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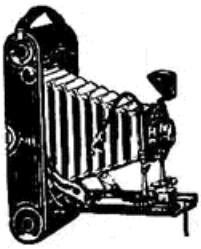

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No. 46

The Spike

OR

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1924

(Registered for transmission as a Magazine)

Published under the direction of Victoria University College Students' Association (Inc.), and Printed by The New Zealand Worker Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd., 290 Wakefield Street, Wellington.

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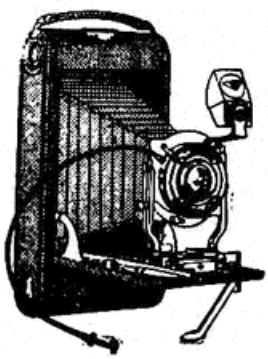

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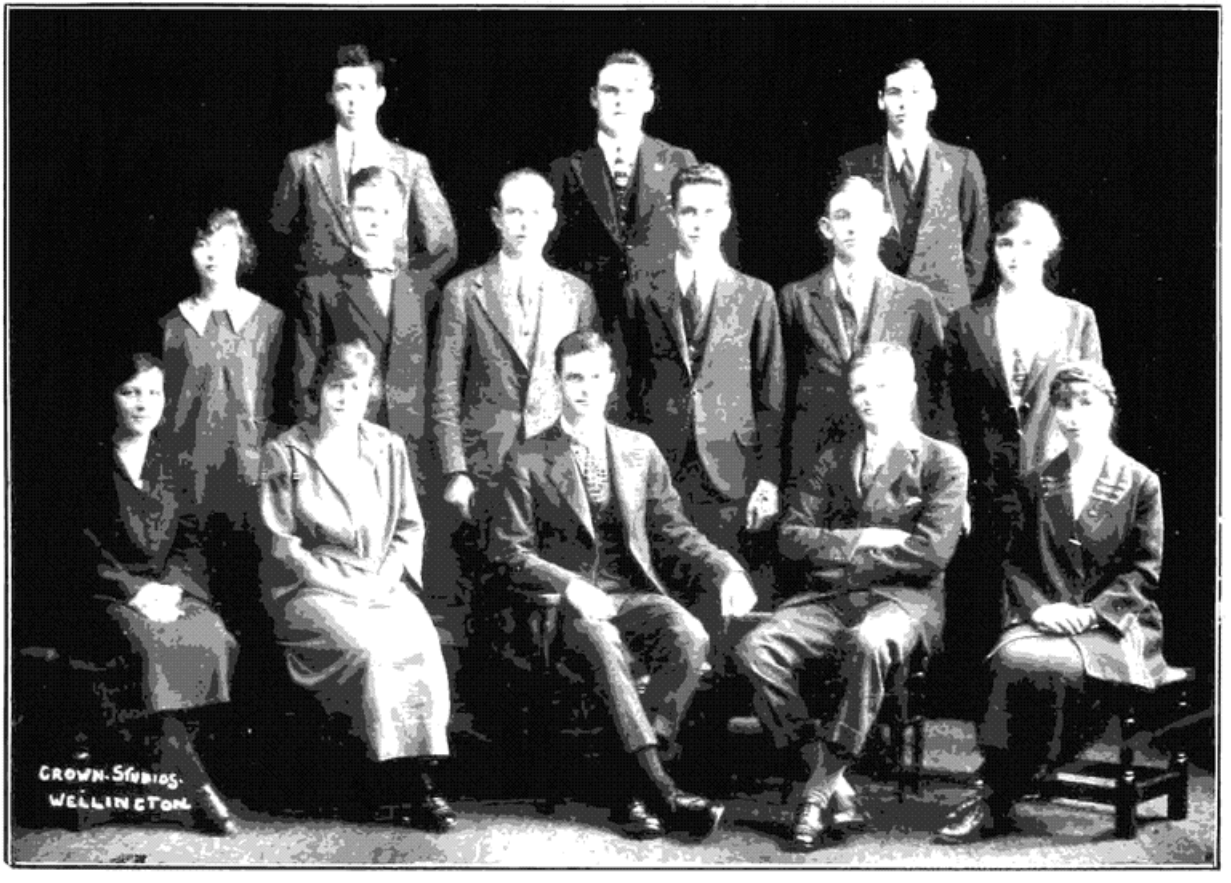

Back Row.—H. L. Richardson, N. G. F. Whiteman, J. C. Beaglehole.
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The Spike

OR

Victoria University College Review

(Published Twice in the Session)

The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to The Editor, Victoria University College, Wellington. Subscriptions are now due, and are payable to Mr. R. F. Fortune, Financial Secretary.

Vol. XXIII *No. 2*

Editorial

"They defend the universities and academic bodies on the ground that, but for them, good work would be so universal that the world would become clogged with masterpieces to an extent that would reduce it to an absurdity. Good sense would rule over all, and merely smart or clever people would be unable to earn a living."—Notebooks of Samuel Butler.

This writing of Editorials is a Devil of a Job. The regular filling of a certain space with edifying little moral dissertations would, after a certain stage, one hazards, pall on a parson; and when one has to run round the little cage of one's mind, and taken a look out of the four corners, and written down the result, one is at a loss what to say next. One stands in the middle and gazes at the ceiling; one turns one's stare upon the floor; and then, having cursed one's inadequacy to discuss the greater problems of time and space (even if one knew what they were), having beaten one's brain in despair against the inexorable iron bars of one's limitations, having considered handing the job over to the Sub-editor and recoiled in alarm from one's own morbid imagination, having thought of and discarded as hopeless all the usual things, one hits on something more usual, more worked-over, more completely jaded than anything else, and recurs to the delicate subject of University Reform.

It is in the air, inescapable, inevitable. The rumours have penetrated even to the Minister of Education, and he has announced his intention of appointing a Royal Commission to look into the matter. Auckland demands a revolution, Christchurch is positive something must be done; Professor T. A. Hunter, standard-bearer in many a bloody fight, seizes once more the eagle, and with the glad cry of one who has followed the Emperor from the Alps to Moscow, pre-

pares to lead yet again the legions into the thickest of the fray. Even Otago is of the tentative opinion that something might be done in the way of getting together some time and discussing ways and means of adjusting a few inconsiderable points. So things must be moving. Well, it's time. Paralysis is never a very advantageous way of living, and in the case of an institution, better be dead than paralysed. And in the case of the University of New Zealand paralysis has been threatening the body for some time. The action taken by Auckland in demanding practically a separate university is merely a foretaste of what must inevitably have happened in the more progressive centres if there were no prospect of the present system being changed by other means.

What is now proposed, of course, though it is not yet enshrined in definite official proceedings, is that a Royal Commission shall be appointed, including as its chairman a man from abroad with wide actual administrative experience in University matters, with an unbiassed modern outlook; and that this Commission shall overhaul thoroughly the fabric of the University, and make such proposals for the rebuilding as it thinks proper. And there is not a great deal of doubt that, in the light of what has been done in London and South Africa, the result will be a pretty complete remodelling. Certainly the stupid complete control of the Senate as at present constituted must go; and certainly the individual colleges with their staffs must get a much greater control of the actual work of teaching. Independence, of course, is a dangerous experiment, as conservative thought has pointed out regularly all through history. We may just as well recognise this; but recognise at the same time that there is one thing more dangerous, and that is death. Sooner a bonfire, sooner a brief burst of glory in a flying skyrocket of a career than the deadly inanition of the self-satisfied. For there is nothing more deadly than self-satisfied pedantry. As a matter of fact, however, there is not likely to be such a blaze. With one or two drastic fundamental reforms, the rest will come in due course and naturally, if without any great excitement. Let us get rid of that paralysing shade, the present University of New Zealand, that monument of inefficiency and uselessness; and we shall be well on the road to salvation. As things are, we are damned; we might seem to be damned utterly.

The opponents of such a reform urge with tiresome iteration that the change will ruin the value of the New Zealand degree. It is a specious argument; it reduces education to the level of a monopoty-product, a thing of examination and approval by a badly-run board of management, totally divorced from the realities of teaching and study. A degree has not, never has had, and we hope never will have any value (except, perhaps, a small commercial value) apart from the intrinsic worth of character of those who bear it—their tolerance, their freedom from cant, their refusal to truckle to the idols of any market-place, their love of truth for its own sake, their positive achievement in learning and creation. And the reputation of a University for helping to produce men and women of this sort is the only thing that will give value to any degree.

It is well to reflect, however, that a mere change in the mechanics of government is far from salvation in itself. It opens up a road, but unless we students tread the road with independence and judgment, the change may as well not be made. After all, it is possible to run a University under the most disheartening dis-

advantages, official and unofficial, provided the spirit be there; but be the spirit absent and all else is but beating of the wind. We must have liberty to develop our individuality with all the breadth and excellence that in us lies, but if we have no individuality, and are satisfied with the lack of it, is liberty, after all, so great a boon? It is one of the worst of all mistakes to regard a means as an end. Even as it is, those connected with Victoria College do not utilise all the influence that is in their grasp. It is not of actual students we speak here, but of graduates, men and women with University experience who should know what a University stands for in the community, and who should do their utmost to see that whatever ideals are possible are followed fearlessly and tirelessly. The Court of Convocation of the Wellington University District consists of all graduates of the University whose names are on the books of Victoria College—and Victoria has now something like seven hundred graduates. This Court is entitled to meet and discuss matters of University interest, and to make representations to the Senate. It elects two representatives to the Senate. It elects four members of the College Council. It presumably, if it had the will, could be an influence of considerable importance in University government. As things stand, its influence is nil. The average attendance at the annual meeting (other meetings being almost unknown), which elects its officers, is, we are credibly informed, about five or six. There was a meeting held in the last vacation to discuss the question of University reform, and there were as many as twenty-four present. The excitement among the older members at this unprecedented phenomenon was immense. Could anything be more pitiful? If there is one thing future graduates can do for the name of their College, it is to put fresh life and blood into this feebly anæmic institution. We have no wish in the world to import the dead-hand influence of alumni, which is only too apparent in some American colleges; far sooner the present state of things, anomalous and inadequate as it is. But a strong backing of graduates, speaking with weight as an official body, would surely have some influence where University matters are concerned. They could surely hope to spread the feeling, even in Wellington, that there is such a thing as a University, as University teaching, as University culture (we hope), as—is it too foolish to dream of?—a distinctively University way of looking at things, a way of tolerance, of knowledge, of broad-minded and practical idealism. As things stand, nothing could be more divorced from reality than this enticing dream—yet dreams have materialised before now. We ask all graduates-to-be, therefore, to note one factor which can be made of a quite considerable importance in the future.

There is another thing which this time concerns all students, but particularly those students, if there be any, who have some interest in the College as an institution with a very real influence on their lives, and not a mere depot for the purchase of so much professional training. It is the question of Student Representation on the Council, an idea that was discussed and disapproved some years ago by (we think) the then Executive of the Students' Association, and which has been again brought forward this year in all seriousness as a practicable and desirable thing. At the meeting of Convocation before referred to the matter was discussed to a certain extent (the shock being so great for one earnest member that he could only describe it as an attempt at Soviet government), and was then

postponed to another meeting. Difficulties—and quite serious difficulties—can doubtless be raised to the proposal—for instance, who is to appoint whatever representative may be allowed? assuming such representation, would it be of any practical use?—but it is for students to discuss the matter fully and seriously, and themselves come to some conclusion. It may be remarked that in the most conservative State of the Australian Commonwealth, legislation has been passed recently bearing on this very subject. By the Melbourne University Act, 1923, the students of Melbourne University elect two representatives to a council of thirty-one, the franchise being confined to students of twenty-one and over. It is proposed in Wellington to have one representative on a council of sixteen, with some such qualification as to the right of voting as in Melbourne. Of the justice of the principle involved we think there can be no doubt. The student body is an important part of the University; historically, the students practically were the University; they are intimately concerned ultimately in whatever is done, and what concerns all, it is at least the English theory, should be considered by all. Whether such consideration is really possible it is not for us to decide here (as we are not writing a leader for the daily paper), but there is the problem, one of importance, and if we as students do not take a hand in its solving, certainly we deserve little consideration in whatever solution is found.

And then there is that most important matter of all, the matter of a residential hostel. It is good to know that a further step has been taken, that the Students' Association is working with the Graduates' Association, and that the Council has appointed a subcommittee to consult on plans and prospects. Yet we doubt if a great number of students are interested in the matter, and whether all the agitation, all the thinking and the spade-work, is not being done by a very few, enthusiastic but ill-supported. The question was made the main point of the editorial of last year's September "Spike"; and we are reluctant to insist on it at great length here. Yet if one thing is certain, it is that there can be no common life of thought or sympathy among students without some common place of living. The casual contacts of hall and corridors are of small use. Clubs embrace but a limited circle. Yet the work they have done, the contact they have provided, is proof positive of the good that must ensue from a means to closer contact still. Among all the limitations of our work as a University there is none that can be so easily and successfully overcome as this, given the will. Given the will. And with this in mind, it needs no excuse for insisting on its importance to the point of weariness. We may perhaps quote Newman:—

"A University is, according to the usual designation, an Alma Mater, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry, or a mint, or a treadmill. I protest to you, gentlemen, that if I had to choose between a so-called University which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away, as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect—mind, I do not say which is morally the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief—but if I must determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, moulding, enlarging

the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun."

The passage was written in 1852; seventy years have not altered its force. And it is a force that applies both to our own particular problems and the problems of University government in general. We may reflect that the reason why in the first years of V.U.C. a better, broader-minded, more truly educated average of student was turned out (at least, so we are told and must perforce believe) was that the number of students being so much smaller the lack of experience of living together was to a certain extent offset by a close and wide acquaintance among the few, if one may so express it, a knowledge of what was best in one's neighbours from common work in an uphill struggle. Now our numbers are unwieldy; there is no common struggle; and the only thing that will get a reasonably large body of students thinking on the same thing is a strenuously packed meeting. And even then thought may not be offensively apparent. But at least there is a common aim.

Even with the individual, it seems, thought is but an occasional accident. It is no wonder. The type of boys and girls who are yearly shovelled by the hundred into the colleges is not fit material from which to build up a University. Mark Pattison and Huxley were very frank on the same question in the English and Scottish Universities in the seventies of last century. We have the experience in our own College. To one who gets ever so little below the surface, the general illiteracy and immaturity of our first-year students is amazing. And it is not confined to the first year. One cannot blame them—entirely; they are victims of a system. They come here (as someone remarked) with their mother's milk hardly dry upon their lips. And they have to be taught the elements. It is profoundly discouraging that such a system should have sprung into being; it is more discouraging to think that there is no prospect of its ending. In this respect at least we are bound hand and foot to a vicious and spurious ideal. The result is seen in the general attitude to things which may possibly seem of very little importance, but the principles of which in reality lie at the very root of our corporate being. An instance is the Extravaganza, the discussion of which in our last number, it seems, created a certain amount of scandal. Another is the criticism that has been levelled at the "Spike" of late years for its own critical attitude towards a good number of things. Some one gets a grievance, someone feels himself a saviour of orthodox society, and it is only too easy to start a mad and quite ignorant stampede against any aspect of College life that seems offensive. The astounding way in which the membership of the Debating Society rose from 65 to 300 within a week at the end of July, and the amount of pure silliness shown at the subsequent special general meeting, illustrate our point. Of course, it is the usual failing of democracies, and it will require a good deal more education (that panacea) than we students have at present to cure it. The "Spike" undoubtedly has plenty of grievances—admittedly it finds some aspects of College life offensive; but it has always attempted to level its criticism sincerely and on reasonable grounds. And we cannot think that what has been said at any time has shocked anyone with either a sense of proportion or a sense of humour. These things, however, are peculiarly absent in a

democracy, and particularly so in a half-educated one. So far the cure has proved elusive to social philosophers, and certainly we have none to offer. We can but hope that with increased opportunities for wide intercourse among students, with, possibly, some sort of reform in primary and secondary education—included in which may be mentioned emancipation from the narrow and deadening examination that the University itself imposes—there will be the beginnings of improvement. But it is possible to be excessively optimistic—an American surgeon was saying the other day that New Zealand had the finest stamp of men, physically and mentally, in the world. We demur at the mentally. As long as New Zealand remains in the backwash of thought that she occupies at present, so long will she be fettered by the almost incredible conservatism which pervades the minds of ninety-nine hundredths of her people; a conservatism that begins by inspiring disgust and finishes by inducing an intense weariness. The duty of the University is plain; the difficulty is to know how to carry it out.

There is, we believe, some sort of guide. We of Victoria have already a tradition that is very precious. In tradition in itself there is danger that cannot be overrated, but there are some things above time, a permanent experience, part of what is highest and best among the things of the spirit. They are things hard to define; they consist in the liberty of the soul, an eagerness of the eyes, a readiness to discern truth and beauty and fellowship. Beneath the froth of the Jubilee there was a strong foundation, one was glad to think, in the recognition of this; and one would fain think, too, that this recognition will remain, firm and unchanging, apart from and beyond all such celebrations, at the heart of the life of our University; a thing that is part of the breath and the blood, the knowledge and the feeling, of all the men and women who are destined in the years and the centuries of the future to take part in and to contribute to her life. It is a tradition that is the beginning of all wisdom, and the crown of all learning; it is a thing truly universal, liberal, humane, beyond the force of circumstance; a thing of the imagination, a thing that is in and transcends all poetry and history and philosophy. And it seems sometimes that if we have sustained this tradition we have lived worthily; and that if we have not, life itself is of little account.

Epitaph

When I am dead and done with,
    And my thoughts have taken wing
For the unseen stars of morning,
    Think sadly not, but sing:
" His is no shadow country,
    No new love comes to-day
To oust the Earth, his old love—
    He rests with her alway."

ARCESILAUS.

The Plunket Medal

Before embarking on a description of the famous event, let us discuss a small point that seems to have arisen of late years, a point which seems to us (we may be wrong) of considerable importance. The point is: Who should be the competitors for the Plunket Medal? Of the rules which presumably govern the contest(as they are printed under that heading in a prominent place in the Debating Society's syllabus), the first says: "The competition shall be restricted to those members who are eligible for the Union Prize." Members, we take it, of the Society. Rule 1 of those governing the Union Prize says: "The competition shall be restricted to those members of the Society who are matriculated students," etc. And Rule 7 says, inter alia, "Provided that each competitor must speak in at least two-thirds of the debates," etc. Now, putting aside the slight ambiguity as to whether a student is eligible for the Union Prize before, or not until he or she has spoken in a complete tally of two-thirds of the debates (there may be no ambiguity at all to a correctly-trained legal mind, but then that is not ours), it is manifest that, strictly speaking, or even speaking quite loosely, only members of the Debating Society are eligible for the Plunket Medal contest. This year and last year, at least, this rule was not in the least adhered to. We doubt the wisdom of this latitude. The contest, it seems to us, stands too much in danger of the Stanley Warwick-Culford Bell taint. We are not getting even set speeches, but merely charming little recitations with the appropriate left-hand-right-hand-both-hands together set of gestures. It reminds us of the pretty action songs we used to sing in childish days at Sunday School anniversaries.

"You in your small corner, and I—in—mine!"

as the familiar refrain went. Very nice, very nice; but having got past that stage of infant tutelage, let us have something a bit different. However, we are getting beyond the point, which is: Shall the rule continue to be violated, with the apparent full connivance of the Society's Committee (one assumes they know their own rules), or shall it be abrogated entirely, to put things on a proper basis; or shall it in the future be enforced? We recommend the matter to the Society's next Annual General Meeting. It may be unworthy of all this fuss, but then the world is so full of all manner of troublesome contradictions that it would be a blessing to get rid of even one anomaly.

There is another possibility—that all these competitors have belonged to the Society, but have never put in an appearance at its meetings. The inference is, that they have joined expressly for the purpose of winning the Plunket Medal; which position seems to us morally indefensible. The place of such competitors, we deferentially suggest, is in the thick of the Competitions with Mr. Barton Ginger and Mr. Vryn Evans.

