-being of our community—the community being not the people of New Zealand, not the people of Great Britain, not the people of Germany, but the people of the world.

—A.R.A.
TWO VOICES ARE THERE

It has been customary in previous issues of "Spike" to solicit articles from newly appointed members of the College Staff. In continuance of this custom "Spike" has obtained an interesting contribution from Professor Lipson who occupies the recently constituted Chair of Political Science.

Oxford and Chicago are the two Universities of which I can speak from personal acquaintance. The very conjunction of these two names itself suggests a host of contrasts. Oxford is redolent of University associations, a city where truth is consciously pursued and culture unconsciously absorbed, where dreaming spires and undergraduates reputedly despite the changed world that lies around them. Chicago, on the other hand, has been invested with attributes so different in savour that we can scarcely credit this metropolis as a seat of academic learning—that is, if we believe popular legend. How can a University thrive in this mushroom growth of the mid-western prairies, home of the "Meat Kings," of Al Capone, of spoils politics?

Oxford's great charm has lain in its atmosphere of secluded contemplation. In the College Halls, where the great of other days gaze serenely from their gilded picture frames, one is oppressed by the mute presence of the venerated past. It is impossible to contemplate those gray, weather-beaten stones, the paving-steps hollowed by centuries of use, without sensing that the University is greater by far than the individual. By quiet penetration and unobtrusive influence, the traditions of the place mould those who live within their shadow. The clanging bustle of modernity, it is true, encroaches ever closer on the sacred precincts. Charabancs, express-trains, and the ubiquitous omnibus disgorge their hordes of infidels within the retreats of the omniscient. Whilst the Morris works, looming smokily in the north, remind the dons that in an industrialised world Oxford may yet become merely "the Latin quarter of Cowley." Oxford can no longer "daff the world aside and bid it pass." Not that Oxford is full of twentieth century Canutes ordering a halt to the onrushing tide of what some consider "progress." The cloisters are far less cloistered than heretofore.

At Chicago, there is no incubus of the past, for the past lies still within the memory of those living. Traditions—if one can speak of them—are fluid. Men mould the University to themselves rather than are moulded by it. The task of building, of establishing standards, of creating the system, proceeds apace. They are proud of their creation, they, who in fifty years have produced a University that now stands in the foremost rank. But they do not revere it, as at Oxford. Reverence can be felt only for a mystery. There in Chicago, the University is intertwined with all the tentacles of a tremendous city. Theoretical speculation about what ought to be is conditioned by the demands and strivings of practical men. Even the pseudo-Gothic of Chicago's architecture cannot conceal the modern bias of its soul.

Their mottoes breathe their contrast. To Oxford's "The Lord is my light" Chicago responds "Let knowledge increase that life may become more civilised." At Oxford, truth is shrouded in a dim religious light. At Chicago, it is placed under the microscope.

—Leslie Lipson.
THE SHRINKING VALIANT

I have two selves: one, lonely, stands
Before a dream with empty hands;
One walks the earth in happy guise,
And keeps the world at bay with—lies!

Lies, lies, and lies! God keep my soul
That faces Him with such a toll,
Yet shows the world a steady chin—
And shields the quivering heart within!

Be still, O heart! What need to weep
When watch my other self shall keep?
Preserve thy sanctuary unmarred—
My will shall prove sufficient guard.

Forgive the tongue that chokes the cry
And gives a probing world the lie;
That vows a peace from hurt and pain,
And—turns to staunch the wound again!

O grant my lips shall not betray
The dust and darkness of the day,
And, in that shrine my visions gild,
My dreaming, empty heart be filled!

—K.M.M.

O SIREN MOUNTAINS

Austere, aloof, in grave cold charm you call
across the plains to me.
O siren mountains, will you never cease
your call until I have replied
and lie in agony of love and death
upon your snowy side?

—a.
THIS NEW ZEALAND

At the moment of writing, a second major war has commenced. That it should have commenced is utterly wrong; but, faced with its presence, it is for the peoples of the world to preserve their sanity and to end it as quickly as possible. When the end comes there must be no repetition of Versailles. The extracts in "This New Zealand" taken from the Press, seem to reveal the ease with which people can accept ridiculous statements and ludicrous relationships. From now on, it is a duty to examine every phrase as to its ascertainable truth.

Sir.—My parents came to New Zealand in the early days. Father was a schoolmaster. He taught in various Government schools on the West Coast. We were great friends of Dick Seddon. I can hardly contain my indignation over that cruel attack which Mr. J. A. Lee has made on all those other people who pioneered this country with their pack-horses.

Just fancy a Socialist coming along now and telling us that our parents and grandparents were possibly vagabonds and the "scum of the earth!" It's not fair! I'm only one individual, but I have my feelings and I am not going to be dragged down by people like Mr. Lee who don't know what others have done for us.

Surely the Early Settlers' Association will take this up and demand an apology from Mr. Lee, who should be made to tear the pages out of his book before he is put into the shops. He's not playing the game to attack those who are dead in their graves.—Letter to "Dominion."

"I do not want to see the Maoris in Castlecliff. They should not be there at all; they are a menace," said Mr. D. Ross, a member of the board. "I have seen the Government houses near Raelih for Maoris. They should make application to be housed there. The place for the Maoris is up the Wangamati River. The further they are away from the city, the better for them."

"Dominion."

Loneliness is, or should be, the business of all women; loneliness of face and figure, loneliness in the home, loneliness of thought and speech have enormous influence in a world which to-day is desperately trying to keep up the standards of life and thought.

And so we ought to dress up, and this season's fashions are "pretty" first and smart afterwards.

Pretty colours, pretty flowers, pretty frills have much to do with the loneliness of femininity that brings happiness to democratic civilisations.—"Evening Post."

"I doubt whether any party has ever had a system of organisation so complete in its activities stretching through every walk of life in the community," Mr. Hamilton said. "It is becoming more and more realised by the people that our party has no "axe to grind" and is not sectional in any of its aims. It stands as the spearhead of the fight for good government for all the people as against bad government—government that is 'class-conscious.'"—"Dominion."

"I am more scared of thunderstorms than earthquakes," said Mr. Baird. "And I am not scared of thunderstorms; I regard them just as everybody else does."—"Dominion."

From the time an overseas financial expert declared that the New Zealand Government's social security scheme was an unsound and impracticable proposition, there has been great uneasiness in the minds of the women of this country... Any interference whatever between a woman and her doctor is an outrage. The doctors are a noble army of men who have never, in any way, or at any time, let their patients down, and we can never be grateful enough to them for their united and determined stand against this Government's attempt to socialise them... —Letter to the "Dominion."

"I threw the bottle and the stone at the police to frighten them off the streets on picture nights," was the explanation of a Maori, Tuikana te Purei, aged 18, who was charged in Rotorua with assaulting the police.

It was stated that accused galloped past on a horse, and as he passed the police, threw a bottle with such force that it broke against a building. Accused returned almost immediately and threw a stone which missed its target and made a big dent in an iron wall.—"Dominion."

Four lambs were born to a ewe at Ohiapo on Saturday. Two died, but the farmer saved the other pair by the adoption of unusual means. He had to visit New Plymouth and he took the lambs, snugly nestled in a hay-box with hot-water bottles. On his return he restored them to their mother, and at the latest advice all three were doing well.—"Taranaki Daily News."

Attlee, Lenin-like, speaking incisively and with personal animosity, but without distinction of phrase, had kept his eyes throughout on the Prime Minister.—"Catholic Herald."

Once again, as in 1914, we are faced with the primal law of Nature, the weak to the wall; the religious and humanitarian theories of civilization have not yet been able to amend it," said Mr. F. C. Dunn, proposing the toast of the Canterbury Infantry Regiment, N.Z.E.F. —"Evening Post."
SIR—On the question of social security a young supporter of the Labour Party said to me recently the old people are entitled to live in luxury. My reply was: "Old people are entitled to what they have earned." If they have worked hard and long and have saved enough to live on they are entitled to have all the luxury they can buy without being taxed for others.

If they have worked hard but have, through no fault of their own, failed to provide for their old age, they are entitled to be provided for by the funds of the country. If they have not worked nor tried to save, but have selfishly spent all they got on themselves, they are entitled to any scraps left after the others have been attended to. Unfortunately the latter class is the one which receives most sympathy from the Socialist Government.

That being my view of social security and being myself included in the first of the three cases, I have gone on strike. I am leaving to-day, after having tried this country for seven years. I prefer the land of lions and millionaires, where the natives are becoming Christians rather than this country, where the young people are becoming pagans.—Letter to "Dominion."

Sir.—It is gratifying that at least one of your correspondents, "Desdichado," endorsed the necessity for a serious attempt being made to construct proper defensive measures along our coast. Concrete pill-boxes, electrified barb wire entanglements in front, men armed with automatic rifles in those pill-boxes and concrete dugouts, and field guns behind them, then no alien foot can soil a single square inch of our glorious New Zealand.

An enemy may bombard us from the sea and bomb us from the air, but his efforts gain him nothing if he is unable to set foot ashore. We can hold him off for years if necessary. Surely any intelligent child can realise this.

Is it impossible to prepare such a system of defence? Is it impossible to find in this country a man big enough and resolute enough to initiate and direct such an undertaking? I venture to suggest that the Hon. R. Semple can do the job, and thousands will rush to carry out the work. Let us who have a proper sense of responsibility and love for New Zealand demand that Mr. Semple be given the responsibility to start at once. There is no time for worthless talk.—Letter to the Press.

The tension and political turmoil in Europe, created by the dictators, has resulted in Britain getting back her unconquerable soul. The British nation which for twenty years has been mildly bored about the tyrannies and troubles of Europe, has now pulled up and said: "We've had enough!" And history has one clear lesson: When Britain declares she has had enough a change begins. Always the last to move, how often through the centuries has this lethargy been mistaken for decadence, her pliability for decay. A bulldog does not bark—it bites. Every tyrant that has dreamed of world conquest has in his day matched his strength with the British. The tyrants have turned to dust and the empires they have built are only memories. But dictators believe that Britain is not the Britain of old, but it is the same old fallacy that has broken tyrants through the centuries. Let us not forget Mons, the Marne, Messines, Zeebrugge. That is the spirit of the British. That is the unconquerable soul of Britain. It lives to-day as it lived in the days of old, and it will destroy tyrants as it has in the past. And Britain is prepared as never before.—"N.Z. Manawatu Gazette," 30/8/39.

Auckland Zoo authorities are delighted with the achievement of the Wellington cock emu in producing three healthy chicks from a clutch of six eggs, particularly in view of "earthquake," rain and hail and almost consistently unfavourable weather, including two severe storms.

Although Wellington my claim the paternity record for 1938, it is felt that the event is yet another triumph for Auckland, seeing that Auckland originally supplied Wellington with its stock—"Dominion."

Salvation Army prayer meetings were held in Wellington last night as part of a world series being held in 90 countries within 24 hours to invoke the Divine blessing on the deliberations of the High Council of the Salvation Army. —"Evening Post."

Though he had not been in Germany very long he had gained the impression that Herr Hitler had done a great deal of good for the people generally, said Mr. Macphail. Herr Hitler's purges had included all aspects of life. Mr. Macphail said that at a fair he attended at Berlin machine-guns trained on figures of men were used in the shooting booths, and tanks and models of other weapons used in modern warfare were mounted on the roundabouts. —"Dominion."
CRISIS LIFE IN LONDON

London swelters; heavy clouds obscure the sun as they have done for days past, and the atmosphere is overpowering and sticky; somehow the weather has got tangled up with the international situation; the wings of von Ribbentrop’s plane as he flies to Moscow to secure Communist adherence to the anti-Comintern front, obscure the rays of hope, and the outlook is gloomy and oppressive. How does it all strike us here at the hub of the Empire and what are its effects on our daily lives?

