

THE SPIKE

OF

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

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List of Graduates

DOCTOR OF LAWS.

Cunningham, Herbert Adam.

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.

Bowler, Clifford Patrick (2nd Class in History).
Bryant, Max Gordon (2nd Class in English).
Donald, David James (2nd Class in Philosophy).
Fairbrother, Lewis Mervyn (2nd Class in Education).
Huntingdon, F. (2nd Class in French).
Jessep, Alexander Cormack (2nd Class in French).
Kennedy, John Joseph (2nd Class in History).
McIlroy, Clarice Annie (2nd Class in English).
Presants, Alice Myrtle (2nd Class in French).
Scotter, William Henry (2nd Class in History).
Trapp, Phyllis Burney (1st Class in English).
Watts, Edward James (2nd Class in History).

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Britton, William Leslie Shirtliff.
Harry, Kathleen Avery.
Patterson, Dorothy.
Perry, Edgar William Geil.
Russell, Leslie.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Alcorn, Winifred Jean.
Atkinson, Janet.
Benge, Alfred Havelock.
Briggs, Mildred.
Burrell, Evelyn Jean.
Calvert, Cyril Gordon.
Chisholm, Lovdy Hilda.
Colebrook, Evelyn Jean.
Cooke, George Percy.
Cooper, Vera Isabell.
Dive, William John.
Duncan, Chrissie Lucille.
Dunningham, Archibald George William.
Ellis, Dorothy Jean.
Evans, Nancy Gwyneth.
Fisher, Eric Hayward.
Huggins, Mildred Collis.
Huntingdon, Elizabeth.
Insull, Herbert Alexander Horace.
Irwin, Raymond Douglas Lyle.
Jeffries, William John.
Landon-Lane, Veronica Minnie.

Latham, Thomas Fitzherbert.
Linton, Jane Phyllis.
Macdonald, Margaret Mathie.
Mewhinney, Nettie Elizabeth.
Miller, Constance Mary McNair.
Morgan, Hazel Noel Emily.
Mountjoy, William Joseph.
Murray, John Richardson.
McCaul, Kathleen Margaret.
McLean, Mary Minnie.
Naumann, Audrey.
Nolan, Rita Mary Patricia.
Norris, Thomas.
Pew, Doris Hutchison.
Prendeville, Phyllis Helen.
Ramson, Frederick Stanley.
Rockel, Sydney.
Sandlant, Mervyn Wilfred.
Scrimgeour, Muriel Elizabeth.
Sewell, Margaret Avice Ruth.
Shale, Veronica Mary.
Shallcrass, Jean.
Slyfield, Millicent Doreen.
Stewart, Marjorie Gordon.
Thompson, Harold Warrington.
Veitch, Joan.
Williams, Frederic George.
Wright, Jean Ellen Fortesque.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.

Campbell, Doral Isabel (2nd Class in Botany).
Ellison, Dorothy Jean (2nd Class in Chemistry).
Hendrikson, Eric Ernest (2nd Class in Mathematics).
Hyde, Edward Oliver Charles (2nd Class in Botany).
Plank, Eileen Annie (1st Class in Zoology).

MASTERS OF SCIENCE.

Davies, Edwin Braithwaite.
Headland, Henry.
Keys, Oswald Hilton.
Rollings, Theodore Penrose.
Wall, Eunice Mary.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.

Ardell, Beatrice Evelyn.
Clark, Percival James Comfort.
Denz, Frank Anton.

Galpin, Nancy Margaret.
Hall, Thomas Richard.
Irwin, Archibald Havelock.
Jackson, Frederic.
Morice, Isobel Murray.
McGavin, William Keith.
Sapsford, Hubert Bruce.
Shorland, Francil Brian.
Steele, Colin Aister.
Strong, John Austin.
Sykes, Philip Howard.
Wood, Herbert John.

MASTERS OF LAWS WITH HONOURS.

Clarke, Ronald Olivert Robert (2nd Class in Int. Law and Confl. of Laws, Cont. and Torts, Negligence, etc.).
Haughey, Edward James (2nd Class in Rom., Law, Cont. and Torts, Trusts).
McCarthy, Thadeus Pearcey (1st Class in Int. Law and Conf. of Laws, Cont. and Torts, Negligence, etc.).
Wills, Eric Philp (2nd Class in Int. Law and Conf. of Laws, Real Property, Companies).

MASTERS OF LAWS.

Fletcher, Walter Vernon Roy.
Hart, Irvine Alfred.
Kennard, Harry Alfred.
Macarthur, Ian Hannay.
Rutherford, Robert Charles.

BACHELORS OF LAWS.

Bailey, Henry Charles.
Bishop, Henry James.
Brooker, Percival Mahan.
Burke, Ambrose Patrick.
Burnes, Robert Alexander.

Cooper, George Ormond.
Crossley, Graham.
D'Arcy, Douglas Clendon.
Davies, Alfred Noden.
Diedrich, Roy Edward.
Foot, Frederick John.
Mahoney, Michael Eric.
Maitland, Harold Arthur Elrington.
Rowse, Noel Hart.
Sidey, Thomas Kay Stuart.
Wylie, Guy Alexander.
Yaldwyn, John Bradley.
Rollings, W. P.

MASTERS OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.

Nankervis, Richard John (2nd Class in Economics and Law of Companies).
Perry, Selwyn Harry (2nd Class in Economics and Economic History).

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.

Glendinning, Donald George.
Jackson, George Myers Frost.
Laing, Richard James.
Rout, Ernest Brownlow.
Sutch, William Ball.

DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION.

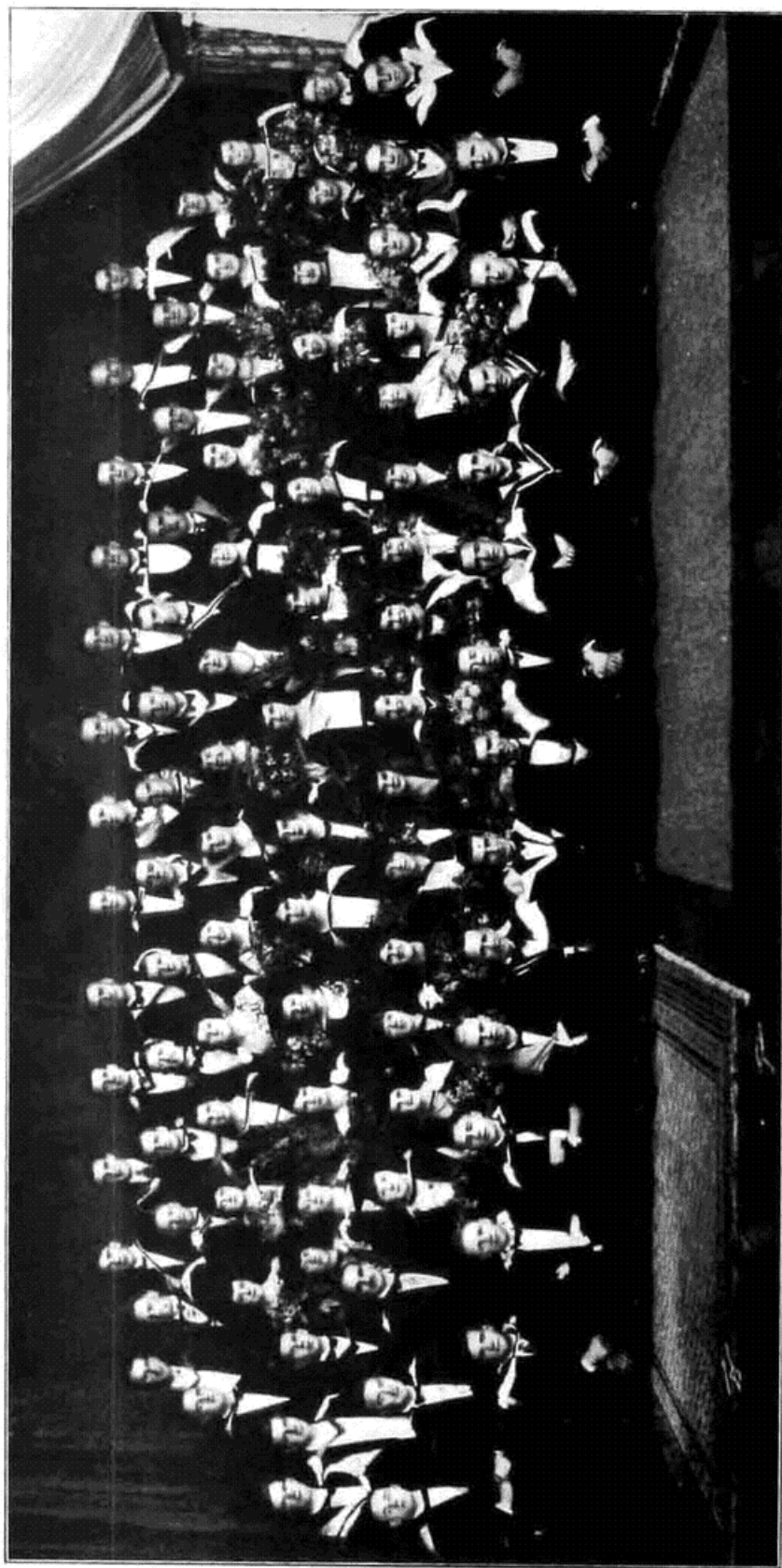
Bailey, Colin Lennie.
Hislop, Thomas Gordon.
Hogg, Ralph.
McCormick, Eric Hall.
Thompson, Violet Ermelinda Duckers.
Beckway, Rere.

DIPLOMA IN JOURNALISM.

Yule, Dulcimea (from Canterbury).



GRADUATES, 1931.



"Examined for the last time and pronounced full,"
—F. LEACOCK.

*"Thus gained they, with the virile gown,
The fasces, and the civic crown,
The forum of the free."*
—G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE SPIKE

OF

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

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Editorial



TO babble of Universities and University life has been the custom since scribblings in the first University magazine soiled vellum. Unfortunately for the reputations of those who have imagined that a University life provides an education worthy of the name, these babblings have usually centred round one theme—What should the University provide for its students? What should we receive from our University education? How should we get the most out of our student life? The questions are put in every conceivable form, but all have the same import—what should we receive; what shall we get?

The outstanding thing in life, as well as in University life, has evidently not impressed itself upon the questioners. How should it? The whole tendency of University education as parcelled out under the present system is to cultivate a habit of blindness to essentials. It is a hotbed of cram fenced round with academic jargon. How can it alone engender understanding, and the greatest power in the world—sympathy?

But in looking at the faults of the system we tend to disregard other and nearer blemishes. The fault, dear students, is not solely in the University, but in ourselves, that we reap but what we sow. We shall receive from life nothing worth having save inasmuch as we give to it an equal amount or more, and the same applies to University life. The question should be—what have we given to the life of the University?

So it may not be amiss here to view the past and state its meaning in the present and perchance a hope for the future. To those who do not care to better University life for others as well as themselves this is not written; to them must be said—"Pass on: for you will find no place here among those who have given of themselves. In like manner you may not have place anywhere in the affections of your fellows . . . this is not meant for you."

When one regards the work of past students, it is forcibly brought home how few are they who have wrought permanently since the first fine fervour of devoted souls brought Victoria some seeming of University feeling. The outward and visible signs we have never had, but in those first years, when the road was heavy and uphill, a splendid spirit was behind the making of a students' ground on the "Old Clay Patch." They who laboured then had some ideal before their eyes, and were prepared to give time and energy to its achievement. What ideal have we to-day who expect to see students' buildings arise from the mere desire to accumulate sufficient capital to commence laying bricks or erecting concrete walls?

Yes, we desire the outer form. Give us a building where we can read our papers and smoke and talk in comfort, then you shall see the true University. One more is added to the list of forlorn hopes. Where are the signs which show that we have within ourselves sufficient to create such an atmosphere as we imagine the true University possesses, even if we acquire the shell?

Satisfaction with present conditions usually argues the commencement of decline, but it is not equally true that dissatisfaction is always a sign of growth and improvement. When dissatisfaction turns to constant complaint tinged with tirade it is, on the contrary, a sign of nothing more than spinelessness. The most constant grumbler is usually he with the least spinal support.

Consequently one can see no good in this continual cursing at our University for failing to provide its students with accommodation to which the majority of them have obviously not been accustomed. It is usually the inconsiderable diner who rails at the food.

Perhaps it is not altogether fair to blame the large number of students who consider the common-room furnishings totally unworthy of them. A lack of background is doubtless all that is the matter, and, after all, their treatment of their own property is clear enough evidence that more lavish provision would not be likely to meet with better behaviour.

So much for the material surroundings. Let us view the student attitude to its own institutions—the Clubs, Societies and the Association.

It is lamentably evident that the actual work done for the Clubs rests upon the shoulders of the few. In every case there is lack of combined effort, save where personal advantage or entertainment is to be procured. Students should realise that any Committee can show results commensurate only with the support of the club members. College affairs can prosper only by the aid of all the students. There are always many critics, but few who will themselves shoulder responsibility, devote time and energy to work behind the scenes, and be willing to face criticism in turn. True, there are some who have done so, and in a large student community they will always be found, but the majority are careless to help and correspondingly careful to keep out of the way when there is no hope of tangible reward. These last are usually the fiercest critics. They miss a great deal in University life. Only those who give time to and take trouble with their work can know the spirit of fellowship and the mutual understanding that springs from team work well done for the sake of the team and the work. Friendships made in such fashion are enduring, and if the toil is much the reward, if intangible, brings satisfaction to the individual. When all students are willing to share both work and responsibility in connection with the corporate life of the College, and, while rightfully critical, are willing to back up their criticism by undertaking their fair share of the burden, we may even deserve the things which we now merely desire.

The only persons who will ever receive benefit from their University life are the ones who contribute something of themselves to the life of the University. It does not matter if it be recorded in the books or on the scroll of fame, or only in the hearts of fellow workers. Which last is actually the truest monument.

To those who have given us our student surroundings as they are, those who have given us our student songs, those who have given us some few notable traditions of freedom of student thought, those who have contributed something of worth to our literature and thought, those who on track and field have made history and, more than that, left a memory of good, clean sportsmanship, those who have given much time, care and thought to the Clubs and the Association—to these, and these alone, belongs the right that the University shall give back in some sort a reward for the bounty of their enthusiasm and youth. But these would be the last to ask for any such reward—for them always the gift must and will accompany the doing of their tasks.

If any require telling what such reward may be, say only this: a little striving, much of hope for and faith in your fellows, laughter and song, and, above all, a great and abiding comradeship.

ONE cannot help noticing with students a blind tendency to be Collegecentric, if one may coin such a word. Preparation for an unending threat of examinations, and the number of social activities of the College in which he seeks his relaxations seem to keep his mind College-bound. One uses the masculine generically, to include the women as well. If he thinks beyond the immediate and pressing affairs of the University, his interest goes rarely any further than New Zealand affairs: such matter of general conversation, for instance, as the 10 per cent. cut and its immediate effect upon himself. A few manage to think of matters of Imperial interest. But all such affairs, both local and Imperial, must wither into trivialities when compared with matters which he passes by.

In Europe to-day there are two great movements—Fascism and Communism. Irrespective of international boundaries, they cut in horizontal swathes right through the countries of the older world.

The leader of Fascism is the iron man, Mussolini; its ideal, Dictatorship. Built upon a capitalistic basis, Fascism exists ideally for all classes, as at present. Apparently, under an efficient Dictator, the system can work successfully. Under most Dictators the result would be questionable, as witness Spain. Although the chief Fascist country at present is Italy, where the system appears to be effective, nearly every other European country has its Fascist organisations.

With Communism the modern inspiration is Lenin. Having as an ideal the destruction of capitalism, Communism does not recognise the validity of the State as it exists to-day, but aims at building up a new system. "To all according to their needs, from all according to their powers" is its motto. An attempt at Communism is working reasonably well to-day in Russia.

Now, the fact of most vital importance regarding these two movements, Fascism and Communism,

is, is that they cut right across international boundaries. Wherever he lives, and quite independent of his nationality, a Fascist is a Fascist and, even more strongly so, a Communist a Communist.

As things are heading, then, it seems possible that there may be in the near future, not an international war, but civil wars on the basis of Fascism against Communism. The student of to-day is living in what must be the most interesting epoch of history. Inevitably the coming six months will determine the course of the world's affairs, certainly for the next one hundred, possibly for the next one thousand, years.

Does it not behove him then to take a greater interest in world affairs? To extend his interests beyond examinations, the next club dance, or the peregrinations of the national football and cricket teams? For his own sake alone he should extend his vision, for surely he is living in historic times.

* * * *

This is the thirtieth Anniversary of "Spike." Three decades have seen much traffic upon the student road and we have endeavoured to revive in this issue some thought of the earlier years. The pages are perhaps fuller than usual, which is no greater credit to the present than a compliment to the past, which has given us much of permanent literary value.

The hill-tops beckon, and we go on—to other valleys and further summits. "The desire of the meth for the star"? Perhaps. Let it be true of "Spike"—wayward, contrary, and femininely sharp, but we hope withal lovable creature:

"She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats
of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or bask in a summer
sky:
Give her the wages of going on and not to
die."

"Spike" Speaks

THESE thirty years I've seen the ceaseless flow
Of you whom I'm supposed to represent,
Who steal into Minerva's firmament
And light your candles from her fire's glow;

You've been a world in miniature, you know,
—Nonsense and wisdom curiously blent,
These thirty years.