We arrive at our objective. The Eighteenth Annual Plunket Medal Contest was held in the Town Hall Concert Chamber on Saturday, 13th September, 1924, at 8 p.m. Mr. H. G. Miller, M.A., graced the chair. The honourable, learned and pious judges were the Rev. Dr. Gibb, D.D., W. H. Gould, Esq., M.A., and G. W. von Zedlitz, Esq., M.A. (Oxon). Facing this battery of honour, learn-

ing, piety, and justice, and a large and amiable audience, eight competitors ascended the stage, orated with solemnity and passion for the space of twelve minutes (approx.), and descended again to criticise their rivals. We will now proceed (at last) to the discussion of these stalwarts, mentioning by the way the chairman's quietly chaste introductory remarks.

Mr. F. McParland we had not had the pleasure of hearing before. He took as his subject Joan of Arc, and gave a rather strained and over-earnest account of the poor girl. Mr. McParland had not the commanding voice of some other competitors, and he used it with rather an absurd variety of gesture and tone. His enunciation was good, his pronunciation altogether too correct. His gestures were continuous, unnatural, and only infrequently apposite. Mr. McParland is, we hazard a guess, a product of the elocutionary studio. We implore him to forget it. Being young, he may yet save his immortal soul. At least his matter was mainly about his subject, which can hardly be said for the other competitor who spoke on Joan.

Mr. S. E. Baume followed, and in contrast with Mr. McParland, seemed to be stricken with paralysis. He described Nikolai Lenine, or anyhow he gave one interpretation of his character in an excellent voice, which he endeavoured to use emotionally or an excellent voice, which he endeavoured to use emotionally on studiously matter-of-fact material. The result was somewhat anomalous. Last year Mr. Baume tore the passions to tatters; this year he eschewed them almost too completely. However, he has a better command of his voice, and with his natural endowments stands a good chance for the medal some time in the future. In comparison with some of his recent debating speeches, he seemed on this occasion rather disappointing.

Miss A. B. Craig spoke on the Grand Old Man. We had a lot of epigrams to spread over Wm. Ewart ourselves, but we have not the book at hand (those interested please see Guedalla's latest), so we must content ourselves with Miss Craig. Her speech smelt of the lamp. It was very carefully put together, with an excellent choice of words in the funeral-oration style, but it was not convincing. The old man might have been the greatest moral and political genius of his age, but he had his faults, and some of them were a trifle boring. Miss Craig presented an immaculate impossibility. She was at times inaudible, and her very gentle, if careful, delivery failed to hold her audience.

Mr. J. W. G. Davidson then rose to give Mr. Ramsay MacDonald his due, which he did in an excellent speech, quite the best of his Plunket Medal efforts. He skated over the thin ice of propaganda with an adeptness not always characteristic of his earnest soul, and brought his hero safe and sound, with all due honour and glory, to the shore of the New Idealism. His speech was well-balanced, and he has apparently got away from that distressing monotony of delivery which has been his handicap in the past. There were faults of quite meaningless repetition, and the only gesture which Mr. Davidson apparently possesses is ugly. His voice, too, is not greatly endowed. However . . . And was he altogether accurate when he described the boy hopelessly tramping the cruel streets of London looking for work? Surely MacDonald's childhood was well past when he arrived in London.

Mr. Rollings spoke on Louis Pasteur, an original choice, from

which we hoped much. Mr. Rollings, however, having for some reason to traverse the whole course of history before arriving at his hero, got his speech somewhat out of proportion. It may have been, too, because of the inherent disabilities of such a subject; but as an oration, the speech failed to carry weight. With pruning, it would have made a good lecture. Mr. Rollings' fluency led him into some rather infelicitous phrases, e.g., that which carved Pasteur's name on those countless operating-tables. In the mechanics of delivery Mr. Rollings was good.

We were next faced by the aggressive personality of Mr. R. F. Fortune. Mr. Fortune was down to speak on Joan of Arc, who however occupied a quite inconspicuous place in his frenzied polemic against some vague entity known as the Holy Office. He ripped out his curses in a glorious whirl of enthusiasm which reminded us of the tramper hurtling through the Catchpole bush in a whole-souled if hopeless attempt to catch the 5 o'clock boat from Rona Bay. He inclined at times to become rather a blur. However, there is excitement in such a race, and Mr. Fortune's speech was nothing if not exciting. We thought he was going to finish up well, but he couldn't resist a final terrific blow at the foundations of the Faith. We dare say if Mr. Fortune can learn to manage his voice better he will be a good speaker some day. He has what may variously be interpreted as immense courage or a stupendous lack of tact; but his chief characteristic is an almost entire lack of sense of proportion.

Mr. J. T. V. Steele is another man with a grievance. He used the life of the Prophet Elijah as the text for a sermon against the use of force. His material was not very well put together, though, as he remarked, there was not a great deal of material to use. And Mr. Steele suffered from a staccato, disconnected, somewhat savage utterance, which may lend effectiveness to some of his well-known fighting speeches, but was out of place here. We shuddered at mispronunciations like "vilent" and "attichood." Nevertheless a little ancient history was refreshing, and we thank Mr. Steele for getting out of the rut.

Mr. A. E. Hurley was the last speaker, and gave us the second oration on Gladstone. Mr. Hurley was good; he has an excellent voice and gets it across; he never leaves you in any doubt of what he is saying. But there was no modulation to it; the level surface flowed on without a change until nearly the end, where an effective peroration made a welcome change. On the whole, Mr. Hurley's matter was not thrilling; it is not very helpful to be told that Mr. Gladstone "on one occasion delivered a very illuminating address to some students at Oxford." But there is promise in this speaker.

The judges retired, and the Chairman bent over the edge of the stage and had a mysterious conversation with a man in the front row. There were a certain number of vocal gems from the gentlemen in the back left-hand corner. We occupied the time in picking the winner. Then the judges came back, and Dr. Gibb in very Gibbian style awarded first place to Mr. Davidson (loud and long-continued applause). The next best were Messrs. Baume, Hurley, and Rollings, without putting them in any distinct order. The Doctor made the usual criticisms of the speeches; the National Anthem was rendered in a rather high key, but with impeccable loyalty; and we departed supperwards.

The "Truth" About Tramping

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

In our last number there appeared an article entitled "The Truth About Tramping," signed "Viator," which, we understand, created a certain amount of comment, favourable or otherwise. A search was immediately instituted for the identity of the author, which up to now however has remained unknown. Nor have we any intention at this juncture of revealing it. Let the miserable cur remain sunk in the obscurity which is the natural portion of the libeller, the bravo, the stabber in the dark. In any case, our editorial lips are sealed; a promise is a promise, even when given to the meanest of mankind; we are unable to reveal a name the knowledge of which could not but inspire a still higher measure of disgust in all lovers of truth and humanity.

We accepted and published that article in good faith. To us in our editorial innocence (preserved yet in some measure after so many tribulations) it bore the stamp of truth, the impress of sincerity. We were so rash as to regard the author as a typical tramper, a veteran of many forced marches and hard-bitten expeditions—one frank, pure in heart, chivalrous, with all his natural and acquired asceticism; one in fact who would treat every woman as his sister and scorn to tell a lie. What was our horror, therefore, on ringing up the number he had given as that of his residence, to make some casual communication about proofs, to learn that he had stayed there but a day, and immediately on hearing that his article had been accepted by the "Spike" had fled to America. While being unable, of course, to reprehend this unusual conduct too strongly, we were still at a loss for the reason. We were not left long in doubt. The "Spike" appeared, and the storm of indignation that burst on the heads of the staff left no opportunity for mistake. All trampers, we understand, whether men or women, while admitting in a general way the truth of the indictment as it might appear to certain temperaments, unused to Spartan regimen or the austere seductions of the Wide Open Spaces, were up in arms in righteous indignation at one statement in particular, a statement we must admit of the meanest and most despicable character, that could have come only from one dead to all feelings of generous emotion or candid thought. That statement refers to a line of a certain Tramping Song, and says:

> "Absolute typical Rot! Who ever heard of a girl messing round with the fire at all? They sit on a good dry log and eat, that's about the extent of their participation in the festivities."

We have been assured from numberless sources that that statement is a Lie. It is directly contrary to the Truth of which "Viator" boasts himself with such resounding fanfares the doughty paladin. In fact, it is quite inaccurate. A cruel libel. A gratuitous and scurrilous attack of the most unprincipled and debasing kind on the fair name of women with whom, on the contrary, even to come into contact is a wonder and a joy and an abiding glory. These women, it is said (and we have since confirmed the report by going on a tramp ourselves, at the gracious invitation of Professor E. J. Boyd-Wilson), are the main strength and standby of the Tramping Club. Not only do they on occasion tend the fire, but they cut

bread and butter it (insufficiently, to be sure)—they fetch water—they supply chocolate—they make tea—they deal out stew—they mix milk—they put up tents—they collect bedding—they scrape out porridge pots—their merry laughter and constant flow of wit is the life and soul of any expedition—their cheerfulness in good fortune, their fortitude in disaster, is a model and example to all other women whatsoever—and in the intervals of all this, one of them (as we have seen and noted with our own eyes) even mends socks. What praise can be higher? Does not the unprepared imagination stagger and reel at the conception of so much virtue, such moral excellence, pressed down and overflowing and watering a thirsty land? These women are marvellous. Speaking for ourselves, we Really had no Idea.

And now the final act remains to be done. Speaking for and on behalf of Ourself, the Editor, the Sub-editors, the proof-reader, the copy-holder, the Financial Secretary, the entire office staff, down to the boy who runs the messages, the boy who fills the inkwells, the boy who empties the waste-paper basket (no sinecure), and the very respectable woman who sweeps the floor in the morning, we express our profound regret at the slur cast upon the extraordinarily fine characters of our Tramping Sisters, and in so doing hope and trust that the wretch who so cunningly imposed on us (we cannot guess why—for dark misogynic reasons of his own?) will, in spite of his precipitate flight from the scene of horror and moral repulsion that his action brought about, be speedily brought to justice.

* * * * *

We feel bound, however, to record the opinion of the author of the offending article expressed by the compositor of the "Worker," himself an experienced Orongo-orongo-ite: "By jove, he knew what he was talking about, that fellow!"

A Dream

I dreamt I was a spirit, wild and free,
Who roamed the whole earth o'er in some vain quest:
One dark and stormy night the boisterous wind
Caught me and bore me with it on its course;
We fled through desert spaces, whirling sand
And storms before us, tasted the ocean, bore
A cringing ship to wild and hungry rocks;
Along the mountain ranges rushed and shrieked,
Where lightning flashed and thunder roared in pain;
Then mounted rapidly to heights unknown,
While far below the storm in fury raged;
Away we shot up to the shining stars—
To us was distance nought and time unknown;
We roamed the universe, eternity
Was in our grasp, our freedom infinite,
One breathless moment paused in trembling bliss
Too vast, alas! for human mind to bear;
Enshrouding darkness rose from far beneath,
And from the sight of that beyond our death
Drew us in deep oblivion to earth.

M.L.

Special Schools

Attitude Of The University Senate

During February of this year the Press of the Dominion contained varied comments on the application of Auckland University College to have its classes in engineering recognised by the University Senate. It was hardly to be expected that in the heat or controversy the truth would become apparent; now that the feeling has died down it seems an opportune moment to consider the history of the manner in which the Senate has dealt with the problem of the so-called special schools.

The University of New Zealand was originally intended to be merely an examining body, but it has gradually obtained power over the university colleges and secondary schools by the pressure that it has been able to bring to bear upon them by its control of the courses for the examinations that are taken by the students of these institutions. As far as the " recognised " schools are concerned, the power of the Senate is exercised by its refusal to recognise the teaching for a professional course unless it is undertaken at an institution recognised for this purpose by the University. Hence any of the affiliated institutions wishing to begin a professional course must obtain recognition for its school, for otherwise the Senate, by refusing to examine its students, may defeat the very purpose for which the school was started—the training of candidates wishing to enter the profession.

At the present moment Otago has recognised schools in medicine, dentistry, home science, and mining; Canterbury in engineering (mechanical, electrical, and civil), agriculture, and forestry; Auckland in architecture, mining, and forestry. Wellington has no recognised school. According to the University Statutes (Calendar, page 7), every recognised school is to make an annual report to the Senate, and any school may cease to be recognised on application to that effect by the governing body of the school, or, if the annual report is not made, or if provision for the necessary instruction ceases to be sufficient. But the minutes of the the proceedings of the Senate contain ample evidence that the Senate in this particular ignores the requirements of its own statute, and that the decisions on questions connected with the recognised schools are determined more by the needs of university politics than by those of university education. The southern colleges, that were early in possession of special schools, have listened with dull ears to the increasing demands of the northern colleges for similar treatment. The special school has been a trump card for winning the trick of Government financial support, and the southern colleges are anxious—perhaps naturally enough—to keep that card in their own hand. This desire has been " rationalised" into the form of a demand that university training in professional courses shall not be weakened by increase in the number of schools. We shall see that a little psychoanalytic treatment enables us to reach the latent content of the minds of most of the advocates of this doctrine, and shows us clearly the defence-mechanism of those who use this argument to defend interests. When there are no interests to defend a very different turn is given to the story. I propose to substantiate and exemplify

these general statements by reference to the methods adopted by the Senate in dealing with these problems.

Before doing so, however, it may be well to point out that, at least on one notable occasion, an effort was made to have this question lifted from the ignoble level of university politics to the high standing of university education, and the responsibilities of the higher citizenship. At the time of the university reform movement the Minister of Education of the day, Sir James Allen, was asked to call a conference of the governing bodies of the colleges, which would determine once for all the distribution and location of the special schools. Unfortunately, the vested interests were too strong, and nothing was attempted.

(1) Some twelve years ago, as a new member of the Senate, I was struck by the fact that my request for the reports of the special schools, as required by the University Statutes, was considered rather impertinent. Indeed, it was clear that most members of the Senate did not know that the reports were required, and obviously no one had bothered his head about them. The same attitude has continued ever since, and when the question of the efficiency of the teaching at the recognised school of agriculture at Lincoln was raised two years ago, it was again noted that reports were lacking, and the Senate fulfilled its momentary duty by passing the following resolution: " That the attention of the governing bodies of the recognised schools be drawn to Section V., Chapter III., 'Affiliated Institutions and Recognised Professional Schools,' Calendar, p. 8 " (vide Senate Minutes, 1923, p. 35). And this, after ten years of effort to see that these reports were provided!

Indeed, in one case the whole treatment was reduced to a farce. For many, many years there had been no report from the Mining School at Auckland, and that for a very good reason: There is not and there has not been for very many years a Mining School at Auckland, although one there is recognised by the University. In 1914 I proposed the following motion (vide Senate Minutes, 1914, p. 64), " That the Senate Committee report to the Senate whether it is advisable to continue the recognition of the Mininig School at Auckland." The motion was defeated by 15 votes to 5, the division list being as follows:—

AYES.—Professor J. R. Brown, Rev. Mr. Cameron, Rev. Mr. Evans, Rev. Mr. Hewitson, Professor Hunter.

NOES.—Professor J. M. Brown, Professor Chilton, Dr. Collins (by proxy), Dr. Fitchett, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Von Haast (by proxy), Professor Hight, Professor Marshall, Dr. McDowell (by proxy), Professor R. J. Scott, Professor Segar, Professor Shand, Mr. Tibbs, Hon. Mr. Tole (by proxy), the Chancellor.

And the Mining School at Auckland that does not exist is still recognised by the Senate!

(2) As there was no demand at Auckland for teaching in mining, the Council of the University College gave its attention to satisfying the needs of the citizens who were clamouring for higher education in engineering. Again and again the Council asked the Senate for recognition of its teaching in this subject, and again and again the Senate refused this request. In the course of time the Senate decided to " encourage " the study of architecture by arranging examinations for a degree course in the necessary subjects and by recognising a School of Architecture in Auckland. This latter step the Senate took even before Auckland had provided

effective teaching in the subjects of the course. The decision of the Senate was determined mainly by the demands of university politics. The Fellows of the Senate from the south, particularly those of Canterbury, thought that they would pacify Auckland (which had been demanding recognition of its engineering course) by giving it the School of Architecture; but, unfortunately for peace, the Senate Committee (Professor R. J. Scott, convener), in drawing up the courses of examination for the degree of architecture, adopted the easy method of prescribing for the examinations in architecture a number of the subjects already prescribed for the engineering examinations. So that now we have this anomalous result: Two students may sit in the same class in Auckland University College (e.g., in the subject ' Strength of Materials '), they may do the same laboratory work, and pass in the same terms examination. The university examination in this subject is identically the same for both architecture and engineering, and yet, while the university examines the student of architecture, it steadily refuses to examine the student of engineering. This is the real gravamen of the Auckland charge against the Senate; and there has been, and can be, no answer to this charge. Is is not really a question of special schools, it is not a question of money; it is simply that of two students, each prepared in the same subject, the Senate examines one and refuses to examine the other.

(3) But see how the attitude alters when the conditions of university politics demand. With the later call for education in forestry, the Senate again encourages the study of this group of subjects by providing examinations for a degree. There were two claimants for the school—Auckland and Canterbury. But this time all the arguments that show the impossibility of having two schools are suppressed, strife ceases, the representatives of the rival colleges fall on each other's necks, and the Dominion learns that it has two recognised Schools of Forestry. What the country did not learn, however, was that in this case the Senate's recognition was given on each college agreeing that it would give part of the time of a gentleman, who was already assisting the professor of biology, to the necessary instruction in the subjects of forestry. What humbug! Relatively, it is clear to anyone that Auckland is many times stronger in civil engineering that it is in forestry. Yet, while it fails to obtain recognition of the former, it has no difficulty in obtaining recognition of the latter.

I might mention other points, but I think enough has been said to justify the statements with which this article opened. One shot more. For some years there has been a tendency in some of the special schools to go their own sweet way without due respect to the Statutes of the University and the rights of students. The Home Science School in Dunedin has been an offender in this respect. At its meeting in January the Senate had before it a recommendation from the Board of Studies, urging that the special schools should be compelled to conform to the Statutes of the University. The Senate passed the following resolution by 18 votes to 4: " That the Senate will not allow the regulations governing its approved courses to be infringed by any ' recognised ' school." The only members of the Senate to vote against this motion were representatives from Otago, and all the representatives from Otago, except one, did so vote against the motion. Quite recently, too, it was reported in the press that two of the gentlemen who represent the

University of Otago on the Senate were given quite plainly to understand that their duty on the Senate was to support the claims of Otago—university education, I suppose, can look after itself. What is the moral? The Senate is no longer a body that can deal effectively and honestly with the problems of university education in New Zealand. These are centred in the colleges, and the sooner these teaching institutions are freed from the incubus of the University of New Zealand the better it will be for university education and for the higher training of the youth of this Dominion.

T.A.H.

A Sunset

I have seen the sun at evening
Laughing o'er the yellow water,
Laughing to the white-snowed hilltops,
Ere by purple isles attended,
Drifting, sweeping slowly to him
In his burnished, brazen death-car
He descends beneath the surges,
Where the shades that he befriended
Follow down the long sea-meadows,
Down the golden lane of Tane,
Kowhai- strewn, to Rarohenga.

So in what far land I know not
Once it seems I saw one dying,
Smiling o'er the yellow tresses
Spread about his sea-deep bed quilt,
Smiling to the frost-haired mother
Who had fed his flax-haired daughter
From her cloistered snow milk fastness.
So he passed, and left behind him
Broken tresses in the starlight,
Broken to the earth to sain him
In his sleep or roving questing
Through the mistlands of his faring,
Leaving one alone to mourn him,
Sobbing through the silent darkness,
Melting down the twilit valleys
To their sea-rocked mortuary.

Hector and West Peak. R.F.F.
25/8/24.