First of all every scale of values that any of us ever had has gone by the board. If we were Colonel Blimps we had, after years of working for the crushing of the Communist menace by the Nazis, to get used to the idea of an impending alliance with Stalin against our supposed ideological brethren; an allegiance which, vanishing literally overnight, leaves us with no escape from the philosophy of “the old school tie” with its doctrine of “sticking to our pledges in the face of fearful odds” and “dying like gentlemen”—cold comfort when it becomes a lively probability. If we were followers of a more enlightened faith which saw the Nazi peril in all its fearfulness and hoped for an escape under the wing of Russia, and had repeatedly reproached the British Government for not getting on with the job and concluding the Soviet alliance, for us too a world was snatched away with the publication of the Russo-German terms; and where can you find such a betrayal in all the course of history—unless it be at Munich just a year ago? If we were, and a few of us were (Mr. Willie Gallacher for example), outright Communists who saw in Russia the moral inspiration of that new Western Europe which was to emerge from the ultimate breakdown of the capitalist world, as a result of the excessive greed of Germany, the internal break-up of France, and the gradual decay of England—what a blow Stalin has dealt for us too. No, there is nothing now to do but sit down, every one of us, in every walk of life and every shade of political opinion, and lick our wounds and try again.

As to the effect on our daily lives, it might be said London is much as it always was, “business as usual” as the papers like to say. But it isn’t. Or it isn’t so far as the non-war material producing industries are concerned at any rate. Hundreds of men and women are engaged full time on voluntary defence duties. They are the lucky ones. They have something to do and can get on with it, but their withdrawal from general administrative routine is paralysing if there were no other factors—and there are. For the rest there is just—waiting. At the office it is impossible to work. You dash home for lunch and the wireless news bulletin—only a lot of news you have already read in the morning papers or in morning editions of the evening papers—no news. You go back to the office. At 4 p.m. you go out to get the latest editions of the papers—if you can wait so long. You dash home to be in time for the 6 p.m. news, 9 p.m. news, 11 p.m. news—usually no news. There could be news but democratic government apparently does not mean that there will be—for the people. You go to bed but are up early waiting for the paper to arrive. In the midst of all this you are trying to arrange some form of service, or others around you are doing so, or telegrams arrive, as one did this (Sunday) morning saying simply “Get ready for evacuation,” or you are all stirred up, after a news bulletin contributing nothing to your knowledge, by the sudden commencement of evacuation of children from the hospital opposite—is there something that the authorities know that you don’t? On every green patch a barrage balloon is moored—if those balloons go up all will be over. The rush on black paper and cloth for darkening material exhausted supplies several times over. Most of us have got in our stores of tinned food and overhauled our gas-masks. Hundreds of air-raid shelters have gone up, Anderson or otherwise, but it is an interesting sidelight on the British character that it has been possible for weeks, travelling in along the suburban railway lines, to see freely delivered Anderson shelters leaning in sections against back fences—of course, small though they are, many have been delivered for erection in south-eastern suburban back gardens that are not large enough to hold them. Many people, more fortunate than the east-enders, have taken country cottages as refuges;
indeed it is not possible now to rent a little place in the country and come to town to work every day, they are all taken by dear old ladies—not necessarily all of the female sex—who make up their minds each evening to go there next day—and change their minds when the next day comes.

Well, that is London to-day, London for almost a week past, London for how long to come? If there is a just God, Hitler will not do this much longer; or, maybe, if there is a just God, He sees it as six of Hitler and half-a-dozen of Chamberlain. What price us in that event?


TRIOLET

Now spring is come to decorate your dress,
My poem's but to whisper in your hair

And who shall say the verse is valueless,
Now spring is come to decorate your dress?

What's music but to praise your loveliness?
And what are flowers but for you to wear,

Now spring is come, to decorate your dress?
—My poems, but to whisper in your hair?

—H.W.G.
CRISIS

It had happened again; the fit had come and gone, leaving a gap in his memory, which seemed to attract a close blackness into it, like the crumbling edges of a ravine. The lust which he had once felt in life was destroyed. Who, beneath the shadow of such a doom, could pen words? or do anything? It had even contaminated his flesh.

The father was to blame—dissipated, a habitual drunkard, with madness stretching back through many generations. Such a man his father had been; such would he inevitably become. How clearly he could see—as clear as the visions which accompanied his own writings; himself in a chair, before his escritoire, a lamp glowly feebly, the bottle, all but empty, and wine spilt across sheets of paper; yes, and his face was sunken, his hair was falling in lank curls down his forehead, and his tongue lolling stupidly.

Madness was in his family! His father was a drunkard!

"Who would allow his life to be that?" He knew the shapes that life could form. He knew the softness of love. "Daphne," she seemed a vision of pale thought and sympathy. Her eyes shone in that peculiar fashion because she loved, yes, she loved him. Him!

No! She too must be protected from himself, from the poisonous blight which he carried like a worm, within him.

"Ah Love, could thou and I with fate conspire."

It was mockery to hope, and it was misery even to think. The ultimate joy, the pulsing of heart against heart, and love in love, was for always removed from him.

"Why me?" was his thought. "What have I done to bring such a fate upon me?"

"The powders I have kept will rid the world of this menace, this branded danger."

His half averted eyes considered the insubstantial wrapping which contained the seeds of death. How desperately he hated them, insignificant as they were. "Life is a flame, and beautiful," each one seemed to cry.

With slow feet he went across for water. The tap was beautiful with chromium fittings. The water was deliciously cold.

"Keith." He looked with suddenness over his shoulder as though caught in an act of crime. The vision which had visited his mind a moment ago, was embodied in all its freshness in the doorway.

Then was desire too strong to be vanquished. He laid the powders on the bench and went to her.

"What were you doing?" she asked with a sudden suspicion.

"A drink."

She slipped past him, and lighted on the water as though with gloved hands. She dipped a finger in the powder and tasted it; with a wry face she poured the rest into the sink and turned the tap.

They stood face to face. Their eyes met each with appeal and despair.

"Keith, I cannot be with you all the time. If you wish to do that I cannot stop you—and I do not want to if you love me only so much."
Deep in the Forest

G. A. EIBY
He realised that she was unconsciously, and stealthily playing on him, and he said nothing in his own justification. He kissed her.

"Fate," he said.

"You fool," she said.

A white cloud crept across his brain; a woollen scarf enveloped him, and weakness seized on his lower limbs. Daphne saw him wilt before her, and fall to the ground. His tongue lolled out, and his eyes had become a ghoulish grey.

"Fool—fool—fool—fool—" his lips withered and spluttered.

Without noticing the beating of her own heart, she went to the sink, where the water was still lying with the powders placid on its surface. Laboriously the girl made a collection of the powder, unheeding the horrid sounds which arose behind her. At length she had them all in a glass. She turned towards him.

"Keith," she whispered.

"Fool—fool—"

D.M.S.

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MOON IN A CAGE

Man has caught the moon:  
all nature now is hushed and still  
while works of man proclaim in brazen tones  
the might of man  
that shatters all the night.

The moon is caged  
behind gaunt girders  
that slowly rust and flake away  
before the work is done;  
the moon is trapped  
and shrieking from the sky is torn.

And in the silence afterward  
only my frosty footsteps fall  
echoing down the empty streets and empty skies  
where stars are dumb and hide  
behind the clouds indefinite.

Far away, as though we dwell  
within another city,  
the savage traffic roars and howls  
held too in vicious slavery to man.

Only the moon, forlorn and pale, remains untamed,  
captured in that maze of rusting iron.

—a.
PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Dick Wild, a recent President of the Students' Association, has been lecturing in law subjects for accountants' professional examinations, in the intervals of setting up practice on his own; while Bob Bradshaw, another recent President, has been lecturing in auditing and advanced bookkeeping, in the intervals of being Warden of Weir House.

* * * *

After a year spent teaching at a high school in Johannesburg, and a second year at London, where he studied at the Imperial Educational Institute, which is attached to London University, John Hatherly has returned with a Diploma of Education and an impeccable English accent.

* * * *

Recent graduates will be interested to hear that Max Riske has accepted a part-time position assisting Professor Gould with the education lectures, and helping particularly with the experimental work.

* * * *

For sixteen months the Philosophy Department is to be deprived of the services of Dr. Ernest Beaglehole, whose lectures on anthropology this year were extremely illuminating, interesting, amusing and —free. He has joined the staff of the School of Social Studies, San Francisco, where he will take part in a scheme of adult education which is being tried out there. The idea is to draw classes from the agricultural district of Santa Rosa, and to study through group reading the structure and the influences at work in our society. During the summer vacation Dr. Beaglehole plans to travel in the United States to various Universities and other research institutions, so as to keep in touch with the latest developments in psychology.

* * * *

The average age of the College Council has been lowered a little this year by the inclusion in its numbers of the first post-war graduate to be elected, W. P. Rollings. Mr. Rollings had a distinguished student career, being President of the Students' Association, and prominent in debating, in which he won the Plunket Medal and the Union Prize, and has since kept in touch with current affairs at the College to a certain extent. The desire for representation upon the Council among the younger graduates was clearly expressed in the energy with which they supported Mr. Rollings, and it is felt that he will be a very sound and capable member.

To this same Council, by the way, R. S. V. Simpson has been elected as the first student representative.

* * * *

There is some uncertainty as to the movements of the various professors, lecturers and scholarship-holders at present scattered through Europe and America. Professor Gordon, whose wife had preceded him to Scotland, while he waited in New York to attend a conference of English professors, was originally to leave Montreal early in September to rejoin her. But, though the rumour that she had sailed on the Athenia proved to be unfounded, he was apparently having no little difficulty in crossing.

Dr. and Mrs. Keys were likewise last heard of in America, where they were held up on their way to France.

As for the scholarship people, it seemed a sad thing that when at last Victoria managed to flaunt a Rhodes Scholar, Ian Berendsen should get no further than Panama before he was recalled, since the Rhodes trustees had decided to cancel all awards. Returning with him came Ron Meek, who had been awarded a Strathcona Research Studentship for two years at Cambridge. Still, it was a pleasant sea voyage.
R. R. Cunningham, who, with Eric MacCormick, was for some time this year lecturing in English, sailed recently for Europe on a post-graduate scholarship and when last heard of was in Kenya.

* * * *

A large circle of friends heard from Jack Aimers as he moved rapidly about the map of Australia in company with Michael O’Callaghan of Otago in the recent University debating tour. His very simple and efficient system of carboning his letters and then directing that each copy be forwarded to a defined list of readers demonstrated the superiority of the legal mind. The two speakers debated at most of the leading Universities of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland, and visited Tasmania, and spoke over an impressive list of wireless stations. Australians generally were interested most of all in the Labour Party’s policy and its general effect upon the country, and enquired about it at every opportunity. The rate of travel and the hospitality were terrific, but the pair returned full of enthusiasm, well tanned. Mr. Aimers being equipped with various little photos and pamphlets giving views of Students’ Union buildings.

**OBJECTION**

Twisted roots in vain thrust up to flower
And, deaf-mutes, we aspire to harmony.
Blandly, the General plots his little flags:
Orders his barley water.

No facile, flacid talk of cause,
No searing flame of hate
Must thwart us, served for peace,
From our resolve of kindness.
Nothing that dims, perplexes, warps, . . .
. . . But we are become inarticulate. . .

—E.H.J.
GRADUATES 1939

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.
Berendsen, I. E. (1st Class in French).
Castle, Olive M. (2nd Class in Mathematics).
Cunninghame, R. R. (1st Class in English).
Dearmley, E. R. (2nd Class in Mathematics).
Harill, Constance N. (2nd Class in Latin and French).

MASTERS OF ARTS.
Bullen, Nancy M. M. (French).
Crane, E. A. (History).
Eynes, D. F. B. (History).
Henderson, H. A. (History).
Reid, R. M. H. (Economics).

BACHELORS OF ARTS.
Banks, N. L.
Bleakley, C. H.
Bliss, G. B. C.
Bray, D. H.
Brooker, F. J.
Bythell, J. M.
Carrel, E. M.
Coddington, E. C.
Corkill, R. J.
Costello, Agnes A.
Dutton, Laura E.
Fletcher, Marie L.
Fletcher, Ruth M.
Gallagher, C. V.
Greig, Oenone M.
Greenberg, S.
Hefford, Sylvia E.
Hodgson, Amy L.
Jones, L.
Larkin, T. C.
Lewis, A. S.
McEwen, Lorna F.
McIlver, R. D.
McKinney, J. B.
Magill, P. J.
Martin, R. W. J.
Pettit, Hazel M.
Ratliff, Movra D.
Smith, L. D.
Smith, M. Justine.
Stieart, Doreen H. D.
Webster, C. A.
Wilson, R. G. G.
Wood, J. C.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.
Fell, H. B. (1st Class in Zoology).
Neubauer, L. G. (1st Class in Chemistry).
Walker, I. K. (2nd Class in Chemistry).