You turn my pages idly and then go
To your appointed tasks, your moment spent—
I chronicle your passing, quite content—
It has been good to view your passing show
These thirty years.

H. R. B.

Strictly Blasphemous

WE have been told that "by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry." Possibly—but have you ever considered what a mixed lot the poets really were? And what different philosophies they preached? Have you thought of:

Wordsworth: who enjoyed loafing about the countryside in his old clothes and tried to make a philosophy out of it?

Browning: who thought all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, even if Guido Franceschini did murder his wife.

Tennyson: whose admiration of the old legends was sadly marred by Sir Galahad's failure to reach the high standard of moral perfection set by Prince Albert. And as for Guinevere and Queen Victoria! Simply too progressive.

Milton: who was Puritan, but thought the divorce laws somewhat too strict.

Herrick: who found Devon a wretchedly dull place, but, after all, the girls were rather pretty and the cream was good.

Fitzgerald: who had nasty Epicurean ideas and palmed them off on an unfortunate Persian called Omar Khayyam.

Lord Byron: who thought people made too much fuss over other people's love affairs.

Swinburne: who called on Dolores to "come down and redeem us from virtue," and was rather annoyed with Napoleon III. for anticipating her in that function.

Masefield: who thought a visit to a newly-ploughed field would do much towards reducing the sad standard of profanity common to the lower classes.

Shelley: who believed that if we all ate vegetables and were allowed to marry our sisters and then abolished everything else, we should have attained perfect Beauty.

Keats: who liked telling long stories in verse, and when one of those serious fellows like Wordsworth or Shelley came along with a "But where's your moral?" used to shove in something about beauty or art.

Pope: who borrowed other people's ideas and put them into verse that scanned.

Rudyard Kipling: who believed that it was the duty of every good Englishman to kick niggers, and who spoke enthusiastically of the White Man's Burden—and

Shakespeare: who didn't know what he thought.
—C. G. W.

Petition

*I CRAVE no limbless, pale infinity,
But may the keen wind from the mountains be
A cool delight, and may these shining days
Not fail to fill my heart with ready praise.
Make me aware of dancing shade and trees,
The flight of gulls above calm gleaming seas,
The joy of beauty shared, yet silently.*

*May I remember rivers, dark and free,
That fall in clouds of spray where rainbows dwell;
How the lights in the wind-tossed ocean wave
Net rainbows too; and how the waters swell
Around the mossgreen rocks, and ever lave
The drooping manuka—oh, always, loveliness
Will linger there! But when the riro calls
In vain, and when this vivid happiness
Leaps not to welcome all of beauty born,
Then, in the sunlight on some windy morn,
Take thou my ashes, climb that ancient hill
That shadows thee with peace. There shalt thou spill
My dust, immortal only in thy memory.*

—Hephaestus.

The D.O.N.K.S.

VICTORIA University College is not a wealthy institution, but it is rich in the number of its societies. Of the making of societies there is no end. The College seems to spin them out of its entrails. Wherever a few students are gathered together about a common interest, a club is likely to be formed; nearly every professor manages to hatch out a society or two for the promotion of his subject. The student is furnished with a means of using up his superfluous energies and the professor of increasing the importance of his job; so that, between divertisement and advertisement, the College society may be said to perform a fairly useful service.

A common defect of these societies, however, is that they are specialist affairs. Each is limited to a narrow range of activities and tends to over-emphasise the importance of a particular branch of knowledge. A student of catholic tastes is accordingly unable to gratify his passion for omniscience by membership of any one club; he must belong to the lot. This is impossible. Time forbids. Handicapped as he is by the possession of only one life, the student may be pardoned for bemoaning the wasteful multiplication of societies and for ruminating over the possibility of their replacement by an organisation which would exploit, not a single narrow field, but would compass all the activities at present distributed among a variety of clubs—a gallimaufry in short, a crasis, a Scotch mixture, or whatever term is proper to an institution that would be all things to all men, excepting, of course, such as are outside the intellectual pale. Sports Clubs could not, for instance, fit into the scheme, for they are not peculiar to the University, and, moreover, they are subject to the disability of being unconscionably lowbrow; but the so-called intellectual societies—the Free Discussions, the Mathematical, the Literary, the Historical, the Dramatic, the Debating, the S.C.M., the Haeremai, and the others and others—are susceptible of merger in an all-embracing organisation. An indefatigable and ambitious student may some day arise who will find his life-work in bringing such a project to fulfilment.

It is possible, however, that by allowing nature to take its course, the desideratum may be achieved in an epiphenomenal manner. Or, to

use a piece of current jargon, the thing may come about by a process of emergent evolution. This speculation gains colour from the appearance of a tendency among individual dons to stray from their legitimate pastures and to crop the grasses in paddocks more or less adjacent, of which they cannot profess to know the mere dimensions. Consideration of W.E.A.-ism and the like, or of an occasional dictum uttered in class, tempts one to the statement that whenever a new book comes out or whenever a new book does not come out there is heard a busy munching in University stables, then a loud braying fills the air, and a small world (or a large class) breaks into quacks of delight over the intellectual droppings of a lecturer in Economics in respect of the life of Christ, or of a lecturer in Philosophy on the Correct Colouring of Cough Mixture Advertisements, or of a lecturer in Education with reference to the Feeding and Care of Baby. The statement errs, no doubt, in being excessively poetical; it is nevertheless true that our Medicine Men are evincing an increasing partiality for jumping over strange fences and of doing so, moreover, in full regalia—which has the effect of obscuring the fact of trespass and even of investing it with an air of authority. To put it in another way, our lecturers are toying with intellectual spread-eagleism. But in this practice we may discern the beginnings of our super-society. The desired institution is taking shape—a nebulous shape, perhaps, but properly so, for the University is the natural home of things nebulous. An ectoplasmic University is materialising before our eyes, made possible by the faith of the credulous, for whom the University is now the chief caterer.

The New Evangel calls to us. What name shall we give to it? Something popular, of course. Analogous institutions, such as the Y.M.C.A. and the S.C.M., give us a lead. Accordingly, there may be suggested "The Association of Superfluous Studies," which is conveniently reducible to A.S.S., or "Guild of Accessory Studies" (G.A.S.), or "The Association for the Delivery of Voluble Truths" (A.D.V.T.), or "The Diffusion of Needless Knowledge Society" (D.O.N.K.S.). The last (D.O.N.K.S.) seems the most promising, on account of the interchangeable titles for which the initials may be made to stand—for example, "The

Distribution of Newfangled Knowledge Society." "The Dissemination of Nugatory Knowledge Society," "The Demonstration of Noisy Knowingness Society," and so on according to inspiration and taste. If anyone doubt of the existence of the D.O.N.K.S., let him recollect that in the University world all that is needed to make a thing true is to give it a name. Deprive a University subject of its jargon and what is there left? If a doubt still linger, let the doubter keep his ears open in class.

Great hopes are entertained of the D.O.N.K.S. When its possibilities are fully realised, the Society will furnish the properly-disposed student with all the intellectual entertainment he may require. The student will be in a position to drop every-

thing but his class. He will have no need to credit anything but what his professor tells him. Nobody will be worth listening to but his professor, who, if he does not know everything, will at least know the last word printed in a cartload of secular Bibles. In his turn, the professor, whatever he may be professor of—Crossword Puzzles, Fairy Tales, Dingbats and Bunyips, or Pooh Pish and Tush—will be conscious of a mission to enlighten his student completely and finally on every subject under the sun; and his claim to be regarded as an authority on everything will be limited only by his ability to give expression to an opinion of some sort on any subject whatever.

—Sceptic.

The Maze

*I WANDER in wonder
 Wondering wander
 Through the dark corridors
 Glass-murky miradors
 Men like ghosts walking
 —Babelisp talking—
 Grope through the haze
 Of this sempitern maze
 Each in his long lonely
 Corridor, only
 Ghosts for his fellow-men
 Chanting a drab amen
 To his hoarse sorrow. . . .
 To-day and to-morrow
 And ever and ever
 I wander and never
 Comes streak of the light
 Or an end to this night.
 Stark horrors possess me
 No lovers caress me
 As lonely, unfriended,
 Light innocence ended,
 All graces forgotten,
 All tears dank and rotten
 As worm-ridden rain,
 All grieving in vain,
 I wander stone-blind
 Through the maze of the mind.*

—Antonietta McGrath.

A Sword for the Clown

"A devotion to nonsense is one of the striking weaknesses and greatest happinesses of our nature."

—HAZLITT.

THERE has always been in our college literature much of the serious, and much—one is tempted to say, more—of the satirical. The arrival of "Spike's" gay young confederate, "Smad," has very adequately fostered the eloquence of the critics and cynics among us, and at the same time has left "Spike" free for the more enduring of our essays in both prose and verse. This development is in itself a matter wholly beyond cavil; yet it gives such marked emphasis to these extremes of literary production that it may not be unreasonable to anticipate an unfavourable reaction as regards a minor, yet interesting, form of literary expression.

We refer to the apparent neglect of the field of fantasy. Imaginative thought finds occasional expression in our verse, and from time to time in our prose. But the most intriguing possibilities of the whimsical, the bizarre, the fanciful and the merely meaningless, appear to be quite unappreciated. Glancing through "Spike" for the last few years, one comes across scattered pieces such as "Polperro," "A Dream," "Night Fancies," "Caprice," and "A Sussex Fairy." But one finds scarcely two such pieces a year—the merest gleam of star-lit wonderlands. One observes at the same time in the experience of the Dramatic Club, with such writers as Barrie and Milne, that the whimsical and the quaint, even in their most frivolous form, still have a strong and fairly general appeal. Yet from the point of view of original creative effort this field seems either shunned or forgotten.

In particular one may be permitted to stress the regrettable absence of what is both commonly and technically known as "sheer nonsense." One may search far back into old numbers of "Spike" without finding one example of this sublime art. It is scarcely to be wondered at that shortly after the War this should have been the case; but now that some of the white heat has gone from the intense earnestness of debate of those ensuing years, it may not be improper to suggest that this

neglect of less serious writing might be remedied. The present position is the more regrettable since the effective production of such composition requires the union of clear wit with technical skill (especially in verse)—two qualities both of which are found at their best from time to time in the work of our contributors.

It is clearly implied in what has been said that mere nonsense has its justification, and we may be asked to substantiate this. But the subject is so wide, and has already been so fully and favourably discussed in the course of literary criticism that one need but comment briefly. The writing of nonsense is, one might say, a half-way house between the serious and the satiric; but its chief aspect is undoubtedly towards satire. However, in its finer forms, as found more especially in Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, it is freed from any suggestion of the satiric tone. Yet nonsense is not mere incoherence, but incoherence made brilliant by wit. Whatever it be, it is something essentially subtle in its comprehension of values and the incoherence of its ideas.

As regards the form of its expression, nonsense is perhaps most easily crystallised in the limerick; but the facility with which this vehicle may be used certainly tends to lower its standard. In 1927 "Spike" displayed a clever but satiric set of nonsense limericks under the title of "Fairy Tales." Since then there have been no further efforts until their revival in the first "Smad" of 1931, in a series of feeble and unmetrical animosities. The cause for regret lies in the fact that the most mediocre intellect could perpetrate such nonsense as:

A chappi from chilli Karori
Was telling a rather bright stori,
But a laddi from Auck
Came up at the wauck
With a stori that blew it to glori.

However, notwithstanding these unfortunate symptoms of premature senility, one ventures to think that some really effective nonsense might

well be forthcoming occasionally. It is true that Victoria has not its peer for unconscious and unintentional stupidity; but it would bring to at least a few of us a touch of brightness in the day's dull round to come upon some nonsense aforethought, such as:

The mist lies low
Upon the snow-
Encrusted summits of the mountains;
While the slow,
Sleek katipo
Is popped in tins (erstwhile Van Houten's!)

Amid the stress of student life it is surely a welcome relief to turn to a little faint frivolity. As was once said, there are many bright spots in the South Salamanca Free Kindergarten; and besides, there is ample scope for "Further Foolishness," as Leacock would have it. Life for many of us seems to be just one blank thing after the last preceding; and there is every excuse for the student who, heedless for the moment of the claims of sober commonsense and reason, turns to seek the tinkle-jangle of Life's cap and bells.

There is not one of our contributors but could occasionally pen some playful pleasantry. A casual couplet, though simplicity itself, may be well worth recording, as witness the lines telling of the sad fate of a wasp that strayed into an Arab's tent:

He seized his ancient scimitar,
And gave that wasp the au revoir.

Again there are those valuable words of advice urging the young poet not to write late at night:

He tried to find a word to rhyme with Lancer,
But fell asleep before he found the answer.

You may, of course, venture on a triplet, if you feel equal to it, thus:

What time the student pales in anxious swat,
His brain becomes an ever darker blot,
And totters hotter than the Hottentot.

There are also the ever-ready fields of parody and imitation; and prose, too, is an adequate vehicle for nonsense of the broader type, as is shown in that masterpiece, "Ashes and Sackcloth, or, Should Cinderella Wear Kilts?" But space, we imagine, is limited.

To be quite candid, one's real fear is, of course, that our young authors suffer from too great a regard for convention and commonsense. They appear to be quite overburdened with the conviction that one must ever be balanced and rational. It is unbecoming, it seems, to descend to such childishness, such inanities. Indeed, there is too much respect for the approval of the sane and sober majority for these lighter arts of wit and nonsense to flourish. But, d'après Marc Antony, one might say: "We come to bury mediocrity, not to praise it." And lest the import of this Antonian dictum be vague, let it be added, in plain words:

LET'S HAVE MORE NONSENSE.

—Thales.

Love's Ecstasy

(From the French of Tristan Klingsor.)

LOVE'S ecstasy will but a moment stay;
And this sweet rose that now is offered thee
By slender maiden hands will, in a day,
Have laid aside its silken gaiety;
Love's ecstasy will but a moment stay,
And only leaves a fading memory.

Love's ecstasy will but a moment stay;
Then cherish it to-day the more, my dear.
Send not your charming princes all away
In sorrow, with the glistening of a tear.
Love's ecstasy will but a moment stay,—
Love's grieving, too, I fear!

To a Friend

(A Eulogistic Fumoresque)

*Comrade o' nights and many an idle hour,
Charged with the sweet brown weed of warmer climes
On thy fair shrine my benedictions shower,
Wakener of mem'ries dim of far-off times.*

*Thou art the key that turns the cumbrous lock
And opes a door of usual sealed and fast
(Aye! Let the sceptic infidel e'er mock)
Affording wondrous vistas of the past—
Witchery of Marguerite, the vain surmise
Met by your gentle mockery, Genevieve,
And the slow smile that dawns in Sylvia's eyes,
All these in pleasing pattern interweave;
Heart-breaking climbs in sun or south wind's roar,
Up silvan slopes, 'mid lichen, fern and brake,
Orongo's shingled course, Otari's moor,
Te Rimurapa—freshened memories wake;
The muddy swish of gasping forwards' feet
And taut suspense until the ball comes through,
The red sphere swerving, willow's arc to meet,
Then soaring high into the heaven's blue;
Beyond stout oaken barriers comely maids
Min'st'ring to thirsty pilgrims; care-free toasts
To celebrate life's triumphs—fickle jades—
Or drown life's woes; brave words and idle boasts;
Convivial evenings when the wine flows free,
Exotic glimpses, youthful follies, morning's gloom,
Si jeunesse savait—but why dim that ecstasy?
'Neath gay lights dancers whirling round the room.*

*O friend of meditation, in thy spell
Mem'ries, fond hopes and dreams alike are bound,
Fantastic, vain they are we know full well,
Yet thy grace draws a strength'ning girdle round.
Well might the painted Pawnees' reeking bowl
Circle the glowing camp-fire's coppery few,
Sealing the compact after battle's toll,
Symbol of peace and safety. I swear to you,
O sage philosophers and bards of old,
Of the weed's easeful joys all ignorant,
Clearer your reasoning, your verse more bold,
Soothed by the magic of the blessed plant.
Blind Homer's grisly lute, gay Ovid's fire,
Sere Cato's stern rebukes, intolerant mood,
Must all have softened with a mellow briar,
With the ba'm and fragrance of sweet cherry-wood.*

*O ye base fools who have no faith, and ye
Who bow to Cigarette, false, fickle queen,
Believe! Renounce half-hearted fealty;
At briar-wood altar kneel to Nicotine!*

—Lotus-eater.

The Egoist at the Afternoon Tea Table

IT is with no diffidence whatever that I approach this subject. E: ego in Arcadia vivo, the past master pluperfect, the pattern and archetype of an egoist.

But I am always astonished to observe by what different routes the University Arcadians have reached the hilltop from which they consider life, bland and unaffected, impervious to the conflicting thoughts and actions of other mortals. Even more astonishing is the direction faced from that same hilltop by the lesser egoists (a term exclusive only of myself and one other). These incomplete artists still feel the pull of the world. They still face the direction whence they came. To those who tread the road they also have travelled, they declaim that the Arcadia of Individualism is the one and only true goal of life's journey.

Mr. Scotter, egoist of the apostolic tradition, shouts his advice down the vale of religion. He pleads that Self is all-important, that he also has trodden the straight and narrow way, the one and only way, and that the logical and ultimate consummation of true spiritual development is individual interpretation of revelation. Or words to that effect. What he gains as a Puritan he loses as an Arcadian. He is too purposeful; not a true egoist.