The Genius Of Joseph Conrad

Death has loosed his shafts from a full quiver this winter, and one by one the greatest have gone from us. Parratt, Villiers, Stanford and Frederick Bridge, among the musicians, Alfred Marshall, the economist, W. H. Hudson, and now Joseph Conrad. It is impossible to hear the news of Conrad's death unmoved. Even now, with thirty years of his writing to engage us, we anticipated with eagerness his each new novel. The production never ceased to be a literary event, the more so as we knew that the prying critics seeking a sign of his waning powers would find his armour flawless and their eagerly sharpened arrows of no avail. Those men who had pounced upon Bennett's "Love Match" with shouts of joy, who are able triumphantly to remind Wells as he broadcasts each vision of a new Utopia that he is no longer the author of "Ann Veronica" and "Tono Bungay," had come to regard Conrad as inviolable. Conrad's latest novels were still part of his attitude, he had not changed since years ago in "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether" he gave us his complete philosophy; and even those who were irritated beyond measure by the Dona Rita of "The Arrow of Gold," and who complained that "The Rover" was really only an expanded short story, could not deny that there was yet the stuff of greatness in these books, and that "The Rescue" had given us the original Conrad in all his pristine glory.

Were it not for the manner in which Thomas Hardy determinedly clings to life at eighty-six, we should be able to mark the passing of Conrad as that of our greatest novelist. He is the greatest apostle of the cult of Chesterton, the most splendid of the romantics of his generation, perhaps of ours. An age of science has not destroyed "the possibilities of romantic experience or of romantic imagination." And Conrad was qualified for this from the first. What more romantic than the life of Josef Konrad Korzeniowski himself—born a Pole, learning his future language in a school, drifting to Marseilles, where he took his first ship, and exploring all the rich and glowing treasures of the East? He was that most romantic of things, the captain of a sailer in the last days before the triumph of steam. He was fated to spend the best years of his manhood in the most mysterious seas of the world. At the age of thirty-eight no printed book stood to his credit, though in his twenty years at sea he had read both French and English literatures widely, evidently with the thought of becoming an author. And his first volume, "Almayer's Folly," was begun at sea, carried in manuscript through long years, "nourished in imagination," and finally penned during a brief stay on shore. Yet that might have been delayed a decade had it not been for the fact that Conrad consulted a Cambridge man, whom he carried as passenger, on the merits of the unfinished work. Was it worth completing? he asked. "Distinctly," said the Englishman, with admirable economy of epithet. Conrad rounded off the book, and a most splendid literary career began.

"Almayer's Folly" was well received. In the chorus of praise it is amusing to find one critic in a deeply revered journal hedging himself with the qualification that the author might do for the Malay Archipelago what Kipling had done for India. The time, you will remember, was an age of new backgrounds. Novelists

G. S. PEREN, B.Sc.
Professor of Agriculture.

were going abroad (some of them, Kingsley fashion, to places which they had never seen and described very inaccurately) in their stories; an old England was discovering that life in young countries was full of colours high and garish, that "there as well . . . was drawn with the same elaboration of detail, coloured with the same tints. Only in the cruel serenity of the sky, under the merciless brilliance of the sun the dazzled eye misses the delicate detail, sees only the strong outlines, while the colours, in the steady light, seem crude and without shadow." This was what Conrad said in the preface to his first book. But with him the backgrounds never became the "local colour" of the imaginatively barren. Sometimes they were all-pervading, as in "An Outcast of the Islands," sometimes Nature herself was a protagonist as in "Typhoon." He has written of ships and the sea because he was a sailor and knew them, because he had a vivid sense of the wonder and beauty of both; but he has written also, and always, of the heart of man.

From his first book and its sequel ("An Outcast of the Islands") Conrad went on at once to produce his best work. "The nigger of the Narcissus" (1897), "Youth" (1902), "Typhoon" (1903), "Lord Jim" (1900), and "Nostromo" (1904) are a group which has no equal in any language. Everywhere one sees beauties, finds moments of amazement, witnesses that perfection of presentation which means great art. There have been many novels since then, eight or nine in all, and holding such fine work as is to be found in "Twixt Land and Sea," "Within the Tides," and "A Set of Six;" and in some cases Conrad has deserted the sea and journeyed to Russia ("Under Western Eyes"), or remained safely at home ("The Secret Agent"). And always the tale has been well told; the same strong style, possessed from the first, has explored the most complex situations, the most obscure corners of being, and has shone in pages of acute analysis or of sonorous beauty. But nothing could surpass those early works, the stark realities of "The Nigger of the Narcissus," the epic grandeur of "Nostromo," with its creation of a whole country's politics and finance and social life, and the gathering of all the threads together at the close; the blending vision of "Youth." "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether" we may add to the list. "The Rescue," also, may join its peers. But Conrad was Conrad then.

Much has been written of the Conrad manner; his changing point of view, his habit of narrating a story in the first person, and of calling on several persons to do the relating, of his continual harking back to earlier history, and of his diffuseness. Thus, in "Chance," we have "some person unspecified" relating what Marlowe told him about what Fyne told him about the early life of Flora de Barral, and in "Lord Jim" an opening in the third person and then a long zigzag narrative by a spectator of the hero's subsequent career. In "The Nigger of the Narcissus" the story is told by an eye-witness, but the first person singular is never used until the last page is reached. Thus in "Nostromo" the author turns back to give us the early history of Giorgo Viola, who fought with Garibaldi, or the reason for the bitterness of old Doctor Monygham; and in "The End of the Tether" he inserts a parenthetical history of Captain Whalley.

But the point of view is always clear, the narration never confused. Even in "Chance" one always knows where one stands; and, his hundred page digression in "Nostromo" over, Conrad pro-

ceeds on his way naturally and inevitably. To the charge of excessive elaboration he has replied himself. Of "Chance" he says: "Captain Anthony's determination led him a long and roundabout course, and that is why this book is a long book. A critic has remarked that if I had selected another method of composition and taken a little more trouble the tale would have been told in about two hundred pages. I confess I do not perceive exactly the bearings of such criticism or even the use of such a remark. No doubt that by selecting a certain method and taking great pains the whole story might have been written out on a cigarette paper."

Underlying all Conrad's work is a unifying philosophy. Shanks declares that the novelist has retold the same story over and over again, that his attitude rests back upon a very few simple ideas, and, among them, by his own confession, the idea of Fidelity. It may be so. Conrad has held to his belief. He has no illusions about life, and yet he has a fine idea of humanity. Knowing, as Anatole France does, that the world one day will grow cold, he has painted in his books what the economists call man's conflict with a reluctant environment. To Conrad it is a constant source of wonder that we are alive and on the world at all. Further than that, he is astonished at the facts that we retain our precarious foothold and that the scene of our struggle can be so remarkable. He has been called a pessimist, as any man who sees things steadily and whole is charged, some time or other, with being a pessimist. But his work is as much above pessimism as the stars in their courses. Seeking a comparison, one thinks of Flaubert and then of Dostoieffsky, and then realises almost with a shock that Conrad, too, had Russian blood in his veins.

C.Q.P.

Exile's Song

Glory to thee, swift-handed Artemis,
That gatherest home
Eyelids that faint to feel the stinging kiss
Of Grecian foam!
Sick was my heart for Syracusan airs,
Clear and unclouded,
Gleaming through all barbaric glory dares
Dusky and shrouded.
Glory to Greece, with the morn on her helmet,
Wind in her ears and the sun in her eyes,
Leader of light, like a sword that advances
Bare to the noon, with the gleam of the skies
'Gainst the dull Roman and heavy-souled Carthage,
Luxury-wedded and cruel to the land—
Victory-hearted, clear-ringing as laughter,
Artemis, make us a sword in thy hand!

E.L.P.

A Note On Joseph Conrad

Ever since the news of the death of Joseph Conrad was cabled out sentences have been running in my head, sentences which knelled the passing of a great man of a very different kind. They are from among the moving words in which Mr. Morley, in May, 1873, recorded the death of his friend John Stuart Mill. "The tragic commonplaces of the grave sound a fuller note as we mourn for one of the greater among the servants of humanity. A strong and pure light is gone out, the radiance of a clear vision and a beneficial purpose. . ." The slightly Victorian turn of expression makes it seem odder; for, indeed, what is there in common between the clear flow of Mill's intellect, the teacher and social philosopher born, and the subtle currents and sombre convolutions of the mind of the greatest romantic since Scott? I do not know; it may be but a fancy of my own, a mere association of words written under the stress of emotion. Yet a great artist is surely also "one of the greater among the servants of humanity." He follows no unworthy purpose, he sets his hand to no small work. His accomplishment is permanent, part of the eternal warp and woof of things, as is the life, the achievement or the failure, of the saint or the reformer. He may consciously serve no ethical end, but his creation, if it be beautiful and significant, will supersede our small morals, and sum up and transcend all the variety of our aspirations. So with Joseph Conrad—he has created with toil and labour (as who knows who has read his Personal Record), and his creation, now that he is dead, stands strong, beautiful, and transcendent. I do not use transcendent in any extravagant sense, but as it must be used of all great artists; consider Conrad's work as a whole and it cannot be denied that he is of these. Sift from the rolling flood of the English novel, from its eighteenth century source to the shoreless sea into which it has in our days poured itself, those truly valuable infrequent specimens of gold; is it not certain that some at least of Conrad's will be among the elect, chosen and treasured and made of great regard?

There are great ideas lying at the root of all his work; ideas which underlie the nature of man. He calls them by their Latin names—sagacity, integrity, fidelity, compassion. One does not need his own statement for this, nor for the recognition of his essential sanity, tolerance, lack of both an "absolute optimism" (in which he sees fanaticism and intolerance) and an immoderate pessimism. And yet he is profoundly tragic. "Those who read me," he says, "know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas; so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, among others, on the idea of Fidelity." The tragedy arises from the conflict of these ideas with circumstance; the impact of the world on the qualities which sustain it. He is thoroughly, organically romantic in his conceptions and his style; but fate takes charge of his books as it takes charge of a Greek drama. His work indeed as a whole forms an epic of fate—a fate never convenient, never dragged in by the scruff of the neck to relieve an impossible situation, to provide a spectacular denouement or a happy ending, never petty, never merely God feeling irritable; but the strong unseen implacable force, brooding apart from the action but of it, felt and feared by his reader. It is part of the pre-

found irony of his later work—it is a fate and an irony shared, I suppose, by Hardy alone. But it is different from that of Hardy. The difference is hard to define; in Hardy it seems there is something of mockery; in Conrad, mockery never.

This irony, this defeat of men by fate, recurs again and again in his books; it is in Lord Jim, in Victory, in Under Western Eyes, in Nostromo, in The Rescue. It is, of course, the fault of the men—ultimately. There has been some little wavering in the primal loyalty; or perhaps a conflict of loyalties. It is their fault, but we cannot blame them. And the defeat, in the last analysis, is almost always also a victory. In Victory, indeed, this is emphasised by the very name of the book—irony become obvious without losing its point. It is rarely so marked; but there is this final overcoming of circumstance, even while circumstance triumphs, in the end of Lord Jim, at the close of that masterpiece of wonderful prose and wonderful incident (however the critics may wrangle over its form); in the way in which Razumov faces the revolutionists in Laspara's house; in those tremendous words with which on the last page of The Rescue Lingard sums up the cumulative effect of those four hundred pages of strife—and in so doing sums up his destiny and his renunciation—" 'Steer north,' he said." Lingard, " that simple soul . . . possessed by the greatness of the idea," with his " tenderness expressed violently; a tenderness that could only be satisfied by backing human beings against their own destiny "; Lingard, whose " headlong fierceness of purpose invested his obscure design of conquest with the proportions of a great enterprise "—Lingard and Lord Jim, who, " on his side, had that faculty of beholding at a hint the face of his desire and the shape of his dream, without which the earth would know no lover and no adventurer "—these are perhaps the typical Conrad figures. And yet to leave out Marlow would be ridiculous. Marlow the sane, Marlow the philosophical, Marlow the narrator, with his understanding of motive, his comprehension of visions, slowly unwinding his tales beneath the infinite stars on Schomberg's verandah, or in the gathering dusk up some silent reach of the Thames, is part of the immortal company. Marlow, one imagines, sees man's life, and we see the lives of all the great figures of his creator, as ultimately a gesture—a superb gesture of disdain, of unconquered integrity or recovered fidelity, in the face of the implacable infinite. Fate; fate intolerable and inevitable; yet fate defeated—calamity, but heroic calamity—that is the thesis. Ever the idea is the greater: " In the destructive element immerse! . . . To follow the dream and again to follow the dream—and so—always—usque ad finem . . ."

This short article set out merely to note this sense of fate which looms over some of the greatest of Conrad's work, which is at once partly background, partly protagonist. Nor is it necessary to discuss at length the other attributes of the man as a writer. A reading of his books will show how beautiful and sure, how truly masterly, is his handling of that perfect instrument, his prose; how shaped to his will, how clear, how vivid, even in its subtlest and most far-flung coils. The dark and vivid beauty of his language, like his pervading romanticism, is, indeed, innate and organic.* It

* After writing this, I came across a very happy sentence in a Times Literary Supplement (August 14, '24): " One opens his pages and feels as Helen must have felt when she looked in her glass and reflected that, do what she would, she could never in any circumstances pass for a plain woman."

would have been hard for him to write a sentence that in its place would seem commonplace, undistinguished, without significance. There are in his earlier work infrequently gaucheries, an imperfectly appreciated idiom, more often a foreign idiom brought over bodily into English; but nothing merely banal, nothing of the wearisome flatness of the hack. As if his contact with the sea and its vast experience, its peculiar joys and mysterious tribulations, had given him an unfailing method of approach to the new medium in which he was to work. And perhaps it was but natural that he should pay back the debt; it is well paid, as witness the setting of half his books, witness the Nigger of the Narcissus, Typhoon, the lucid beauty of the Mirror of the Sea.

He has a sense, too, of the purpose and significance of his art. You will find most of what he has to say in the meditative, humorous, somewhat wandering pages of his Personal Record; but you will find its classic utterance in the suppressed Preface to the Nigger of the Narcissus. And the philosophy of his art is the philosophy of his life. The man is consistent. The fidelity, the sagacity, the integrity of the master-mariner, the voyager on strange seas of human thought and imagination and passion, are in him. Like every great traveller, he is an observer—the observer of genius, who transmutes what he sees into a new creation. He even at times makes observation his philosophy—"And the unwearied self-forgetful attention to every phase of the living universe reflected in our consciousness may be our appointed task on this earth—a task in which fate has perhaps engaged nothing of us except our conscience, gifted with a voice in order to bear true testimony to the visible wonder, the haunting terror, the infinite passion, and the illimitable serenity; to the supreme law and the abiding mystery of the sublime spectacle."

Someone recently said in the London Mercury—was it the ineffable Shanks?—that Conrad had not yet produced his masterpiece, and now at his age it was perhaps hopeless to expect it. A curious judgment, and a curious reflection on our English critics if this one were typical. In the absence of Mr. Shanks' authentic masterpiece, the now forever lost paragon of perfection, we must perforce content ourselves with some of the second-rate. Which ones they must be in a winnowing-out it is hard to say. Nor is it necessary. Of all that our generation hands down to the rest of the century, we may be sure that there are figures of Conrad's that will persist. They are of the novels, they are of the short stories, they are of the memories, they are in us and of our being, for a good many years at least—James Wait, Almayer, Lingard, Heyst, Dominic, Dona Rita, Mrs. Travers, Schomberg, the deathly Mr. Jones, Captain Whalley, Captain MacWhirr, Captain Anthony, Nina, Miss Haldin, Peter Ivanovitch, Mrs. Gould, Dr. Monygham, the great Capataz de Cargadores, Hassim, Immada, Jaffir, Cornelius, Jim, Marlow—these and as many more; they are a portion of our living brain. So it is with a peculiar personal sadness that one sighs one's "ave atque vale" after the irrevocable loss of their creator, this master-mariner, this mysterious foreigner who is so much of us; the strangest figure perhaps of all our long literary history, the most profoundly romantic, not the least great. And let the words with which we remember him be those from his own Suppressed Preface, among the most significant which even he wrote. They are on the purposes of art:—

"To arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of

the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and colour, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent, and reserved only for a very few to achieve. But sometimes, by the deserving and the fortunate, even that task is accomplished. And when it is accomplished—behold! all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest."

Who will say that he, the laborious workman of art, shaping his thought to those high purposes did not accomplish more than once that task which he had set himself?

J.C.B.

Sonnet

The pale procession of departed kings,
Who reigned in majesty in Greece and Rome,
Are one with fallen and familiar things,
The daisies' dazzle and the roads of home.
The coloured riot of the garden beds
Shows where their souls peep from old Mother Earth,
Under the greensward lie their haughty heads,
One with the slave in cycles of rebirth.

Old Thales and the wise men of the world,
Seers, soldiers, prophets, poets, what knew they?
Gay cavaliers whose life was love and rue,
Adventurers who sought the breaking day,
And rode strange seas under brown sails befurled—
What knew they since they did not know of you?

Autolycus.

Freesia Bulb

Ivory, golden, and cloudy mauve,
And the breath of the falling dusk,
Petals so frail and stamens fair,
All from this queer brown husk!

M.L.

Murphy: Outlines Of Economics

Professor Murphy's book is welcome as a timely reminder that the professorial function in a University is not confined to the exposition of one or two standard textbooks and the dictation of voluminous notes to remedy local deficiencies. Were this so, we could well dispense with lectures altogether and devote ourselves to the consumption of those invaluable tabloids of concentrated wisdom which are so obligingly supplied by commercial correspondence schools. This, indeed, would in some respects be a distinct gain; for, instead of exhausting our energy in scribbling fifty-minutes' worth of " notes " and then ruining our eyesight in deciphering the product, we should be availing ourselves of the best modern devices which Caxton's successors have to offer. Why should even a University ignore the fact that the art of printing has been invented? We are, however, far from urging that University tuition should be more closely assimilated to the methods of the correspondence school; the preliminary point we want to make is that professors and students alike would gain immensely by the publication of the bulk of the material which, day after day, year after year, is being dictated to students, a scheme of things which is only slightly ameliorated by informal co-operative ventures undertaken by groups of students for the multiple production of the year's lectures. Professor Murphy's students, then, should count themselves lucky.

The first thing to strike the reader of the " Outlines " is a pithy confession of unoriginality, and our next impression on glancing through its numbered and sub-numbered sections is that we have hit upon a carefully-compiled compendium of answers to possible exam. questions. But neither of these features is to be counted a demerit. After all, the most urgent need of the world to-day is not the formulation of new ideas, but rather the sifting, the synthesising, the practical application of existing knowledge; this is particularly true in the field of Economics, where a surfeit of competing theories is positively obstructing progress. And, while conceding that undue stress has been laid on examinations, we must yet recognise the necessity for objective standards, if not to goad us into activity, at least to furnish some definite record of academic attainment. There is nothing intrinsically sinful in preparing oneself for an examination. Professor Murphy's method of setting out the subject is admirably suited to the needs of the student, though it would scarcely commend itself to the general reader. We hope that advantage will be taken of the first reprint to divide the text into chapters, and we suggest, too, that a bibliography might be appended to each chapter in case any student is ambitious enough to contemplate a little concurrent reading.

The Outlines are also excellent from the point of view of the student in that they compress into some five hundred pages a fairly exhaustive treatment of an inexhaustible subject. We could plod wearily through half-a-dozen standard books of fearsome dimensions —each of them modestly termed an " Introduction to the Elements," etc.—and in the result gain less of the principles of Economics than we have within this respectable-sized book. In examination of orthodox economic theory we have the whole story, even if the newer schemes of social amelioration do not receive very extensive

or very patient consideration. It seems to us, too, that a book published in this year of grace 1924 might well give a somewhat more extended treatment of the economic aspects of the war and the post-war periods. The special problems attaching to an essentially rural country like New Zealand have also a claim to more space than they have here been allotted. One of these days we shall waken up to find that such prosaic matters as the tenure of land or the city drift of population have ceased to be merely academic questions.