MASTERS OF SCIENCE.
Quennell, A. M. (Geology).
Suckling, E. E. (Physics).

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.
Barker, A. J. D.
Hull, A. J.
Johnston, W. T. G.
Maysmor, Helen D.
Menendez, R. R.
Mitchell, W. S.
Osborn, Joy E. M.
Robertson, E. I.
Sandle, J. R.
Winstone, E. A.

MASTERS OF LAWS WITH HONOURS.
Braybrooke, E. K. (1st Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).

MASTERS OF LAWS.
Miles, J. W. Y. (Jurisprudence, Real Property, Bankruptcy).

BACHELORS OF LAWS.
Baird, R. W.
Davin, T. P.
Evans, H. J.
Evans, C. S.
Fry, E. J. W.
Gerard, J. D.
Hannah, B. J. E.
Johnstone, R. I.
Millar, J. G.
Ongley, J. A.
Reid, K. G.
Shayle-George, S. J.
Simpson, R. S. V.
Turnbull, H. D.
MASTER OF COMMERCE.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.
Boyd, J. A. McD.
Brown, J. K.
Champion, Gwenneth M.
Clift, F. H.
Cocker, T. C.
Cooper, C. F. P.
Craven, J. B.
Dixon, J. F.
Dwyer, Cecilia.
Fortune, F. W.
Harris, K.
Hartley, J.
Isaac, W. A. D.
Kelly, E. H.
Lennie, J. McD.
Leonard, C. P.
Long, A. C.
McAllister, I. D.
McGregor, A.
Marris, N. A.
Mills, E. W.
O'Donnell, J. B.
Pasley, P. G.
Redward, J. C.
Renouf, F. H.
Spackman, F. O.
Wilson, D. M.
Winter, D. J.

DIPLOMAS IN EDUCATION
Pitcaithly, N. P.
Ramson, F. S.

PRIZES.
Prizes were awarded as follows:—

Chief Justice's Prize—R. W. Burnard; Butterworth's Prize—J. F. Northey; Bruce Dall Prize—H. J. Barr; John P. Good Prize—P. B. D. de la Mare; New Zealand Institute of Chemistry Prize—P. B. D. de la Mare.

Meek, R. L., awarded Strathcona Research Studentship, St. John's College, Cambridge.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

The Sir George Grey Scholarship was awarded to N. D. Jamieson. (E. I. Robertson, to whom the Scholarship was first awarded, relinquished it on gaining a Senior Scholarship.)

Jacob Joseph Scholarships were awarded to L. G. Neubauer, M.Sc., and R. L. Meek, LL.M.

Senior University Scholarships were gained by Ruth M. Fletcher (equal—History); Hazel M. Pettit (English); E. I. Robertson (Applied Mathematics).

A Cecil Rhodes Scholarship was awarded to I. E. Berendsen, M.A.

The John Tinling Scholarship was awarded to T. C. Larkin (equal—English).

A post-graduate Scholarship in Arts was awarded to R. R. Cunningham, M.A. (English), with Free Passage.

The Shirtcliffe Fellowship was awarded to H. B. Fell, M.Sc.

The Sir Robert Stout Scholarship was awarded to E. I. Robertson.

The Lady Stout Bursary was awarded to Monica J. Smith.

The Alexander Crawford Scholarship was awarded to Claude S. Chalk.

Emily Lilias Johnston Scholarships were awarded to P. A. Ongley, and Claude S. Chalk.

A Lissie Rathbone Scholarship was awarded to Beatrice R. Hutchison.

PAST STUDENTS
C. S. Plank, M.Sc., M.Com.: Commonwealth Fellowship.
Helena F. Gibbs, B.Sc.: Ackroyd Fellowship, University of Leeds.
SPORT IN RETROSPECT

To the person demanding the production of trophies and points as the best evidence of a successful and enjoyable year, the period under review was not outstanding. In fact, if judged solely by the measure of success achieved in local competition and with the other Colleges, it was a poor year, second place at Tournament notwithstanding. It was one of those years in which championships and victories, whatever their value, proved elusive, although they were sought with keenness and with skill possibly above the average. There were several instances of individual excellence too.

Of the four larger clubs, the Rugby Football Club probably had the most cause for satisfaction. Senior status regained, seven matches were won, and R. Burke, J. Eastwood, R. Hansen and S. McNicol all represented Wellington. Again the Cricket Club was seriously handicapped by bad practice wickets, a handicap too often reflected in mediocre performances by players of recognised ability. J. A. Ongley won distinction by playing for New Zealand against Sir Julien Cahn’s team, and by marked success in his first Plunket Shield season; and T. A. Harpur’s all round qualifications secured him a place in the Shield team. N. H. Buchanan, D. A. Beresford, A. Sharpe, and G. Shaw gained representative hockey honours. A powerful combination on paper, the men’s senior hockey team performed surprisingly poorly, and met an undignified fate in relegation to a lower grade. The Tennis Club was again strong and as popular as ever. Tournament success was repeated.

Substantial progress was made by the well-controlled Harrier and Athletic Clubs. D. R. Scrymgeour remained the leading harrier, closely followed by S. K. Newall. This club is rich in promising material. Particularly gratifying too was the improved standard in athletics.

Indifferent facilities handicapped the boxers of V.U.C. P. H. Ryan and J. McLaren (Massey) won N.Z. Blues. In the Defence Rifle Club D. H. K. Ross and R. H. Johnston were probably the best shots. The Rowing and Swimming Clubs maintained their sound positions in the recreational life of the College, although the Swimming Club would benefit if its women’s section could be strengthened.

Basketballers won their third successive Tournament and Alison Stewart was a Wellington Senior B representative. Women’s hockey, however, remained in the doldrums. At V.U.C., as elsewhere, this game is suffering through its displacement by basketball in many schools.

Dozens of students of both sexes again enjoyed organised tramping. The Table Tennis Club, the youngest club in the College, is quickly establishing itself as one of the most popular. Two members, Miss Johannesson and Miss Croxton won their way into the Wellington representatives.

—L.B.S.
TOURNAMENT 1939

Tournament this year was as usual a great success. Thursday night’s trip over on the ferry was uneventful, and we arrived without loss of morale in Dunedin where we were welcomed by a large haka party and our hosts. That evening 4ZB broadcast the hakas of the four Colleges.

Saturday opened with brilliant weather and as Otago had arranged a good preliminary to the rowing, namely the N.Z. Inter-Provincial eights, we spent a pleasant morning. Otago won the event brilliantly from Canterbury, our eight being effected somewhat by rough water in the wake of a cruising motor boat.

The swimming was very disappointing to Victoria due to a large number of disqualifications in the breaststroke events.

The rendezvous at Allen Hall was well attended, the rowers and swimmers being well in evidence.

We were entertained on Sunday afternoon by Lady Sidley, and in the evening by Knox College. The Knox College museum is to be recommended.

Monday provided thrills in the athletics when Victoria scored more points than she has done for many years.

The basketball team carried off the trophy after very strenuous battles. This team seems to be establishing a tradition at Tournament. The boxing gave us two very good wins; cheering by this time was showing signs of wear, so boxing was not as well supported as in previous years, when held on the Saturday.

After this very strenuous day, we welcomed the Pukekiki Cow Byre Ball, which defies description. We can’t say everyone had a good time, but certainly an enjoyable one.

Tennis and shooting were the high-lights of Tuesday. We retained the tennis cup by one point from Otago in a series of marathon matches. The shooting, held much too late in the Tournament, proved a grave disappointment. A victory to V.U.C. had been announced and celebrations begun when a recount gave the match to Otago by two points.

Tournament Ball was all that could be desired and made a fitting climax to a great week. Our congratulations must go to Otago for their win and also the splendid way in which they entertained us.

—E.M.I.

NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY BLUES


BASKETBALL: Misses R. A. Bell, R. W. Drummond, E. M. Overtoun.

BOXING: P. H. Ryan.

CRICKET: J. B. Stephenson.

HARRIERS: D. R. Scrymgeour.

HOKEY: S. N. Braithwaite, F. L. Newcombe.

ROWING: J. B. Bullock, R. P. Hansen.

TENNIS: Miss F. E. MacLean, Messrs. F. H. Renouf, N. A. Morrison.
WEIR HOUSE

The year started with the usual influx of new residents, approximately forty taking the places of those who had left us, voluntarily or involuntarily, at the end of last year. Victims of the annual purge were not numerous—mainly old-timers who had outlived their sphere of usefulness in the eyes of the management committee. Financial considerations affected many. The doubtful attractions of Wellington's boarding-houses and flats were more supportable than the rising boarding fee at Weir—and this despite the valiant efforts of the special committee to browbeat the management—efforts, indeed, crowned with a commendable amount of success.

We were glad to welcome back our last year's President, and to be able to congratulate him on attaining the Vice-Presidency of the Students' Association. Associated with him in guiding the destiny of the House this year has been an energetic and well-meaning committee whose activities, however, have been negatived somewhat by the apathy of many residents towards social events. In sport, on the other hand, the House has entered wholeheartedly and with marked success. Again, indications are that, contrary to the principles of the old regime, there are fewer of those blithe spirits to whom examinations are either non-existent or non-attainable.

Weir was unusually well represented at the Graduation ceremony this year—both on the platform and in the audience it might be noted. An even larger quota helped the Capping Ball on its way. Congratulations go to T. C. Larkin for his winning of the John Tinline Scholarship, and R. L. Meek for gaining the Strathcona Research Scholarship at Oxford. Among the younger members of the House there are several scholarship winners in embryo, as can be judged from last year's exam. results.

Deservedly or not, sport has always been Weir's pride. This year the standard has definitely been "onward and upward." 'Varsity clubs have all been well supported, and members from the House despite their inferiority in experience and age have acquitted themselves well in leading teams of each of these clubs. Mention must here be made of the original Weir House hockey team, founded this year and captained by Rutherford. Besides setting an example to the rest of the club in the matter of training, the team became runner-up in its grade and conquered Victoria House in two classic encounters.

Football has flourished at Weir. Representatives played in every grade, although the general attitude towards training is still in keeping with the 'Varsity tradition. This is a matter in which the House could give a definite lead to the 'Varsity—in all of whose teams lack of training is the greatest fault. The Weir House team performed well in its two matches. By defeating Massey 11—0 we retained the Turnbull Trophy—presented lately by an ex-resident. In the Ruru Shield game the team went down 8—3 in a hard-fought game against a particularly strong side—the best indeed that the Rest could field. A little luck and ... Nevertheless visions of the Shield hanging in the Weir common-room are not far distant.

Sporting activities within the House have been as popular as ever. Tennis, table tennis and billiard championships (among other less renowned pastimes) have been played. The two North v. South games resulted in a win apiece. The cricket match provided a pleasant outing for all; South romping home by a wide margin. In the football several newcomers to the game put up sterling performances and North retained the Kelburn Keg by 22 to 15.

During the year at one of the house meetings the question of a house platoon was brought up. The motion favouring it was defeated overwhelmingly on the reasoning that as Victoria College was not exactly martial in outlook, Weir House being the real voice, centre and leader of the 'Varsity should be the first to uphold its principles. The growth of such feeling is to be commended. There are spheres in
Nightfall
which Weir does lead the Varsity—in their contributions to sport and to the Varsity Capping and Extravaganza shows. In the cultural life of the Varsity Weir has little representation however and it is our hope that next year will see Weir attaining some importance in this sphere also.

On Sunday evenings there has been several addresses by visiting speakers—the highlight being the résumé of European affairs given by Dr. Lipson. Many of his prophecies have since proved astoundingly true. A new creation in the House “The Free Discussion Meeting” has held sway on the other Sunday evenings and has proved successful. A wide range of subjects have been advanced and many residents have taken the opportunity of airing their views.

With the end of term drawing near Weir can look back at a good year—successful and devoid of any unpleasant incidents. Looking ahead there are still two social events on the Weir calendar, the annual “At Home” and the “Dinner.” Each is eagerly awaited and their success of last year will, we hope, be emulated this year.

**COLLEGE ACTIVITIES**

**CRICKET CLUB**

How much better Victoria College players would become if their Club had access to good practice wickets can only be a matter of conjecture. During the past season players once again found themselves losing keenness as the summer wore on, and practices of less benefit to them than they had hoped, largely because of the poorly prepared and often rough, wickets on Kelburn Park on which they had of necessity to rely for their practice in batting and bowling.