Dr. Henning, egoist of the Socratic method, although he has skipped lightly up the steep scarp by means of the graded and macadamised read of unbelief, has the same evangelical bias that disqualifies him from perfection. He is possessed of a passion for truth. Not only is he interested in enjoying the world; he wants to reform the world. Thus does he miss excellence.

Mr. Colin Bailey is a rare and exquisite specimen of the egoist of ennui. Nothing enthuses him, which is the hall-mark of an egoist; but then everything bores him, even himself, which is foul blasphemy in Arcadia.

Mr. C. G. Watson is an egoist *faut de mieux*, an imitation Arcadian. I strongly suspect that he keeps us company on our hilltop merely because he likes the company. Him I mistrust; tempted by the scent of danger or the lure of strong fellowship, he might at to-morrow's dawn join the forming ranks of some crusade or other.

If Mr. Watson fails in permanence, other names occur whose egoism is occasional only, dependent for its appearance on some other

factor. It is egoism and oratory with Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., despite his Greek ideal; egoism and Erin with Mr. Reardon; egoism and inspiration with Miss Peggy McDonald; egoism and Chairman's authority with Mr. Bannister; egoism and an audience with Miss Aileen Davidson. These develop their full charm under given conditions only. They are occasional egoists, amateurs, dabblers in a difficult and intricate art.

Nor dare I include those strong, purposeful souls who have a Mission in life. Mr. Riske and the Soviet; Miss Dorothy Martyn Roberts and the College of Electors; Mr. Benjamin, the research student of anecdote; Miss Peggy Spence-Sales, who has dedicated her life to mankind; Mr. Don Priestley, who has dedicated his life otherwise; Miss Joan Ostler, who rolls a conversational stone of Sisyphus at Latin lectures. These people belong to the world. The egoist is his own world.

Let me place on emphatic record that Mr. Stewart (the debating Mr. Stewart), although bearing a certain superficial resemblance to those of our honourable company, is merely the proverbial wearer of the lion's skin. It is of no importance that he has read all of Shakespeare and has studied Jurisprudence, Constitutional History and Logic. He is too eager to justify himself. The true egoist is his own justification.

That brings me to my shining example. Known as Hypatia to the Alexandrians, to us she is Miss Dorothy Spence-Sales. She discourses on all subjects; she has opinions about everything; she feels bound to no codes, no philosophies, no conventions, not even those she expounds. What her intellect advocates, her mood accepts or rejects at pleasure. She is a radical conservative, a conventional rebel. She glimpses the truth through the seven-fold veils, but feels bound by no urge to depart from a comfortable, conventional way. She alone is free from the fatal blemish of the apostle. I salute thee, Hypatia!

Let this brief survey of the Self-Chosen may seem as an invitation to the common rabble, let me sound a clarion note of warning. Individualism can rise as high as the individual, but no higher. Love of life for the sake of things-as-they-are prepares a magic couch and a divine banquet, but Egoism is only the chef, not the purveyor. Even Arcadians must furnish their own food. And sometimes they must go hungry.

—Simon Pure.

Kumutoto

LITTLE Kumutoto hidden in the valley
Underneath the freshness of a dainty willow screen,
Little Kumutoto, once the Ngatiawas' darling,
Why are you hiding in a veil of living green?

Once you flowed away down to Wanganui a Tara,
Mingling your sweetness with its bitter brine,
Now you are creeping underneath the willows,
Your waters never sparkling in the bright sunshine.

Softly the ferns dripped in your pebbly shallows,
Overhead the clematis trailed like driven snow;
Gladly the tui sang its happy praises
Of your bubbling beauty, of the pikiarero.

Once the bright rata crimson glowed above you,
Vieing with the scarlet of the sunset sky,
Saw her reflection in your glassy water,
Hung down to kiss you as you passed her by.

In summer days the sun-god peeped through the branches,
Sent all his fairies dancing on your waves,
Flecked you with golden, painted like a rainbow
The dusky darkness of your dewy caves.

Sometimes the wind-god hastened down to meet you,
Breaking up your sparkles in the mischief of his play;
Whirled off a leaflet, dropped in on your surface,
Laughed as you caught it and bore it on your way.

Dusky little Maoris paddled in your water,
Splashed their little golden feet in your cooling stream,
Leaned down over you and drank of you deeply,
Or lay on a sunny rock and watched your wavelets gleam.

But now you are weary, little Kumutoto,
Weary for the happy days that cannot be again.
For now you are forgotten, but I will remember
The little Kumutoto in its leafy glen.

—Phyllis M. Quinlan.



A. R. D. Fairburn

New Zealanders interested in our young and struggling literature will be delighted to hear of the recent success achieved by a young Auckland in England. Rex Fairburn, sometime undergraduate of Auckland University College, has recently published a volume of poems entitled "He Shall Not Rise."

It appears that to achieve literary success in New Zealand one must go to England. Mr. Fairburn, though recognised here as promising (that abomination of all aspiring poets), has met with such success at Home that one feels New Zealand's literature is cursed with conservatism and cynicism. Realising this, he has taken his verse and deliberately thrown it on the overburdened, but discriminating, desks of the English reviewers. Courage is rewarded, and the enthusiastic receptions by public and critics now demand some recognition here. All the poems were written in New Zealand, and some have a distinct local colour. To allow these to pass unnoticed will be a living indictment of our taste and judgment.

Of the poems themselves no more convincing or original contribution has been made to our literature. The thought is virile and arresting, an apt expression of youth; the imagery has a

familiarity which enhances the intrinsic beauty, an essential element in a representative literature; the verse forms are in the main orthodox, but the arrangement and rhyming show unbounded originality and freedom. It has been suggested that he has learnt much from A. E. Housman (the master of the moderns), and there are unquestionable echoes of Rupert Brooke in much of his deeper thought.

The last verse of "An Old Woman":—

Her youth like a dim
Cathedral lies
Under the seas
Of her life's long dream,
Yet she hears still
In her heart, sometimes
The far sweet chimes
Of a sunken bell.

A telling example of Housman philosophy is found in the last verse of "Amarantus."

"The lamp may shine in the darkness, it may endure eternally, or cease with death's cold gust.

I know not, care not. Of this alone am I sure—
that the dust is immortal: I shall not decry
the dust."

D. G. E.



*HERE, while the sunset still flames on the far-distant mountains,
Here, where the rust-and-green of the bracken is softly aglow,
And, from the tree-top the deep vesper notes of the tui come floating.
Borne on the breath of the wind to the valley below;
Here, by this stream that still whispers the gossip of ages,
Held by the calm musing strength of the mountains, I stand,
Hearing the myriad sounds of the bush, the deep voice of the silence,
Watching the mists of the gloaming enshrouding the land.
Here, while the dew falls, and night soothes the gaunt hills to slumber,
Death holds no mystery, life has more joy than of yore;
Yet with the peace of the night comes a lingering touch of the sorrow
That I must pass, and shall roam in the valleys no more.*

—N. J. C.

A Bouquet for Victoria

WHERE you have a democracy, there form is at a discount. It is no doubt because New Zealanders exist under the world's consummation of the democratic idea, that one will almost vainly overhaul their culture and their institutions to find an effectual formal sense. Theirs is the sensitiveness of the Englishman, unsaddled with any aesthetic frivolity, who, landed among these Southern winds and hills, regretted they were not England, applied stolid determination to liking them and settled gracefully down with axe and plum-pudding and lumber-tip to improve them as a makeshift forever. Such devastating advance-guardism in things that did not matter could well be made up for by seeing to it that the collective mental weather-vane rusted up to the registering of age-old winds in things that did. And New Zealand's culture, when it is not snoozing, tramps up a futile hill and down a futile dale, like a strayed biped with a lost Nirvana to make before evening and just on the verge before blundering on the brain-wave that it may have its boots on the wrong feet. Perhaps not quite on the verge: worried feet are not so much of an occasion for being illumined with the practical possibilities of form, especially when the brain is persuaded that it is not the brain and that, even if it were, it would be a nuisance.

The foreigner, arriving in New Zealand's capital, is impressed with the nonentity of the part played by the University in the community. In at least one of the colleges there is no serious corporate inclination to play a part at all. The old ogre-doctrine of the aloofness and spectator-dom of the University has muffled all initiative and sapped the strongest root of energy, with resulting inadequacy. On the one hand, a serving-up of water-tight technicalities with no closer link with life or the life of the community than the examination; on the other a somewhat sulky and petulant theatrical atmosphere of hotbeds for potential successful judges.

The result is that the community is impatient of the University and looks upon it as at worst a traditional nuisance. It would be hard to find another city than Wellington where the University is regarded with the same fixture of indifference and distrust. An important cause of this attitude

is a lack of adaptation to the cultural needs of the community, and this is largely due to the cumbersomeness of the geographic constitution of the University. There is no centre where the consciousness of the need for reform can effectively ferment and be formulated; and when this consciousness does arise, the machinery that has to be set in motion creaks so, that it is rarely that anything can come of it. The result is that the University of New Zealand is endeavouring to scrape along on methods that should never have been tolerable since the time when old women were burnt for dealings with Beelzebub and which would, however, have been barely so fifty years ago. But this aspect of the matter will have to be left to the gods—or to conquest from abroad: little short of these would rattle such a torpor.

At Victoria, another series of omissions has aggravated the apathy of the public, with accompanying unsuccess; and these are locally repairable. But the realisation of the need requires a sense of form, and of atmosphere, which, after all, rests on integrated, applied and self-applying form. Professor von Zedlitz, in his recent address to the incipient Literary Society, touched a quick spot when he mentioned the value of snuff-boxes and armchairs and coal-fires. But atmosphere has its uses beyond Literary Societies: it may even be applied to Universities. Victoria wistfully regards itself as a martyred Cinderella among Colleges; it wonders that every opportunity is seized to prune its grants, that it has always been deprived of adequate accommodation in which to formulate and unify the University life it should expect to be able to offer its members; it regrets that among those that have lived for some part of their lives in the shadow of its walls there has been hardly one to show his gratitude, and that the list of bequests has almost to be opened. But wistfulness and wonderment and regret do not reach the point of action: and form and atmosphere must be applied before they will apply themselves.

Cinderella knew all about form; and the fairy prince turned up and rose to the occasion. How can one lament that one's pocket-money is small if one has accepted one's portion as Fate and has

never attempted to show how one could manage a larger contribution if it came one's way? Victoria might well be chipped of a deal of modesty for the future; its estimation of the part it could play in the scheme of things could be multiplied by a hundred and still fall short of the mark. The assistance due to it (in its own opinion) would increase proportionately. A heavy dose of megalomania would not come amiss; and, in spite of depressions, when it comes to dollars the thinking is in millions. Approach the Prime Minister for a couple of million for works to be carried out and he will be probably at first surprised; in the end he will no doubt beat the request down to a couple of hundred thousand: in decency he could do no more. Better than nothing, and no worse than being just tolerated in a groove of inactivity by public opinion.

Even things that could be done, unbalanced budgets and all, are often omitted. Examination results are scarcely spectacular enough to impress outsiders; more tangibility is needed; first, efficiently organised attractive housing and appointments, in place of the medieval monastic spell of the mortification of the flesh. What is there about the general get-up of Victoria to inspire the visitor with a yearning to lavish his millions in the cultural cause through its medium? How can you expect purpose, or culture at all, to issue from an atmosphere of customs-office walls, gaol corridors, heatless heaters, condemned boat-house gymnasiums and time-honoured rubbish-heaps? How can intellectual clubs thrive when they have degenerated into extension lectures it is a martyrdom to be present at, rather on account of the accommodation? How can sports flourish

when the University is not in the midst of playing-fields and training facilities? How can the staff efficiently carry out its functions when it spends its time in a term-long commercial traveller's frenzy of lectures; or when part of it is housed in stables that a self-respecting horse would shy at? Put even Ialdabaoth to deliver himself in such an atmosphere and he would hold neither his self-respect nor his efficiency for more than a moment and a half.

One speaks of Universities: the present state of things may do well enough as an atmosphere for the landing of degrees; a floorless barn would do; and the symbol would mirror the result. But as a symbol and medium for something else one could expect more. Yet things are not only as they are; they are taken for granted; there's the comedy. It is hard for one born into the passive centuries of English tradition to realise that a new land must create its own atmosphere; he generally puts up a shack and expects to see collect around it the glow of Piccadilly or of Westminster. But in new countries the snowball of atmospheres needs a handsome start in formal materiality. This would be possible, if one were not Anglo-Saxon, at the trouble of clearing a few trees. But one is. Not that it's a reason for giving up hope: it may not be physically impossible for us to develop a sense of form and to realise the importance of atmosphere. A little less of the ability to sight diamonds through roughness might do the trick; and a little more awareness of the inadvisability of one's gutter. After all, the stars intrigue only when you think you can't get them. And you do: so here's for the stars.

—Ian Henning.



With a Book

*Lady, a memory I have kept,
In hope that it may be no less.
A gift of friendship you accept,
Than tribute to your loveliness.*

H.G.C.

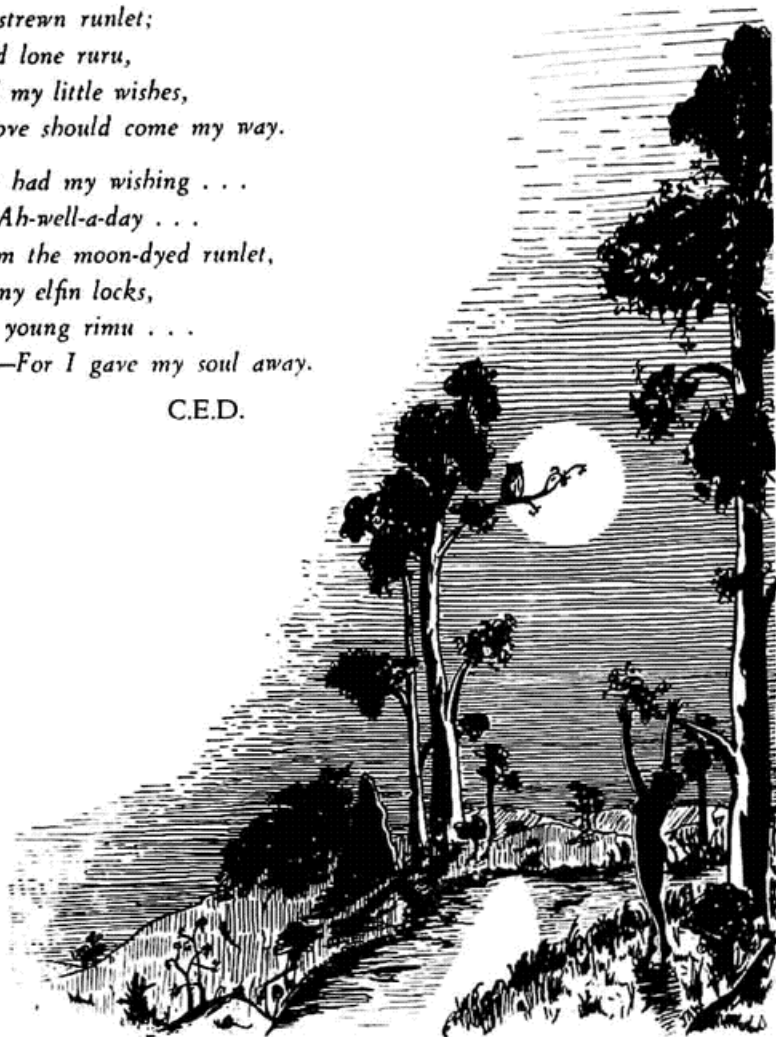
Sale

*THREE times, three times, three, the magic number,
Bowling to the young moon, I sold myself away.
There in the clearing where the trees ringed round me,
There in the shadow of the white-stemmed beeches.
There where the bull-frogs chaunt in the marshland,
Bowling to the young moon, I sold myself away.*

*Three times, three times, three, I spake my wishes,
(That I might be fair if young Love should come my way),
Faint o'er the singing of a stone-strewn runlet;
Faint o'er the mourning of an old lone ruru,
Faint o'er the frogs' song, I called my little wishes,
That I might be fair if young Love should come my way.*

*Three times, three times, thrice, I had my wishing . . .
But I gave in payment my soul, Ah-well-a-day . . .
There was once for a dimple from the moon-dyed runlet,
Again for some sunshine to gild my elfin locks,
And last for the grace of a fair young rimu . . .
But Love has passed me sighing—For I gave my soul away.*

C.E.D.



A Maori Craftsman

ONE of the most interesting places in Wellington is the workshop of the Dominion Museum, where Mr. Hebblerley, the Maori carver, works amidst a mysterious assemblage of old gate-posts, mouldering but beautifully designed pieces from whares, Maori mats and Fijian canoes. On a fine day the dimness of the room is emphasised by the brilliant sunshine outside, and gives added mystery to the rows of carvings round the walls and overhead. Hideous faces and poked-out tongues leer at one from the quaint "tikis," with their inevitable three-fingered hand, and their pawa-shell eyes glint coldly. On some of the panels are wonderful spirals, and a strange figure called a "mania," with one three-fingered hand and a beak. In the centre is a large war-canoe, for which Mr. Hebblerley is carving new side boards, not with the old stone tools used by his ancestors, but with a steel chisel. When I first visited him he had just finished the beautiful casket for the ashes of Sir Maui Pomare. The rich brown of the carved wood was set off by touches of pearly pawa-shell, and by the green lizards which climbed up the sides, the Maori symbol of death, while on the lid were two of the weird-looking manias, carved in high relief.