We gladly admit that it is not the business of either the professor or the student to thrust himself into the centre of current controversy in the sense of taking sides in the petty bickerings of party politics. But surely the danger is all in the other direction. The student in any of the social sciences must handle and interpret the present; his subject bristles with contentious points, and it is futile to seek to escape from these. Beyond doubt we in this country have to guard our academic freedom against encroachments by bureaucratic officials and politicians. But it is scarcely less necessary to free ourselves from those persecutory delucions which lead many worthy pedagogues to conjure up gloomy forebodings of the retribution which must ensue if they dare to descend from abstract principles to their concrete application. What is the use of our academic freedom if we will not avail ourselves of it? Sapere aude.

X.Y.Z.

Dewdrops

What bliss must every dewdrop feel
When first kissed by the sun!
If only half their shining joy
Were transformed into song,
The music of the dawn would raise
Us to such heights that we
As dewdrops to the golden sun
From this dull earth would flee.

M.L.

Ballad

Helen went forth upon the towers:
The wind was in her braided hair,
A shower of light upon her brows,
Where'er she trod a lordlier air.
And Hector's foe beyond the walls,
And all the plain of sounding Troy,
Cried loudly: "Fair the doom that falls
For such a beauty and such joy!"

E.L.P.

Two Notes

DISILLUSION

It is quite obvious that C. E. Montague is with us for all time. I " attained to " his " Disenchantment" at long last, the other day, and found it what it is reputed to be—the classic English effort of the war. The failure of our literary men to meet the war as it should have been met is now traditional. Instead of grasping their opportunity, they wrought studies in hysteria and melodrama. And in that they simply reflected the public feeling of the time. A less sensitive generation may shudder at Rose Macaulay's " Non-Combatants " or Wilfrid Ewart's " Way of Revelation," yet both are in a sense current history and mirror the national mind. This was the sort of thing which we endured, plus the balderdash of Gilbert Frankau or the jangling nerves of Gilbert Cannon.

Undoubtedly our novelists entered upon the war with as much idealism as the New Army recruits. You may see that by the ending of Arnold Bennett's " Roll Call," a novel, which, I suspect, must have been seeking a decent finish when the war provided it. But before long Bennett had progressed to the point of deep sentiment and tawdry " naughtiness " of " The Pretty Lady." And so it went on. To be philosophical, in the war years was to be treasonable, and the best of war novels is Rose Macaulay's " Potterism," which was conceived after the Armistice. No one had the world cataclysm in focus save only Sassoon, whose discontent, I suspect, was constitutional; but whose courage, undeniably, was great. No one, that is to say, save Montague, whose vision was clear and whose observation acute. And in " Disenchantment " he gives us what we have always wanted—a complete philosophy of the war.

From the time when the New Army answered the call, this book goes calmly and lucidly to the post-war years and the remedy, if there be one. We learn of the " handsome and boundless illusions of the first volunteers, of their eagerness to discharge what they considered to be an obligation of honour. Their self-reunciation was extreme, their anxiety to get " over there " made them the keenest and most willing soldiers. And then came the beginning of disillusion, the " finding out " of the old army men, the realisation that their superior officers were not so wonderfully competent as they were pictured. Misgivings grew into suspicion, and with the transfer to France came confirmation.

The whole history of the war follows the intolerable tedium of trench life, the failure of the Church when its missionaries proved for the men " too fussily blood-thirsty," the disgust of the army with its politicians and its press, and the long autumn of the campaign. The very real respect which the men had for the German troops, their savage rage at the reports of deliberate outrages committed by the enemy, and finally the perishing of the last illusion:

" One leaf which had gone pretty yellow by now was the hope of perfect victory—swift, unsoured, unruinous, knightly. . . . Troops in the field become realists. Ours had seen their side visibly swelling for more than two years, until Jack had become a heavier weight than the giant, and yet could not finish him off. We knew that our allies . . . outnumbered the Germans and theirs. We knew we were quite as well armed. We had seen the Germans ad-

vancing under our fire and made no mistake about what they were worth. Our first vision of victory had gone the way of its frail sister dream of a perfect Allied comradeship. French soldiers sneered at British now, and British at French. Both had the same derisive note in their voices when they named the 'Brav' Belges.' Canadians and Australians had almost ceased to take the pains to break it to us gently that they were the 'storm troops,' the men who had to be sent for to do the tough jobs; that, out of all us sorry Home troops, only the Guards Division, two kilted divisions, and three English ones, could be said to know how to fight. 'The English let us down again;' 'The Tommies gave us a bad plank as usual'—these were the stirring things you would hear if you called upon an Australian division a few hours after a battle in which the lion had fought by the side of his whelps."

There is more, of course, much more. The war in which the Regular Army men triumphed, successfully ousting the new soldiers from any chance of a high command; the manner in which the staff, which had neglected to learn its job in peace, did not remedy the failure in war; these and other unpleasant things are told by Montague. The blunder of Loos, the butchery of the Somme, of Arras, Flanders and Cambrai, he relates, how we "had the enemy stiff at Arras," two full years before the war ended; how the troops waited for the order to go ahead and none came; and after two days the Germans stole back under cover of nightfall to trenches from which they had fled in disorder; and, finally, a splendid piece of writing, the description of the blow by the Allied armies after the failure of the German thrust at Paris in August, 1918, and of the ultimate success.

Yet in victory disillusion prevails. "We awoke from delight and remembered. Four years ago, three years ago, even two years ago, a lasting repose of beatitude might have come with that regaining of Paradise! Now! The control of our armies, jealously hugged for so long, and used, on the whole, to so little purpose, had passed from us, thrown up in a moment of failure, dissension and dread. While still outnumbered by the enemy we had not won; while on even terms with him we had not won; only under a foreign Commander-in-chief, and with America's inexhaustible numbers crowding behind to hold up her old arms, had our just cause begun to prevail. And now the marred triumph would leave us jaded and disillusioned, divided, half-bankrupt; sneerers at lofty endeavour, and yet not the men for the plodding of busy and orderly peace; bilious with faiths and enthusiasms gone sour on the stomach. That very night I was to hear the old Australian sneer again. The British corps on their left, at work in the twisty valley and knuckle-some banks of the Somme, had failed to get on quite as fast as they and the Canadian troops on their right. 'The Canadians were all right, of course, but the Tommies! Well, we might have known!'"

ON DIARIES

Johnson was always resolving to begin a diary, reproving himself for his laziness. Similarly I have intended beginning a diary for years, meaning by "diary" a record of events. A reading of Burbellion, however, changed all that. It were foolish for even a Johnson to desire to give us more of himself than a Boswell could; yet, so precarious is literary fame, that had the Great Cham not

been so full of lethargy that he might have robbed Bozzy of much of his freshness, even though there were left to the biographer all the epigrams.

How far should a diary be a record of the inner workings of a man's mind? In Amiel and Evelyn, for instance, we have men who would never have committed to paper a thought of which they had been the slightest scrap ashamed, or one which they had felt it would not do for the world to see. In the case of Pepys (though Lord Braybrooke has made Pepys' as harmless as any old Tory's public life) we should certainly have lost everything had Pepys not learnt a system of shorthand. Even a natural confessor, such as Samuel, would have baulked at inscribing in cold longhand particulars of his disease or of his improper relations with young ladies. Burbellion, that latter-day Pepys in frankness, dreadfully stage-manages his confessions.

But can any man set down all about himself in a book for the world to read? I don't think he can, unless he is assured of absolute secrecy. Pepys, with his shorthand and his hybrid language, thought himself safe, and consequently his journal makes the most interesting reading in history. All diarists since have written with one eye on the publisher.

The Song Of The Sail

The mate of the wheeling gull am I,
The mate of the water-fowl
I am the comrade of the sky,
And round me harsh they howl
The buffeting winds that drive us fast
Through the surges to our goal.
But I love the dash of the wind-swept spray,
The beat of the thudding foam,
And the heeling ship when the breakers play,
The beacon's flare in the rocky bay,
And the port lights of our home.

C.H.A.

The Extravaganza

"From a man with a grudge in our College productions, good Lord deliver us."—"Spike," No. 41, p. 87.

Dear "Spike,"—So P.J.S. finds it necessary in your last number to pour out his troubled soul in two long and embittered articles concerning the recent Extravaganza—pouring out the vials of his wrath especially on one "Professor Trezise." I wonder why.

Is not P.J.S. he who was the author or at least part author of an Extravaganza entitled "The Last Trump"? And did not "The Last Trump," after many vicissitudes, fail to be produced? And did not the aforesaid "Professor Trezise" give it as his opinion that it was impossible to produce "The Last Trump"—an Extravaganza which, presumably, was full of "College originality, College intellect," "literary merit," etc., for was not P.J.S. part author? I think so.

Well, then, let us examine the tale. In the first place, the title of one article—viz., "The Trezise Benefit"—can hardly be justified. The title surely means either (1) (as it has been taken by many to mean) that the object of the production was to put money into Trezise's pocket—that the "please the public party" were friends of Mr. Trezise, and desired to put some business in his way; or (2) that the result was that only Mr. Trezise derived any pecuniary benefit from "Pep."

If the first be the meaning intended, then I can only assure your readers and P.J.S. that no such object ever entered the minds of the "mercenary party" (let us call them that for short). Grossly mistaken though they may have been, they acted in what they considered to be the best interests of the College, and with no eye to the interests of Mr. Trezise. If (2) be the meaning, then it might surprise and disappoint P.J.S. to learn that the profits accruing from "Pep" were very much greater than even the apparently princely fee received by Mr. Trezise. While on this subject, might I refer to the first few lines of this article, where P.J.S. mentions the "financial results" of "Pep" in a way which obviously conveys the impression that such results were disastrous. Yet he goes on to say that "these (the financial results) have not yet been disclosed." Oh, no! They were not disclosed and could not be disclosed at that stage because they were not known. But perhaps P.J.S. is gifted (?) with second sight, or perhaps the "wish was father to the thought."

The real reasons why a "paid professional producer" was engaged this year may interest your readers. In the first place, no one at the College has any brief for Mr. Trezise. Even the "mercenary party" have stated time and again that it would infinitely prefer a College producer. What, then, was the position? Mr. Evans, who had so successfully produced the Extravaganza for some years past, was unable to act. This year, when those who were so violently opposed to Mr. Trezise's introduction were asked to name a College producer, the only name really seriously mentioned was P.J.S. It may have been treasonable, but the "mercenary party" considered that P.J.S. was not in the least capable of producing an Extravaganza—nor, I believe, was he at all anxious to produce it. However, his name was persistently mentioned and, I believe, was the only name seriously mentioned as a College producer. A certain

section of the students, no doubt, would have been willing to risk allowing him to produce, but as he had had no experience whatever in that line the " mercenary party " felt that the risk was too great. There was a possibility of a greater financial disaster than even P.J.S. hoped was the result of " Pep."

P.J.S. refers to " the easy money produced by the compulsory levy." There seems to be an idea abroad that as a result of the compulsory levy money simply rolls into the coffers of the Association, more than sufficing for their every possible need. Might I point out that had it not been for the profits of " Pep " practically the whole of the compulsory levy would this year have been swallowed up in current expenses of the various Clubs and the Association.

We have for years past been living a hand-to-mouth existence —hardly ever a penny to spare for even very necessary purposes. Is it not time that the students endeavoured to set aside some money every year and create at least a small reserve?

To mention one thing, the Gymnasium has for years past been badly in need of a coat of paint and various repairs, merely to preserve it against the weather. On several occasions quotations have been obtained for this very necessary work, and on every occasion the Executive has been compelled through lack of funds to postpone it. There is also the question of common rooms. What is the position at the College to-day? Ninety per cent. of the men never come near the College until five minutes before their lectures start, and they are away again five minutes after their lectures end. The place is not a University: it is a night school.

If we can induce the men to spend a little of their time, apart from lectures, at the College; if we can induce them to mix with one another, to talk of University affairs, and to take an interest in University problems, we will have made a start in turning the College into a University instead of a night school

How are we to do this? P.J.S.'s idea seems to be that if we murmur " sapientia magis " in their ears a sufficient number of times we will achieve our purpose. The " mercenary party's " idea is that we must do it in a somewhat less direct fashion. If we can get the men to spend more of their time at the College and to work for the College instead of looking on it as a necessary evil on the road to a degree, they will insensibly become imbued with the real spirit and meaning of a University. A common room made a little bit attractive instead of bare rooms with bare tables and chairs seems one feasible means of inducing the men to spend some of their time at the College, and meet the other students; but even to make a common room attractive needs money. Stephen Leacock, in one of his books, says that if he had the building of a University the first thing he would do would be to build a smoking room where the men could meet and argue. Allowing for the exaggeration, this is precisely what the " mercenary party " is contending for. All the talk in the world of " sapientia magis " will not have the slightest effect on a single student.

In saying this, I am not for one moment sneering at the College motto—" Wisdom is more to be desired than gold." Unfortunately, however, in this imperfect world a certain amount of that " demoralising trash " is necessary even in a University. P.J.S. accuses us of desiring to jettison College traditions. Not at all. It is true the College traditions have been largely lost, so far as the majority of

the students are concerned, and that, by the operation of forces outside the control of any section of the students. The large increase in the numbers of students—the war—have been some of the contributing causes.

"It is difficult," says P.J.S., "for a new body of students unacquainted with the past of V.U.C. to realise the character and worth of College traditions." True, it is difficult. A new spirit has to be created amongst the students, and P.J.S. has propounded no feasible method of producing that spirit. The "mercenary party" look on money not as an end in itself, but as a means to very desirable ends—ends with which, I think, even P.J.S. will not quarrel.

Probably the greatest question of all is that of residential hostels, the subject of P.J.S.'s somewhat sneering allusion. Some people hold the opinion—the "we-want-money" party amongst them—that without adequate residential hostels we will never have a real University. As a matter of fact, that opinion is so widely held that it is not necessary to enlarge on it. Again, however, a substantial amount of "gold" is necessary. If the students make a little money now and again it might bring the residential hostel and the real University a step nearer.

A few other mis-statements of P.J.S. call for some short comment. "An outside dancing master" was not "given complete control of the Extravaganza, its production and its policy." The Extravaganza was not "surrendered to the dictation of a paid professional producer." P.J.S. seems to quarrel with the "we-want-money" party because there was no Capping procession to advertise the Extravaganza this year, but he certainly knows that the party was no more responsible for that than he was himself. It was no doubt good business for him to imply that the fault was theirs.

By the way, "Spike," far be it from me to cast even a shadow of a doubt on the "logic" of your scribe, but perhaps you can explain the following sample: "They (the mercenary party) forgot . . . that each Extravaganza advertises the one that comes after it. . . . The result was that 'Luv' owed its success not to its own merits but to the expectations raised by its predecessor. . . . Even had 'Luv' succeeded by its own merit, the success of a similar show twelve long months afterwards was not a reasonable anticipation."—The Trezise Benefit, p. 41.

God bless you, "Spike."—I am, etc.,

H.McC.

Dear "Spike,"—The most exhilarating adventure that can befall a critic is to be himself criticised. It tells him that his existence has been noticed—that some other immortal soul has cast the light of his attention across the void that separates mind from mind and for one hectic instant stared him right in the eye, with (oh rich experience!) the awe-inspiring expression of a half-brick. Thus it is with a shiver of delightful terror that I scramble to my feet to receive the shock of H. McC.'s blighting accusations of "grudge," inability to produce an extravaganza, capacity for making misstatements, treasonable wishes to see College ventures result in failure, faulty use of logic, and other enormities barely hinted at, all of which I display in "two long embittered" articles in the June "Spike"—a total of four and three-quarter pages! What a record one or other of us achieves!—H.McC., I timidly suggest.

Better to be quarrelsome than lonely, an Irish writer points out. H.McC.'s (and Stephen Leacock's) vision of a University with "a smoking-room where the men could meet and argue" is foreshadowed in the pages of this very issue of the "Spike;" surely, when the smoke clears, the reality will be in sight. In the meantime, let us enjoy the smoke, for where there is smoke there is fire—in this case, the fire of a burning interest in College affairs. The day of "strong silent men with empty heads like gourds" has passed, and a Bolshevistic excitement takes its place. Let H.McC. burn me at his stake; it has been a genial year.

First I will praise H.McC. If my daring guess at his identity is correct, he (in the words of Cervantes) "hath a face like a benediction" (despite a quill that scratches) and an invincible regard for the College interest. At no time have I ever thought or suggested that he or any member of the "Please the Public—We Want Money" party acted in this Extravaganza affair other than with the very best intentions. I heartily concur in his statement that "grossly mistaken though they may have been, they acted in the best interests of the College, and with no eye to the interests of Mr. Trezise." And I am in no agreement whatever with his application of the term "mercenary party" to himself and his associates, for this carries an unmerited implication of self-seeking. It is a dummy he sets up himself for the sole purpose of knocking down. On the other hand, the description "Please the Public—We Want Money" I applied to H.McC.'s party because they made bold and frequent use of the words to explain and excuse their introduction into the College of Mr. Trezise; but I know (and never did deny) that the employment of Mr. Trezise was genuinely meant to benefit the Stud. Ass. finances.

The narrowest question was whether it would benefit the Stud. Ass. finances. The answer is, did it? The usual profits of the Extravaganza are (I understand) somewhere about £150. For his services this year Mr. Trezise received (and quite probably earned, as things go) £30; and the net profits accruing to the Stud. Ass. were (I understand again) £80. When H.McC. remembers that the debasement of the Extravaganza to the character of a third-class revue and the employment of Mr. Trezise were fondly looked to to bring in an extra profit, will he still cavil at my satiric description of the whole thing as "the Trezise Benefit"? Is is of course lamentable that any student should think the show was staged solely to benefit Mr. Trezise; but who benefited the more—Mr. Trezise with his personal profit of £30 or the student body (800 odd) with its £80? It makes little difference that the profits were greater than the poor houses and the authoritative rumours current at the time I wrote my article led me to expect. Measured with previous results and judged in the light of the mighty expectations of the P.P.W.W.M. party, "Pep" was a miserable failure. Instead of a gold mine, it was very nearly a gold brick.