And in the performances of the various teams was to be seen one result of the conditions for practising with which the players had to contend. In the Club Championship we filled tenth place, all the other teams with a team in senior grade obtaining considerably more points. Our teams, five in number, competed in the Senior, Second, Junior B, Junior C, and Third grades, the best position being obtained by the Junior C team, which finished third.

For the seniors it was a frankly disappointing season. On paper the team looked strong—perhaps the strongest side for years. Yet for the Senior Championship proper, which comprised seven matches, the team could gain only two first innings victories. One game was drawn and the remaining four all lost. Only one team finished below us. In the special knock-out competition that followed, we fared no better, and in fact finished in the same position. Inability to hold catches, especially in the slips, was a serious weakness, but the batting was unreliable and inconsistent and the bowling lacked sting. Often the captain, W. Tricklebank, would have his team in quite a sound position, only to see his men, through poor work in all departments, fail to drive the advantage home.

However, in the performances of several players the Club had cause for real satisfaction. First and foremost came J. A. Osgley whose splendid batting in local cricket was recognised first by his inclusion in the Wellington Plunket Shield team and then, so successful was he in that sphere, his selection for New Zealand for the match against Sir Julian Cahn’s team. For the Club “Joe” was second to J. R. Sheffield in the batting averages for competition matches, playing eleven innings for 301 runs at an average of 30.10, with a top score of 123. In the Plunket Shield averages he was also second, with 249 runs at 49 and a highest score of 110.

Arthur Harpur also had cause to be satisfied with his season’s cricket, even though success eluded him when he represented Wellington in the Plunket Shield. In competition games he batted fourteen times for 352 runs at an average of 27.07; and with his slow left-handed deliveries, usually of good length and with some spin, he took 22 wickets at a cost of 22.50 runs each. Harpur was again as good a fieldsman as the Club possessed. Of the other senior batsmen, P. D. Wilson and W. Tricklebank both scored over 300 runs and J. R. Sheffield, allotted by the W.C.A. to the University Club, compiled 403 runs at an average of 36.63. Tricklebank captured 30 wickets and was well assisted by J. B. Stephenson and T. A. Harpur. Of those men who appeared occasionally for the seniors, H. H. Whiting was the most impressive. A sound, watchful opening batsman, with a good array of scoring strokes and the right temperament, he should have a permanent place in the team. In W. G. Smith, the Club has a colt with ability behind the stumps and batting skill that should be capable of development.

There were some useful cricketers in the Seconds although results were very poor. H. H. Whiting was the best batsman but he played in only a few games. The mainstay was F. L. Parkin who was very consistent and had scores of 84, 78 and 69 to his credit. The best bowlers were H. E. Greig, W. C. Drake and J. R. Stevens. Drake often induced real venom into his medium fast deliveries and Stevens, an experienced cricketer, was invaluable as a stock bowler.

The Junior B.1 team had an enjoyable season, even though their run on the competition ladder was low. Their highest score was 398, against Technical Old Boys, Edmund notching a century in this match. Of the batsmen the most successful were Walker, Bray, Edmund and Webber. Burgess did most damage with the ball, taking 37 wickets, and was well supported by Bray.

The Social team, in the June C grade, will miss the genial leadership of “Ted” Blacker, who has been their guide, philosopher and friend for some years. A warm welcome will await him if he returns to Wellington. His team had the best record of the University teams last season and at times some of his batsmen literally wallowed
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in runs. On one occasion F. Betts amassed the mighty score of 276. Other free-scoring batsmen included G. Lauchlan, G. Hoffmeister and J. Jeffs.

John Murphy occupies a similar position, in relation to the Third grade team, as Ted Blacker did in relation to the Social eleven. His team does not carry off championships but it often does quite well and the games seldom lack enjoyment. For the Thirds last season the leading batsmen were H. Bray, who was steady and consistent, and Ramage, who developed very well. Millender played in one or two games and had scores of 76 and 112 not out to his credit. Of the bowlers L. Martin and J. O'Sullivan were the most effective. It was the best season the Thirds had ever had for previously they had always occupied one of the last three places. Last year they were nearly within striking distance of the leaders.

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**BASKETBALL CLUB**

Several achievements of note have to be recorded to the credit of the Basketball Club this year. For the third successive year Victoria has won the Tournament Basketball Shield. The margins of victory were the largest for some years and the general team work displayed earned most favourable comment from spectators.

For the first time three teams were fielded in the Saturday competitions. The lower grade teams won few games but the value in fitness and knowledge of the game more than compensated for the losses. Alison Stewart of the Senior B team gained representative honours for Wellington B, a particularly fine effort as it was her first year in Saturday competitions.

The Senior A team had an indifferent season. Seldom did the team strike tournament form and the loss of all last year's forwards was a severe setback. Yet at its best there was not a team in Wellington that played better basketball. This was clearly demonstrated by the excellent performance in winning the King's Birthday Tournament Trophy. Playing under the new seven-a-side rules Victoria showed skill and speed which promised well for next year's Easter team. With new material from the lower grades to supplement the team much is expected from the next Tournament team.

The Easter team, 1939, consisted of the following players—Forwards: Erice Overton, Joy Osborn, Olive Castle, Glen Macmoran; Centres: Pixie Higgin, Rosamund Drummond, Sylvia Hefford, Nora McLaren; Defence: Marie Walker (Captain), Joan Bythell, Ruth Bell.

N.Z.U. Blues were awarded to Erice Overton, Rosamund Drummond and Ruth Bell.

During the winter Beryl Marsh and Enid Broad played regularly for the Senior A team and Marie Norrie and Carol Abraham had odd games.

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**FOOTBALL CLUB**

To players and supporters alike of the Victoria College Football Club, a review of the 1939 Rugby season must provide considerable gratification. The most cherished hope of recent years was realised when the first fifteen assumed once more its status as a senior team in the Wellington Rugby Union Competition. The team's record, though not perhaps spectacular, has been more than sufficient to justify promotion, as evidenced by the fact that of the sixteen matches played seven were won, one drawn and eight lost.

A pleasing aspect of the year's activities has been the keenness and devotion to training shown by all players, and, with the prospect of retaining the services of practically every member of the side for the 1940 season, we can with good reason be optimistic regarding the future.

We have been singularly fortunate in our coaches—Jim Parker, the famous 1924 All Black, and his able assistant, Dick Wild. The credit for the team's improved showing is largely due to the splendid work of Jim and Dick, and to the inspiring leadership of our popular captain, Dick Burke.

In conclusion, our congratulations are cordially extended to Dick Burke, Roy Hansen and Stew McNicol for gaining places in the N.Z. University team, and to the same three players, together with Jim Eastwood, on their selection in Wellington representative sides.

**JUNIOR A.**

The team had a good season and the following is a summary of the results:—Played 16, Won 10, Drew 1, Lost 5, Points for 165, Points against 123, Championship points 21. At the finish of the season it occupied third place on the list of Junior A grade table in a field of fourteen teams—a very creditable effort.

The even calibre of the competitors may be gauged by the fact that the winning team, Training College, were lucky to snatch their game with our team out of the fire with a penalty kick in the last minute of the game, making the score 8–6. The other team which finished ahead, Upper Hutt, scraped home 6–3 after a close game in which our team was handicapped through a breakdown in transport and took the field disorganised and with two players short.

Any team must expect some measure of bad luck during the season but it does seem, looking back, that the Junior A's did not have any of the luck that was going and with a turn of fortune's wheel the position might have been different.

The important feature of the season's operations however was not the actual result of the grade competition but the promise displayed by some of the players to whom the Club must look for future strength.

This matter is one which was kept steadily in view through the season and an effort was made to unearth and encourage talent which it is hoped will serve the Club in the higher grade in coming years.

The players stuck together remarkably well and the majority of the matches occupied the same eighteen players, while only twenty-two were called on all through the season. Their conduct and keenness and the real team spirit displayed is a matter for congratulation.

It is not surprising under these conditions that it is difficult to pick out any outstanding performers. The key-note of the whole operations was team play and unselfishness. It might help however to introduce a few of the younger men who showed improvement during the season and may develop into senior players. They are—

H. Craig. This nineteen-year-old ex-Wellington College player is 6ft. 1in., weighs 13st. 7lbs., and possesses pace, a good sense of position, and a remarkable boot.
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T. Mahood. A skilful determined winger always dangerous when he gets the ball. He is the most determined tackler and no one could fault his defence, possessing as he does pace to reach a man and the necessary grit and punch to bring him down every time he gets to him. His handling is a trifle raw but will improve. A distinctly promising player.

L. Papps. This boy learnt his football in Taranaki at New Plymouth High School, a grand nursery of football. He is the complete footballer and has developed his whole game on sound lines. He is only nineteen and has a bright football future. No matter where he is played he does a tradesmanlike job and must be a prospect for senior honours next year. If he has a real weakness it is a habit of trying to accept a pass with one hand.

L. Gander. A fine loose forward standing 6ft. and weighing 12st. 12lbs., Gander, who is nineteen, has everything necessary to reach All Black class. Good hands, complete command of the ball on the ground, and above all football brains mark his every game. He is inclined to be lazy however and must give more regard to driving home to the bitter end the bright movements he initiates.

G. Smith. The best forward of the team. Aged eighteen and not yet fully set. Smith in a year or so will be the mainstay of any pack he assists. Equally at home in the front row at lock or on the side of the scrum he works purposefully and tirelessly. Shows surprising speed when he breaks into the loose. Has no fault but lack of weight, and he promises to develop into a powerful man in the next year or so.

N. Taylor. Hooking is his forte and he is a specialist. If he keep on improving he will replace Burke when the time comes. Works hard in the back but lacks speed in the open. However his job is to keep the backs supplied with the ball and he does that admirably.

Because these players have been specially mentioned it must not be thought that they were not adequately supported by the others who have not been specially mentioned. What has been attempted is merely to throw the spotlight on a few who are expected to improve still further. The season has been good fun, good hunting and will be looked back upon by every member of the team with pleasure.

JUNIOR B.

This team did not have a good run during the season so far as championship points were concerned, but some good and enjoyable games were put up, notably that against our old rivals, Wellington College Old Boys, in which our team excelled itself, and also against Athletic when the luck went a little bit our way. As a matter of cold fact it was almost impossible to play the same fifteen twice in succession owing to the calls of standard players who were given a run in this team and their old form returning were immediately transferred to a higher grade. In this regard the team could be regarded as of great service to the Club, but the team lacked that esprit de corps so necessary to achieve success. Some outstanding players that will go well in the future should be mentioned—Duncan and Heard in the forwards and Fitzgerald and Caradus in the backs, while Creed, although suffering injuries, turned out and filled the gaps caused by casualties, promotions, etc., and put heart into the team by his unselfish efforts.

Altogether the season's work could be regarded as successful and under, at time, very trying circumstances the game was still played in the best possible spirit.

THIRD A.

This team had a successful season, coming second in the Championship Competition. The Club is fortunate in that among the members of this team there is much promising material for future senior sides. Two members gained Third grade representative honours, namely R. Te Punga and A. McLeod. During the season two members of the team, Cooney and Mason, assisted the seniors each on one occasion, whilst Cooney and Smart were members of the side, which played Canterbury University College at Christchurch. Other members of the team who showed considerable promise were Innes, Kilpatrick and Taylor in the forwards, and M. Te Punga and Moore in the backs. The most improved player in the team was J. Kilpatrick who showed great improvement with every game and at the end of the season was an indispensable member. He has been awarded the Good Memorial Medal for the most improved player in the forwards of this team.

THIRD B.

Although the efforts of this team were not crowned with much success their play on the whole showed a gradual improvement as the season progressed. An all-round weakness in tackling was difficult to strengthen and some system of coaching in orthodox low tackling must be kept in mind for next season.

The pack for the most part was good, especially in the loose, but several really good rushes were marred by raggedness, and consequent lack of finish led to failure of attacks to be pressed home on many occasions.

However, each Saturday saw fifteen on the field in spite of a procession of losses and keenness waxed rather than waned with each defeat.