But the most fascinating of all is Mr. Hebblerley himself, a short man with a skin lighter than usual in a pure Maori, and with twinkle in his brown eyes. He has all the old Maori's contempt for the younger generation, who have grown up in European civilisation, and still

greater scorn for tourists who twirl a poi, and then go away and show their friends how to do the poi dance. He is not easily drawn into conversation, but once fairly started, he will talk while there is anyone to listen; about

"Old, unhappy, far-off things

And battles long ago,"

put forth his theories of the origin of the Polynesian race, and prove that his ancestors are the lost tribes of Israel. He is very interested in his work, and is not too modest to say that he is one of the few left in New Zealand whose carving is "the real thing"; it can be done only by a tohunga, and is now a dying art; though often quite well imitated, an uninitiated person cannot capture the spirit of it, and modern tools make it too mechanical.

He is inclined to laugh at the pakeha's books on the Maori, which, he said, often contain tales especially fabricated by them for the author's benefit. But he does not regret the white man's coming, considering that it saved their race from exterminating each other by tribal wars.

He would have gone on talking, and we listening indefinitely, but the rest of the party had left long ago, and the few of us who remained had

"Tired the sun with talking

And sent him down the sky."

I went away, wondering if he had been laughing at us too, but hoping for another opportunity of listening to such an agreeable talker.

M. M. N.

The Ghost

A SOUL stands shuddering in the lone mid-spaces,
It sees as through a veil the lights below
And, sick for speech and love and human faces,
Turns from the void where houseless spirits go.
With outstretched hands it gropes again for home,
Like moth flame-lured, it beats at lighted panes,
Then turns through long-loved garden haunts to roam,
Or wander weeping through the darkling lanes.
Poor lonely wanderer of the twilight mist!
Whom once the lips of human lovers kissed,
That knowest not the warmth of home or fire,
Change or mortality or sweet perishings,
Day's birth or death, awakening, sleep, desire,
But only space and chill immortal things.

C. G. Watson.

Streets

discreetly sinuous or blatantly brazenly open
they thread the city's maze
and make

far every passing gull and plane to see
the strangest patterns

they are the veins that feel
the pulse and throb
that surges through the urgent city's heart

within their ways
one goes
lost in the crowds and yet
in utter and completest isolation

on either side there rise
uncompromising walls of callousness
that cast across the surface of the street
the drearest gloom
or anglewise
in cubist fashion cut the rays
that pierce the day
in blocks of light and shade diagonal

at times
they are the playgrounds of the winds
that whisk from end to end
and mirthfully
or moanfully
whistle a song or dirge
on cornices and eaves throughout the night
and oft
in spiteful jest

up from the south so pitilessly roll
and round the buildings pelt the pouring rain

and then streets glow
and glare indecently
as if to cry aloud against the lights
that so profanely blaze
and shatter evening's mystery and charm

yet streets
if so they choose
themselves have thousand charms and loveliness
when cautiously
they peep around a corner
just to see

a little further or to see the moon
and welcome it with cold and pallid arms
or when the sun
in risen splendour warms the chilly depths
and lends
to every corner
gladness

and happy too
are streets
that wind through pleasant towns
or conquer hills
and happiest are they
when peacefully
their day's work done
in evening's glow they rest
and fall asleep to dream of olden times

I. D. C.

Films and Their Stars

IT has come to our ears that several recent talkies are to be refilmed in New Zealand with local casts. A number of prominent University students have received notification from the studios to feature in these productions. We understand among these favoured ones Wellington audiences will have the pleasure of seeing:—

Mr. William Fear	Dirigible
Messrs. U. De l'H. Williams and J. A. Whitcombe	The Cuckoos
Miss D. Spence-Sales	A Lady's Morals
Mr. R. J. Reardon	Half-shot at Sunrise
Miss Z. Henderson	Unfaithful
Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr.	The Virtuous Husband
Mr. C. S. Plank	Raffles
The Professorial Board (All-star Cast)	Blind Wives
The S.C.M. (Three-star Cast)	Hell's Angels
Mr. W. P. Rollings	Don't Bet on Women
Hui Marae Club	Misbehaving Ladies
Mr. H. N. Hannah	A Tailor-made Man
Mr. R. Simmers	Oh Sailor, Behave!
Misses H. Dunn and M. Gibb	Let Us Be Gay
Mr. J. L. MacDuff	Reducing
Mr. H. W. Dowling	Canaries Sometimes Sing

College Notes

IN MEMORIAM

It is with sorrow that we record the deaths during the year of the following of the alumni of this College. "Spike" desires to join with the Teaching Staff and students in voicing deep regret and extending sympathy to those bereaved.

Marjorie L. Hannah (nee Nicholls).

Evelyn Hardy.

May Johnson.

I. L. Hjorring.

T. B. Dinniss.

T. P. Rollings.

C. A. Steele.

D. A. Graham.

A. H. Irwin.

NOT for many years have we had to record the deaths of so many past and present students of this College.

There passed away on 18th August a deservedly popular graduate of V.U.C., Evelyn Hardy, B.A. In the social life of the College she took a prominent part and endeared herself to a large circle by her geniality and unselfishness. She represented Victoria at basketball at three successive Tournaments. As Secretary and then as Captain of this Club she won, by her kindliness and impartiality, the esteem of its members. To those privileged to know her intimately her thoughtfulness, her sweetness of disposition and her strength of character made her a friend worthy of the name.

It is with profound regret that we have to record the death of Leslie Blades Dinniss, who only a short time ago completed his legal studies at this College. The late Mr. Dinniss was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dinniss, of New Plymouth, and died suddenly in Wellington on Saturday, the 6th day of June, 1931. Mr. Dinniss was extremely popular with his fellow students and took an active part in the social activities of the

College. His early professional success held promise of a very brilliant future. Mr. Dinniss was prominently associated with social and sporting bodies in the city and was an enthusiastic golfer and badminton player. He was a man with a very charming manner, polite and courteous, and ever ready to help, and his death at the early age of twenty-six years will be universally regretted.

Ivan Larnach Hjorring graduated in Law at Victoria College in 1927, but during his career at the College he found time between his studies to take a keen interest in student affairs, and held several important offices whilst at the University. In 1924 he was Secretary of the Students' Association, and in 1925 he was President. A most popular figure at the College, he is affectionately remembered by his contemporaries. His management in student matters was both tactful and efficient. On gaining his degree he took up the practice of his profession, which he continued until his death. He leaves a young widow and a child, and to these and his relatives we extend our sincerest sympathy.

Early in the session Professor T. A. Hunter left us to go to England. Together with Dr. Hight, of Canterbury College, he represented the New Zealand Universities at the Congress of Universities of the British Empire held at Edinburgh in July. We understand that they are returning via America, as they accepted the invitation to confer with the authorities of the Carnegie Corporation, New York, on important matters affecting the University of New Zealand.

A new honour at this College was gained recently by Mr. C. L. Bailey, M.A., who was successful in obtaining the first award of the James MacIntosh Travelling Scholarship in Education.

A fellow traveller with Mr. Bailey was Mr. E. H. McCormick, M.A., the Editor of "Spike" throughout 1930. This year Mr. McCormick won a Post-Graduate Scholarship in Arts, and will carry out research in English Literature at Cambridge University.

Dr. R. M. Campbell has honoured us by returning to the scene of the interests of his earlier years. It will be recalled that Dr. Campbell was at one time President of our Students' Association. He was closely associated with all student activities, and was particularly prominent in the Free Discussions Club and the Debating Society.

A distinguished ex-student of Victoria College who has recently come back to New Zealand is Mr. Gordon Troup. Under the auspices of the Student Christian Movement, Mr. Troup has been working in Paris among the foreign students.

Students selected as the Victoria University College nominees for this year's Rhodes Scholarship are: Mr. M. E. Mahoney, LL.B., Mr. B. A. Paetz. To both these students we extend our con-

gratulations on their nomination and our best wishes in the contest.

We extend our welcome to Dr. Ian Henning, who has taken up the position of Lecturer in Modern Languages, assisting Professor Boyd-Wilson. Dr. Henning proceeded to France from the University of Sydney, and obtained his Doctorate at the Sorbonne. In addition to making his presence felt among students of commercial French, Dr. Henning has delighted us by entering whole-heartedly into the activities of the College. We assure him that we keenly appreciate the new critique which he has applied to College institutions, and the fresh point of view he has brought us by his review of our University life.

An innovation for the women students this year has been a Physical Culture Class, conducted gratuitously by Nancy Webber. Each Saturday morning some twenty or thirty barefooted maidens may be seen—and heard—prancing with abandon in the Gym.

* * * *

The Prize offered through "Spike" for the best original lyric was awarded by the judge to Miss C. E. Drummond for her poem "Sale." We wish to congratulate the author.

* * * *

No notes could close without reference to the sterling services of Mr. L. Pritchard. All persons and clubs who use the Gym and the Hall will know how considerate and painstaking he is despite the many times his patience must be tried. For his quiet help with and steady interest in all student activities we wish to offer him our grateful thanks.

Past Students' Notes

H. L. Richardson is at Rothamsted Experimental Station, working hard and happily. In 1930 he attended the International Conference of Soil Scientists in Russia.

Until recently Max Richardson was doing research work at University College, London. We have heard that he has now accepted a scholarship at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, Kensington, London.

R. M. Dolby completed research work at King's College, London, and has returned to a position at Massey Agricultural College.

Miss R. Strand left New Zealand last August to enter Newham College, Cambridge.

C. R. Barnicoat has been doing research work at the Low Temperature Research Station, Cambridge, and is now on his way back to New Zealand.

Mr. W. Gillanders, a past President of the Students' Association, is at present in Oakland, California, U.S.A., where he is General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. His ready assistance to the progress of students and others from New Zealand and Australia visiting America must be greatly appreciated. He is also quietly assisting to make New Zealand known by his educational addresses there.

Christmas Trip to the Spencer Mountains

"And he who has no home to call his own will find a home somewhere."

ON Xmas Day, in the morning, our company of twenty-six was unladen on to the sandhills at Nelson to find a breakfast of bacon and eggs sizzling under the young pines.

After a bathe we clambered back into our two lorries in lordly wise and murmured "Rotoroa." The only way to travel through Nelson is on top of a lorry; or through anywhere else, for that matter, where the sun is hot enough to take the chill off the wind of your going.

How refreshing to wind-tired eyes was Rotoroa, dark and calm, closed in by mountains streaked with snow.

After dinner we climbed into our most barbarous togs and rowed off in other people's boats till the launch was ready to take us the twelve miles to the head of the lake.

It was dark by the time our launches reached the head of the lake and ground their noses into the shingle at the mouth of the D'Urville River. This little delta, and that at the mouth of the more turbulent Sabine River, provide the only good landings along the deeply bushed shore.

Then the fire to be made, pack to be sought after and shrieked for, many plum puddings to be consumed in the confusion, and finally ti-tree nests to be snuggled into—calm—and the shrill song of the first mosquito.

I remembered getting up very early the next morning, because of the mosquitos, and paddling about the lake to troll for trout.

There were our mountains—in fact, they were doubly in the sky and in the lake—Hopeless and Little Twin and Travers, very steep when viewed with a measuring eye.

Few people are acquainted with the Spencer Mountains. They are almost entirely unmapped.

Mt. Misery rises sleeping from the head of the lake, between the two glaciated valleys of the Sabine and the D'Urville.

We climbed Misery first to get the compass bearings on to the Hopeless ridge and across the Sabine Valley.

From the roots of the mountain to the snow line the bushed slopes are so steep that a stone could be thrown into the river 3500 feet below. One shudders to think of the slips that would come

down if these slopes should become deforested—as they must if the deer continue to eat down all the young trees. Above the bushline a cirque clothed in mountain meadow sweeps up to the razor-back ridge.

There were a great many kinds of flowers, but none were very showy or abundant, probably owing to the deer. The Spaniard was very plentiful, but very often we found it with its leaves pulled up and strawn around. A deer-stalker who visited us said that it was the keas that did this. The keas were very tame. They would stand still till we came within two yards of them. Or a pair of them would fly above, screaming and showing the blood-red colour of their under wings. The green grasshoppers that sprang all day among the rocks near the tops of the ridges were curiously like them in colour. They had patches of red, where their legs folded against their bodies, so that you could see them when they jumped. These grasshoppers form a large part of the keas' diet.

The meadow round the tarns was formed of low cushion plants and was very soft to tread on.

The big cushion-plants called mountain sheep were plentifully squeezed between the great brown rocks that lay loosely on the top of the ridges.

A smoky black lichen grew on the most barren rocks and black mountain butterflies flitted above the rocks and the meadow.

We used to climb up the meadow but run down by the shingle slides.

On the Hopeless ridge there was no water and we had to make little mounds of snow on hot rock flakes and lie underneath waiting for a trickle.

One party followed the Sabine River from Lake Rotoroa to its source in two small mountain tarns several thousand feet up. Here, right in the centre of the island, were found nesting seagulls which had never seen the sea. It was from a peak in this region that the party could see Lake Constance. This lovely lake lies in a lap in the mountains at a height between 5000-6000 feet above sea level, and is over a mile across. In flood time its overflow spills down a precipice for nearly 3000 feet.

Meanwhile the more placid-spirited were gently trolling the waters of Lake Rotoroa for trout or



Lake Rotoroa and the Hopeless Ridge.



The Hopeless Ridge.

murdering eels by night, with minds unspoiled by any desire for the monarchs of height; or they would sit in the sun and the smoke stirring venison stew against the climbers' return.

On New Year's Day, just as our party was retiring to sleep after greeting 1931 with song and volleys of gunshot, another was setting out on a climb, so that they could not decide whether the porridge was supper or breakfast.

By sunrise the climbers were sitting on a ledge at the bush-line, spitting date stones into the D'Urville camp below.

All the peaks in Nelson—and who shall name them?—were poking through the morning mist. We put away our torches as the sun came up behind Mt. Arthur.

Our objective was the highest point on Misery ridge—as yet unnamed. We reached it before mid-day and built a cairn of stones. We have applied to the Survey Department to have it named "Windward."

On the day after New Year we returned to the outlet of the lake on the Gown River and shifted camp by lorry to Lake Rotoiti. Eight of us walked over via the bridle-track and the Howard goldfields.

In a sunny clearing we came upon a little hut with roses growing over it. The owner, who was just going off to do some digging, invited us in and made us a brew of tea. He had made all sorts of things out of tins—mugs, candle lanterns and even a nutmeg grater. The hut was papered with "Auckland Weekly News" rather yellowed by a smoking fireplace that had been damaged during the earthquake. Mr. Brown told us he stood inside while it was happening, "And I looks at the cat, and I says to myself, if the cat does a git, I does a git." Outside the snow was up to his waist and opened by a deep crack.

We knew that our leader had rented a cottage in the little settlement at Rotoiti; but we hardly

expected so many and such deep easy chairs, hot water laid on, and the tin of bulls-eyes, which we were told afterwards were not meant to be consumed.

The St. Arnolds, or "No Catchums," are not to be compared with the Hopeless range. Around the lake they have been partly divided by a big burn. Add to this that we saw them only under a leaden sky; but there were no sandflies.

Now the tale is not henceforth of exploration, but of monstrous rabbit-pies and tons of rice and rivalry of cooks.

Yet the Travers Valley is not inferior to the Sabine or the D'Urville; but we had no discomfort to drive us forth into the mountains.

The Travers flows into the head of the lake and its valley has wide flats and beech groves of many different varieties.

We tramped up in the rain, cheerfully blowing drops from the ends of our noses as we would creep through the groves to catch a glimpse of the herds of deer and the rabbits on the green-sward.

It was snowing up in the mountains and when the wind blew the clouds aside we could see a wavering thread of waterfall on which a bead of snow was strung.

By following up the valley it would be possible to cross over into the Sabine River behind Mt. Travers; we had not enough food or time to, and so, not being Brunner, and therefore disinclined to live on eels and nikau shoots, we abandoned the project till we should come back again, for it is certain that we will come back.

When we were discussing this year's Xmas trip there were a number in favour of returning to the Spencer mountains, but we decided to break new ground and go to the Kaikouras, for our years with the 'Varsity Tramping Club are so few.



Limbo

*TELL me where, the watcher said,
Sleep has lain her lovely head,*

*In what Botticellian grove
Lies she with my fickle love,*

*On his bosom her dark hair,
Twisting like a thrush's snare,*

*Or a willow Ethiopé,
Drooping, stirred by windy hope*

*Of passion deeper than that stream—
Murky as a sabbot dream—*

*That murky and unpurging, long
And evil river of quiet song,*

*Where she stoops through the long day
To watch her black leaves twirl away.*

* * * *

*I have toiled from star to star,
Seeking where those lovers are,*

*Swinging in my hungry hand
Lantern moon from land to land,*

*Now beneath this olive tree
Whose shade casts sadness over me,*

*In this land whose contours seem
A primitive Italian dream*

*Of tilted, unperspective glade
And grave, undappled light and shade*

*I ease my star-bruised, mortal feet
And hark to the nepenthe sweet*

*And voiceless song that silence sings
Swooping past on gentle wings.*

*Silence only sings. No bird
In the petit-point wood is heard,*

*And the calm ghosts that walk this ground
Go noiselessly. They make no sound;*

*While poets dead in the dead vale
Lament the earthly nightingale.*

* * * *

*I can no further go; but here,
Where twilight covers the long year,*

*I'll draw a rain-cloud round my head
—Sad mortal, strayed among the dead—*

*And for my sleep-rapt love I'll make
Lament. He will no more awake.*

—Antonicetta McGrath.