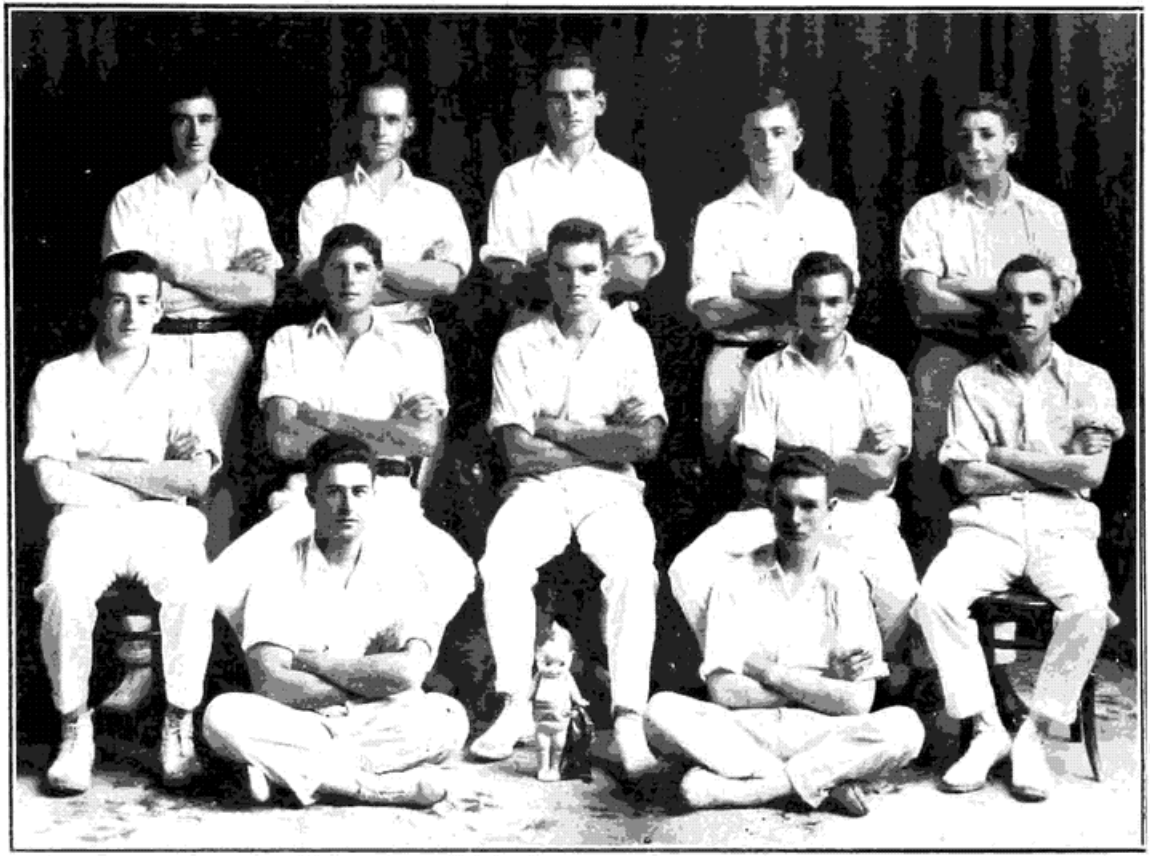
It is natural for H.McC. to dislike my effort to drive the lesson home, but why hint at a "grudge"? Is that the only possible explanation of my criticism? Was there no criticism before Mr. Trezise came upon the scene? Am I dreaming when I recall a stormy time commencing with the very first mention of Mr. Trezise—one general meeting which carried a certain resolution and another which revoked it, resignations of President, Secretary, and other members of the Stud. Ass. Executive, the vain attempt of

" the Rump" to construct a " Stiffy and Mo" extravaganza, and so on and so forth? What a tremendous eddy has the lonely voice of my " grudge," reaching as it does to the time of " Luv," rippling even through a private discussion between myself and H.McC. in 1923, well before the then Executive asked me to collaborate with Mr. Beaglehole—and Mr. Byrne—in writing an extravaganza which would break with the tendencies of " Luv"! " Grudge," forsooth. I'd help to write a dozen still-born extravaganzas and consider them all well lost in the effort to prevent a breach with the fine tradition made in a fuller day by wiser men than we. And please do not hurl against Mr. Beaglehole and myself the fact that we compromised with expediency when a general meeting went to the length of swallowing its previous decision. It was good work to bring the matter to an issue, and we could afford a concession, even to comrades.

We withdrew our Extravaganza because a general meeting demanded a certain Paid Professional Producer. When an attempt to write a substitute extravaganza had not succeeded, another general meeting revoked the resolution in favour of the P.P.P. and left the matter to the discretion of the Executive, which was the compromise suggested by us at the beginning. Whereupon we handed " The Last Trump" back and agreed to help. Whereupon the Executive appointed the P.P.P. that all the trouble had been about, and in our innocence we continued to help. Whereupon the said P.P.P. rejected the said Extravaganza in favour of one which had not then been written, but which was about to be written under his supervision. To condense the story, two Executives, separately and under different circumstances, with plenty of time to think, voted for a bird in the hand, but the P.P.P. insisted upon a bird in the bush. Is " dictation" a wild word to bring in here?

I am not going to enter upon an examination of Mr. Trezise's motives for rejecting the Extravaganza so thoroughly accepted by the Executive. As to his grounds, he said it was unproducible. I went to some pains to find out why it was unproducible, but he didn't seem to be able to get past a few general statements such as that it " violated all the canons of the dramatic art" (or was it some other authority who passed this judgment?), lacked " 'a central idea, such as Beauty"—in short, was unproducible. One expects more from an expert. My conclusions were that Mr. Trezise was accustomed to producing a type of show very different from the traditional College extravaganza and found that he could get such a show specially written for him. Indeed, who can blame an acute business man, of specialised talents and dependent upon advertisement in a particular line, for being unwilling to project himself into an unfamiliar world when he could carry his own world along with him? Shade of the old " Social Course"!—who can even blame the P.P.W.W.M. party when he remembers the reverence abroad in the College in March last for the very name of Trezise? Could the poor mountain do aught but go to Mahomet? The ex-students experienced in Extravaganzas who considered " The Last Trump" to be quite producible belonged to another day, that was all.

As to my capacity to act as producer: pray do not charge me with the excesses of my friends, H.McC. They were more willing to experiment than I was. To me a producer is very like the famous purple cow—" I'd sooner see than be one." I once attended a debate between Mr. Robert Hogg and another, in which



Back Row.—A. M. Wilson, G. U. Martin, F. H. Mullins, G. C. Kent, C. H Arndt.
Sitting.—J. C. Greig, E. C. Wiren (Club Captain), R. H. C. Mackenzie (Captain), A. M. Hollings, C. H. Hain.
Front Row.—L. J. Evans, R. L. A. Cresswell. Absent.—J. L. Dighton, W. E. Anderson.

the other complained of his inability to "make a silken purse out of a hog's ear." Mr. Hogg replied that "it was not the fault of the hog but of the fool who tried to do it." Perhaps my friends were fools; they did not, at any rate, try to make a silken purse out of "Pep"!

Much of H.McC.'s letter is sound common sense. When the nonsense regarding myself is winnowed from it—such as that I "hoped" for a "financial disaster" to "Pep" or that I blame the P.P.W.W.M. party for not having held a Capping procession—the result is a substantial contribution to the movement for a keener interest in College affairs. The whole Extravaganza discussion has been beneficial in this regard, and the Extravaganza itself an experience too rich to be wasted. Next year should see the Luv-Beauty-Pep stuff flung aside for something more the measure of a Varsity's imagination.

H.McC. is welcome to his point in logic. Restated, however, the argument stands. What the public looks for in a College Extravaganza is novelty, and each Extravaganza advertises the one which comes after it. The advertisement of a previous Extravaganza will fill the booked seats and provide a crowded first night, but only novelty will draw the non-booking public on the second and third nights. A mere revue like "Luv" is terribly out-of-date in twelve months of these sated times.

Pax vobiscum, "Spike," and my thanks for this opportunity of replying.—Yours, etc.,

P.J.S.

P.S.—Must I apologise to anybody for referring to Mr. Trezise as "Professor"? And, if so, to how many?

Dear "Spike,"—Might I remind P.J.S. that the W.W.M. party did want to produce "The Last Trump," as witness the fact that they were parties to the "compromise with expediency" mentioned by him. One trifling difficulty, however, cropped up. The P.P.P. pronounced the show unproduceable—an opinion which was also expressed by quite a number of others, including some "ex-students experienced in Extravaganzas," who also "belonged to another day." Hence "Pep"—admittedly a rush show.

The point at issue may perhaps be stated thus:

It will probably not be denied that the great majority of present-day students are divorced from the old traditions of the College and have no conception of the true meaning and spirit of a University. The W.W.M. party holds that in order to remedy this, in order to make a real University, we have to start and rebuild "from the ground up." We suggest that the most feasible means of doing this is to do our utmost to procure the erection of residential hostels, etc. And for this we must get money. The students can help in this by making and putting aside as much as possible every year. Now the question is, "Was it worth while to make even £80 out of the Extravaganza this year, and put that sum aside as a nucleus of a fund for Residential Hostels, etc., bearing in mind the fact that, to put it as mildly as possible, there was very great doubt as to the possibility of producing 'The Last Trump'?" As P.J.S. would say, "the answer is 'was it?'" In any case it seemed to be a case of £80 or nothing. I am pleased to learn that P.J.S. did not intend by his article "The Trezise Benefit" to suggest that we had any eye to the interests of Mr.

Trezise. However, the suggestion was not a dummy set up by myself. Perhaps P.J.S. has heard of such a thing as a "benefit performance," and he will perhaps admit that the word "benefit" in such a connection denotes the purpose of the performance.

H.McC.

(This correspondence is now closed.—Editor "Spike.")

The Oxford Union Visit

(The following letter, we understand, was cordially refused by all three Wellington dailies, "Truth," and the "Lyttelton Times.")

Sir,—From letters published elsewhere I gather that a Tory minority (of students at Victoria College, Wellington) wished to deny the existence of a Socialist minority, and to forbid their visitors using any arguments that might convert Tories, and so create a nidus of Socialism. The issue was a non-committal resolution.

What a set of prigs! If there were no Socialists among the students, I should despair of them. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford I belonged to "L'Internationale" and barracked for Rossel; I didn't know what it meant; it was just generous impulse, love of the under dog. The students here have a perfect right to advocate Socialism, or Anarchism, or any other 'ism, provided only they do not urge immediate violence.

I have always been a Republican, and believe firmly that had a resolution in favour of a Republic been carried at Home—say in 1908—the then King would have supported it, and volunteered to be the first President. Why not? The King game is played out, and our Monarchy is only waiting for a chance to retire gracefully. The other Kings are laughing-stocks, bad company to be in. As to Socialism, the only objection is the ignorance and dishonesty of the masses. We are educating them, and as soon as they are fit to vote intelligently, Socialism will be practicable, and will come. As to Bolshevism, the only reason that labour men vote for it is that they do not know what it means. Expound it faithfully, quoting the actual words of Lenin and Trotsky, and you will find the labour people anxious to disclaim any sympathy with it.

And so, while I oppose both Socialism and Bolshevism, I hope our students will hear arguments in their favour.—I am, etc.,

Pahiatua, 31st July, 1924. FABIAN.

The New Fascism

Nicholls and James,
Solicitors.

Te Aroha, 27th September, 1924.

My Dear "Spike,"—I write more in sorrow than in anger. As a former Editor of your columns, former Assistant-Editor, former Secretary and Vice-President of the Students' Association, and once even the Librarian of the Heretics' Club, I feel that the letter headed "The New Fascism," appearing in your June number, is an undeserved sock-dologer.

I do not propose to deal at length with your indictment; it is true that neither my partner nor I have any confidence whatever in the New Zealand Labour Party, but we are not unacquainted with the writings of John Milton. (Indeed, I kept my first year's terms largely by the aid of "The Age of Milton"—and Professor Mackenzie.) As for trampling Truth in the mud, that is not a periodical I either read or subscribe to, as I much prefer "The London Mercury;" if my partner occasionally glances at "Truth" it is solely on account of its financial column.

While we shall for the present withhold the issue of a writ, you will of course understand that this letter is written "without prejudice."—Yours faithfully,

G. H. NICHOLLS.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—We thank you for your invitation to reply to the sarcastic effusion of "J.C.B." in the last issue of the "Spike," headed "The New Fascism." We do not intend to embark upon a detailed criticism of that letter; it will suffice to make a few remarks—remarks which we should have had the opportunity of making before "J.C.B.'s" letter went to press.

We do not regret our action in moving the motion which is the subject of so much concern to your correspondent; nor do we regret that we created an impression that we are loyal—that was exactly the impression that we hoped to create. We are loyal, and we are proud of the fact. We wonder if "J.C.B." has any British blood in his elegant make up that he should sneer at loyalty. We have, however, one apology, and that is for our extreme youthfulness. We feel that we cannot adequately express our apologies for this atrocious crime. We humbly crave "J.C.B.'s" pardon, and would ask that, in view of the fact that our age is a matter about which we were not consulted, and therefore about which we could raise no objection, "J.C.B." will forgive us to some extent. Had our parents been aware that our age would have been such a handicap to us in 1924, no doubt this apology would not have been necessary. Possibly in another forty or fifty years we will have lived down our wrong.

Despite "J.C.B.'s" clamour for fair play, he begins by misquoting our motion. The motion as put to the meeting of the Students' Association, and as before your correspondent when he was writing his letter, read:—" . . . the team or teams of debaters representing the V.U.C. Debating Society shall speak only for that side of the motion which does not involve advocating,

speaking in favour of, or commenting FAVOURABLY upon any matter or principle savouring of Bolshevism, etc." It is significant that the word "favourably" was omitted by "J.C.B." No, my boy, that's not garbling. Nevertheless, this omission would create the impression that "The Fascism" object to any discussion of such matters. They do not. But they do object, and strongly, to the fact that the "red" motions passed by the Debating Society were advertised throughout New Zealand's newspapers as the views of V.U.C. students as a whole, whereas these motions were carried in every case by less than a score of students. Misrepresentation? No. Fair play by "J.C.B." and his confreres. In all seriousness, however, the position was that it was necessary for the "Fascism" to attend the debates and outvote these "red" motions in order to prevent themselves from being misrepresented to the public of New Zealand.

Your correspondent accuses us of being responsible for the "Dominion" report quoted by "J.C.B.":—"Speaking on behalf of the Association, Messrs. Nicholls and James both emphasised that the minds of the public, etc." We are also directly charged with "wilful distortion" and failure "to abide by the truth." Now, twofold Sir, we emphatically deny each and every of the above allegations. We admit that we supplied "The Times" with particulars, and although we take no credit for the "ridiculous garnishings," we have to thank you for your very liberal admission that that report was "in substance correct."

We ask you, "J.C.B.," as Editor of the "Spike," is this fair play? Would it not have been a more manly way to have challenged us personally with this alleged dishonesty—for that is what it amounts to—and, if you were still intent upon publishing your letter, to have published our reply in the same issue? No, Sir, that course probably did not occur to your broad, impartial mind which is so concerned about fair play. You make serious accusations against us, give us no chance to reply, and also abuse your position as Editor of the "Spike" to further your own interests and to catch votes for the Debating Committee. Another point. Why was a proof of your letter posted in the Hall and also in the Women's Common Room several days before the "Spike" appeared? Are all letters to the "Spike" given this publicity? No. Possibly the majority of the other letters are not calculated to create an effect at a general meeting. We doubt your statement that you held no brief for the Debating Society. You cannot honestly say that you had not even a "tacit" brief, if we may use the expression. We know that before your letter was printed it was shown to, and approved by, at least two members of the committee. We would not have mentioned this matter had you merely endeavoured to ridicule us by means of a letter which was "in substance correct;" but when we are so directly charged with untruthfulness and distortion we feel that an injustice has been done us. Enough.

We are

Wellington,
23rd September, 1924.

G. A. NICHOLLS.
H. J. V. JAMES.

[We regret, as Messrs. Nicholls and James feel it so deeply, that we did not submit "J.C.B.'s" letter to them for their consideration before publication. They may remember, however, that Mr. James replied to "J.C.B." at the historic Special General Meet-

ing of the Debating Society on the same night that the "Spike" appeared, and that "J.C.B." made a counter-reply on the same occasion, apparently quite effective; and that their present letter is also a reply, by invitation, to his. So we do not exactly see where their grievance lies. With a view to getting the controversy cleaned up this year, however, we referred their letter to "J.C.B.," and his comments to them for their final reply. Messrs. Nicholls and James thus have the last word, whatever satisfaction and benefit that may accord them. The following is the result. We do not think it necessary to reply to the reference to ourself as Editor.—
—Editor "Spike."]

(From "J.C.B.")

Dear "Spike,"—Messrs. Nicholls and James misapplied my reference to age. God forbid that in my own extreme youth (or even if I live to a doddering old age) I should make youth a reproach to anyone. By my parenthesis "(whose age, I suppose, averaged somewhere about twenty-one)" I intended to imply that a body of men and women of that age might reasonably be thought able to discuss a question of College interest intelligently. I profoundly regret that my English was so ambiguous.

My quotation from the famous motion was taken verbatim from a copy supplied per telephone by the Secretary of the Students' Association. I noticed the apparent absurdity in the wording, but took it as being quite in character with the rest of the semi-legal jargon of the motion.

As for the "Dominion" report, Messrs. Nicholls and James admitted responsibility at the Special General Meeting before mentioned, and at other times, for statements the truth of which was subsequently denied by the President of the Students' Association, and it seemed reasonable to attribute to them another inaccuracy in the same "Dominion" on the same subject. They were perfectly free to explain their position at the meeting, but made no attempt to do so. Why not? (I believe, though, I did hear some ejaculation from Mr. James about a printer's error).

I objected to the posting of that stray proof in the Hall. It was, however, if I remember rightly, initialled by a member of the Executive according to regulation, and so was apparently in order.

Your correspondents' knowledge that before my letter was printed (I take it they mean set up in type) "it was shown to and approved by at least two members of the committee" seems very positive; it suffers, however, from being quite inaccurate. A corrected proof of the letter was in the printers' hands long before it was seen by any member of the Debating Society Committee.

I have no intention of traversing the rest of the letter. Let it stand in naked beauty, unglossed, unadorned. As Messrs. Nicholls and James rightly remark: Enough. Quite enough.—I am, etc.,

V.U.C., September 24th, 1924. J.C.B.

(From G. A. Nicholls and H. J. V. James)

Dear "Spike,"—Ye gods! "The Spike" improves with age! We have been shown "J.C.B.'s" reply to our letter, and have been asked for our comments thereon. We hope this will be taken as a precedent; the opportunity of replying in the same issue to controversial letters to "The Spike" should always be given to those whom the letters affect.

Your correspondent endeavours to cloud the true issue (that of misuse of his position as Editor) by denying his responsibility for the posting of the proof of his first letter in the Hall. We did not conceive the possibility of some member of the Debating Society stealing the proof from the editorial precincts.

"J.C.B.'s" lucid and all-embracing reply merits no further comment.—We are, etc.,

G. A. NICHOLLS.
H. J. V. JAMES.

[This correspondence is now closed.—Editor "Spike."]

Second Thoughts Of A Radical

It is probably true that the ordinary New Zealander is as well acquainted with political parties and personages in England as with those in his own country. In his newspaper he reads the pregnant passages of a statesman's speech, the purple patches of a House of Commons debate, the description of a picturesque Imperial gathering, the statement of a problem affecting a score of nations and tens of millions of people. By contrast, the deliberations of the New Zealand House of Representatives, the minute discussion of the Extermination of Rabbits in the Pohutumaramaroa County Bill, the eternal, stupid dialogue between Mr. Massey and Mr. Wilford, appear dull, flat, and profitless. Of greater moment (he thinks) are the vicissitudes of the All Blacks.

But unfortunately the doings of our Parliament concern every one of us. At the end of almost every debate a Bill is passed, and another law is added to the over-loaded Statute Book. Our legislators believe it their function to legislate steadily. A "good" session is one in which, after weeks of objectless speech-making, the House (with a perfunctory protest) swings into action, gathers momentum as Christmas or the Trentham races approach, and in a final burst passes dozens of Bills. Members leave for home with tempers frayed and impressions confused, but the "results" of the session are there, for the most impertinent elector to see—twenty new Bills. Our legislators have done their duty.

It is a consequence of the superficial examination given to legislative proposals in New Zealand that few of them when passed into law make any obvious change, either for better or worse. They are not laws, but sanctified experiments, and they are treated as such. It must be admitted that in a new country much legislation is necessarily experimental, and perhaps it is inevitable that the most common type of politician should be the "handy man," that statesmen should be few, and their statesmanship tardily recognised. But there must surely come a day when the questions will arise: What is our goal? Have we a goal in view? Is it a goal that we desire to reach?

Consider the three parties in the New Zealand Parliament today. The Reform Party, consistent only in its protection of the large landowners, violently denounces the Socialism of the Labour Party, and itself embarks on experiment after experiment in State Socialism, in order to retain the favour of the "cockies," on whose votes it depends for its existence. The Liberal Party, bereft of a policy, peddles a trademark. The Labour Party, rigidly doctrin-

aire, purposes the transformation of the social body by doses of legislation, aided (as who can doubt who knows of the men who direct the party's " leaders ") by the mass strike, by sabotage, even by force of arms. It would exalt the weak, the incompetent, the shiftless, and the knavish, for all have a vote. Yet the Labour Party's intensity and unity of purpose, the unquestioning obedience which it demands and secures from its followers, make it certain that it will attain political supremacy, if only when the opposing parties languish or die of ineptitude. Inevitably the question arises: Are the objects of the Labour Party those which the thinking people of the Dominion desire to see achieved?