ATHLETIC CLUB

It is with a feeling of satisfaction that one reviews the 1938-39 season of the Athletic Club. Last year the Club was definitely improving its general standard, and this season the results indicated and increased measure of success. The Club's thanks are again due to its energetic coaches, Messrs. C. B. Allen and S. G. Eade, and to the centre coach, Mr. A. L. Fitch. All these men have assisted the members with their advice and support and are largely responsible for the greater success of the Club in open competition. Messrs. Allen and Eade were in attendance at Kelburn Park regularly during the season and Mr. Fitch was also present on several occasions for coaching. Miss delivering an address at the annual meeting and showing some films.

A feature of the season was the large attendance of new members and it is hoped that next season will see them with us again. Most of last year's new members have reached the stage where they can hold their own in open competition in Wellington, and are consequently more able to enjoy the sport. A notable example is S. Gribben who combines an ability to sprint with dexterity as a field events man. He should be a decided acquisition to the Tournament team for the coming season.

As usual the Varsity athletic season did not get properly under way until after the New Year; but it was early apparent that the Club would have a stronger team than in previous years. The 1938 N.Z. U. Holdens, C. V. Adams, E. M. Irving, and D. R. Scrymgour, together
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with J. S. Adams, A. A. Congalton, J. P. Eastwood, A. Dixon, R. L. S. Black and many others also showed promising form and in the graded scratch meetings held by the Centre the club colours were well represented. There was a particular wealth of talent among the sprinters, namely, Eastwood, Adams, Gorrine, Bowyer and Dixon. In the middle distances those who performed notably were Annear, Livingstone, Muir and Northern, while Congalton, O’Connor and Scrimgeour represented the club with credit over the long distances. Irving, Stacey, and Townson were the most notable hurdlers. J. S. Adams was the most versatile performer in the field events, being consistently good in the high jump, javelin throw and high hurdles.

D. R. Scrimgeour—1st 3 miles, 3rd 1 mile.
J. S. Adams—1st javelin throw, 2nd high jump, 3rd long jump.
G. Annear—3rd 880 yards.

One lesson which may be learned from the Inter-Faculty Sports this year, is that given the necessary training plus a certain amount of experience in competition, there are many more club members who could perform with the best in Wellington.

Members should realise that success in athletics does not come without hard training, but also that it is only where an athlete is in reasonable physical condition that he is able to enjoy the sport to the full. Ample competition is available throughout the season. An appeal is therefore made to all who intend to turn out next season to participate actively in Club events and to avail themselves of the excellent services given by the Club coaches.

The Club awards for the season were as follows:
- Dunbar Cup (most points outside competition)—E. M. Irving.
- Ladies’ Cup (most points Inter-Faculty)—E. M. Irving.
- Oram Cup (best performance Inter-Faculty)—J. P. Eastwood.
- Heinemann Cup (most improved athlete)—M. O’Connor.
- Old Members’ Cup (most points Club meetings)—C. V. Adams.

At the time of writing, a tour by a team of Australian University athletes for the coming season is in prospect. In all probability contests will be arranged between the visitors and the various Colleges. The scheme has the support of the N.Z.A.A. Council, and should prove an incentive to all V.U.C. athletes to prepare for some intensive competition.

In conclusion, the progress of athletics at V.U.C. during the last two years indicates a return to the “golden age” when the Green and Gold carried everything before it at Tournament.

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**Tennis Club**

The tennis courts were very well patronised last season and, in general, the weather was very kind to us, both for Tournament Finals and the week-end tennis on the Club courts.

There was a record entry for the Fresher’s Tournament on 7th March, about 80 members participating. Miss Kathleen Pears and J. D. O’Shea emerged as the winning pair.

September the 17th was Opening Day and no fewer than 98 players took part in the Tournament. The final produced a grim struggle before Miss Ruth Singleton and Frank Fortune won a narrow victory.

Both the men’s and the ladies’ ladders showed considerable activity and changes in positions were frequent. A feature of the men’s ladder was the rise to high positions of several new players, and an almost complete change of names in the last six places. Hardly any of the previous season’s players retained their hold on the bottom rungs.

And the ladies’ ladder also contains several new names, although considerable difficulty is usually caused over the vacation by the fact that many girls are full-time students and are away for two months at a time when weather and light are most conducive to play.

The following players held the top six positions on the two ladders at the end of the season:

**LADIES:**
- Miss F. E. MacLean
- Miss M. E. Edwards
- Miss L. Mete Kingi
- Miss K. Pears
- Miss P. Higgins
- Miss M. Walker

**MEN:**
- R. McL. Ferkins
- F. H. Renouf
- A. A. Morrison
- R. W. Baird
- J. Hartley
- B. M. O’Connor

Our teams were moderately successful in the W.L.T.A. inter-club competitions. The Senior A men’s team finished an excellent season by being runners-up to Newtown A. The Senior B team, however, was fairly well down in its grade. One of the Third grade teams was runner-up in that grade, but the other was near the bottom.

Only two ladies’ teams were entered this year, but both did well, the second ladies finishing near the top and the third ladies playing off with Island Bay for the grade championship.

Entries were very good and as matches were played in good time, all the championships were decided before Easter. Winners:

- Ladies Singles: Miss K. Pears.
- Ladies Doubles: Misses F. E. MacLean and K. Pears.
- Combined Doubles: Miss F. E. MacLean and N. A. Morrison.

Men’s Doubles: N. A. Morrison and J. Hartley.
Men’s Singles: R. McL. Ferkins.
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Tournament was held at Otago this year and our team repeated its success of 1938 at Auckland, although not so convincingly. Although the team differed very little from the previous year's, it met very strong opposition from Otago, and got home only narrowly. New Zealand University titles in the Combined and Men's Doubles were won. We were, perhaps, unlucky in the Women's Doubles, in which Misses P. Higgin and M. Walker, the second combination, were runners-up, for they had to play a marathon final straight after an exhausting earlier game.

New Zealand University Blues were awarded to Miss F. E. MacLean and to Messrs. N. A. Morrison (captain of the Tournament team) and F. H. Renouf. These three also won V.U.C. Blues.

The annual match between the past and present students was again played on the College courts and after a very interesting and enjoyable afternoon, the present students ran out winners after a very even contest.

HARRIERS CLUB

With the close of the eighth season of its existence the Harrier Club feels assured that although it was not very successful in open competition this year, there is no need for any fears for its future. With a membership larger than for some years, ranging from those who felt the exhilarating feeling of splashing through the Silverstream for the first time to others who knew every hill and valley around Wellington, there was also evident a great keenness and spirit de corps which inspired every man to do his bit for the good of his Club and the name of Victoria.

No matter how old a harbinger may be, he is never too old to enjoy an invitation run, and once more this year from the President to the youngest junior we all enjoyed many a tasty afternoon tea in a cosy home, where, between sips of tea and munching of choice bits and bits, conversation of young members was commingled with the voices of old timers as they fraternised freely and each man was able to make friends with each of his club mates and Club supporters.

The usual Club races were held during the season, but were more keenly contested than last year. The first race, the novice, was won by Newall, with Northeys second and O'Flynn third. Newall was also first home in the Sherwood Cup handicap race, with Scrymeour second and Northeys third, while C. G. Wilson won the handicap and the Cup. In the annual competition for the Club Championship, Scrymeour won from Newall, Burge being third. A sealed handicap held in conjunction with this race was won by Henderson. At the time of writing the Endeavour Cup race, which is also the deciding race for the Cham-pionship, is yet to be run. The Cup, awarded on a sealed handicap basis, was won last year by de la Mare. The Cairns Cup, presented last season for the most improved runner, was won by O'Flynn. This year's winner is not yet known.

Again the Club had a lean time in inter-Club events, having to be satisfied with seventh place in the Dorne Cup and seventh in the provincial championships. Newall and Scrymeour gaining ninth and tenth places respectively in the former race, while Scrymeour was ninth in the latter. In the new junior provincial championship race, our team performed creditably and some promising runners were in evidence.

Despite strenuous training the team that travelled to Auckland to compete for the Dixon trophy was no match for the opposition, and filled third place. The team was composed of Scrymeour (captain), Newall, O'Flynn, Farquhar, de la Mare and Henderson.

In the Vosseller Shield race, run the week after the N.Z.U.C.C.C., we were unable to field a team, but Scrymeour secured eighth place.

We again wish to express our appreciation of the generosity and interest of our many good friends without whom the Club could never aspire to the true ideals of friendliness and good sportsmanship. Nor must we forget Mr. C. C. Sherwood, who has once again this year enthusiastically and unselfishly given of his time to the Club as coach and adviser and has also made his home available to us for two invitation runs.

BOXING CLUB

This year the arena's song has sounded louder than in many previous years for it announced the re-awakening of the fighting spirit, the re-birth of boxing enthusiasm. Even prior to the formal opening of the College, the Club had commenced its activities which have continued throughout the year.

In common with all students, we deplore the lack of facilities, for we know that this is the sole drawback to the establishment of a thriving club. At present, teams for inter-University competition are forced to train in local gymnasiums because space and facilities cannot be found inside their own College. Full boxing equipment, including a ring, is left to the borer, and is tasted outside the College gym, because of lack of space. Is it any wonder then, that we complain that we find it difficult to entice a Varsity spirit into a Club that to many students seems to have barely University recognition.

Yet, despite this, we prosper. Our local tournament was again a grand success and proved that we can produce boxers of class. Three of the Victoria winners, P. H. Ryan, D. Muir and P. J. Sheehan, competed in an open Wellington tournament and it is pleasing to record that all were victorious.

Although the tournament team was weakened through Byers and Sheehan receiving injuries during training, yet they managed to win two New Zealand Blues. To these successful competitors, P. H. Ryan and J. McLaren, we extend our sincere congratulations.

To all who have assisted us in any manner we tender our sincerest thanks. Particularly we must thank our trainer, Roy Bryan, under whose eye we soon showed potentialities of real champions. To the Wellington Association also for its co-operation we are much indebted, and lastly to all participants of this manly sport we tender our thanks for their enthusiasm and trust that next year it will be more greatly evidenced even than this year.
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PORTRAITURE

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ROWING CLUB

During the past season the membership of the Rowing Club increased considerably and with an ample supply of new talent available, prospects for the future appear bright.

Although circumstances did not permit of the entering of crews in the local regattas, individual members of the Club rowing under the colours of other clubs acquitted themselves well. That the standard of rowing in the Club has now reached a high level is evidenced by the successes of these men during the season.

The personnel of the eight selected to represent the College at the Easter Tournament held in Dunedin was as follows: T. S. Mahood (stroke), R. F. Hansen (7), J. B. Bullock (6), R. G. Bannister (5), G. T. Ryan (4), J. R. G. Jack (3), N. M. Rose (2), W. A. Bryan (bow), A. Crane (cox).

Although favoured with weight and experience, the crew did not quite fulfil expectations, and had to be content with third place, Otago winning the race and thus becoming the possessors of the Heberley Shield.

During the year Mr. F. M. Spurdle once again acted as coach and selector, and thanks are due to this gentleman for the generous manner in which he made his services available on all occasions.

SWIMMING CLUB

Once again the Swimming Club lived up to its reputation of being one of the most popular and energetic, if not the most successful, Club at Varsity. Although last summer could not be classed as a good season for swimming, the Club on the whole had a good season, the attendance of the members on the Club nights throughout the season being particularly pleasing. During the last two seasons, the membership of the Club has decreased by leaps and bounds and, in the very near future, there can be little doubt but that the standard of swimming at Victoria will show a marked improvement. The number of younger swimmers who have joined up with the Club of late is very encouraging and this increase bodes well for the future success of the Club.

As in previous seasons, a start was made immediately after the November examinations and Club nights were held at Thornndon Baths every Wednesday evening. The Committee decided to lower the price of admission to the Baths from 6d. to 3d., but, despite this decrease, the very satisfactory financial position of the Club has been maintained.

Two teams were entered in the Wellington Water Polo Competitions, one in the B. and one in the C. grade. These teams played regularly throughout the season and both finished near the top of their respective grades. The polo teams for the ensuing season should be very strong, and it may even be possible to enter a third team.

Club nights were again the mecca of a happy throng of swimmers. Great care was taken to arrange a balanced programme each night and full scope was given to all the aquatic arts—freestyle swimming, breaststroke, diving, polo and novelty events. The Inter-Faculty Carnival, and the Club's Combined Carnival held in conjunction with the Karori Club, were outstanding successes and the latter particularly was a splendid advertisement for the Club.