“The Great White Horses and the Riders Bold”

T. P. Rollings, M.Sc., Skipper of the
“Windward.”
C. A. Steele, B.Sc., Mate.
D. A. Graham.
A. H. Irwin, B.Sc.

When the yacht “Windward” sailed out under Pencarrow Head last Christmas Day she had as her crew four students of this College, men as fine as ever entered its doors. They had, as now we know, passed those doors for the last time, though their brave spirits, it is good to think, still move from room to room in the old familiar scenes they knew and loved. Their boat was sound and good, well proved on many a stormy trip, well-found in every respect for a long voyage. And she was very capably manned. Rollings had taken a course in navigation, and all had good experience for men so young. All, too, were good athletes, knowing how to bear hardship and being men of resource. On playing fields and the boxing floor, on cruise and tramp, in camp and bivouac, they had not only known the joy of sunshine and fair weather, but had learnt to endure hardship and exertion as coming in the guise of rough but welcome friends, to bear with smile and jest the dragging exhaustion of fatigue and the biting of the sleet-laden wind. Happy Alma Mater that had such students, that still has many of them!

And now these four had prepared for their adventure such as daring spirits love. Bold riders of the great white horses in the stormy narrow seas, they would now essay to ride them in the openwaste of waters that lies between us and the Chatham Islands. They left nothing to chance, for they recognised that, though high adventure is the right of a man, he has no right to be a fool; that, though he is entitled to be “bold even to daring” he is not entitled to be Daring’s slave.

After a very good passage, though not without storm and incident, they made, on New Year’s Day, their landfall as accurately as ever it has

been made by navigators that have had long experience of that passage. After five days ashore, which those that know the beauty and interest of the islands and the hospitality of the Islanders can well understand were happy days enough, they left on the morning of January 6th for home and the duties that, it then seemed, life held for them. Unusually stormy weather prevailed a few days later off the coast of New Zealand, and there is no doubt that they met it. Those that knew them know that they fought it with skill and courage, but the odds were too unequal, and our gallant fellows died as men die.

We feel keenly the loss of friends and men that had shown themselves worthy students of their College, and we are able to realise, to some slight extent, how much more keenly that loss is felt by those to whom these men were especially dear. To them our deepest, warmest sympathy is drawn, and it will be with them for many a day. Such wrenchings of the heart as they have borne, as they still bear, call for a reverent respect and a sympathy that does not always dare to voice itself lest it should seem to presume. There is quoted here a verse, written by the father of one of the men, that would bring this aspect home to us if we were not already fully conscious of it:—

“When day is done, and evening calm
Broods o’er the landscape fair,
When night comes as a healing balm
To soothe each want and care—
’Tis then my heart in poignant grief
Calls out, my boy, for thee:
Its echo rings from reef to reef,
O bring him back to me.”

The memory of these men will long be cherished here, for they have done their share in moulding the high traditions of the College and in making it a place where true adventurous soul shall know that this is home. And always we shall think of them, as of that Antarctic hero and his comrades, as very gallant gentlemen.

—H. B. K.

Seaforth Simpson Mackenzie

By F. A. de la Mare

THE position of Seaforth Mackenzie in New Zealand verse is a matter of individual judgment and taste, and in these matters one need not blush to differ from all the anthologists. His position, however, in New Zealand University song is not open to dispute. In that sphere, at any rate, his position is secure. In one department, the purely topical, he is, indeed, seriously threatened by another early "Victorian"—Siegfried Eichelbaum—but taken all in all he stands supreme. It is not inappropriate that "The Spike" should seek to revive his fame, for Mackenzie was an associate editor of 1903 and 1904, and he remains its brightest star. The foremost of three decades, decades which include Marjory Hannah and Eileen Duggan, is surely worthy of commemoration. It is a curious—and somewhat tragic—fact that, as far as one can discover, it was at Victoria College that all the best of Seaforth's work was done. The Editor-in-Chief of those days certainly not without egotism, claims more than his share of the glory. Day by day, in "Spike" and "Extravaganza," he drove the lotus-eater to transmute his poppy-petals into cloth-of-gold. That Editor was, in fact, wise enough to see that the reflected glory of "S.S.M." was more to be desired than any gold of his own alchemy. When Seaforth publishes his collected verse it is to be hoped he will be given grace in his dedication to return thanks for the importunities of nearly thirty years ago.

Seaforth's boyhood belongs to Canterbury; his School was the Timaru High School; his love—the wide spaces; his "country"—the Mackenzie Country; his favourite occupation—dreaming. From School he came to the Civil Service in Wellington, and so to Victoria College, then so new and all, with the whole of its life before it. Like Horace he was appointed to the Treasury, but he soon transferred to the Public Trust. The Public Trust Office in its pride to-day possibly forgets the years when its legal department was conducted by one old man and an appreciative boy, who answered to the name of Mackenzie. That boy, however, had one overwhelming hatred, a dragon called "Routine," whose hours were

9 to 5, and it was this dragon which chivvied him into the practice of the law and thence to Australia and the farther horizon. What allurements drew him to the Crown Law Office of Victoria Pallas alone knows, but he was there when the first Expeditionary Force sailed for New Guinea. A law officer was wanted, and Seaforth stepped abroad, a full ready-made Colonel, Advocate-General of the troops. With Routine far astern and war his trade, the poet without doubt proved that the pen was as mighty as the sword. His service included a term as Chief Justice at Rabaul. It may be conjectured that he was the one Colonel of the whole army who served for the "duration" and never attended a parade or suffered a moment's discomfort. In due course, after demobilization, he became one of the team which wrote the story of Australia's part in the Great War. But Routine, following after—"deliberate speed, majestic instancy"—at last took him by the throat, and now, day by day, he sits dictating his obiter dicta—the practice and procedure of suits and pleas—Registrar of the High Court of Australia. "Sic transit musarum gloria."

Biographical details can only lie about such as Seaforth. Anyone might have become a junior clerk in the Public Trust Office in those days, anyone might have acquired merit by enrolling at Victoria College. Anyone, in fact, did. But there was only one Seaforth, and he was—perfectly unique. Did you want the latest story concerning the "uniqueness" of the Public Trustee? Seaforth knew it. Did you want a song for Capping? Nothing was simpler. You dogged him to his room; you told him what you wanted; you stoked his fire for him. You put pen and paper within reach. In fact, all you had to do was to make it easier for him to sit and write than to do anything else, and the task was done. Next morning you had "The Champion of Cram-O" or "The Sports' Chorus." I showed him the first verse of "The Final Chorus"; next morning Victoria College had a song which has already survived a quarter of a century. Did you want a verse for a "Heading"? Again you sleuthed him with your line-block,

murmured "Notes from other Colleges," and waited with a sure and certain hope. It might run like this:

"When the task is grey in the doing,
And heavy the load on the wain,
It heartens to see a yoke fellow
Brace shoulders that bunch to the strain.
To know the team's work is divided,
That taut is the leading-chain."

Great days for an editor when such things could be.

Of course, it was not all plain sailing. As no evening over the logs was complete without him you had to make the pathway to the hearthstone easier than some possible alternative. No trouble and no eloquence, however, was more richly rewarded. He would, perhaps, during a winter's night, give birth to four dicta, but each time his word would be the last. When Seaforth had sifted the talk of its wit and wisdom there was nothing more to be said. It was his genius for the right word, the inspired truth of his descriptions of men and things, which made memorable his Capping Songs and his topical prose and verse. His epithet was inevitable, like Eichelbaum's—and final. Things always seemed to come perfect from his loom. Time—nighttime—meant little to him, and his critical faculty, on the literary side, never faltered. His criticism was devastating; his praise was generous; his condemnation—the finish. Seaforth knew.

We discovered him when he won the "Macmillan Brown" Essay Prize. Read again, ye who belong to the Clay Patch, "The Song of the Merchant Navy," read his "Ballad of the Golden Hind." Is it Kipling you hear? Perhaps. He was too receptive, too appreciative, too young, not to give back echoes of the great exemplars. Even in these early efforts it was Seaforth with an echo of Kipling, not Kipling with a suspicion of Seaforth. In "Wanderlust" we see how quickly he was coming to his maturity, the maturity of his style. Even in 1904 he had written "An Appeal," which showed how finely his muse could adapt itself to a great moment. "An Appeal" was Seaforth undiluted, without the "echoes" which belonged to 1903; 1904 was also the year of the "Ode" on the laying of the Foundation Stone of Victoria College. This is the most ambitious thing he attempted, and, if there is the touch of real greatness, it is there. He did catch the vision of a great University, a University belonging to

and enriching a nation's life, a University whose "climbing spire" yearned towards truth alone. He saw it beautiful with the quiet beauty of common things; he saw it beautiful in the splendour of great tradition; he saw it beautiful above all with the beauty of young and glowing life:

"We will be of the world and feel its heart
Beat, and our own will beat in sympathy;
But we will keep a little space apart
And sown with rosemary, for our abode
Within the windows opening on the sea.
And if the dust be all about our tread
And white the glare along the climbing road,
Clear thought will come of how the East was
red
With promise, and the lanes with blossom rife,
And fresh the dew upon the lawn of life."

I venture to think that if there are any great lyrics indigenous to New Zealand, this "Ode" is one of them. Its initial restraint, its breadth of movement, and its ordered rhythms swing together to a great ending. Its omission from the anthologies seems to proclaim limitations placed upon their compilers. Three pages is too much for any of them. "Idas," a rendering of one of the Eclogues of Calpurnius, is a little gem—perfect of its kind.

The years 1905 and 1906 found him more and more painting his canvasses from the life about him. These years are the critical ones—the fateful—and fatal—years. It is still possible that Victoria College shall have nourished at her bosom one of the great, a great interpreter of its country's beauty, an inspiration pointing her to ever-expanding greatness. "Lake Pukaki" reveals his power, "A Leaf from a Fly Book" reveals his devotion. Will this lover of our streams, our lakes, our mountains, this maker of dreams reach through them the spiritual altitudes which alone can raise him to the seats of the mighty? It is still possible. Who can interpret more perfectly the ideals of school and University? Who can sing braver songs? He is equipped with wide reading and quick intelligence. He has self-criticism and humour. Whither?

It was all decided by 1907—or before. "The Quest of the Sancgreal" tells the story, and "Carpite Florem," written a little earlier, hammers it home. Sir Galahad "shall not find the Grail." Don Quixote lies slain. Not "Altiora peto" is the chosen legend and Omar sits enthroned.

"Pluck the blowing flower

Before blown petals wither past your power."

He can still write "A Ballade of the Year's End," but his poems are poems of "escape":

"Routine clogs fancy like a weed.
Unrest grows as a wind-sown seed
In places set for pleasantry."

The sterility of a double life has come upon him. Through youth you may sing, on winter nights, songs of battle from an armchair, but life demands that great thoughts shall have their counterpart in action. Intelligence to have true greatness must march with character. High art means high sincerity. Seaforth as an artist was sincere. When he decided that the mountain tops were, on the whole, uncomfortable, his self-critical faculty, his humour, and his sincerity destroyed him. Seaforth as Sir Galahad was, in fact, absurd. It remains true that there are none among his contemporaries whose lives mean, and will mean, more to Victoria College than his. Such is the virtue of "a leaved rhyme." Considered, however, on the highest plane, we may, for a moment, mourn our own dreams of what-might-have been.

There still remained "The Crossroads" and "The Blue Waters of Forgetfulness," sonnets of disillusion, but very redolent of the old Seaforth we loved.

"If in the leisure that will fill thy life
Some turn of old-time speech should touch
thy thought,
Bid it go by—unless it should bring thee
The sense of summer, when the bees were rife
Among the wild flowers"

When Miss B. E. Baughan read "The Old Clay Patch" she exclaimed, "How delightfully young."

Perhaps it is as well for Seaforth that he did not "grow up." For us he remains like Peter Pan, always young. And what greater gift can anyone give to his generation than the gift of eternal youth? One thing only. Youth is beautiful, not merely for its perfection, but for its promise. Promise implies purpose, and faith. When purpose and faith fail the petals wither. Alas! Where are we to find the great—those great enough for life and happiness among the peaks?

It cannot be claimed of Seaforth Mackenzie that his "carnival" poetry was original in a high constructive sense. In the Extravaganzas with which he was associated, however, his work was superlatively good. He saw and seized the idea presented to him with the whole dramatic situation, and when his interpretation was complete it possessed the higher attributes of a glorious resurrection. The "Opening chorus" of "The Golden Calf" is a great example of the height which Carnival literature may attain. In his treatment of nature, however, there was something peculiarly his own, something of the originality which borders on genius. How high does this place him on the roll of fame? Certainly he must bow before the inspiration and purpose of Jessie Mackay. Miss Baughan has a greatness of soul and a mastery of characterisation which makes her place secure upon Olympus. Seaforth I would place above all the rest. He has a quality which compels the listener, a quality of note which transcends, it seems to me, that of all the songsters except Jessie Mackay. However his talents may be rated, however, they were expended generously for Victoria College, and his contribution to our corporate life has brought more honour to our name than all the examination lists of thirty years.

Triolet

LOVE came to me as the New Zealand
spring,—
So soft and tremulous, scarce seemed a
change;
Not violently as 'twere some foreign thing.
Love came to me as the New Zealand spring,—
With just a shade more rapture birds would sing,
And Beauty's ecstasy had deeper range.
Love came to me as the New Zealand spring,—
So soft and tremulous, scarce seemed a change.
D.

Marjory Hannah (née Nicholls)

I SAW her first at a lecture on the Celtic Renaissance in the Gymnasium of the College. Someone said to me, "Are you coming to hear Marjory Nicholls? They say that when she was here she was a wonder at acting." And so I went and saw her in Yeats's "Pot of Broth." I remember that the same night Edith Crawford said "The Wind Blows out of the Gates of the Day" and "The Little Waves of Breffny," and Marjory Nicholls's father, with another man, acted "The Workhouse Ward." Towards the end of the year she returned again to take part in a debate. No one can say of Victoria that its debates loll. In such matters it has a fine fury. This debate, in particular, was almost frenetic, and, when she rose, her first cool word was like rain on a willow. Someone behind us murmured that she had taken the Plunket Medal against the men.

Years passed, and I was dragged one night to the inaugural meeting of a Literary Society. There may have been another meeting, but I have a notion that the first was the last. Nobody knew what to do. We might have twiddled our thumbs until release came, but that the hostess mentioned that she possessed "New Voices" and Marjory Hannah read us "The Falconer of God."

I have known her well for only two years, so that I am not so well qualified to speak upon her as others who will praise her, but a child in the street could speak of her kindness. Her time was eaten away by strangers. "I am a weak-minded woman," she told me once, "I haven't the courage to say 'No' to folk," which meant really that her heart forbade refusals. She was concerned with many things, and each thing brought a train of new souls into her ken.

This variety of effort worried her occasionally. "Time is passing and I am doing nothing." The truth was that too many fairies came to her cradle. Had she had but the one bent, she would have flung herself into it. The word "versatile" is like an overhacked donkey, but she was one of the few who could claim it truly. She mimed from the time of high chairs and she rhymed from her teens. In addition she had all the makings of a publicist—three things not often found together in one body or one mind.

For a friend she would fight back to back with a sword in each hand. In her few dislikes she was as fierce, and, when all is said, it is by these things that we will remember her. It is not for

their gifts that we love our friends, but for their hearts. Stevenson touched the quick of things with a needle when he wrote of Breck: "I'm no so very bonny, but I'm leal to them I love."

POST SCRIPTUM.

I had understood, somehow or other, that mine was to be a supplementary sketch, but I am asked now for a word on her literary style. She had in all her three books of poetry the knack of felicitous phrase. Her art was in verse what the water-colour is in painting. It was concerned more with aspects than with wholes. To that extent she was an expressionist. My own favourite of her poems might not by greater critics be considered her best. It is the bare little lament in the second book, ending: "I am not a mother," and written from a full heart in a Spring that promised fair, but fell back into Winter. Her third book was published a little while before her death. May I be permitted to quote "The Dewdrop" as an illustration of her style:—

"The leaf-end reached, and there the shining drop
Flattened itself and paused; then, pointing, fell
And splashed upon my hand and spilt itself
Of all its loveliness; and who could tell
From that wet spot upon my hand, that once,
Born of dark night and wandering cold air,
Had glowed a miracle of darting fire
Where now the leaf forsakenly is bare."

A few weeks before she died she brought me two pieces of prose, one of which seemed, and, passing the test of memory, still seems, her best work. It was called "Greengage Jam," and it was heavy with the live, hot sweetness of boiling greengages. I have no belief in auras for jams or persons, but that smell always seems to me a fiery, green smell, and it blew through every nook and cranny of the story. Her father, who was at once her inspiration and her judge, has spoken of a prose collection. Let us hope that it will come, and that it will contain "Greengage Jam." She was half-way through a play. I think I regret that most of all, for stronger than her poet-real sense was her dramatic sense, and she who had played so many parts could scarcely fail to place her lines and satisfy the niceties.

One of her poems on death ends, "Be certain, I shall come back." There is no need. To those who loved her she is still here.

Eileen Duggan.

Yennerdale

FAIR Maisie's doon to Yennerdale
Wi'oot her father's ken,
An' there she spied the Faerie court,
Come ridin' through the glen.

First she heard the siller horns,
And then the horses' tread,
An' then she spied the men-at-arms.
Were ridin' at their head.

Their spears were grasses long and straight,
Their targes bark o' rowan tree;
Their helmets shells o' ousel's eggs,
An' they guarded the Queen o' Faerie.