In New Zealand, as Mr. Pember Reeves pointed out long ago, " the State ownership of land and, above all, of the means of transport, set the colonists' feet on the road they are now treading." We have walked (sometimes we have run) a long way along that road —the road to Collectivism—but not as far as the superficial observer at home, and the majority of observers abroad, concludes. Our system of industrial legislation, which used to be the admiration of social reformers abroad, is certainly spectacular and alluring, but in relation to the whole life and industry of New Zealand, it is not important. Outside its scope are the pastoral, agricultural, and dairying industries,the industries on which, as a politician—it may have been Mr. Massey?—has remarked, the prosperity of God's Own Country depends. How many farmers stop work when they have worked for eight hours? If all of them did, would Mr. Massey be able to boast of the quantity of the Dominion's exports? If our " secondary " industries were in importance not secondary, but primary, could we afford to hamper their activity and stifle their growth by a network of State regulations?

The present material prosperity of the Dominion is due to the intelligence, enterprise, and plain hard work of past and present generations of New Zealanders, aided by the fortunate circumstance of a steady market for the products of the land. Would the prosperity be greater or less if New Zealand had not " set an example to the world " by building a system of social and industrial legislation? If one restrains the tendency to conclude that what is, is for the best, the answer to the question is by no means evident.

The question must be answered. It can be answered only by a patient investigation, undertaken by an organisation of men of broad culture and specialised knowledge. Our University has produced such men. Only a few are to be found in New Zealand, for the majority, most strangely, find scope for their ability in countries which we in our wisdom call old and backward and reactionary. But their knowledge and ability would find an opportunity for service in an organisation which set out deliberately to ascertain (a) what factors have influenced the development of New Zealand, (b) which of these factors are permanent in their influence, and which transient, (c) how much of our legislation has a firm basis in principle, and how much is the outcome of sentimentality, (d) what general principles should guide our legislation in the future.

From such a political stocktaking there might arise appreciation of the need of a political party which would attempt to put the conclusions of the investigators into practice. It would not be Reform, or Liberal, or Labour; it is not impossible that it might adopt the name of Conservative.

E.V.D.

Old Lamps For New

The older of the Irish, in their intolerance of youth, have a saying concerning the foolishness of teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. It is a weighty, almost a ponderous pronouncement, and it rises in my mind as the only fit phrase for the recent attempt by several young men to upset the quiet state of affairs which latterly seems to rule at the College whenever Extravaganzas are not the subject of discussion, and to give ruthless publicity to themselves notwithstanding their natural (and very proper when one considers their age and intelligence) tendency to remain in the comforting twilight of mediocrity. There was a day, when these young men were even younger, in which College rows were a thing of daily occurrence, when scandal succeeded scandal—J.J. quite indelicately avowing that he had lost faith and therefore must resign from the Presidency of the Christian Union; H.G.M., for all his brilliance, confessing that he was approaching the state of mind in which he could only hold that property was robbery; or J.S. shamelessly driving several of his rivals from "The Den" by flooding it, and then carrying the day by direct assault and the use of a couple of fire extinguishers.

In this manner was youth served in the closing stages of the war, when we were all, in our small ways, endeavouring to help the Empire out of the mess in which it had plunged us, and to pick up a little learning between whiles. But to-day it is different. We must follow in the footsteps of the principal comedian in our House of Representatives, who ordained that teachers should salute the flag, and who bestows a daily blessing on the service as almost efficient enough to work "his" system of education. We must confess our loyalty with fervour if not with fanaticism. Why not a daily parade by five brass bands from different portions of the city, so that all who wished might converge upon Post Office Square at midday, and there with heart and voice render the National Anthem in approximately one key? Why not, as an irrepressible Irishman once suggested, require tram conductors to bow to the King's head on each penny they take, or civil servants to salute all public buildings? It is just as reasonable and nothing less amusing.

These are the demands of the young gentlemen who set out, as one of them informed me, "to prove that we are not all Bolsheviks at Victoria College." Now I do not know any of these right-thinking students personally; but I will hazard the statement that it would be a great deal better for them if they were "Bolsheviks"—whatever they understand by the term.

"The Communist Party," said H. G. Wells, in a similar connection, "gets hold of some of our brightest young men at an early age and does them an enormous amount of good." All young men, all thinking young men, should be Bolsheviks. If they are not dissatisfied with the existing order of things when their pulse is strong, their impulses at their most generous, their idealism at its height, then they must be pretty poor creatures. The calm acceptance of the conditions of life should be impossible to the young unless they be cold-blooded in the extreme. It is in the tremendous urge of adolescence towards a better state of society, its refusal to see that any factors can triumph over the will of man, its immense and fervid sympathy with the oppressed, the underpaid, the

wreckage of the industrial system, that we see hope for the future. It is the direction of that incalculable force into " the right channels" that makes the continued existence of our society at all possible, and it is often the task of the old men to discourage those bright youths, to dampen their enthusiasms and smudge their ideals, or else by promotion and affluence to convert them into " right-thinking members of the community."

Not all our youth comes under this category, of course. These juvenile reformers who recently have suffered so signal a defeat bear testimony to that fact. It is only the best and brightest, the clear-sighted and the emotional, cast higgledy-piggledy in one heap for once, and all possessed of a fervid faith. In those days, and in those days only, I fear, does the College motto apply; then truth seems something to be sought in no matter what morasses, or on no matter what hill-tops of dream; and being found past any Cerberus, through any fires of Loki, to be esteemed, perhaps, the starting-place for another goal. In those days we are all busy generalising as to the rest of humanity from our own imperfect natures, ready to scrap the existing civilisation without a pang and remould the world nearer our heart's desire. And our vain gropings, our searchings for a little mound upon the level plains of thought, are stimulated by discussion. Always we talk; talk the sun down and up again on imperfectly comprehended problems called by the names of God, ethics and the Iraq. Discussion invariably leads to the assumption, implies the fact that there are two sides to every question, whether of war guilt, Bolshevism, or even the sweating system. And a continued search brings the first hint of disillusion, a suspicion of authorities.

No one knowing the " Daily Mail" for what it is, for instance, would treat its Russian news as anything but exercises in the imagination. No one with the merest knowledge of the career of Lord Rosebery would pay much attention to his ideas of Empire; or, knowing Birkenhead, would hearken to his opinions on the balsam needed for Europe's convalescence. This some of our young men seem to have realised, and (heinously, of course) to have affirmed on a Debating Society platform. Two excessively juvenile and backward students named Campbell and Davidson, I understand, were the principal offenders, and it was only meet that this disrespect for authority on the part of undergraduates should call for wrath. And I am told that but for a wholly shameless " packing" of the meeting called to consider the matter, and the unexpectedly liberal opinions of many students whom one would not have suspected of being capable of independent thought, the offenders would have been cast headlong. These two ill-read and ill-advised individuals, it seems, have been foolish enough to use the information bureau of the Labour Party because it has been thoughtlessly run on up-to-date lines. They have not hesitated to hint that the present state of affairs will not last for ever, that even governments change their minds. Worst of all, their distinctly " Socialistic" (oh, maltreated and misused word!) ideas result from a study of the subects on which they speak.

There is no need for surprise that such an attitude raised the wrath of young men who had devoted no study whatever to politics or economics. For these young men were loyal; they have said so repeatedly and we must believe them. It is not an outstanding virtue, for it takes a good deal of courage to be otherwise. But it

simplifies thought; they do not want to have anything to do with these new-fangled ideas that a thing may be only partly true. What was good enough for their fathers and big brothers is good enough for them. To this they are welcome. But one of these lads has openly expressed his intention of spring-cleaning the College. This is alarming; it is very disturbing to me to be told that I am about to be reformed. At my age my bad habits have already become a comfortable part of my personality. And one of them always has been an attempt to see a problem sharp in outline as either black or white. Latterly—it is my distressing conservatism, no doubt, or perhaps the sudden descent of the years—the world has appeared a uniform grey.

But if the attack on the Debating Society has been of an unusual childishness, the Society has been asking for trouble. It has wasted its time and talent on a large number of stupidly worded motions concerning unworthy subjects; as when it invited Sir John Luke and myself to spend an evening justifying the daily salute of the flag, and shocked Mr. Vivian Potter by deciding that the salute was unnecessary. The Society includes two bright young lights, Mr. J. W. G. Davidson and Mr. R. M. Campbell. Mr. Davidson is a perfectly honest supporter of the Labour Party, and is entitled to respect. What Mr. Campbell is I do not know, and I suspect that Mr. Campbell does not either. He is a keen and able critic of our present society, tempering a profound disrespect for authority with a philosophical calm and unusual tolerance when authority happens to be prominently represented at Society meetings. And, as I understand it, these two gentlemen have had a hand, "or at least a main finger," in the syllabus since the Society's rise to fame.

Now I can remember the Society in three stages. Immediately before the war ended and in the first post-war year the members endeavoured to make themselves audible in a hailstorm of interjections. Then followed a period of respectability and of shrinking audiences. Then came the great year, Mr. F. H. Haigh's famous interview with the one-time Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet and the flaunting of a red banner by one or two intensely loyal members of Parliament, to whose country minds it came as a severe jar that students in the early twenties should have opinions. And so the Society was launched on its glorious career. The members, being young and not long used to reading the newspapers, were pleased and flattered at the unexpected publicity which fell to their lot. The separate vote as yet was not; and so, with an increasing number of Labour Party supporters at each meeting, some of the motions passed easily may not have been representative of student opinion. But in any case the motions went through; Mr. Davidson very naturally seized upon the opportunity afforded of setting forth that his beloved Labour Party was necessary to the salvation of the country; Mr. Campbell went on in genuine Mephistophelean fashion rather enjoying the sensation of shocking the bourgeois; and the generality of speakers continued when given a motion to read up one side or another and recite their authorities to a remarkable assemblage of slightly bored students, eager intending speakers and mildly interested canaille.

The unfortunate side of the whole affair was the popular view that the Society was a wing of the Labour Party, and the uncritical attitude of the majority of students towards that growing organisation. Many of them, no doubt, supported it as seemingly the only

opposition to a confessedly incapable Government, others because they believed that the Labour Party was genuinely Socialist, most, I have no doubt, because they had a dim idea that the Party had ideals which were on a plane with Mr. Davidson's. Almost every one of them, I fancy, must have lacked a first-hand revelation of the ability and eloquence which go to the making of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and could have known nothing of the aggressive Mr. Roberts. The Society was so busy shouting British battle-cries that it was, no doubt, an additional recommendation that the New Zealand Labour members (as one of the Society's most brilliant adherents has said) fought its elections on British issues, that their economics were several decades out of date, that they had no land policy and no leader of ideas. And so it went on. But the members of the Society did make a genuine attempt to see matters for themselves, and few things could give one greater pleasure than the severe discomfiture of these local Comstocks who plunged rudely into affairs which they did not understand, and had the impertinence to attempt to make a virtue of the fact that they did not understand them.

C.Q.P.

Sir John Salmond

AN APPRECIATION

The year 1906 was a memorable one for those of us who were, at that time, students of Law at Victoria College, for in that year Professor John William Salmond (as he then was) entered upon his duties in the Chair of Law. He came with a reputation as a legal scholar. Four years previously, his "Jurisprudence, or the Theory of the Law," had been published. It was acknowledged to be a great work. Yet mere scholarship awakens but little anticipatory interest on the part of the student. The brilliant scholar is by no means always a gifted instructor or an efficient or inspiring guide. Hence, the lucidity, the grasp, the wit, the kindliness, and the all-embracing scholarship of the man, so evident from his first Lecture, acted with tonic effect upon his students. Nor was he merely Professor: he was Tutor also. His room and his house were at our disposal. Over a pipe or a cup of tea he helped to solve the problems of probing minds which he had himself stirred into activity. Without the aid of manifested enthusiasms or any artifices, he inspired in his students an intense interest in their work, and a deep affection for himself—their Professor, Tutor, and friend.

Professor Salmond believed that the world owes most to those who extend the boundaries of knowledge, not to those who are apt in organisation and administration, and he himself remained, throughout his life, a Research Student. Witness his "Law of Torts," published in 1907, now recognised as a unique treatise of the highest authority throughout the English-speaking world. After the fashion of scientific men, he sought the truth in his own department of knowledge, and the implements of his pursuit were

a logical and powerful mind, combined with an unsurpassed capacity for terse and lucid expression.

This is not the place for an appreciation of Sir John Salmond's brilliant career of service to the State (and of distinction to himself) which followed his retirement from the Chair of Law in 1908. Rather may I attempt some short estimate of the effect of the man upon his students. He was not an emotional man—although beneath his polished courtesy there beat a kindly and courageous heart. He recognised, I think, that even if the fate of the Race might be its ultimate extinction upon a frozen planet, it was well worth while that human life should be an ordered process in which all disputes should be settled by the exercise of judicial functions. He set no limit of time or place to the need for that exercise. He believed that some day the settlement of all human disputes would depend upon judicial decision, based upon Law. Some of us will remember his public lecture on "International Law" in the barren top floor of the College building, when, arrayed in gown and hood (something of an innovation), he reviewed the tragedies of the past, and proclaimed his firm belief that the Reign of Law would ultimately control the international passions of men, just as it had mastered their domestic rivalries. Being firm in this faith, he believed that a true and scholarly grasp of the theory and practice of the Law on the part of lawyers was a duty which they owed both to the State and to themselves. He believed that thereby they would be best equipped to serve their day and generation. His own life is a monument to the greatness of the service which can thus be rendered to human kind. His works will live after him: and to those who knew him, the influence of his life will ever be a powerful inspiration, cherished with reverence and affection.

D.S.S.

Yellow

A splendour of marigolds
Over the lea,
A glowing of tawny leaves
Shed from the tree,
The setting sun's saffron
Flashed back from the sea.

And she of the topaz eyes
Smiling at me,
Her golden hair shimmering
Flowing and free;
Sea, sunset, marigold,
Faded all three.

AUTOLYCUS.

James Ramsay MacDonald

There is a little village far away in the North of Scotland, beside the grey waves of Moray Firth, where dwells a people in whose veins the blood of the Highland Scot mingles with that of the Scandinavian Sea Rover. It is a village set in a county rich in a heritage of legend—a heritage that is enshrined in the ruined castle of Spynie, and away beyond in the wonderful remains of Elgin Cathedral—it is the village of Lossiemouth. It was here that there was born, over fifty years ago, in a two-roomed but and ben, one of those rare spirits who in every age seem to stir men's minds with visions of better things and to inspire those great movements that mark Humanity's slow progress towards the ideal.

James Ramsay MacDonald was born in Scotland with all the material circumstances loaded heavily against him. In the very first years of his life the stinging reality of poverty was burned into his child's mind as he wandered the cruel streets of London, penniless, in search of employment, without a friend, lonely and desperately poor. Little wonder, then, that in the after years when a man from his own Scotland arose in England to champion the cause of the common people, MacDonald was able to turn to him with an understanding sympathy. When Keir Hardie appeared in the public life of Great Britain, fighting an election campaign with only the name of Labour on his banner, sounding the note for the independent representation of the world of Labour in Parliament, Ramsay MacDonald wrote to him, wishing him God speed in the effort, and on that day the first contact was established between two men who were to create a movement that would profoundly influence the whole world's future.

A few short years and MacDonald, finally breaking away from the old Liberalism, entered upon his life work as he joined hands with Keir Hardie in a great effort to bring into being a new political movement of Labour that would set out to create that fairer and nobler order of things that he called by the name of Socialism.

Twice he fought election campaigns and twice he was defeated, but it was an ideal that must be realised, and with the same indomitable courage that enabled him to triumph over poverty, he threw all his strength and all his energy into the effort until at last his work bore fruit in the formation of the first Labour Representation Committee.

Another General Election, and there were a million souls pledged to support the new movement—fifty candidates in the field, and MacDonald one of them, fighting with a new inspiration and bringing idealism into Politics. The traditional parties were challenged as they had never been challenged before, and all England was startled by the advent of a new political force. When the heat of the battle had passed, away in the village of Lossiemouth there was a torchlight procession wending its way through the streets towards the little home of MacDonald's mother, to announce the election of her son to the British House of Commons.

In Parliament, hailed by men of vision as one of the world's coming men, the boy who had wandered the streets of London in poverty had elevated himself from insignificance to fame; but his achievement was greater, far greater even than this, for he had created a new hope for millions of men and women to whom life

is a starved and stunted thing—he had created a new power, a power that to-day is moulding the destinies of the British Empire—nay, is bringing peace and hope to the whole world of men—he had created the greatest political force of the age. The dream of James Ramsay MacDonald had taken shape in reality—the Labour Party was born, and the great purpose of MacDonald's life was achieved.

There is a vein of tragedy that seems to run through the story of the lives of the world's great men, and it appears more than once in MacDonald's life story. It had been his dearest hope that the working people of all lands should be drawn closer together in a brotherhood that would rise above nationality, and year after year in the International Conferences of Labour he had pledged his very life to the lofty ideal of human brotherhood; but there were forces at work in all the nations, silently ranging the people one against the other, and the war clouds were fast gathering over Europe, until in 1914 suddenly, with a lightning flash, there burst the storm that was to shatter his dream.

In that fateful sitting of the British House of Commons, after every other political leader had thrown his influence on the side of war, there was a tense silence as Ramsay MacDonald arose, a solitary figure, to voice his protest against Britain's entry into a war that would solve nothing, achieve nothing, and only serve to degrade the people who engaged in it. Only a few days, and the very Labour movement that he had led swung over to the side of war, leaving MacDonald in isolation, save for a few friends. A few years, and his life comrade, Keir Hardie, passed to his grave, literally broken-hearted.

Another General Election, and MacDonald was rejected by an overwhelming majority of 14,000 votes—yet another election, and again rejected. Oh! his story is the story of all the Prophets through all the ages; despised and rejected, but

> "Count to me o'er earth's chosen heroes,
> They were souls that stood alone . . . "

In these days Ramsay MacDonald stood alone as few men have, but he had faced the world alone before, and now once again, with the same unflinching will, yea, with the very will and courage of the martyrs, he faced a hostile world—a world that was mad with the passions of War.

Once again he commenced an uphill fight. He was libelled and vilified—'Traitor, Pacifist! Disloyalist!" these were the terms that were thrown at his head. "To the tower with Ramsay MacDonald!"—that was the language of a placard that was posted throughout the length and breadth of England.

Almost in the very shadow of the Cross, with the storm of the war passions beating around him, in the face of the bitterest of opposition, he proclaimed his faith and in defiance of popular opinion he preached his ideals, and as all the falsehood of the war-time propaganda was mercilessly exposed, as year followed year, and the toll of wealth and life mounted up, there was a significant change in the opinion of Labour. Until . . . the next picture in the story of his life is that of a huge London crowd that watched the night signs on the night of the 16th November, 1922. The fog was sweeping up and the air was deathly cold, till, when after three hours of patient watching, a notice was flashed on the notice board, there was a curious thrill ran through the crowd as they read the announcement: "ABERAVON—A LABOUR GAIN." The cheers

rang out. Ramsay MacDonald had entered public life once more. Victory followed victory. Chosen by the Labour Party as its selected leader, MacDonald entered Parliament once again—this time as leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

Could any victory be greater?—but there was a greater yet to come. Another General Election, and with dramatic suddenness Ramsay MacDonald was called upon to fill the high office of Prime Minister of Great Britain—called upon to deal with problems that involved the whole future of the world's civilisation.

Oh, you who have ears to hear, listen as Ramsay MacDonald takes office, with these words on his lips: "The first great duty we put our hands to is to establish peace and create the conditions of peace." No longer the old slogan, "Prepare for war," but at last the new ideal, "Prepare for peace." Listen again as he thrills that huge Albert Hall meeting with the fervour of his idealism: "We have built our final habitation away on the horizon. We are a party of idealists. We are a party that away in the dreamland of imagination dwells in the social organisation fairer and more perfect than any organisation that mankind has ever known."

There is a mighty struggle being fought out to-day in Europe, in the whole world's wide arena, in the hearts of men. It is a struggle between the old and the new, between old ways of thinking, old conceptions, and the new ideals. The old has brought destruction, death and war with all its hideousness to the world, but through the ruins Ramsay MacDonald comes with the light of idealism in his eyes, challenging the old and proclaiming the new.