A team was again entered in the arduous Peck Shield race and, although the Club finished well down, the individual performance of R. G. Hall in securing second place brought great honour to the Club. The team which ventured on to the harbour did not do as well as previous Varsity teams, this being due to lack of training.

The tournament team was most unfortunate. The team consisted of Miss S. Hefford, Miss N. Spiers, Miss M. Malcolm, Meek, Hall, O'Flynn, Taylor and Wishart. Miss Hefford finished first in the ladies' breaststroke in fast time, but was disqualified. Meek came second in the men's breaststroke, but suffered the same fate. Hall, to be quite consistent, finished second in the backstroke, and was also disqualified. Victoria protested against the decision of the referee in each case but to no avail. The team deserved a much better fate, but luck was against them.

Taylor won the men's club championship for the season, O'Flynn being the runner-up. The ladies' club champion was Miss S. Hefford, Miss Malcolm being second.

In conclusion, the Club can look forward to a very successful season next summer. The women's section of the Club is still very weak as regards membership and it is hoped that this defect will soon be remedied. A determined effort will have to be made to entice the fair sex to spend their Wednesday evenings at Thornndon. Excellence in swimming is by no means essential for Club membership.

The sincere thanks of the Club are due to its efficient Secretary, R. L. Meek, who has contributed in no small measure to its success and popularity.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

This year has seen the Table Tennis Club arise from a few individual enthusiasts into one of the best patronised and most active clubs in the College, even daring to question the Dramatic Club's right to mutter fiercely all over the Gym. whenever they feel like it. Controversies have been many, particularly over the extension of gymnasium hours in order to afford even a small measure of hospitality to visiting teams, but despite these difficulties the Club has been satisfactorily from every point of view, and the enthusiasm and standard of play have both appreciably increased.

The championships are well under way and should be completed easily in the third term. As they stand at present, Ron Rashbrooke will play Stafford or Bert Foley in the top half of the semi-finals of the men's singles, and the bottom half will probably be contested by Croxton or McBride and McLeod. In the women's singles, K. Y. Pears alone resides in the semi-finals, and the other semi-finalists are too much behind on their matches to accurately forecast. Doris Johannsen, Molly Moody, Iris Foley, Pat Ralph and Lila Marshall are still in the running. In the men's doubles, Sweeney and Stafford play Croxton and McLeod in the top half of the semi-finals, and Joanne and Durrant play Foley and Rashbrooke in the bottom half. The women's doubles and the mixed are still in the early stages, though T. Sweeney and Miss Johannsen and Croxton and Miss Ralph will probably meet in the finals of the latter.
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The inter-club results in our initial year in the Wellington team competitions have proved particularly gratifying and with any luck the D grade team should emerge the winners of the grade championship. One of the most encouraging features of the season has been the interest shown in the two ladders. So much interest was shown in the women's ladder that it eventually disappeared, nobody knows where, but there is scarcely a player among the fourteen listed in the men's ladder who has not challenged, or been challenged, several times.

Altogether, the Club has had a very successful season, and we hope it will provide as much if not more interest for its members next year as it has done this.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

The Women's Hockey Club began the season by entering two teams in the local Women's Hockey Association matches—one in the Senior A grade and one in the Junior division. Unfortunately the first four matches had to be defaulted during the vacation and when we returned the junior team had dwindled considerably and consequently had to be withdrawn. Owing to sickness and holidays we rarely fielded the same team twice so the results are not surprising though these are an improvement on those of last year.

During the second term the Club held a dance in conjunction with the Visitors' Debate which was enjoyed by those who attended; but suffered from lack of numbers.

The Inter-University Hockey Tournament was held in Christchurch in May. Owing to the short notice given Victoria was unable to send a team.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

An increase in membership enabled the Club to field seven teams in the Wellington Competitions this year. Few of the older players were not playing this season and the number of new players was very encouraging. The new system of grading of teams introduced by the Wellington Hockey Association caused us to drop one of the Senior B teams to the Senior Reserve Grade, while half-way through the season both the first and second teams were relegated a grade. However, both did well in the lower grade and may be promoted again. It is hoped that there will be no relegation next year.

An energetic committee ably carried on the affairs of the Club pursuing a policy of strengthening the Club spirit among members by social functions and gathering players together for team talks during the week. During the year two alterations to the committee were made. L. Pin transferred from Wellington, his place being taken by W. Bryan, while later Hugh Olive was transferred to Hamilton, the vacancy this time being filled by J. Till. At the close of the season the annual match between past and present players was played and in the evening members attended the Wellington Hockey Association's dinner.

This year the Tournament was held in Christchurch under ideal hockey conditions though some of the players were obviously not used to playing on the very hard grounds on Hagley Park. Victoria beat Massey and Auckland, drew with Canterbury B and lost to Canterbury A and Otago, finally finishing third with Canterbury A and Otago in front. Victoria was unfortunate in losing the services of S. Braithwaite with concussion and F. Walker with a split lip. Nevertheless, it was an excellent tournament and our thanks are due to the hosts for a most enjoyable week.

Only one New Zealand Blue came to Victoria but all agreed that N. Buchanan deserved the honour.

There were several newcomers in the Senior A team, the most notable being Sharp, an old New Zealand Blue and Rhodes Scholar whose experience was of considerable use to the Club in the way of leadership and in training. Buchanan from Christchurch, Souness and Elias were the other new senior players. The team was relegated to the second grade but had no difficulty in winning all its games there. It is hard to single out individual players but the names of Dixon, Newcombe and Beresford must be mentioned.

The two other senior grade teams did not do particularly well, the senior second grade team was relegated a grade but was very unlucky being beaten by only one goal within the last minute of the deciding game. Good once again led this side very ably and was well supported by Olive (who remained in Wellington), Purdie, Sandford and Whitham. The senior reserve team improved as the season progressed and had worked up good combination. Players to catch the eye were Till, Allen, Kirkham and Spiers.

The lower grade teams did not, with the exception of the Fourth I team, succeed in winning their competitions, but all played enthusiastic if not brilliant hockey. However all the players were keen and judged by the form of some, Victoria will not be lacking in good hockey players in the days to come. The Fourth I team was the most successful and contained some very promising players. This team was composed of Weir House men, the most notable being Rutherford, Aickmann and Thompson.

The Club is looking forward to another successful season next year when it is hoped that not too many of the older players will have hung up their shirts and settled down to a quiet life on Saturday afternoons, and that there will be an increase in the numbers of new players. Two years ago Victoria fielded six teams, this year the number had increased to seven, it is likely that we will get back to the position of being the largest hockey club in the Southern Hemisphere, a position we held not so long ago.
TRAMPING CLUB

During the past year the Club has benefited from increased membership, most enjoyable trips having been the reward of enthusiasm and hard work. The main trips, including the Christmas trip to the Lewis Pass area and the Easter sun bath on Kapiti, were well patronised and the Tararua have attracted many. The Holdsworth skiing grounds brought recruits to the sport and the Club appreciates the splendid efforts of the Hutt Valley Tramping Club in the erection of the Ian Powell Hut. In the autumn the Cone Saddle-Waiohine track was re-opened, chiefly by the vacation efforts of two members, while others have assisted the working parties of various clubs.

Christmas Day, 1938, found the Club at Lewis Pass. By force of circumstances the base camp was made near Marua Springs Hostel; nevertheless the more energetic of the party gave a good account of themselves on Mts. Technical, Mueller and Trovatore. A trip up Cannibal Gorge to the Ada Pass gave tantalising views of the Spenser Mts. and the Waiata Park country. Hitch-hiking became to some a fine art, two of the more venturesome catching a glimpse of the Tasman from the pubs of Westport.

The most successful Tararua summer trip was the Crawford-Dorset Ridge-Mitre-Waingawa crossing. On this occasion a large party, favoured by good weather, stumbled into the Waiohina from a high camp on Nichols and eventually negotiated the perils of starvation and sun-stroke to arrive at the Pines on time. Less fortunate was the attempted Maungahuka crossing, which, owing to the vagaries of the climate, degenerated into a laze at Kime and a zero visibility wind fight to Alpha and the Taumere-nikau via Block XVI.

Easter was an ideal holiday feast on Kapiti. It has been rumoured that the 1700 ft. peak was ascended but we await confirmation of other manoeuvres.

The first snow trip to Arête with its hard bitten gang of optimists was rewarded by sandwiching a magnificent 8 a.m. panorama of peaks under record snow between almost continuous falls: the early morning snow plug, the frozen "greenhouse" tea, the snow flakes in the river were amply compensated for.

The eastern side of the ranges was blessed with good weather and gave skiers on the two Holdsworth trips the chance to gain a little training. And now from National Park come advance reports of perfect weather, excellent snow conditions and plenty of skiing. We wonder how many have scorned the wiles of the boards for at least one day and trod the perilous heights.

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB

The College Rifle Club conducted a successful 1938-39 season. New members were inducted into the mysteries which lie between the firing mound and the target and the younger shots of the Club showed marked improvement.

The institution this year of the six-man tournament team enabled the Club to make what it is believed will be a valuable departure—the selection of junior shots and an initiation of them to the somewhat difficult business of a tournament shoot. This initiation, it is certain, will assist very greatly in making a strong combination for the Haslam Shield competition next year.

The team representing the College at Tournament this year was: D. H. K. Ross (capt.), G. T. Ryan, P. G. Pasley, R. J. Corkill, A. T. Howarth, and R. H. Johnston, with A. R. Anderson as emergency. By an unfortunate and somewhat bewildering combination of events the Club lost the Haslam Shield to Otago by a narrow margin. Tournament points were, however, gained on two of the practices. The team shot well and though there were sparkles of individual brilliance, it was well balanced. D. H. K. Ross returned highest score for V.U.C. and secured the Mills Trophy.

Club competitions were conducted throughout the season. Ross retained the Sansum Trophy for musketry and R. H. Johnston won the Club Championship and Aperture Championship Cups.

Prospects for the coming season are good. With shots of the calibre of Howarth, Anderson, Jones and Allan coming on the Haslam team augurs to be a good one.

College Blues were awarded to D. H. K. Ross, G. T. Ryan, H. T. Olive and R. H. Johnston.

During the year Club equipment has been steadily augmented and the Club now possesses facilities far in advance of the other College Rifle Clubs. Membership is good but there is ample room for expansion. All students interested in the sport are invited to communicate with the Secretary and obtain full information. Others who profess to have no interest are advised to enquire so that they may be enlightened. Range rifle shooting as a sport possesses innumerable advantages. It offers portion of the week-end in the great wide open in company with fellows whose interests are yours; it affords outlet for inner communal promptings in team-work, and it will give you the advantage of cultivating individual judgment for whether in a team, or shooting as an individual, you personally control the destinies of the bullet; whether it shall be a "bull" or a "miss" depends on your ability individually to estimate and counteract wind and light factors. As a sport it yet possesses this aspect of individualism—a fact which should appear inviting and be welcomed as an appropriate form of relaxation by large numbers of the more philosophically inclined among the students of the College. But whether you are philosophically inclined or not, join the College Rifle Club—the game has a fascination.

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DEBATING SOCIETY

With an inexperienced but enthusiastic committee, whose activities, unfortunately, were sadly disorganised by reason of various resignations, the Dramatic Club has had, on the whole a successful though uneven year.

The first production was A. A. Milne's "Dover Road," produced by Alan Gordon, and acted very competently by an experienced cast. Patrick Macaskill and Miss June Cummins did especially good work.

Two major productions were scheduled for the second term. The first was Edna Ferber's "Stage Door," a play not in some ways suitable for the Varsity stage and its restrictions, and also requiring great care in producing, done by Marie MacWilliams. That it succeeded and was thoroughly appreciated by good audiences was a tribute to all connected with the production. Amongst the cast Margaret Freeman had the lion's share of work, and showed distinct promise.

Later in the term an evening of short plays was presented—"Danger," a fragment by Richard Hughes; "Flickering Light," a New Zealand-written thriller; and a political farce, "Where's that Bomb" by Buckley Roberts and Roger Cyullan. The first two were far below Dramatic Club standards, but compensation was provided by the short two-act "Where's that Bomb?" which surely must be one of the most discussed plays ever presented at 'Varsity. Unfortunately reviews were inadequate and missed the really vital content of the piece. The respective producers were June Cummins, H. W. Williamson, and Alan Gordon.