Her coach was all o' walnut shells,
A thorn her axle pin;
Her shafts were o' the hazel twigs,
Wi' puddocks harnessed in.

The Faerie lookit roond aboot,
Where Maisie knelt wi' bendit head.
"What mortal woman's bidin' here,
An' what's your will of us?" she said.

"Against his father and mither's will
Young Alexander loo'ed me true;
Though his folk an' mine were aye at feud,
I trow I loo'ed young Saunders too.

"O Queen an if ye ever loo'ed,
Have pity on my miserie,
For I can nither sp'in nor sleep
Sin Saunders sailed to Germanie.

"I daur na send him word or gift,
For I fear my brithers bauld;
An' I can find no messengere,
But would sell my trust for gold.

"Queen, ye have many a henchman true
That none can see or hear—
O grant me one of your viewless knights
To be my messengere!"

"An' if I grant ye man o' mine
Your messengere to be,
To carry your word to your ain true love,
What teind will ye pay to me?"

"O I will weave ye a silken coat,
A' straike wi siller thread;
An' I will give ye the ruby stanes,
That glimmer roond my heid.

"I'll set a bowl of the new white milk
Wi'oot my window sill,
Where a' your knights and men-at-arms
May stop and drink their fill."

"My men-at-arms hae drink enow,
An' I hae coats baith rich an' fair;
I care na' for the ruby stones
That glimmer round your yellow hair.

"But gin ye'd hae a man o' mine
To be your henchman true,
To carry your word to your ain true love,
'Tis this I'd hae ye do.

"Ye maun gang by nicht to Yenner Kirk,
When there's nae priest to see;
Wi' the holie water fill a cup
An' bring it here to me.

"It's no the powers o' hell I dread,
But I hae dochters seven;
An' gin they were sained like mortal babes,
They might win through the gate o' heaven."

L. M. Puckridge.



"The Dark Angel"

THE play, "The Dark Angel," by H. B. Trevelyan, and produced by the Dramatic Club in June last, was one of the best that have been selected since the Club's rejuvenation. It was not particularly deep or profound, but contained excellent characterisation, action, and a definite line of humour, totally unforced. One feels, however, that the cast actually did the play justice. Such a well-chosen team, in the efficient and artistic hands of Miss Mary Cooley, could not fail to be successful.

To Miss Cooley again goes the deepest gratitude of the Club for her work. Both her performance and production set a standard.

Of the numerous helpers, one cannot be passed over. Mr. Cedric Wright has proved that efficient stage management is an art long neglected by the Club. We offer our sincere appreciation of his efforts.

Of the cast, apart from the artistic work of Miss Cooley, we must mention specially Mr. Ralph Hegg, whose effort was finished, easy and, in the dramatic moments, intensely gripping, a triumph of restraint. The others of the cast were, without exception, good. Mr. Priestley, as Sir Evelyn (a definite improvement on his great lover efforts), was easy and consistent. Mr. Carl Watson, as Gerald, was another whose restraint and easy manner made the part definitely real. Mr. Chadwick was

the bright spot of the evening as "Franny." His speech, actions and appearance were almost perfect, a masterpiece of casting and acting. Miss Murray and Miss Eccles, as "Vi" and "Madge," were perfect foils for Kitty. Miss Murray especially, by her poise and diction, created a very pleasing impression.

The interlude between "Tom" and "Winnie," played by Mr. F. Cormack and Miss Dorothea Tossman, was as delightful as it was short. Mr. Cormack did the best piece of work he has yet done, and his diction was especially commendable. Miss Tossman was excellent. Here is a young actress whose record in the Club should be long and distinguished.

The minor parts were all well played.

Miss Lambourne and Miss McCaul were well cast and the latter's voice came in for much appreciative comment. The butler, Mr. Middlebrook, looked the part and, though a trifle informal, sustained it satisfactorily.

It is difficult to keep an earnest appreciation within limits, but the play was an unquestioned success and the few students who were present were convinced that the Club's efforts are not recognised in the College. With a continuance of Miss Cooley's help to produce such plays, the Club in the future should have no reason to be dubious about College support.

Blue World

*AMID a world of blue I sail alone;
Above me curves the softness of the sky,
Blue nothingness, where only seagulls fly,
And the gold sun is but one insect stone—
The blue disc of the sea spreads round me, blown
To dancing lights by blue winds sweeping by—
Sweeping me out to where blue islands lie
In mist along the rim. Yet I alone,
The moving centre of this blue-drenched world,
Am many-coloured—curling whiten-d spray,
Grey decks, red water-line, white sails unfurled—
My colours on a surface blue with day
Bring suddenly green shadows; and below
The sea-green, deep mysterious waters flow*

—Irene M. Cornes.

Eric Lee Palmer

THE third in the line of Victoria College's notable poets, Eric ("Sam") Palmer, died in February, 1927, having had but a bare quarter of a century in which to develop and express his talents. As a boy of twelve he had written fairy plays to be acted by his sisters and friends; all through his secondary school life he had intermittently demonstrated his creative ability; but it was not till he had graced this College's portals that he produced consistently poems, poetic drama and sketches in any abundance. He had reached a new level during 1925 with "The Black Ship." The next year was so occupied in studying for honours in modern languages that the major call of his life—poetry—was relatively neglected. At the conclusion of his examination period he had sufficient leisure to fulfil his ambition to write. In a letter to me just previous to his death he wrote: "At last I have no more swot to do and I can devote all my time to writing." This became the dominant note of his life—the promised fulfilment of his hopes—freedom from fettering examinations.

It is all the more a tragedy in the light of this last letter that, whilst tramping on the slopes of Ben More the following week, he should have lost his way, become embedded in a shingle slide, and have died of exposure before the numerous search parties discovered him. All that had been written up to that date was the introduction to the unwritten work. During 1925 I had seen numbers of briefly sketched synopsis of plots for future reference that Sam had scribbled into exercise books at the moment of inspiration. There were dozens of these embryo ideas waiting leisure for their fruition. Some were sketches of one act plays, others of full length dramas, some of long poems of an epic nature—all were, to my mind at any rate, ideas more worthy than anything he had actually developed. What would have come out of these plots in the years following 1927 can only be conjectured; but I feel that, in the light of what has been written, there would have been given to this country some of its purest poetry, and to the world some of its greatest poetic drama.

It is not exaggeration for me to say that I knew Sam better than anybody. We were at

Training College together constantly for two years, and during most of the second year we lived together, sleeping side by side in a very small room. As our conversation tended to be monologues, with me as audience, I learned the inmost secrets of his mind. We spent innumerable hours on the beaches round Wellington, with Sam baring his mind to me, telling me what he hoped to do, whence came his inspiration, what he thought of people and things, poetry, and music. Most vividly I remember our walking one Sunday from Seatoun, where both our parents lived, round the coast to Lyall Bay, and there, after a swim and lunch, a long discourse, in which Wagner and Heine, Beethoven and Goethe, Handel and Shakespeare were the major themes and a host of lesser beings the minor. My part, I must confess, was that of listener. Later, as always, we discussed his own works. It was on this occasion he told me of the vivid way his characters lived for him. He had not long finished "The Black Ship." The chief character in this drama of 10th century Norway is Gerda, a magnificent woman, half Viking, half Latin, who dominates the whole play with her presence and personality. I thought she was by far the best character till that time created by my friend, and at Lyall Bay on that afternoon I told him so. "Yes," he replied, "she was so real I used to walk with her and see her with me always." This sudden revelation solved for me the puzzle of his peculiarly preoccupied expression and his moroseness. He was not, as most people thought, dreaming, but living with his created people rather than with the poor real ones. Sam enjoyed company; loved tramping and football; but always his true companionship was with his "own" people, his personally created friends.

Before briefly outlining Palmer's work it is necessary to explain the source of his inspiration. Unlike most of his contemporaries, who look on the modern social fabric as their chief fountain-head of inspiration, Palmer read widely in the literatures of Europe, studied other manners and times, synthesised these and produced his own works. In order to study European ideas he became a proficient reader of French, German, Spanish and Italian, being as conversant with great poetry plays and novels in these languages

as he was with our own English. Literatures whose vernacular he had not acquired, such as Russian and Scandinavian, were studied in translation. Thus through a deep study of the writings of the world's greatest men Palmer gained his own technique and knowledge. I have always felt that much was lost by his neglect of the world as it is to-day, by his ignorance, as it undoubtedly was, of the common doings and thoughts of his daily companions. There is something too "booky" about his characters; often they are without feeling; they lack humour, they make love in a wordy, unnatural way. The love scene in "The Ghost of the Years" is poetically complete but emotionally empty; the lovers talk about being in love without at any time conveying the impression that they are in love. But perhaps these imperfections would have been eliminated as the years advanced and Palmer came more in contact with the ordinary Philistines of the social round.

Based then on his extensive and intensive knowledge of European literature, Palmer's first notable effort in his forte—poetic drama—was "Claire de Lune," completed in 1920. This is a long, rambling, poorly constructed romance of Mediaeval France, in which the heroine does not appear until the last act! Outside of the last act the play has no merit except that of industry and gives little promise of the future. Whilst this play was being written—it took some years to complete—Palmer was at secondary school, suffering under the iniquities of an educational system pampering the athletic and the mediocre. His difficulties with mathematics and the scorn of his ignorant companions and form masters at his attempts at creative work forced an escape in modern language study and in reading. Not until his entry into Training College in 1924, whence he came after many vicissitudes in employment, did he find that sympathetic atmosphere so essential to poetic production. Here he wrote "The Syracusans" as a science project, taking the College by storm. Short poems, songs, one-act plays followed each other in rapid profusion. His stored up ideas burst forth.

Perhaps this account of the writing of one poem will illustrate the release that the new surroundings allowed him.

Sam and I were sitting together listening to a certain lecturer deliver his opinions regarding, let us say, the value and ways of teaching spelling to unresisting children. Suddenly Sam dug his

elbows rather violently into my ribs and whispered, "I say, I've thought of it. Look!" And I sat dumbfounded watching the birth of a poem—there, as fast as it was possible for a human being to write, Sam wrote this fine poem, already published with "The Blind Crowder":—

ROME.

Scarlet of Toga, tawny face 't the sun,
Swift, canter and loose rein, and heavy tread
Of bell-yoked oxen, and light paces sped
By the young slave-girl when her work is done—
All clangour that from morn to eve may run
Ere night the heat of living hath outsped
And laid her as a city of the dead—
A thousand-thousand hearts that beat as one—

Aloft, apart, bathed in the sunny air,
Light upon light of marble, snow on snow,
Palace and tower rise candid, pure and spare
In the hot morning; while the doves swoop low
In such simplicity, the very skies
Are wooed to silence, amorous of their eyes.

This burst of production gave us "Jacques Chaiseul," a stirring play of the French peasant caught in the maelstrom of the Reign of Terror. After the first scene (a crowded palace garden), which never satisfied its author, this play, completed in 1924, is one marked by strong characterisation, forceful situations and poetic beauty. The leading character himself dazzled by his new environment is an outstanding study of conflicting emotions.

During the Christmas vacation, 1924-25, "The Black Ship" was written. The idea and the characters had been working themselves out in Palmer's mind for some years; he had written scenarios and scraps of the dialogue long before the whole task was undertaken. The sunshine of January, 1925, the relief from study; swimming, boating, tramping—all these helped to consummate his best ideas. Here we have the best characterisation and the truest form in all his works. Sigurd's struggle against his wife's wishes and his final identification with them is splendidly handled. Gerda has persuaded Sigurd to murder Harald in order to restore their fallen fortunes. Later the wrath of Harald's wife pursues the murderers. The changing emotions of Gerda from defiance to fear of the "Black Lady" is the main theme of the play. The interest is maintained through changing scenes until Gerda and

Sigurd, constantly attempting to escape their fate, die high above a Norwegian Fjord.

This play was very favourably commented upon by John Masefield and Arthur Mee, to whom it was sent for criticism. The actual stage work is of the highest order, but on too lavish a scale for the modern theatre. Perhaps some day a New Zealand cast may read or act this fine play announcing to this country that it has bred at least one person of unusual brilliance in the field of poetic drama.

Following "The Black Ship" came several sketches and one-act plays, such as "The Blind Crowder," "The Peasant," "Nightfall" and "Caprice Vennois." All of these have poetic if not dramatic merit. They were all meant for the stage, but not the stage of to-day. They have not the elements that grip modern audiences and make box-office profits.

The setting of "The Ghost of the Years" is Renaissance Spain. The Bishop of Saragossa sees

the world of his youth slipping away from him. There is arising a new youth, a new world. His attempt to arrest this change by interfering in his ward's romance fails. This signifies to him that he must abnegate his wishes and character in favour of the rising tide of ideas. Except in the handling of the love scenes this play is, to my mind, equal to "The Black Ship" in dramatic ability. The poetry is more mature, however, adding to the fluency of the dialogue.

Here Palmer's literary output of significance ceases. During 1926 he was far too occupied studying for Honours, and teaching children, to write more than scraps of verse. And just when he had earned the leisure to write extensively, he died. The loss to New Zealand's, and, indeed, the world's literature nobody can calculate. It is not what has been written so much as what would have been that we must consider when we remember Eric Lee Palmer.

M. R.



Te Rimurapa

*HERE within sound of the boundless ocean
tuís called, and the rirorirós,
bellbirds chimed over scarlet flax-flowers,
kakas screamed to the rising moon.
Never was land so lost and lonely,
never the Six Gods' work so fair;
never the silver clash of water
rang more purely through the darkling air.*

*And then one day, one great eventful morning,
more than a magic thousand years ago,
lean, scarred and noble, weary, wistful-eyed,
down the grand ara moana he was blazing
to his land of lovely solitude:
Eupe, the old sea-rover, came sailing, sailing,
Kupe, the wandering dreamer of the seas.*

H.G.C.

Purple Politics

IT gives us much pleasure once again to chronicle the doings of that noble band of sage reformers and bearded patriarchs which for the first time burst into print at the end of last year. Unnecessary as it may seem to qualify our opening remarks, we feel that it would not be amiss to explain that we refer to that pragmatic and august, but unofficial, body which flourishes in our midst rejoicing in the name of the Society of the Grave and Revered Seignors.

It was felt by many that the pretentious name that the Society had adopted was in danger of proving ludicrous if more exacting qualifications were not required of members. Statistics showed that the last meeting had been attended by some seventy-three persons, sixty-seven of whom were mere frivolous boys and girls—Killjoy, Jr., Canister, O'Fluff, Hilda Heinz and others of that ilk. If anything of a definitely progressive nature was to be achieved by the Society, its membership must be more select. With this object in view, it was resolved by Seignors River, Stalin-Green and Von Seidlitz, the founders of the institution, that in addition to the existing qualifications—kindly interest in the well-being of the College, fondness for ideals of Truth and Beauty and a horror of extremists—candidates for admittance to future meetings must be of a sufficiently mature age, and this was fixed tentatively at sixty years. As a further precautionary measure it was resolved that the next meeting would be held in camera and sub rosa (these phrases unfortunately proved somewhat misleading to our representative, who, in his preliminary investigations, decided erroneously that the meeting was to be held in a dark-room at Roseneath), admittance being granted only to invitation-holders on the production of identification discs, photographs, birth certificates of self and family, with schedules and verifying affidavits, and the enunciation of a selected password.

Our special representative, having corrected his initial error, discovered that the venue of the meeting was to be the southern furnace-room, and, owing to the courtesy of a kindly coal-man, who delivered him duly enclosed in a sack, was able to attend and to furnish us with the following details, which he declares by virtue of the Justices of the Peace Act, 1927, to be roughly true and correct as far as they go.

After a brief altercation at the door, due to the justifiable suspicions of the doorkeepers on Seignor (B. E.) Tater's inability to give a sufficiently intelligible version of the shibboleth, "vivificationists' vicissitudes," the proceedings commenced, Seignor (J.) Evesdaughter being elected to the chair.

Apologies for absence were received from Seignors (Lord) Jollyquick, who regretted that it happened to be his bath-night, and P.M. (Honest Geo. W.) Daubs, who stated that he was economising and could not afford tram-fares.

In his opening speech the Chairman told the meeting that he was overjoyed to be back among his cronies once more. He had spent some happy months in the land of haggis, heather and highballs, and turning his mind from the intricacies of the Common Law into the, perhaps, even more controversial and less boring channels of the technical and local laws of the royal and ancient game, had exceeded his wildest dreams by reducing his handicap to thirty-one. In fact, he added in a burst of confidence, he was nursing a scheme whereby he proposed to persuade some benefactor to endow a Chair of Golf in the College, with the speaker as professor and professional. He concluded by announcing that he had added to his accomplishments by developing an aptitude for harmonious performance on that instrument the use of which had survived longest in the rocky fastnesses of his native land. He had the pipes with him and proposed to entertain the gathering with a pibroch or two. However, the opening skirl of a Highland lament was hastily interrupted by Seignor (F. P.) Stilton, who moved that, as tranquility was under the circumstances essential to the success of the meeting, the artist be prevailed upon to postpone his item until the next Sunday evening band concert, where all those truly appreciative of such aesthetic treats might hear him. The motion was carried, the Chairman not being called upon to give his casting vote.