Slowly the antagonisms that divide the nations, the ugliness and the beastly hatreds vanish before the touch of the new idealism. Almost miraculously problems that all the older policies and the older statesmen had failed to solve are solved, and MacDonald is turning the tide of the world's events towards peace and happiness in a way that makes the whole world marvel.

And now as we leave Ramsay MacDonald to ponder over the lives of other great men, let us think of him slowly working into the texture of the world's affairs the ideals that he has preached all the years of his life; let us think of him as he looks away towards the horizon, where, in his imagination, there exists that nobler and more perfect order towards which all Humanity is moving; let us think of him as his voice rings out with the calm assurance of a great faith, saying—

> "These things shall be! a loftier race
> Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
> With flame of freedom in their souls
> And light of knowledge in their eyes."

College Notes

AVE ATQUE VALE.

Late in the second term an informal supper and dance was held in the Gym. to say farewell to Miss Heine and Mr. Richardson, the latest of our Travelling Scholars to leave these shores. The President of the Students' Association, Mr. McCormick, conveyed the blessing of the corporate body in his usual felicitous way, and his efforts were backed up with musical honours. Mr. Richardson replied equally felicitously for Miss Heine and himself. After the speeches dancing set in. The supper, it should be remarked, was exceptionally excellent.

Shortly before this occurred the arrival of the first occupant of the Chair of Agriculture at V.U.C., Professor G. S. Peren. Professor Peren has had a distinguished career (details of which are known to most of our readers) in England and Canada (B.Sc. of Toronto), and we hope and trust is going to shake things up in his particular line. After all, it is quite possible to treat Agriculture as part of a liberal as well as a technical education. The cordial welcome we extend to the Professor includes also Mrs. Peren, his mother, and Mrs. Peren, his wife; we hope they will stay long in New Zealand and become an indissoluble part of V.U.C.

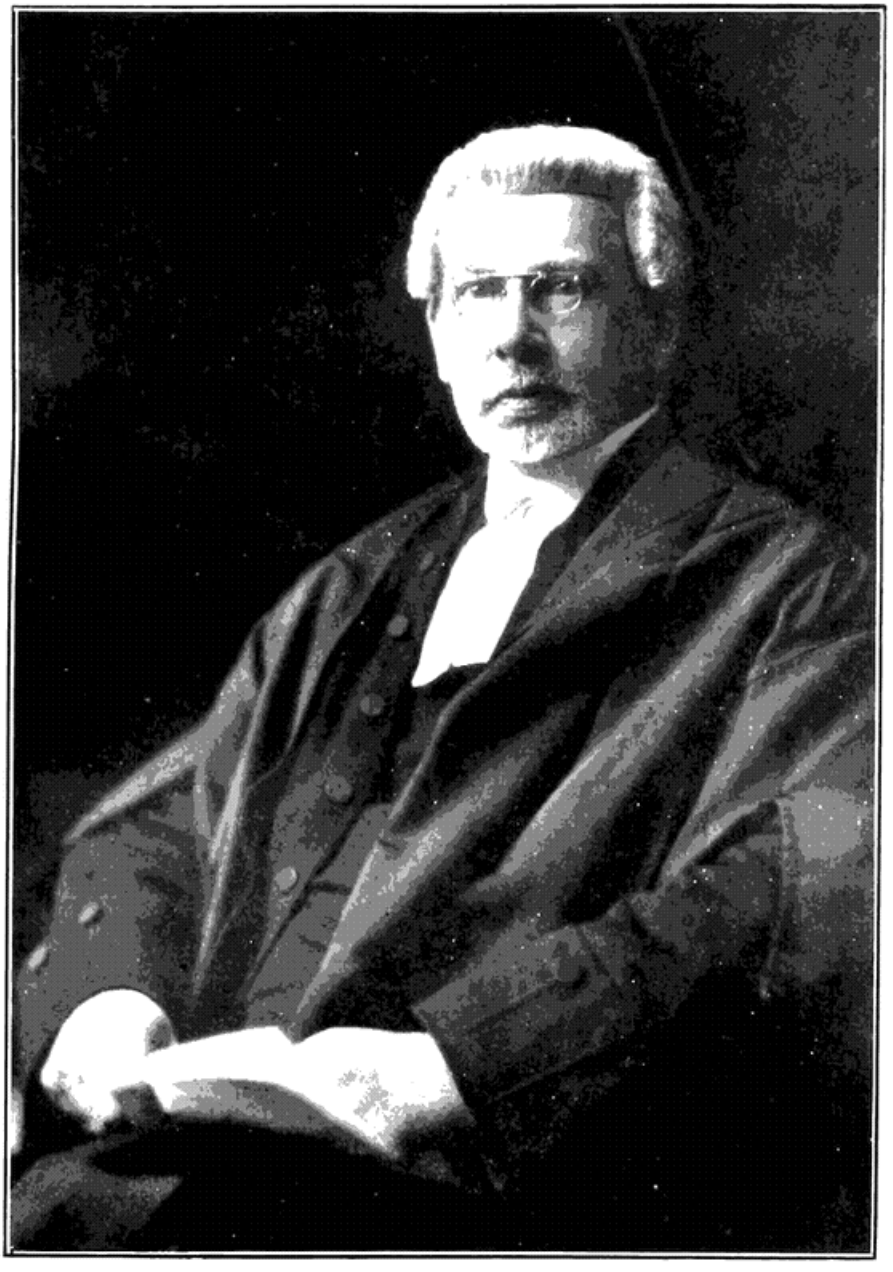
EXECUTIVE CHANGES.

At a recent meeting of the Executive the resignations of Mr. H. L. Richardson and Mr. S. E. Baume were accepted with regret. Mr. W. P. Rollings was appointed in Mr. Richardson's place, and Mr. R. F. Fortune takes on Mr. Baume's job as Financial Secretary to the "Spike." We wish them a useful career.

THE WOMAN PAYS

Dear "Spike,"—I wish to protest with all the strength and fervour that in me lies, against the hopelessly one-sided and unfair victimisation of the women of the College that is evident in the letter in your last number signed "Sorrowing Graduate"—obviously some morbid male of less taste than bumptiousness. I presume his letter is partly an attempt at humour—the portentous humour of a professor, the heavy-footed pseudo-agility of an elephant jumping through a hoop—a pitiful sight that one could regard with nothing but regret were it not that such wrongness must provoke anger.

Your correspondent is moved to alarm and ridicule at the sight of one or two young girls at the beginning of the year whose discretion had not so far outrun their years as to force them to put up their hair. "Sorrowing Graduate's" modesty is offended, forsooth, at the sight of so many maidenly tresses exposed at length in the only natural and fitting way; he prefers them crammed in a perhaps unhandsome knot at the back of the neck. Far be it from me to defend these poor girls who have dared to penetrate the sacred recesses of "Sorrowing Graduate's" tear-stained University; no doubt they have no right, on the score of age and wisdom, let alone mode of hairdressing, to approach the holy portals. But are there none of the other sex open to a corresponding weight of blame? Are all the young men of V.U.C. of



SIR JOHN SALMOND
Professor of Law, 1906-08.

a fit age and dignity to be entrusted with membership of a University? Do they, in brains, virtue, and outward appearance, hirsute and sartorial, lend the stamp of an impressive worth to the place they grace with their patronage, or do they not? "Sorrowing Graduate" is scandalised by a wisp of hair; I can remember seeing with my own eyes a boy in shorts (I think he wore what is known as a Norfolk suit) taking lectures not so many years ago. He was no young genius, either. Heaven knows how he got here. And, "Spike," I am informed on credible authority, that the late Secretary of the Tramping Club (which, by the way, has been receiving far too much attention in your pages lately) has been in the habit of roaming around the College looking more like a Boy Scout than a rational being—and once at least even penetrated into the Library in that guise.

Now, "Spike," if there is to be mud-slinging, why not sling it impartially? We women doubtless have our faults, but men (even Graduates) equally have theirs. There is plenty of room for reform in V.U.C. We don't mind being reformed; but let it be with tolerance, moderation, and fairness. And let our sorrowing young graduates drop their tears into a phylactery and not into the pages of the "Spike."—I am, etc.,

JUSTITIA.

A LEGEND

As we do not suppose all our readers delve into miscellaneous philosophy, we venture to reprint the following touching anecdote; which, however, will doubtless appeal principally to those acquainted with the regime governing the old Library. Searchers after further truth may consult A. D. Ritchie's Scientific Method.—Editor.

"Once long ago (the precise date escapes my memory) a new Librarian was appointed to a certain Library. One morning it occurred to him to examine the catalogue. After some study he turned to an assistant who chanced to be present, and said: 'I do not think I like this book very much. It is a fallacious and, in a sense, inaccurate document, and what information it contains is trivial. I see nothing said about any book except the author's name, the title, the size of the book, and trifles of that sort. Everything mentioned in here is to be found in the book itself, and much more beside that is of greater interest. What is put down is correct enough, I suppose, as far as it goes; but to my mind 'suppressio veri' is just as misleading as 'suggestio falsi'; worse, in fact, because the deception is subtler. Suppose, now, we abolished the catalogue—' 'Oh, sir,' interrupted the assistant, 'the catalogue is indispensable—it gives the class-marks of the books.' 'So I have observed,' replied the Librarian with scorn; 'but they are likewise to be found on the books.' 'But how,' wailed the assistant, 'but how are readers to find the books?' 'As they do now,' the Librarian said, fixing the assistant with a look, as of the stony basilisk, 'by looking on the shelves!' The assistant fainted. The Librarian, who was really quite a kindly man, had him taken out into the fresh air, where he slowly recovered. In the meanwhile the catalogue was burnt. All the events occurred a long while ago, as I have mentioned."

THOSE COLLEGE SONGS

Dear "Spike,"—I have a grievance! Long before I came to 'Varsity I had been taught by my three brothers (all ex-students of V.U.C.) to love the traditional College songs. I find them printed in the C.U. Handbook—but I never hear them sung.

There was never a Capping Ceremony in pre-war days which was not begun with the singing of "Gaudeamus" and "The Song of Victoria College," and was not closed with "Just One Stave More." I was amazed that "Gaudeamus" and "The Song of Victoria College" were entirely left out of the proceedings at the Capping Ceremony this year.

I have questioned several students, and find that they know nothing of these songs! I suppose that matters might be different if a Glee Club still existed, though that is no sufficient excuse for the state of affairs. I think that, under the circumstances, it is the duty of the members of the Haeremai Club to learn and sing these good old College songs at public functions, rather than the song of their own Club and another song of Victoria which is hardly worthy of the Alma Mater.

I will make no apology for including the words of an old Capping song which is probably unknown to the majority of present students.

(Our correspondent here quotes "Absent Friends" in extenso, which however we think is well enough known to readers of the "Spike" not to need reprinting.—**Editor.**)

Surely this is the feeling that we should have when we, in our turn, take up our work in the outside world with only proud and happy memories of our dear old 'Varsity. These memories will then be brighter if we recall the old College songs—which, unhappily, one does not hear at present.

One wonders—

I am, etc.,

UNDERGRAD.

(We very much sympathise with this letter, and would welcome any attempt to have the College songs sung more. It would certainly be refreshing to hear them from the lips of the Haeremai Club. The difficulty appears to be bound up in the other difficulties which handicap College life as at present constituted. Song-practices—probably not nearly enough—have been held, but not with much success. The average student doesn't give a rap for the matter. We and most other people shared "Undergrad.'s" amazement at the regrettable way the last Capping Ceremony was bungled, and remarked on the point in the report of the ceremony; but the songs were evidently intended to be sung, as they were printed. We hope such a lapse from decency will never occur again.—Editor, "Spike.")

The ordinary fortnightly debates during the second half of the year have been well attended and altogether successful, but the most momentous event in our life has been that special general meeting summoned, at the request of thirty odd members, to consider a motion expressing No-confidence in the committee. This created quite a stir for a week or two, and incidentally left us with a membership of over 300 instead of the customary sixty or seventy. Of this, however, more anon.

On the 5th July a Visitors' Debate was held on the subject: "That there is no justification for the continued existence of the N.Z. Liberal Party." For the affirmative Mr. R. M. Campbell was supported by Mr. Walter Nash, National Secretary of the Labour Party, while Mr. A. B. Sievwright seconded Mr. I. L. Hjorring in opposition. The movers ontrasted the Liberals of to-day with their illustrious predecessors, very much to the advantage of the latter; they searched in vain for some vital distinction between the two historic political parties; and occupied the full limit of their time in demonstrating wherein every great and fundamental principle of Liberalism had been abandoned, repudiated, and shattered beyond recognition by its present exponents. The Negative urged that their party was entitled to a place in the scheme of things midway between the Reactionary Tories and the Revolutionary Socialists. They cited the mighty accomplishments of the past, and concluded that in a rejuvenated Liberal Party lay the sole hope of salvation for this young democracy. Neither the meeting as a whole nor our members in their separate vote evinced any desire for such salvation, and the motion was twice carried. Colonel T. W. McDonald awarded places to College speakers in the following order:—(1) Campbell, (2) Hjorring, (3) Rollings, (4) Steele, (5) Davidson and Haigh.

On the 19th July Messrs. C. E. Ball and S. E. Baume moved, and Messrs. A. C. Baume and J. B. Yaldwyn opposed, "That the Bolshevist revolution has benefited the people of Russia." The case for the affirmative rested upon a mild account of conditions under the Czarist regime, plus some evidence for the positive achievements of the much-misunderstood Bolsheviks, particularly in the field of education. The opponents of the motion saw in the present administration little improvement on the admittedly unfortunate state of affairs previously existing. Professing to stand for liberty and equality, the Bolsheviks, they said, in fact refused to trust the people, but maintained their power by a dictatorship based on force. The meeting as a whole decided for the affirmative, while the separate vote of members favoured the negative. Mr. J. A. Young, M.P., acted as judge, and placed speakers in the following order:—S. E. Baume, Yaldwyn, Rollings, A. C. Baume, Hurley.

In the next debate we tackled the problem of India. Messrs. J. C. Beaglehole and W. P. Rollings moved "That full Dominion self-government should be granted forthwith." They held that the failure of British rule in India was but a single instance of the general result produced whenever and wherever it is sought to govern a people from without. Only by a generous concession of Home Rule at this stage could we hope to avoid the necessity for a more drastic solution of India's problem at a later date. Messrs. S. E. Baume and J. B. Yaldwyn, opposing the motion, pointed to the diversity of peoples within India and their clearly evident incapacity for guiding their own destinies. The maintenance of British rule in India was not less necessary from the viewpoint of India herself than from considerations of maintaining the integrity of the Empire. The motion was lost, and Mr. H. H. Cornish gave places to Campbell, Baume, Yaldwyn, Rollings, and Miss Moncrieff.

The Plunket Medal contest in the Town Hall again attracted a large and enthusiastic multitude. This fixture is reported elsewhere in this issue, and we shall here content ourselves with heartily congratulating Mr. Davidson on his well-merited and popular win. Mr. Davidson has for long been a most energetic member of the Society, and in this contest, as on other occasions, spoke with force and sincerity born of deep conviction. His name is now enshrined forever amongst those immortal few who have annexed the Union Prize, Joynt Scroll, and Plunket Medal.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

What appears to be the only special general meeting convened in the twenty-five years of the Society's history was held to consider a terse motion of no-confidence in the Committee elected at the last annual meeting. An obviously inspired report in the daily Press had announced that the subjects presented for debate, and the general conduct of the Society of late years, were so repugnant to the vast majority of students that it was intended to "depose" the Committee. This indeed seemed a comparatively simple task. The dull drudgery of second-term "swot" was nothing beside the sport of "dishing the radicals." A vigorous recruiting campaign raised the membership to over three hundred, and the attendance at the meeting was about two hundred, surely a record.

Messrs. G. A. Nicholls and H. J. V. James moved the motion condemning the present Committee, and were supported by Mr. J. B. Yaldwyn (recently resigned from the Committee). They objected to the regular discussion of Bolshevistic and Socialistic subjects, and particularly to the "direct" manner in which motions were framed. The College, they averred, had suffered a decline in the public estimation, and it behoved students to make clear that they were loyal. An "anti-Bolshevik" ticket had been prepared and circulated to ensure that our successors would be eminently "safe"; we refrain from publishing the personnel of the Committee-that-was-to-be.

A vigorous defence of the conduct of the affairs of the University Debating Society was made by members of the Committee and others.

Mr. J. W. Davidson pointed out that every effort had been made to have all viewpoints presented, and, while Labour and Socialist speakers had been invited, the Committee had invariably also invited representative speakers from other political parties. No attempt to control student opinion had been made or would be attempted.

Miss Gardner effectively reminded the critics that their past interest in debating had been nil; and it was not unreasonable to suspect that their future interest would amount to the same total.

Another member of the Committee, Mr. R. M. Campbell, showed that University students the world over were interesting themselves in social and political questions. Any attempt to stifle or evade discussion of burning questions of the day would be utterly repugnant to the ideal of a University.

After further vigorous discussion, the motion was put to the meeting and rejected, the voting being: For, 76; against, 113.

The Committee is anxious to acknowledge its appreciation of "J.C.B.'s" timely letter on the final page of the last "Spike." This appeared, absolutely unsolicited on our part, just at the moment when it could be most effective in reminding us of some of the deeper issues involved in the controversy; and it contributed in no small way to producing that state of sweet reasonableness in which members were prepared, without being stampeded into any ill-judged decision, to hear both indictment and reply and to vote accordingly. We are looking forward keenly to the proposed visit of three members of the Oxford Union Debating Society. It is hoped that they will be here in February or March of next year.

Social Service Club

An announcement was made in the last issue of the "Spike" regarding the formation at Victoria College of a Club styled the "Social Service Club," which would aim at rendering some form of personal assistance to those in the community who are in unfortunate circumstances, associating with this scheme of service a thoughtful investigation into the causes of distress.

The Club is now firmly established, and has already performed a large amount of valuable social service—service that has benefited not only the parties served, but also the students who have participated in the work.

In addition to a number of individual cases of distress which have been assisted, the Club has initiated a comprehensive scheme of service at Porirua Mental Hospital. It was learned that at this Institution there were patients who for many years had led a very lonely existence, with no friends, without relatives, and without the estate which would enable them to purchase even the slightest luxury. Pursuant to an arrangement entered into with those in charge of the hospital, patients of this type have been selected, and the Club has undertaken to visit them regularly every week, providing them with a small supply of luxuries and maintaining a kindly interest in their welfare throughout the term of their life in the Institution.

This scheme has been very successfully operated, and since its inception these patients have been visited every week by a party of students, and provided with luxuries in the way of fruit, confectionery, cigarettes, tobacco and literature. In this connection the Club is deeply indebted to the various wholesale firms who have made various gifts to the Society, and to a member of the Club, Mr. J. Dunn, who has provided motor-car transport almost every week.

Inaddition to this, three concert parties have been conveyed to the hospital for the benefit of all the inmates, and it is proposed to continue providing concert parties, probably every month.

In connection with the work at the hospital, the other side of the Club's objective has been kept in view by means of a series of addresses which have been commenced on the problem of Insanity, its cause and its treatment. The first of these was delivered by Doctor Jeffreys, and the second by a Mr. X., who desires to remain anonymous, but whose personal experience, as related to the meeting, threw much light on the problem with which members are dealing.

The Organiser is indebted to the District Nurse for particulars concerning a number of people in Wellington who are in necessitous circumstances, and members have been able to render some assistance in these cases.

It is intended, as the Club is built up, to initiate other forms of service. Attention will next be directed to work in the gaols and the Old People's Home. It is intended also, if not this year then early next year, to hold a special meeting for members at which the different experiences of those serving will be recounted and any opinions formed discussed.

Donations are needed to enable the Club to carry out this work, and while no special appeal has been made to students and ex-students, any donations forwarded to the Organiser, Mr. J. W. Davidson, will be of material assistance in enabling the scheme to be effectively operated.