The presentation of four major productions, committee disorganisation, and atrocious rehearsing conditions, milti- tated against extensive activity, but a reading of Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" was enjoyed by a small audience in the second term.

"Hops" again this year followed all productions and are always popular. A feature has been made of semi-vegetarian suppers.

The year closes with the annual revue, which should provide popular entertainment of the usual high standard, and with much new talent offering the Club looks forward to another successful year.

LAW FACULTY CLUB

The activities of the Law Faculty Club over the past twelve months have been confined to two major events—the Law Dinner and the Annual Law Ball—in addition to the continued co-operation with the Wellington Law Students' Society in conducting its moots and addresses. The objects of the Club are the promotion of the welfare of law students in their activities both academic and social and in the latter phase the Club has had a very successful year.

The Annual Law Dinner held in the Empire Hotel early in March was well attended by senior students but there was a very poor response from the junior members of the faculty. Our guest of honour on this occasion was His Honour Sir Hubert Oatler and also present were Hon. H. G. R. Mason, Attorney-General, Professor Williams and members of the profession.

The Annual Law Ball held recently was not the success it was hoped to be due to the lack of support from the legal practitioners in the city who appear to fail to appreciate the significance of this function. Excellent support however was given by the students. The Club is indebted to the Right Honourable the Chief Justice, Sir Michael Myers, G.C.M.G., and Lady Myers for honouring the Club by acting as host and hostess for the evening.

Members of the Club were fortunate through the kind action of Professor Williams of meeting early in the second term Dr. E. Tyrell Dennett, until recently President of Williams College, Massachusetts, U.S.A., and formerly Professor of International Relations at Princeton. Dr. Dennett's object was to contact the law students and hear their views on legal education and other such topics. In turn he explained the system of legal education at the various law schools in the United States and replied to the questions of students in a very able manner.

The Club has available now six LL.B. hoods which are hired to graduates for the capping ceremony thus helping to alleviate the worries of students in this connection.

PHOENIX CLUB

In a University College there should be adequate support for a Club which aims at presenting to its members some aspect of art, together with discussion and a general airing of views. The truth, unfortunately, is that the measure of support granted to the Phoenix Club by students has been disappointing. It is true that Club meetings have on some occasions clashed with other activities and attendance has, as a consequence, been small. But the general conclusion to be drawn (taking into account some procrastination on the part of the Club) is that Victoria College has little interest in a culture other than that presented in lectures for examination purposes.

Yet the Phoenix Club in this and other years has attempted to offer a basis for discussion of the various manifestations of art at the present day. Dr. Stutch opened this year's activities with a talk on "Art and Society"—a topic general enough to allow of divergent interpretation and treatment.

After some delay, Mr. E. C. Simpson, W.E.A. lecturer, was able to give a lecture (illustrated by slides) on the approach to art—treating modern art by the way.

A few select spirits gathered to hear Mr. Ralph Hogg deliver an excellent address on Modern Drama—a concise, comprehensive survey of drama and its various tendencies during the last thirty years. Perhaps the most singular feature of Madame Betts Vincent's delightfully informal talk on Music To-day was the cheerful unanimity with which the meeting damned the education system, indiscriminate use of the radio, Bing Crosby and the tribe of crooners in general.

That tendency of the Phoenix Club to turn all discussion on to political and social issues which had become almost a tradition since the Club's inception was remarkable for its absence from almost all meetings to date. But the last meeting in the second term—a students' evening—saw the
return of the old spirit. Mr. Saker spoke briefly on Romanticism, Mr. Gretton defended Realism and in the ensuing discussion social and political questions were debated once again.

The newly-established Gramophone Committee has usurped the interest of the Phoenix Club in the arrangement of recitals, but the interest of members in the programmes presented has continued.

Whether or not the recommendation sent last year to the College Council, that works of art be hung on the College walls, had influence in high places we are unable to say, but the Club has been pleased to note the introduction of some fine prints into the College.

The Committee would urge on those students who have any interest in the arts a greater interest in Club activities in the next season.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Without a doubt 1939 has been one of the Society's most successful years in recent times. Attendances at debates have been uniformly high and it has been gratifying to notice the number of students—particularly freshmen—who have contributed to the discussions. The fact that the debates organised have been mainly on subjects of vital social and political interest has probably accounted for the frequent necessity for extending the time allotted collectively to speakers from the floor.

The Society's outstanding function of the year was the Visitors' Debate held in the Gymnasium on the 14th July on the question of whether the Labour Government merits the continued confidence of the country. More people than could be wedged into the hall came to hear Dr. McMillan, M.P., say that it does, and Mr. S. G. Holland, M.P., that it does not. On this occasion both the judge, Mr. W. P. Rollings, and the chairman, Mr. D. M. Hatherly, took the opportunity of stressing the urgent need for a new Students' Association building.

The Joynt Scroll Contest was held in Dunedin this year and our representatives, Messrs. R. W. Edgely and R. L. Meek, brought the Scroll back with them. Mr. Meek was adjudged the best of the individual speakers participating in the contest. A radio debate which was held with the C.U.C. during the year also resulted in a victory for V.U.C.

Although the attendance at the Plunket Medal Oratory Contest held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on 29th July was not large, the judges were able to compliment the nine speakers who took part upon the standard of the addresses delivered by them. The Medal was won by Mr. O'Connor with Mr. Meek a close second.

Mr. J. B. Aimers, last year's chairman of the Society, this year toured Australia as a member of a debating team of two sent across the Tasman by the N.Z.U.S.A.

The Union Prize for the speaker gaining the most points in debates held during any year was won last year by Mr. E. K. Braybrook. Mr. W. W. Wbd was runner-up. The prize awarded last year to the winner of the New Speakers' Contest went to Mr. B. M. O'Connor.

EVANGELICAL UNION

The year has seen the witness of the Evangelical Union maintained and strengthened.

Since the inception of this Union in 1933 membership has been steadily growing and this year has meant the largest numbers yet. New members were welcomed at a reunion supper held early in the first term.

During the term Friday evening meetings have been held when visiting speakers have given a very interesting series of addresses on the doctrinal basis of the Evangelical Union. These meetings have been continued during the second term when Rev. J. A. Clifford, M.Sec., one of our advisory councillors, presented us with a series of masterly addresses on "Why the Cross." The term's Friday evening meetings were concluded by several missionary addresses, the speakers including Mr. George Stanley, Mr. H. S. Hare and Dr. J. A. Loan (Otago).

The prayer life of the Evangelical Union, the strength of which has always marked the progress of the Church, has been earnestly maintained. Regular meetings just prior to 5 p.m. lectures have proved the source of blessing and progress.

Two Sunday teas were held, one in the first term, the visitor being Dr. Pleasance Cart (London), on furlough from the Zenana Mission of India. A second tea's address was addressed by Mr. F. B. Stephens, M.A., B.Com., who presented a challenging and inspiring address on the Christian's social responsibility.

The annual house party was held early in June in pleasant little Shelly Bay, Seatoun. Rev. W. A. Orange, B.A., gave some marvellous addresses on the second Epistle to Timothy. The epistle written to a young man concerning the signs of the last days.

The annual Inter-Varsity Conference of Evangelical Unions held at Dunedin this year was represented by ten delegates from Victoria and Training College. Evangelical Union Conferences have been held since 1936, when Wellington invited the other Evangelical Unions and—all being well next year, Victoria will receive another Inter-Varsity Conference of Evangelical Unions.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY

Great minds are stimulating, and Dr. Millikan is a great man. Not only a pioneer in physics, but also a deep thinker. At a meeting of scientists young and old he showed the Society something of the place of science in contributing to the progress of man. The gay, simple far-reaching talk, punctuated by illuminating asides, was the outstanding event in the Society's year.

We also thank Dr. Berkner, another celebrated American investigator, for "Some Aspects of the Upper Atmosphere." Mr. A. C. Gifford for challenging Jeans' Origin of the Solar System with a plausible alternative. Mr. R. Hayes for his wide informative "Seismology." G. N. Calvert, Government Actuary, for "Actuarial Mathematics." Those who provided the keynotes of the discussions which follow—supper in the Laboratory. Those who by their attendance and criticism fostered the advancement of the discussions throughout the year.

A variety of straightforward topics simply treated by able men, are helping to abolish textbook tactics and encourage original thought and criticism. The Society is doing a fine piece of work in the College.
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

At the best of times the number of clubs contributing to the cultural life of the College is limited. And where such clubs have been formed, the mortality has been high, mainly as a result of student apathy or lack of interest.

All the more pleasing therefore to record the forming, late in the Session admittedly, of an International Relations Club at V.U.C. Apart from the contribution the Club will make to the intellectual life of the College, its inception has come at a time when it is most needed. The 1939 Session has been seriously affected by the breakdown of international relations, and the outbreak of the present war; students again face great social problems. It is the duty of the University to meet this challenge; and to continue intellectual discussion so that the essential issues and basic facts will not be lost in the chaos of emotionalism which is the inevitable outcome of the effect of war upon a community. This is where the new Club can be of great assistance.

As a result of the efforts of Prof. F. L. W. Wood, an invariable meeting of students was convened in July last to discuss the possibility of forming at V.U.C. an International Relations Club similar to those already functioning at universities and colleges in many parts of the world. This well-attended meeting was unanimous in its decision to elect a committee to form a club whose objects shall be to promote an interest in the study and discussion of world affairs. It was also agreed that “The Club is not to support exclusively any one view as to how best to treat the conditions which now prevail throughout the world, but to fix the attention of students on those underlying principles of international conduct, of international law, and of international organisation which must be agreed upon and put into action if a peaceful civilisation is to continue. Events overseas have moved quickly since then—an even more difficult task faces the Club.”

The following Committee was elected:
- Faculty Adviser: Prof. F. L. W. Wood.
- Chairman: A. T. Russell.
- Secretary-Treasurer: Miss M. McWilliams.
- Committee: Messrs F. E. Maclean and M. S. Sutch.
- and Mr. F. H. Corner.

In August the Club held its first discussion, a dialogue between Prof. L. M. Lipson and Dr. J. C. Beaglhole on the pros and cons of a British alliance with Russia. The discussion was very well attended, and indicated the wide interest in international affairs among students of the College. The dialogue was maintained at a high peak for two hours—testimony to the capacity of the speakers and to the excellent possibilities of the Club.

A series of discussions on the present international situation with Prof. Lipson and Wood and Dr. J. C. Beaglhole as the speakers, has been arranged for the final term. The Club has filled an urgent need, and has made a splendid start.

The Committee wishes to record its appreciation of the assistance given by the Carnegie Corporation, New York, in the supply of books to the Club, and thanks are due to Mr. R. W. Edgley, ex-President of the Students’ Association, for his ready co-operation during his term of office.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

On the mere record of events the year 1939 might be judged to have witnessed a decline in S.C.M. activities as compared with 1937 and 1938. But it is an apparent decline only and the appearance of it is owing to a change in the direction of Club energies, a change based on the past experience of the Club. A distrust of the value of the large public type of meeting has resulted this session in a general preference for the more informal variety when possible, for meetings in camps, in the homes of members, in circles of study or devotion. The emphasis has thus been placed more on the education of members to a better understanding of the implications of the faith they profess than on the endeavour to establish, by address or argument, the validity of the Christian position before the College as a whole. And whether the tendency is in itself good or bad it has certainly redounded to the profit of those who have taken advantage of its opportunities.

Nevertheless there is much to record even in the way of features. The Christmas Conference held at Christchurch attracted several V.U.C. students and amply rewarded their enthusiasm. Lines of thought and inquiry started there were developed at a camp for V.U.C. and Training College S.C.M. executive members held at Makara at the close of February in preparation for the session. The opening of session itself was attended by the operation of the usual social services rendered by the Club—the Information Bureau, the Handbook (an unqualified success this), and the Secondhand Bookstall. An inaugural university service arranged by the S.C.M. was held at St. John’s and a welcome to freshers was given in the popular form of a picnic to Titahi Bay.

Study circles were organised under an entirely new system—about half a dozen small circles meeting each week with student leaders; the leaders in turn meeting fortnightly for preparation under Mr. Salmond to whom our gratitude is due for his enthusiasm, patience, and interest in the direction. The study undertaken was the same as in other centres—the epistle of Paul to the Romans, and was to agitate the greatest problems of Christian faith, ethics and practice and to be profitable accordingly. A weekly devotional period was arranged for Thursday nights and has proved of great benefit to members.