Seignor (H. H.) Wheatmeal begged to draw the attention of members to the loose behaviour of many of the students attending College dances. He, as all the world and especially students of the Criminal Law knew, was a broad-minded man, but he had been shocked repeatedly by the conduct at these functions. As an illustration of

the conditions obtaining at the dances, he stated that on one occasion, on seeing several couples leave the hall, he had become suspicious of their bona fides. Leaving his good woman adequately protected in the charge of Signor Stilton, he had, with the aid of a torch and skilfully impersonating a moonbeam, conducted an exhaustive tour of the vehicles parked outside, the balcony, and the adjacent cemetery, and apparently the sight that met his eyes was reminiscent of that part of the Divine Comedy where Dante really lets himself go. The speaker went on to say that in America, although at present "necking" (as it is styled there) was not considered criminal, promiscuous osculation was looked upon with disfavour and several jurists of that country, notably such authorities as Rootz, Schplitzsche and Gurtz, had recommended that the Constitution be amended to include it as a gross misdemeanour on the grounds that it conflicted with rules of absolute morality and amatory jurisprudence. He and several others of the legal fraternity of this city had decided to do all within their power to effect an amendment of the Crimes Act making indiscriminate clandestine salutation of this sort a penal offence. Pending developments in this respect it was decided by the meeting that a Vigilance Committee be set up, with Signor Wheatmeal as Organiser and Censor-in-Chief.

Signorita (Cathie) Fraud urged that, owing to recent developments in Central Europe, the Tramping Club be abolished. A heated discussion ensued, during which it was pointed out by Signor (F. F.) Smiles that the said developments were merely evidence of an old Bohemian custom. Probably the members of the Tramping Club did not go so far as the Bohemians, and in any case the Club was a laudable institution, tending as it did to decrease the number of boy-and-girl marriages so prevalent among undergraduates to-day. He only wished he had joined such a club in his younger days (sigh). It must be, he said, impossible to tramp with members of the opposite sex and preserve all our youthful illusions concerning woman kind.

Signor River enquired of the meeting the reason for what appeared to him, from his vantage point in the hall, to be the wild hilarity of the students of Greek History. Towards the end of last year his ears had been assailed periodically

by the noise of a dozen giggling youths and maidens descending from the realms above. Signor Stalin-Green informed Signor River that the full and proper title of the subject in question was Greek History, Art and Literature, but he could throw no light on the matter of the students' unseemly mirth.

Signor River: Aw, Art! I see! I understand.

Signor (W. H.) Fooled stated that, in view of the author's departure, he wished to draw the attention of the meeting to the deleterious effects of Signor Evesdaughter's Notes on Parliament, which had indubitably been the primary cause of an alleged reform in the College political franchise, based on proportional representation, recently introduced by Messrs. Fearnone, Friske and others. The intended innovation had threatened to cause internal strife and bloodshed in the Men's Common Room and elsewhere. Signor Wheatmeal confirmed these remarks and said that the Notes treated of the troubled history of many esteemed and hallowed British national institutions and accordingly were calculated to bring such institutions into disrepute and ridicule and so lead to insurrection and rioting, or, at least, tended to excite feelings of hostility between different classes of His Majesty's subjects (as witness Signor Fooled's illustration), and therefore ought to be suppressed as seditious literature. He moved that the Chairman be deputed to engage the services of several full-time students to buy up and destroy and prevent further publication of copies of the Notes, all expenses incurred to be a charge on the Society's Unemployment and Earthquake Relief and Capping Day Indemnity Fund. The motion was carried, the Chairman adding that, after all, if the Con. History students wanted something to read there was always "Smad."

This brought the business of the evening to a close. After the members had refreshed themselves the Chairman announced that, owing to the natural stringency imposed by the present period of economic adjustment the usual Sauterne and caviare would be superseded at future suppers by beer and cheese. The gathering then concluded with the singing of the Drinking Song from the Stewed Prince, after which the savants departed their several ways in geniality and high spirits.

—Vates.

The 27th N.Z. Inter-University Tournament

THE Annual Easter Tournament was held this year at Dunedin, and a strong team left Wellington on the 1st of April (at a distance) to do battle for the Shield. After a quiet journey by boat and train in which we renewed friendship with the representatives from Auckland and Canterbury, our team arrived at Dunedin in glorious sunshine to be riotously welcomed on the station by their hosts, who lost no time in getting the visitors away to their billets. It was here that the finest haka we have yet heard was performed for us by Knox College.

On Friday afternoon the Official Welcome to the representatives was held in Allen Hall, and after the usual speeches had been made deprecating the weather, which immediately was shamed into turning fine again, afternoon tea was served.

Early on Saturday morning a start was made with the hostilities proper, the tennis preliminaries being commenced while the boxing preliminaries were held at the same time in His Majesty's Theatre. In the tennis singles, McCarthy won his first match in good style but was unlucky enough to meet Stedman (A.U.C.), the present N.Z. champion, in the second round and lost after a plucky fight. Dive, V.U.C.'s other hope, was narrowly defeated by Christie (O.U.) in the first round. In the Ladies' Singles Miss Line lost to Miss Rankin (O.U.) and Miss Pragnell was beaten by Miss Ballantyne (O.U.), both in the first round. After this neither the men's nor the ladies' singles had any further interest for V.U.C. In the boxing preliminaries our fortunes were also on the wane. The winners of the Boxing Shield at Auckland in 1930, V.U.C., had fielded a strong team to defend the trophy, but found that other Colleges had done likewise. Logan, last year's bantam champion, lost his first bout to a man just as clever, who was in better condition. Hart, making his debut as a V.U.C. representative, narrowly defeated his man. Kent, boxing beautifully, was unlucky to run into a surprise punch from an opponent whom he appeared to have well in hand, and Cramond was defeated by Irwin in the welter-weights. Armstrong lost his bout in the first round of the middle-weight contest by a narrow margin, but Mahoney revived our hopes by winning the best bout of the morning from Macfarlane (O.U.).

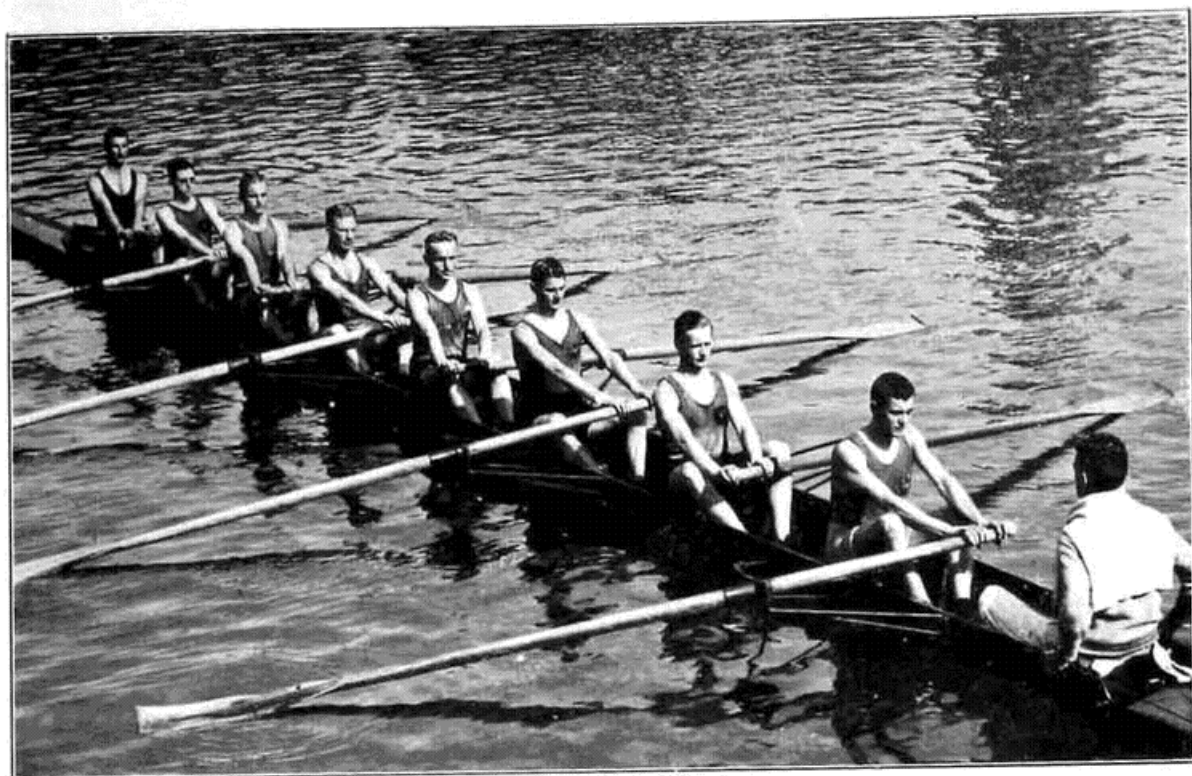
In the tennis, meanwhile, the V.U.C. colours were being kept flying by Misses Pragnell and Briggs, and by Long and Harris, the first-named pair winning their first match 6-5, 6-0 in the Ladies' Doubles, and Harris and Long defeating Bowden and Walton of A.U.C. 6-4, 6-0 in the Men's Doubles. Harris and Long were leading one set in in the second round when the match had to be abandoned on account of the light. On recommencing on the Monday morning they were unable to show the same form and lost 6-3, 6-2 to C.U.C. Our other pairs, McCarthy and Dive, in the Men's Doubles, and Misses Line and Dyer in the women's, were narrowly defeated in the first round by Stedman Bros. (A.U.C.), 4-6, 5-7, and Misses Kane and Thompson (C.U.C.), 5-6, 4-6 respectively.

In the rowing held that afternoon, V.U.C. showed up well, and it is unfortunate that this was not a Tournament fixture. Rowed into a stiff breeze over a two-mile course, this was a gruelling race, and a thrilling finish saw V.U.C. win by half a length, the third boat being not more than a length away. The haka performed on the wharf by V.U.C. barrackers was delivered with a gusto which characterised it on that occasion only.

With only Hart and Mahoney to uphold its honour in the boxing finals on Saturday night, V.U.C. went determined to see that their two gladiators received a share of moral support. Much to our delight, Hart showed greatly improved form, and won the feather-weight in splendid style. We hereby congratulate him on winning his N.Z. University blue and hope that it will be the first of many. Mahoney, who won the middle-weight the previous year, found Moorhouse of A.U.C., the present champion, a tough proposition in the light-heavy-weight class. He boxed splendidly and the display was the finest of the Tournament, but Moorhouse carried too many guns and won by a narrow margin.

The standard of boxing at this Tournament was the highest for many years, and our representatives have no reason to feel that they were not up to the standard of former times. The Boxing Shield was won by Otago, to whom we extend our congratulations.

On Sunday afternoon the official photograph was taken to the accompaniment of the usual



1931 TOURNAMENT ROWING EIGHT



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE RIFLE CLUB'S TEAM,

number of witless remarks, and our hosts then took us for a motor-drive round the Peninsula finishing up with afternoon tea at Cargill's Castle, where the draught blowing up the staircase to the roof proved a source of much embarrassment to the lady members.

On Monday morning the tennis was resumed. Misses Pragnell and Briggs in the Ladies' Doubles went down in the semi-finals to Misses Rankin and Seavill of O.U., 2—6, 5—6, putting up strenuous resistance, especially in the second set. As the Men's Singles, Ladies' Singles, Ladies' Doubles and Men's Doubles had now only an historical interest for us, we turned our attention to the Combined Doubles. Harris and Miss Briggs, who struck J. E. Stedman and Miss McIntosh in the first round, put up a good fight but went down 3—6, 4—6. Miss Dyer and Long managed to bring home the bacon in the first round, although hard pressed, winning 6—4, 8—6. In their second match they appeared to be still feeling the effects of their previous encounter and lost to O.U. although they went to 6—8 in the second set, after losing the first, 2—6.

V.U.C.'s part in the tennis was now played, and although our representatives played better all round than they did the previous year, it is still apparent that something drastic must be done by the Tennis Club. For two years now the V.U.C. score-sheet has been as blank as the faces of its supporters, and it behoves us to see that the wooden spoon in tennis is given to some other College in 1932.

The Basket-ball team upheld its tradition and scored a point towards the Tournament Shield by defeating C.U.C. in the losers' game, 28—20 after losing to A.U.C. 24—34 in the first match. Weakness in defence was apparent this time, although the centres and goal-throwers were well up to standard.

News had been received by this time that the Shooting, fired on the home ranges of the Colleges, had been won by Victoria, and we wish to congratulate our shooting team on their splendid performance in winning the Haslam Shield by 68 points from A.U.C. To P. H. Meakin, who secured the highest individual score among the four teams, we wish to convey our congratulations and hopes that he will secure a N.Z. University blue again next year.

After rain on Sunday night the Athletic Sports were slightly handicapped by the heavy ground, which, however, improved as the day went on. This was, as the official programme informed us, the first occasion on which Tournament Sports had been held on a self-owned University ground. We envy our friends of Otago their ground and the support and public spirit which have assisted them to obtain it.

V.U.C. led off in the morning with a win in Putting the Shot, Ramson doing 32ft. 8½in. Stephenson, a new representative, ran well to secure second place to Garlick, of Auckland, in the first heat of the 220, and Goodson won his heat in excellent style. The Long Jump proved another "goldmine" for V.U.C. punters, both our horses being placed, Barker doing 20ft. 4½in. and Mackay coming second with 19ft. 11in. In the final of the 220 Stephenson again ran second to Garlick, who had to cut one-fifth of a second off his morning run to win. Harley, of C.U.C., the holder of the record for both 440 and 880, won both of these, although Street pushed him hard in the 440 and Watt ran second in the 880, in which it appeared that a faster first lap would have given him the victory. In the Mile, Lovelock (O.U.) came first, followed closely by "Jack the Giant-killer," who also ran very well in the Three-mile, in which he collected another second place.

Owing to a shocking blunder on someone's part the 440 Hurdles and 120 Hurdles were run within 20 minutes of each other, and although it had been announced that the longer race would take place at 3.55 p.m., it was run at 2 p.m. Ramson, in spite of the fact that he had just had a heavy meal, won it in his usual splendid style, but the effort caused him to be violently sick, and he was too weak to last the 120 Hurdles, which followed. It was scandalous that this mismanagement should occur, and it was especially to be regretted as Ramson would easily have won both events had a sufficient interval been allowed him in which to recover from the first race. In the 100 Flat Goodson ran third, the winner, Garlick, of A.U.C., turning in the splendid time of 10sec. In the High Jump and Javelin we were unplaced, although we noted that both were won by our old friend, Geoff Sceats, now wearing the blue and silver. We hope his record with A.U.C. will be as meritorious as his V.U.C. representation was. In the Mile Walk and the Hammer we had

no representative. The Relay, which for the past four years has been won by V.U.C., was this year won by C.U.C., thanks to a splendid 880 by Harley and a fine quarter by Williams. Our sprinters, Street and Goodson, made up some leeway, but could not catch Manchester and Murphy, and another V.U.C. tradition went by the board.

C.U.C. retained the Athletic Shield, with Victoria second. Had it not been for the unfortunate bungling above referred to, our team would probably have regained the Athletic Shield. We trust that they will do this on Athletic Park next Easter.

(We wish here to deny the rumour that the 440 Hurdles is to be run at 7.15 a.m. on the morning the Southern teams arrive. We strongly advocate running it the day before.)

The Swimming Section of the Tournament was held in the Moray Place Tepid Baths on the Monday evening. We wish to draw a veil over the performances of our College in this section, and content ourselves with the remark that our representatives showed superiority over those of the previous year in that they all finished—sooner or later.

The Tennis finals, on Tuesday, had only a passing interest for us, and we reserved our energies for the Tournament Ball held in the Town Hall on Tuesday night. We have real pleasure in acknowledging that it was the best ball we have ever attended, and its efficient running reflects great credit on those in charge. At an early hour in the morning we crawled into bed, to rise an hour or two later to catch the train home. A few indefatigable spirits caught the early train at 8 a.m. and were farewelled by several gentlemen in dinner suits, who called at the Railway Station on the way home from the Ball.

The journey up in the train was a most exhausting business and, for the male representatives, consisted of a series of bare-footed pilgrimages through the train in search of missing socks and shoes. Fortunately, the boat trip was again calm and we caught up on some arrears of sleep.

Looking back on the Tournament, we have some pleasant memories. Otago entertained us in splendid style and the lavishness of the hospitality extended to us was unparalleled. The various sections of the Tournament were well run, and save for the unfortunate blunder in the Athletics, most efficiently controlled. We wish to thank our

hosts most enthusiastically and to assure them that the standard they set will prove very difficult for us to emulate in 1932.

The following V.U.C. representatives won New Zealand University Blues:—

Athletics: D. W. A. Barker, F. S. Ramson.

Boxing: W. C. Hart.

Shooting: P. H. Meakin.

The following were the V.U.C. representatives:—

Athletics: 100yds., J. N. Goodson, R. T. Street; 220yds., J. N. Goodson, J. B. Stephenson; 440yds., R. T. Street, D. W. A. Barker; 880yds., J. C. Watt, J. R. Bennell; One-Mile, L. W. Rothwell, J. C. K. Fabian; Three-Mile, L. W. Rothwell, J. C. K. Fabian; 120yds. Hurdles, F. S. Ramson, N. M. Hislop 440yds. Hurdles, F. S. Ramson; High Jump, N. M. Hislop, D. W. A. Barker; Long Jump, D. W. A. Barker, J. D. Mackay; Javelin, J. D. Mackay, N. M. Hislop; Shot Putting, F. S. Ramson; Relay, (880) J. C. Watt, (440) J. B. Stephenson, (220) R. T. Street, (220) J. N. Goodson.