The venture has all the boldness and idealism of youth. Members are being led to understand some of the problems which should be the subject of investigation in every real University, not only in an academic fashion, but also by means of personal contact; and understanding, perhaps some day in the future will be enabled to help in their solution, while at the same time, in some small way, students are leaving the world a little happier and a little better than they have found it.

These are worthy ideals—may all students give the Club their support.

Dramatic Club

Owing to Extravaganza activities, the annual general meeting of the Dramatic Club was postponed until near the end of the second term. The usual business of electing officers for the ensuing year was gone through, and immediate arrangements were made to commence readings.

The first play read was "Arms and the Man," by Bernard Shaw. It was followed a fortnight later, on September 16, by "Hindle Wakes," a serious play by Stanley Houghton. The performance of the readers in both these plays was creditable, and it is to be hoped that many students will use this Club as an outlet for their dramatic talent.

Previous to the general meeting the following plays were read: "She Stoops to Conquer," "Love's Labour Lost," and Marlowe's "Jew of Malta."

The women of the Club have arranged suppers to follow each reading, and the "over-the-cup" talks that follow are likely to prove an added social and literary recreation.

The officers of the Club now consist of the following:—

President: Professor Mackenzie. Secretary: Mr. Marriott.
Chairman: Mr. Yaldwyn. Treasurer: Mr. Hjorring.
Committee: Miss Cooley, Miss Baldwin, Miss Johnston, Mr. Nicholls, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Paul.

Football Notes

Although the 1924 football season has not been an exceptionally successful one, the standard of play has shown an all-round improvement since last year, and it is hoped that the encouragement given to younger players will bear fruit next season. The Senior team won six out of its fourteen games in the Wellington competitions; but of the eight games lost only three were decisive defeats, and the rest might well be termed unlucky. Where the team failed was in the finishing touches which are so essential to success in the game; but without the luck against us, we might easily have finished third, or even second, on the Championship ladder.

During the season our popular captain, Mr. A. D. McRae, was moved to Christchurch, and the Club lost both a fine player and an able captain. Mr. P. Martin-Smith was elected captain, and besides leading the forwards with great dash, proved himself a captain worthy of the confidence placed in him.

It is hoped to alter the constitution of the Club before next season, so as to compel members of the Senior team to train regularly; and, if the team shows as great an improvement next season as it has shown on last year's form, the outlook for the future will be of the brightest.

Two University games were played during the season—against Auckland and Canterbury Universities. The game against Canterbury was played at Athletic Park, but was not up to University standard, although our opponents showed good form in winning by 19—12. The team travelled to Auckland, and were very unlucky to lose in the last quarter of the game, after putting up a great fight. The trip was a very enjoyable one, and was much appreciated by those who travelled North. Especially must be recorded the fine time given to us by the old Wikitorians now domiciled in Auckland. It was indeed like a splendid reunion, and one felt proud to belong to the same old place on the hill that had produced such enthusiasts.

First Fifteen Matches.

V. Canterbury College. Lost, 19—12. A somewhat ragged game, in which Canterbury, taking advantage of our mistakes, decisively defeated us, and incidentally gave us a much-needed lesson in hooking. For us, Riggs scored an excellent try after beating several opponents, Wiren scored two tries (one after a good passing rush and the other from a forward rush), and Mackenzie was given a try after one of the few back movements.

V. Auckland University. Lost, 18—8. Although the team that travelled up to Auckland was not our best, the game was a very good one. Auckland were superior in the forwards, but only managed to make victory theirs in the last quarter of an hour. The game was a fast and open one, and undoubtedly our long train journey had something to do with our tiring towards the end of the game.

Club Games.

V. Marist. Lost, 9—8. Played in a gale at Kilbirnie. We were very unlucky to lose, being beaten by a penalty goal in the last few minutes of play kicked straight into the wind. Two sure tries were missed more by bad luck than by bad management. Riggs scored a dashing try, and O'Regan converted it and kicked a penalty goal.

V. Oriental. Won, 6—3. Oriental were second on the Championship ladder and acclaimed by many as likely winners; but our win broke our run of ill-luck. A fine defence and excellent game by Blathwayt at full-back pulled us through. O'Regan kicked a penalty, and Britland scored a try in the last few minutes of play.

V. Athletic. Won, 32—14. We had a day out against Athletic, who were third in the Championship, and during the last quarter could do nothing wrong. Backs and forwards both went perfectly, and backs were kept continually on the move. Joll, Malfroy, and Mackenzie each scored two tries, Riggs and Walpole scoring a try each, and O'Regan kicked four goals.

V. Wellington. Lost, 29—10. Wellington ran over us, back and forward, and were much too good for us. Joll scored a good try, and towards the end 'Varsity rallied and Mackenzie scored. Mackay and O'Regan each converted one.

V. Petone. Lost, 14—5. Played in a gale at Athletic Park. A ragged game, with Petone always on top, although our forwards made a great fight of it. Britland scored for us in a fine last-minute rally, and Mackay converted.

V. Athletic. Lost, 12—9. We were unlucky to lose, as Athletic were awarded a doubtful try, whilst the decision was against us in what looked like a legitimate try. Joll scored two tries, one after a fine run, and Britland scored a good try.

V. Old Boys. Lost, 16—5. Old Boys played a fine game, and beat us on our merits, completely dominating the second spell until near the end, when Walpole scored a neat try for O'Regan to convert it.

V. Selwyn. Won, 8—3. Half the team were down with injuries, and about seven juniors were given a chance, and worthily kept the colours flying. Malfroy played a good game, saving what looked a certain try, which might well have meant defeat. Joll scored a try after an excellent run, in which he beat several opponents, and Malfroy scored a good try.

V. Marist. Won, 14—3. Both backs and forwards played probably the best game of the season. Dashing forward rushes, quick heeling, and backs continually on the move gave us a well-merited victory. A hard and fast game, with 'Varsity always on top. Adams scored after a great bout of passing, in which about eight players handled the ball. Martin-Smith scored from a forward rush, and Mackenzie scored after another fine passing bout. O'Regan converted one and kicked a penalty goal.

Cricket Club

The 1923-24 season has been the most momentous one in the history of the Club's activities. The beginning of the season found us in a very pessimistic position, with most of the older members joining up with other Clubs. However, this left the way open for the election of a young and vigorous Committee, which more than justified its existence. Although we managed to enter only two teams in the Competitions, the Junior A team was successful in carrying off the Championship in its grade, and the merit of this achievement will be seen when it is stated that only two of the team were more than twenty years of age—a bright outlook for the future. We are now looking forward with the greatest pleasure and relish to the game promised many years ago by some members of the Professorial Board. The match was to be between the Professorial Board and the First Eleven, and the conditions were the winning of the Championship. Since this is the first year in which the Club has managed to carry off a Championship, we anticipate finding the Professorial Board in full force out in flannels on Kelburn Park.

A feature of last year's play was the excellent fielding of the First Eleven, and this was undoubtedly one of the main factors in the team's success. Regular fielding practice was indulged in at Kelburn Park, and a high standard was set, and regular practice will again be required this year if we are going to live up to our last year's success. An ex-Wellington representative described our fielding as up to interprovincial standard, and a New Zealand representative called us the best fielding team in Wellington.

The annual game against Auckland 'Varsity for the Speight Trophy, at present held by Victoria, is to be played this year at Auckland, and we hope to retain possession of this Shield for another year.

A dance was held, in conjunction with the Tennis Club, on Friday, 22nd August, and a pleasant evening resulted.

The outlook for next season is of the brightest. We have all but one of last year's First Eleven back, and expect to give a good account of ourselves. We have youth and keenness on our side, and we hope to give what is expected of us as a University Club. Every encouragement is given to youth, and if we manage again to foster that fine team spirit which was so evident last year, we will feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

We intend this year to enter a team from Training College, and we expect to enter at least three teams in the Competitions. The inauguration of the new financial system will probably help to strengthen the Club, as the high subscription has been a big drawback in previous years. The Committee for the ensuing year is practically the same as last year, and our energetic and able Club Captain, Mr. E. C. Wiren, has been again elected to that most important office.

In concluding, the Club wishes to extend a hearty vote of thanks to our Patron (Prof. Mackenzie), our President (Prof. Hunter), and all those who have generously supported the Club during the past season.

Christian Union

Another year in the life of our Union is almost completed, and next week will see the election of a new executive. Looking back on the year's activities, it appears to have been a year of adventure. A new and wider form of social service, combined study circles, an open circle for the discussion of Christian doctrines, and regular weekly intercession circles have been amongst the experiments made, and the success with which they have met amply justifies their existence.

The social teas which were held every alternate Saturday during the first term have been discontinued latterly, but we hope to revive them at an early date. Sunday teas which, until Easter, were held every week are now held once a month.

Bible Study Circles have met weekly throughout the year, but will be disbanding ere long, while the continuance of the weekly intercession circles, led by the students, testifies to the success with which they have met.

The Students' Day of Prayer was observed on July 27th. After a tea, at which our President spoke on the "Aims of the N.Z.S.C.M.," we attended the service at St. Peter's Church. This year we departed somewhat from our usual custom by having our Intercession Service as part of the Church service.

Shortly before the vacation the Executive spent a week-end at Rona Bay, when we had an opportunity of making friends with Miss Gavin and of hearing her interesting account of life, as she found it, in India.

The General Committee Meeting of the N.Z.S.C.M. was held in Christchurch, from August 28th to 30th, V.U.C. being represented by Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Powles. It is at such gatherings as these, where one has an opportunity of meeting with representatives from the other Colleges and of discussing with them their successes and failures, and their plans for the coming years, that one is inspired to make much greater efforts, realising the magnitude and the worth of the movement of which we are a part.

The Student Relief work has now been taken out of our hands, and is carried on under the auspices of the Students' Association, but Mr. Mackie, our Travelling Secretary, assisted in the organisation of a Work Day, held on August 16th, which unfortunately did not meet with the response hoped for from the students.

During the vacation we held a social, which from the point of view of enjoyment was an unqualified success, though, being holiday time, the number present was comparatively small.

Don't forget when you are making plans for your holidays that this year the Summer Conference is being held at Cambridge, from December 31st to January 6th. Those of us who have been privileged to attend a Conference are looking forward eagerly to this one, for the opportunity of spending such a week of fun and fellowship, made all the more real by the serious side with which it is intermingled, is too good a one to be missed.

Mathematical and Physical Society

This learned Society, devoting its time to the study of serious matters, was rather surprised to be asked to contribute to a journal of the type of the "Spike." But, being always willing to help a struggling paper, provided that it is in an honest manner, we will proceed to drop a few pearls of wisdom, though we greatly fear that they will not be appreciated.

The collision of a-particles with atoms of matter or the disruption of the nucleus by these aforesaid a-particles can scarcely be explained to ordinary people, many of whom do not even know what an a-particle is!! How much wiser would a Law student be if he knew that isotopes are mixtures of elements of the same atomic number and chemical properties but of different atomic weight? But here is something which even the most innocent can understand. If ten billion (10,000,000,000,000) electrons were placed in a pile so that they would stay there, they would be about the depth of a pot-hole on the Hutt Road.

Regarding the velocity of an a-particle. If it could be persuaded to keep in the straight and narrow way and not be deflected from it by various irresponsible atoms it could give Leadbetter 17½ yards in the hundred and then lose him.

However, we are not as other men are, and are not ashamed to say when we do not know. Here is an example of our greatness: An atom consists of a nucleus round which one or more electrons rotate, and these electrons jump from one orbit to another when the atom is receiving or emitting energy. It has never been explained exactly why the electrons should want to jump from one orbit to another. While we were pondering this and other questions, there was quoted a learned scientist who had said that the case was analagous to that of the flea. Sometimes it walks and sometimes it hops, but we do not know why. If our biological or other friends could supply an explanation we should be deeply gratified.

At the meeting on "Mathematical Problems," Mr. McWilliams proposed a problem concerning certain mythical "Cattle of the Sun" on the plains of Sicily, which seemed quite simple; but when it was mentioned that the answer was a number of 206,545 figures, and would fill an ordinary book of about eight hundred pages, we decided not to work it.

It may surprise some people to hear of such a thing as the "Theory of the Tides"—of course, the tides just chase the moon round the earth; but Messrs. Lovatt and French showed that there was a great deal more in the subject than this, and added largely to our knowledge of it.

The nimble electron has found his way into chemistry, and while, according to Mr. Richardson, the chemists tried hard to keep him in his place, he is now allowed more freedom and goes for an occasional spin round the nucleus.

The virtues of punctuality were exemplified by the incident of the heavens losing one of their secrets owing to the fact that a planet was a few seconds late in reaching a certain point. The astronomers looked into the matter, and came to the conclusion that there must be some other body influencing it and upsetting the time-table. Turning their telescopes on the place where this body should be, they discovered Neptune.

All our thoughts are on such a high plane that we do not concern ourselves with things of this world, and were it not for the providential provision of provender by the Profs. and their wives (to whom our hearty thanks are due) we should go to bed supperless after our meetings. As it is, some of our members would rather divide a triangle than a cake and make geometrical figures with the tea-towels instead of wiping the dishes.

Basketball Notes

Basket-ball, as was mentioned in our last notes, is still an enthusiastic and progressive institution. Our chief need as a Club is more and still more members; our chief need as individuals is more and still more practice. The game is growing every year in popularity, due in part to the simplicity of the rules, and also to the excellent opportunity for vigorous and healthy recreation during the winter. Women students who find Saturday afternoon a "drag," please note. There is no "ennui" in Basket-ball. And, just one fine feature of the game: it is essentially a team game, in which every member has her allotted sphere of usefulness, and, except on the rarest occasions, every member has her full share of the play.

Our season's record is not a bad one. Our Seniors finished third in the Wellington Competition, having suffered only two defeats. Three members of this team were selected as Wellington Reps. in the team which travelled to Christchurch—Miss D. Crumpton (captain of the Wellington team), Miss O. Sheppard, and Miss D. Pillar. The match was won by Wellington after a strenuous and exciting contest. Our Senior team were also asked to play an exhibition match against Y.W.C.A. (the winners of the Senior Competition) for the benefit of the Y.W.C.A. Building Fund. This match, played half at Newtown School and half at the Basin Reserve, resulted in a victory for Y.W.C.A. by 22 points to 16.

The Intermediate team, 'Varsity's other entry in the Wellington Competitions, are not near either end of the Competition table. The team have had an enjoyable season, and several games have been decided by narrow margins; but, at the risk of becoming tiresome, it must be reiterated that practice and again practice must be the preliminary to match play.

We would in conclusion suggest that intending players should make their intentions known quite early next season, for we shall want a strong team for the Easter Tournament, and we intend at all events to hold, and, if possible, to better our positions in the Wellington Competitions.

Free Discussions Club

The first meeting since the last number was opened by Miss Annie Smythe, B.A. (V.U.C.), of the Salvation Army, evangelist and converter of the heathen. Miss Smythe gave a somewhat rambling account of her missionary (chiefly financial) experiences in China, which were interesting enough in their way, but hardly suitable for a Free Discussions meeting. Miss Smythe was however a very willing answerer of questions. The Club had the rather unusual experience of opening and closing its proceedings with fervent prayer.

The second meeting was opened by a scholarly and pessimistic paper on "War and Human Nature," delivered by Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland. Dr. Sutherland shattered the notion that evolution advanced along the cul-de-sac that was traversed by the cats of Kilkenny and the great Powers of Europe. Man alone of all the animals made the destruction of his own species a systematic business. Wolf and tiger were not sunken so low that they hunted wolf and tiger. However, man was born to iniquity as sparks fly upwards. Unscrupulous politicians would light the tinder that lay dormant in the human deeps, and with the advance of science a conflagration would come to their bidding and leave behind a blackened wreckage. Dr. Gibb strained eloquence itself in praise of the paper. He would like to see it printed (which incidentally it will be in the first number of the "New Nation" on November 15th). But he deplored its pessimism. The Labour movement would not be duped by another war to end war. But stronger than the Labour movement was the Church—the Methodist Churches of America particularly. Sundry speakers were dubious as to whether the Church was a reliable brake on pugnacious human nature. War allowed thousands of men to enter into their eternal beatitude earlier than their sanguinest hopes had anticipated. War, moreover, destroyed wealth wholesale, and that undoubtedly would have pleased the writers of the New Testament beyond measure. Dr. Gibb used violent language about war. Professor Hunter deplored the suppression of freedom of thought in the American Universities, and the meeting adjourned.

Tramping Club

It is not useless to climb hills
Or toil up mountains.
Air there is song-like; the eye thrills,
The near drops under: distance has replaced it.
How sight bathes in these spaces;
Thought with vastness face to face is:
Live in the fountains
Water is younger, readier to laugh,
And so worth while to quaff
That thirst appeased you sip again to taste it;
Earth has a human throb beneath our feet.
High on a mountain breast
Friendships are born again; we meet
Each other with new zest.

T. STURGE MOORE.

It has been said that the week-end trips this term have smacked too much of the picnic degree of strenuousness. Many of us feel very sorry for those restless spirits who are not content to take things easy at times; but we trust we will provide something better in future.

The trip of the term was undoubtedly the winter Tararua trip. The weather was beautiful, with not a cloud marring the tops. Of the two parties arranged, neither reached the Alpha Hut as intended, and one incidentally made some interesting discoveries—that "Hell's Gates," contrary to expectations, is decidedly cold, and also that the air turns blue at times. The crossing was marked by a tendency to leave personal property for those who might come after. We have also found a tramper whose conscience forces him to shave every day.

At last the Tapokopoko trip has eventuated, and now two 'Varsity parties have been over, and find it an excellent trip, with plenty of pigs and

goats. The two waterfalls are well worth visiting, and make one feel like camping for two or three days beside them.

Many of the trips (week-ends) have been poorly attended by new members. Are the men fools that they do not recognise their good fortune, or are they swatting for exams.? The Maymorn, Otorongu, and Pipinui Point trips were all of this nature.

Rumour hath it that one member dresses for dinner when out tramping.

This term the Club has suffered from the loss of its Secretary, Mr. H. L. Richardson. He was officially farewelled at a small social given him by the Club, when he was presented with a very handsome suitcase. The evening was a great success, and everybody enjoyed themselves, with dancing, competitions, and pleasant reminiscences. Talking of the latter, Prof. in a very apt speech, brought many to light which showed what a wonderful guide, friend, comforter, and fellow-tramper we were losing. No more will we be able to sample Lorrie's billy-tea, but others are practising the art and will soon have it to perfection, we hope.

Answers To Correspondents

J. T. V. St—le.—We regret that your humorous sketch "Elijah" is not suitable for publication in this magazine. Try "Aussie" or "Humour," or, better still, set it to music and offer it to the Royal Choral Union.

B. E. M—r—y.—(s) Quite so. Publishers are all you say and more. They show a preference for light, frothy literature—e.g., Gibbon's Autobiography. (b) See Outlines, Section 999, sub-section 44 (2).

Rita G—d—r and Adah P—s M—s.—We agree; the dog problem is very disturbing. Why not call one of them Paul if you cannot distinguish them otherwise?

Mrs. B—k.—No; we cannot approve of the suggestion to include in the menu roast duck, lobster salad, and champagne. So many of the students are in that verdant stage of exuberant adolescence that the change over might unbalance them. A gradual change is best: see Tennyson on progress "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent."

J. O. J. M—lf—y.—We are informed that your entry for the Mah Jongg championship arrived too late for admission. Your entrance fee is returned herewith.

C. Q. P—e.—This will be the quotation which you are in search of:—"There's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility."

Pansy B—d.—No, a mild brown eye is not inconsistent with the attributes of a clockwork man. Our authorities are Byrne (Extrav. 1924), Odle (Clockwork Man), and the Office Boy, Public Trust.

Jerry N—ch—s.—You ask for a motto. How's this?

"Seeking the bubble reputation
Even at the Debating Club's expense." —Shakespeare.

E. J. B—d. W—n.—Certainly postpone it. What's an honours lecture compared with a week-end tramp, anyhow?

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