In the first term a public address given by Rev. J. A. Linton on the Anatomy of Frustration called forth much comment. The May vacation camp held at Walls House with lectures and discussions led by Mr. Cochran, Mr. Linton and George Fallon evoked enthusiasm from all who attended it. Anzac Day saw an afternoon and evening meeting at Karori with a talk by Mr. Hearnshaw which created a profound impression on his hearers.

The Day of Prayer was signalled by a service at St. John’s, preceded by a talk at which a most pertinent address on the refugee problem as it affects New Zealand in general and the S.C.M. in particular was delivered.

Intermittent Saturday evening meetings throughout the year have provided interest and variety. One open forum, on “What is Freedom,” has been held at the date of writing and similar meetings are projected.

The sales of “Student” have been this year comparatively small but the quality of the paper itself is encouraging and deserves better things for the future.

The lifting of the ban on the discussion of sex and religion resulted in the debating of one religious topic by the Debating Society and has re-opened an avenue for Christian witness in the College.

It is impossible to conclude a review such as this with complacency. To the sincere subscriber to the aims and objects of the movement the position is, and must be, unsatisfactory. But there is a difference between healthy dissatisfaction and disheartenment and the latter we do not feel. It is something, though not enough, to rouse the College to an occasional consciousness of the challenge of spiritual realities; and it is much, though still not enough, to be enabled through it to share in the life of the Church universal within the University.
BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

It is the purpose of the Biological Society to provide a ready source for students who have a live interest in things botanical and zoological outside the scope of the Degree Courses, and for those who, though not taking science, are interested in living organisms. The usual draw of the annual General Meeting was dispelled this year by Professor Kirk's "Reminiscences of the Biology Department," and after this auspicious beginning there followed a series of excursions and lectures in which interest was well maintained.

Botany and zoology shared the programme equitably. Mr. C. E. Palmer, M.Sc., Lecturer in Zoology, speaking on "Hormones in Insects," gave an interesting insight into a typical field of current research in zoology. The presidential address on "Photoperiodism, Vernalisation and the Phasic Development of Plants" performed a corresponding service for botany. A symposium on aims and methods in the collecting of plants and molluscs, illustrated by a wealth of specimens, aroused much interest. The films on biological subjects shown last year proved so attractive that another programme was arranged; the venture was again successful, over eighty students attending.

The best event of the year was undoubtedly the visit, made in conjunction with the Chemical Society, to Massey Agricultural College and the Grasslands Division of the Plant Research Bureau at Palmerston North. The Sunday excursion train gave only a brief time in which to visit such interesting institutions, but thanks to the hospitality of the staffs we saw a wealth of things and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Local excursions were organised, to the Otari Native Plant Museum and to Island Bay, for example. Professor Kirk has given us every facility for working upon material collected; and it is hoped that next year, when we have moved into the commodious new building, more work of this kind will be possible.

This year the Society is to sustain a severe loss in the departure of Mr. C. E. Palmer, M.Sc., Lecturer in Zoology during the past four years, who leaves to take up a position in the Government Meteorological Office. Mr. Palmer was one of the founders of the Society, and its first President. Since joining the staff of the College he has continued to take a keen interest in the Society's welfare, and we shall miss his inspiration and help.

GLEE CLUB

Although there are well over a thousand students at V.U.C., there is only one club which provides a regular outlet for the expression of their musical and more particularly their vocal talents. The Glee Club, though small in numbers, is keen and enthusiastic and its members are to be commended on their efforts during the past year in the face of many difficulties.

Under the capable guidance of Mr. R. L. Hutchens, whose services are always readily given to the College, the Glee Club has progressed considerably, and the Concert presented early in August was one of the most successful in the short history of the Club.

Rehearsals were as usual conducted in the dispiriting atmosphere of the Gymnasium, but it is hoped that next year the Club will have the use of a music room in the new Biology Block. Under present conditions, the Club is hampered but there is yet hope that the aim of a College Choir will be realised. With better facilities, there is no reason why this aim should not be realised next year. More members are required, especially in the tenor and bass sections and with an increased membership the Club would need a piano for its own use—the College Council is sympathetic if students can be induced to give the Club its support.

A successful community sing was held in the first term, and a further one was held in the final term. The value of the College Song Book was ably demonstrated on these and other occasions during the year, particularly as it enables freshers to make contact with traditional V.U.C. songs.

At the annual Capping ceremony this year, Glee Club members were present in force to lead the singing of College songs, another occasion on which more concerted musical efforts by the students would be appreciated.

A suggestion has been made that the Glee Club should change its name to the Choral Society and it is probable that this matter will be brought before members at the next annual general meeting.

In conclusion, the Committee wishes to express its grateful appreciation of those who gave their services either as soloists or otherwise at the Annual Concert and during the year at practices and community sings.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

During the last few years the activity of the Photographic Society has brought it more and more into the cycle of College life. Though it is not one of the largest clubs of the College, none is more active, and as a society of members who are conscientiously striving to produce original works of artistic value, the Club holds an important place in student affairs.

The most convincing evidence of the Society's energy is the exhibition of some 120 selected photographs, all produced by past and present members, while a snapshot competition for beginners, a "scavenger hunt" to test entrants' ingenuity, and the annual "Spice" competition, have also been organised. Fortnightly meetings, taking various forms, such as instructional talks, print criticisms lantern-slide evenings, and the screening of movies have dealt with many aspects of the photographer's art. One of the highlights of the year's programme was the visit to Mr. Perry's studio. He went to great trouble to make a profitable and interesting evening for the party, and treated the Club most generously.

A portfolio of prints has been circulating regularly among members for criticism and appreciation; the portfolio gives everyone the opportunity of improving his work by giving and receiving mutual advice and criticism. With increased responsibilities and higher ambitions, better facilities for work have been necessary and in this connection the Society is deeply indebted to the Principal whose support and co-operation have enabled the Club to make considerable improvements and additions to its equipment.

The Club now has a studio with lighting facilities, and a small library adjoining the darkroom, while negotiations for the purchase of a new enlarger have been under way.

The Society is pleased to be able to take this opportunity of thanking all those outside the College who have graciously given up time to make this such a successful year for V.U.C. photographers.
The main object of this Society is to foster an interest in chemistry among all students, and not only those of the Science Faculty.

We are able to record a fairly successful year, the Society having had seven lectures and one visit this year. The outstanding address of the year was delivered by Mr. R. L. Andrew, Assistant Dominion Analyst. His subject covered the relationship of chemistry to modern advertising. A summary of this address was subsequently distributed as a supplement to "Salient."

A visit to Massey College during the second term was another notable event. For this our Society combined with the Biological Society, and a very interesting and instructive time was had by all members. We are greatly indebted to members of the staff at Massey for their very cordial welcome and for the complete arrangements made. Such an outing shows how important and desirable it is that the Science Societies should endeavour to co-operate in their activities.

The formation of a Biochemical Class under the leadership of Mr. White is another activity opened up this year.

Attendance at meetings throughout the year has not been all that it could be, considering the size of the Department. Especially is this noticeable in the case of freshers and some advanced students.
CATALOGUE

The Editor,

"The Spike."

Dear Sir,—There has been drawn up recently what is believed to be a complete catalogue of issues to date of the magazine "The Spike."

Many errors and omissions in numbering have been discovered and it has occurred to me that if the catalogue were published in full it might be a help to those who do us the compliment to collect our publications.

The Association’s official record copies have been re-numbered where necessary in accordance with the figures quoted in the first three columns of the catalogue, and those who desire to keep their copies of past issues in step with the official records are advised to take similar action.

Subscribers will note that although from 1931 until the present time "Spike" has been issued only once annually, a new Volume Number has continued to be allotted each year. This of course is due to the possibility that at any time in the future the system of publishing more than once annually may be re-introduced.

I am, etc.,

H. M. Sansum,
Records Officer,
V.U.C. Students’ Association.

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**SPECIAL NOTE RE THE 1933 ISSUE.**

Shortly after the 1933 "Spike" had been placed on sale, it was withdrawn, re-edited, re-printed, and re-issued with three of the original contributions (two in prose and one in verse) omitted and replaced by fresh material. These two issues (which may be described respectively as the "Withdrawn Issue" and the "Approved Issue") were both published with the Volume Number wrongly shown as XXXIII.

The easiest manner in which to identify these issues is to examine page 33, which in the Withdrawn Issue is devoted to a poem entitled "Winter Sunset," while the corresponding page in the Approved Issue is occupied by a poem entitled "Frustration."
CLUB OFFICIALS

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB—Club Captain: A. B. Dixon; Secretary: F. H. Walker; Treasurer: A. B. McIntosh; Committee: W. Bryan, J. Till, D. E. Good.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB—Secretary: A. McLeod; Treasurer: R. Rashbrooke; Committee: Misses K. Pears, S. Grinlington, P. Ralph, Messrs. J. Croxton, S. V. Braithwaite.

TENNIS CLUB—Chairman: E. G. Burge; Secretary: F. D. Christensen; Treasurer: F. H. Renouf; Committee: Misses P. H. Higgin, F. E. MacLean, K. Pears, Messrs. A. M. Morrison, P. G. Pauley, B. W. Brock, K. J. McNaught.


RIFLE CLUB—President: T. R. C. Muir; Deputy President: C. J. Gates; Treasurer: H. T. Olive; Secretary: R. H. Johnstone; Committee: G. T. Ryan, R. J. Corkhill.

HARRIER CLUB—Club Captain: D. R. Scrymgour; Vice Captain: S. K. Newall; Secretary-Treasurer: R. Burge; Publicity Officer: F. T. O'Kane; Delegates to N.Z.A.A.A. Wellington Centre: F. T. O'Flynn, M. J. Hoffmann.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB—President: Prof. F. Wood; Club Captain: Miss B. Stubbs; Secretary: Betty Rider; Treasurer: Mary Franklin; Committee: Misses B. Fraser and J. Bogle.

TRAMPING CLUB—Secretary: A. G. Bagaail; Chief Guide: R. N. Collin; Committee: Miss P. Self, Messrs. J. H. Croxton, W. Broad, R. Chorlton, A. P. Oliver, W. Bradshaw.

BASKETBALL CLUB—Club Captain: M. A. Walker; Secretary-Treasurer: P. H. Higgin; Vice Captain: J. E. Osborne; Committee: A. Stewart, E. D. Maysmor, M. Merlet.

ROWING CLUB—Club Captain: R. P. Hansen; Deputy Captain: G. C. Broad; Secretary: T. G. Ryan; Treasurer: J. B. Bullock; Committee: M. M. Rose, R. J. Corkhill.

FOOTBALL CLUB—Club Captain: A. P. O'Shea; Deputy Captain, H. E. Moore; Secretary: C. G. Rea; Treasurer: B. O'Regan; Captain 1st XV: R. B. Burke; Committee: S. G. Eade, R. P. Hansen, R. B. Burke.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY—President: A. J. D. Barker, B.A., B.Sc.; Secretary: R. A. Cumber; Other Members: Miss J. E. M. Osborne, B.Sc., Miss F. F. Self, A. P. Oliver.

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EVANGELICAL UNION—President: R. N. Green; Secretary: A. V. Maddick; Treasurer: F. H. Walker; Committee: Misses Joan Blythell, Ruth Sanders, Messrs. A. G. Stewart, C. K. Bcroft; Graduate President: E. A. Misen, M.A.

WEIR HOUSE COMMITTEE—President: R. J. Corkhill, B.A.; Secretary: F. J. Halpin; Treasurer: R. G. Bannister; Committee: R. R. Menendez, W. A. C. Wilson, T. C. Larkin, B.A.

PHOENIX CLUB—Patron: Prof. Van Zelst; Vice Patron: Prof. I. A. Gordon; Secretary-Treasurer: Elma Johnson; Committee: Ruth Guscott, June Reid, G. Higgin, D. Saker, N. Hull.

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WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM COMMITTEE—President: E. McClean; Secretary: Betty Stubbs; Committee Member: Elma Johnson.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY—President: Prof. P. W. Robertson; Vice President: Mr. A. D. Monro; Chairman: P. A. Oglesby; Secretary-Treasurer: N. D. Jamison; Committee: Miss E. Wintzline, Messrs. E. Cardale, G. Wallace.

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