Boxing: Bantam, J. K. Logan; Feather, W. C. Hart; Light, J. B. Kent; Welter, A. R. Cramond; Middle, C. N. Armstrong; Cruiser, M. E. Mahoney.

Basket-ball: M. H. Line, I. M. Morice, E. G. Boden, M. M. Patterson (Capt.), P. M. Quinlan, K. M. Wood, Z. V. L. Lowry, J. M. Dunn, H. M. D. Curtis; Emergency, E. M. W. Burrell.

Shooting: C. D. Banks, T. F. G. Harrison, P. H. Meakin, D. F. McLeod, A. J. McWhinnie, S. T. Rockell, A. B. Sapsford, C. E. Wiseley.

Swimming: 100yds. (Men), J. Cowan; 220yds. (Men), C. N. Watson; 50yds. (Women), S. Breen; 100yds. (Women), J. Anderson; Dual Relay (33 1-3yds.), Misses S. Breen and J. Anderson; (66 2-3yds.), C. N. Watson and J. Cowan.

Tennis: Men's Singles, J. J. McCarthy, W. J. Dive; Women's Singles, M. H. Line, D. A. Pragnell; Men's Doubles, J. J. McCarthy and W. J. Dive, W. S. Harris and R. H. Long; Women's Doubles, D. A. Pragnell and M. Briggs, M. H. Line and V. Dyer; Combined Doubles, Miss M. Briggs and W. S. Harris; Miss V. Dyer and R. H. Long.

Tournament Delegates: C. S. Plank, J. L. MacDuff.

N.U.S. Delegates: Miss M. Briggs, W. P. Rollings, H. J. Bishop.

The Executive—Trials and Problems

IN every University one finds a group of young people who for a period of one year are burdened with the task of controlling student activities. At the end of that period they are usually succeeded by a fresh division, the old campaigners having found that:

- (1) They become involved in bitter warfare with the University authorities.
- (2) They have become the objects of the contempt or derision, or both, of the students.
- (3) They have gone down to defeat at the annual examinations.

This year rather more of the "Old Gang" survived the risks and whirlpools of Executive life at Victoria College, and the new Executive was, with one or two exceptions, a revival of the powers of the previous year. Thus we have (or should have) that admixture of mellowed wisdom and youthful enthusiasm which provides the best service to the community. At least the principle is good—time alone will show how we progress in the realms of practical politics.

We of the Executive seems as good a phrase as one can coin to begin an account of the troubles and labours which face us at the outset. We of the Executive, therefore, find ourselves confronted with three problems, each one of itself so important, and collectively so dominant, as to outweigh all other matters. Indeed, almost every other item which will engage our attention within the next twelve months will have to be judged with particular reference to one or more of the principal heads. These three issues are:—

- (1) The serious decrease in the revenue of the Students' Association.
- (2) The necessity for the erection of a new Student Union Building.
- (3) The preparation for the Inter-University Tournament to be held in Wellington at Easter, 1932.

To consider them seriatim. The year 1931 saw a decrease of approximately one hundred in the number of students taking lectures at the University, with a consequent decrease of over one

hundred pounds in the revenue of the Association. Moreover, the profit made on the Extravaganza has decreased by about one-half. Unfortunately, there has been an increase rather than a falling off in the current expenditure. Under the grant system the Clubs have grown and flourished, and with their growth their demands on the parent body have become increasingly great. The Executive has every desire to meet the needs of the Clubs. The time has now come, however, when the application of each Club has to be rigorously scrutinised and the grant made on the most conservative basis.

The next heading is that of a new student building. It is scarcely necessary to point out the importance of this matter. The present edifice is, to say the least, a disgrace. It is totally inadequate to the needs of the students and the time has arrived when we must cease talking about replacing it and get down to some concrete proposals. After long thought the Executive is setting up two Committees, whose task it will be to raise the necessary thousands. One Committee will be of a permanent nature, and will comprise representatives of the Students' Association, past students, Professorial Board and College Council. The second Committee will have a large membership, drawn from the ranks of the students. Its work will be to arouse the active support of every student in the College. If we can have the help of eight hundred students, then a new building should be well within our reach. But we want deeds, not words, and we want everybody to bear a hand. The point need not be laboured now, as it will loom larger in the next session.

Easter will find us faced with the task of conducting the Tournament and entertaining some three hundred visitors from the other Colleges. This is a mighty task for Victoria. In the matter of entertainment we are handicapped by the lack of facilities and the apathy (not to say hostility) towards students and student activities as evinced by the burgesses of our fair city. The work of billeting two hundred students is perhaps the most difficult feature of the coming Tournament. Here again we require the co-operation of each and every one of the students. We look to our friends to help us to the very best of their ability. Only with this aid can we hope to return in some

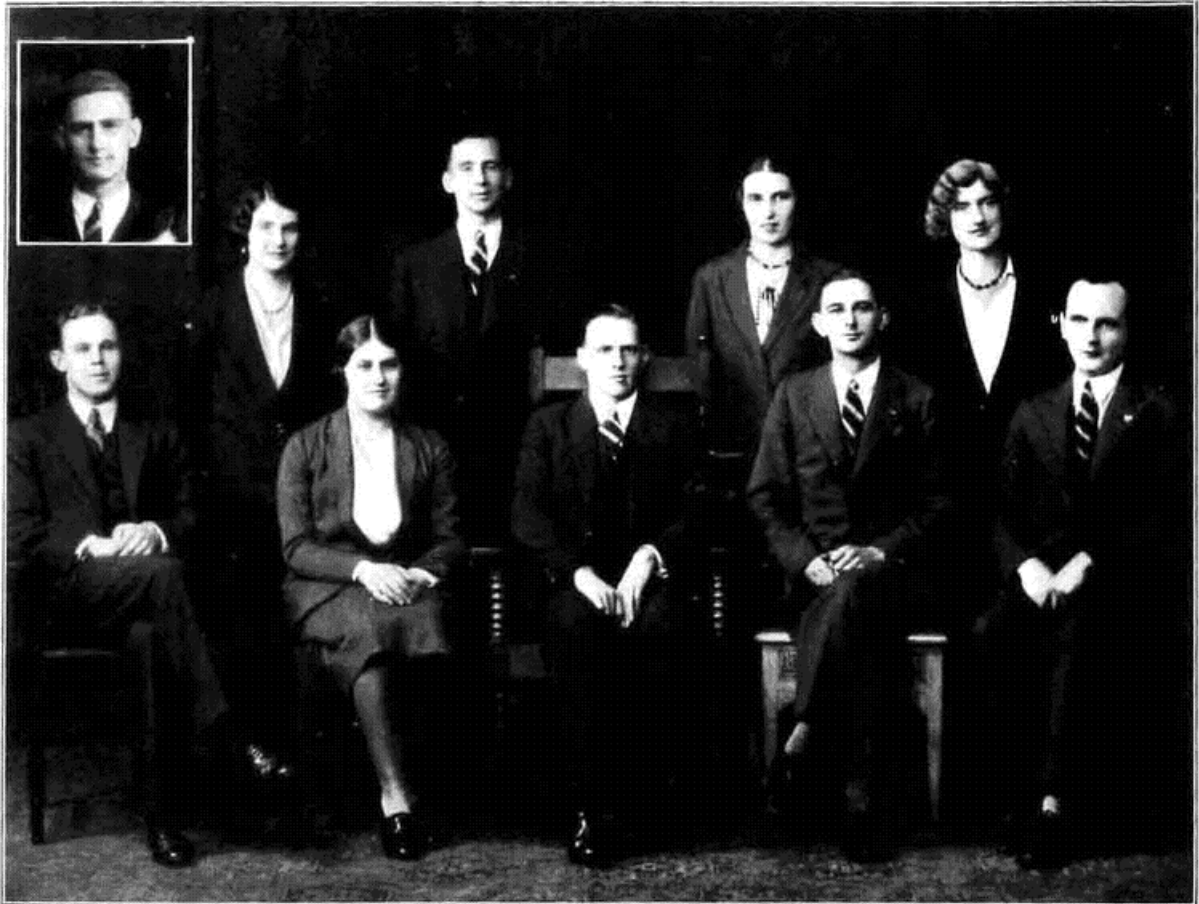
equal measure the open hospitality and generous welcome we have received in Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin.

Of all these matters, then, much lies in the future. What we hope to do, what we shall succeed in doing, depends less on the Executive and more

on the support which is accorded the Executive.

We have to face a difficult period, but we feel assured that all these difficulties can and will be overcome if every man and woman pulls his or her weight for the good of all.

P. B. S.



EXECUTIVE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, 1931.

Standing (left to right): Miss M. Briggs, C. S. Plank, Miss M. Gibbs, Miss C. S. Forde.
Sitting left to right: A. Jessep (Treasurer), Miss H. Dunn (Women's Vice-President),
W. P. Rollings (President), H. J. Bishop (Men's Vice-President), R. J. Reardon
(Secretary).
Inset: F. Cormack.

Open to Correction

INSTINCT usually guides the individual to those actions most healthy for him. Mass prejudice is merely mass instinct, and it is astonishing to note how accurate it has been in the past in matters of fundamental policy. Based on prejudice, mass ignorance has a peculiar faculty of being right for wrong reasons, especially so in the case of the healthy anti-Soviet prejudice in New Zealand, shared by all except a numerically small body of economic Communists and a class of intellectuals attracted by the self-evident ideals and achievements of the Soviet.

The reasons underlying silly prejudice are usually sound. In Chicago, a city of three million people, the successful municipal platform for many years was "to Hell with King George." There was a sufficient reason why this Anti-England bravado was supported by votes. In Chicago, a new city of a new territory, the political balance of power is in the hands of first and second generation Europeans, halfway between immigration and absorption into the nation. These people needed a banner under which they could parade their Americanism. The Great War merely created a conflict of patriotisms. Mayor Thompson created a national enemy, a King George who bribed school-text publishers and carried on insidious propaganda to make Chicago an English Crown Colony. The intelligent voter laughed or was disgusted. But those emotionally insecure in their nationalism marched to a "100% Americanism." Mayor Thompson, unwittingly perhaps, created nationals out of polyglots.

It is my purpose to suggest a reason for the prejudice in New Zealand against the Soviet. Certainly its defects are not exposed in the arguments of those whose political mission it is to oppose Communism.

Certain benefits to the Russian people are obvious, both under the original scheme and under the later Five-year Plan. A measure of political freedom has been achieved. Education at last is coming into Russian everyday life. The nation is being organised on a scale that must inevitably work for the ultimate national welfare. Starvation, poverty, degradation are not non-existent; but at least they are less prevalent than under the Tsar; and the so-called "prison-camp" atrocities,

bad as they are, compare favourably with the salt-mines and the Siberia of the old regime.

Just as the Soviet cannot be condemned for its internal achievements, neither can its attitude to the rest of the world be blamed. A great deal of unfair comment has been heard about the Five-year Plan and "dumping."

It is manifestly fair and just for a Government to demand a temporarily-lowered standard of living to ensure that the national machine be put on a working basis. This is done by the Soviet by selling abroad more than the true surplus of basic commodities. The same thing is done in New Zealand by stringent (but temporary) Finance Acts. The Five-year Plan is simply a Communist "10% cut."

It is true that this "dumping" has affected world prices; but it is nonsense to imply this to be the deliberate aim of the Soviet. Russia needs manufactured goods in huge quantities, and, to import these, needs cash, credit rightly being denied to a defaulter nation. The only possible source of cash revenue is the sale of basic products on the world market. Far from desiring to upset world prices, Russia would be delighted to find her offerings bought and sold with no effect on the stability of prices.

This justification of the Five-year Plan and "dumping" cannot be denied, any more than we can deny the real advance made in art and pure science under Soviet encouragement. Mass prejudice seeks more vital things than the economic record of fourteen years. Mass prejudice is unreasoning because it is founded on something deeper than reason. It is the instinct for Government that is the heritage of all political masses and the special genius of the English. It is an expression of the same quality that elected a buffoon to the Chicago Mayoralty, that called a king back to England after an eleven-year interregnum, that made a chaos of warring interests welcome an Italian Dictator, that brought Augustus to the Republic, that destroyed the Commune.

It is possible that New Zealand's dislike of Sovietism is based merely on a preference for our own quasi-democracy. Soviet success does not

necessarily mean Soviet superiority. A strong and virile people with immense national resources will advance economically under any governmental system. It may be quite possible that Russia's development is unreliaut on the Government of the day. Russia advanced under the Tsars. Russia advances to-day under the Soviet. Russia will advance to-morrow under any control.

But it is also possible that Russia would advance more happily under a capitalist democracy, where safeguards exist to protect the people and depend for exercise upon the political honesty of the people. Voters usually deserve their Governments. The voter can always check vested interests if they over-reach, as in the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States of America. Vested interests are equally ready to fight extremes, as in New South Wales. The great insurance companies are huge vested interests, whose life-blood is the health and well-being of the masses. Capitalism, with all its faults, has at least achieved a working balance that is safeguarded. The Soviet has no safeguard, once abuse of its ideals finds power in its Councils.

There lies Soviet weakness. For the first time in democratic history, political and economic control have merged. The Soviet Councillor is stronger than the most powerful combination of politician and capitalist. He is above the law, because he and his colleagues are the makers, administrators and abrogators of the law. L'etat, c'est moi is as true of a Lenin as of a Louis.

So long as the first fine flush of idealism remains with Russia's leaders and the breed remains that lives and works for all mankind, just so long will Russia's progress be triumphant. But the mass mind knows instinctively that human greed cannot be banished by the exile of money. It realises that money is not an end; it is a commodity. An unworthy member of a Soviet State who wants all that money can buy—comfort, prestige and power—will achieve his end by politics. The generation of Soviet leaders who know not Lenin, who had no part in the white-hot flaming zeal of the creation of United Soviet Socialist Republics, will furnish the proofs of the vitality of the Soviet to prosper without developing, like the rest of nations, into an arena for the conflict of strong men.

Already there are daily press reports of executions of Soviet officials by the political machine. In just the same way did the self-seekers of the French Commune eliminate unruly subordinates and rivals to power. Prosper the United Soviet Socialist Republics must. The question is not whether the U.S.S.R. will succeed, but whether it will succeed unchanged.

The mass mind instinctively believes that when Soviet Russia finally emerges as a prosperous nation, it will not be as a State organised on an ideal system and managed by idealists, but it will be just another form of Government for historians to note, where the able, ruthless man rises to power, and sooner or later perpetuates the power of his colleagues and class.

S. E. B.

Invective

*A Sneer at Fate may be the Coward's Mask
A Curse at Luck the Gambler's sole Excuse;
But what the use of any Sneer or Curse
When cast at the Unseeing Universe,
Which all ignoring puny man's weak jeers
Rolls on—unchanged a million years;
And Man, in his presuming cocksure way,
Thinks of himself alone, and day by day
Shakes fist at Gaping Heavens, content quite
To set his puny strength against the might
Of blank Infinity.*

J.A.C.

May Johnson, B.A.

MANY of the present generation of students, especially the members of the S.C.M., remember with affection and gratitude the quiet but radiant personality of May Johnson, who was one of the graduates of 1928. An eager scholar, and intensely interested in life in all its manifestations, she was, while still at College, a leader in the schoolgirls' branch of the Christian Union, and when she left as dux of the school in 1924, she carried her ideals into her University life and became, by her clear sincerity and joyful enthusiasm, one of the most active members of the Student Christian Movement.

During the last three years, May was battling with a fatal illness, yet, like her beloved prototype and ensample, R.L.S., she never "faltered in her great task of happiness." In an article she wrote recently she quoted about W. H. Hudson: "He loved laughter; it was like a human song to him, the note of happiness"; and that human song mingled very often with the song of her beloved birds in the pine-tree close at hand.

With Stevenson and Hudson, Mary Webb and Katharine Mansfield, she drank deep, during those three quiet years, of the rich wine of life, and as she said herself, gathered great wealth of hidden treasure from all that was beautiful in thought and action. Fellow students in increasing numbers made pilgrimages to her little balcony, there to find uplift and encouragement in their own battles. And it was not only her old associates who shared her garnered treasures. For the last two years she has poured them out unstintingly before a brave little band of girls into whose thoughts and feelings she could enter with special understanding and sympathy. In connection with the Guide Movement there is a branch the members of which are all crippled or sick. They carry on all their activities by correspondence, and are able to share many interests and help one another in all sorts of ways. When a senior section of this branch, the Post Rangers,

was being organised, May Johnson saw its wonderful possibilities, and drew upon every talent she possessed to make it a success. She devised a scheme by which each girl contributed not only a cheerful, friendly letter, but also an article on her own pet subject to a monthly circulating "Budget." These articles cover all phases of life from cookery to literature, and in her own contributions May poured forth with generous hand all her garnered treasures of humour and practical information, of poetry and beauty, illustrating everything by clever drawings and coloured sketches. No human mind can assess the value of this self-forgetful work.

May was so full of "life," of keen interest in every detail of human affairs, that it was difficult to realise by how slight a bond her spirit was held, and the announcement that she had suddenly passed away on June 13th came with as great a shock as if she had been leading a life of vigour and activity. Among her papers, this poem was found, written just four months before she died.

PROSPECT.

When at the threshold of the unseen land,
Turned are my footsteps into stranger ways,
What shall I gather in my trembling hand
Of all this glorious wealth of other days?

For it is mine alone, this hidden treasure,
Gained in my journey through Life's change-
ful year;
Gathered unceasing with no thought of measure
Till now the time to leave this world draws
near.

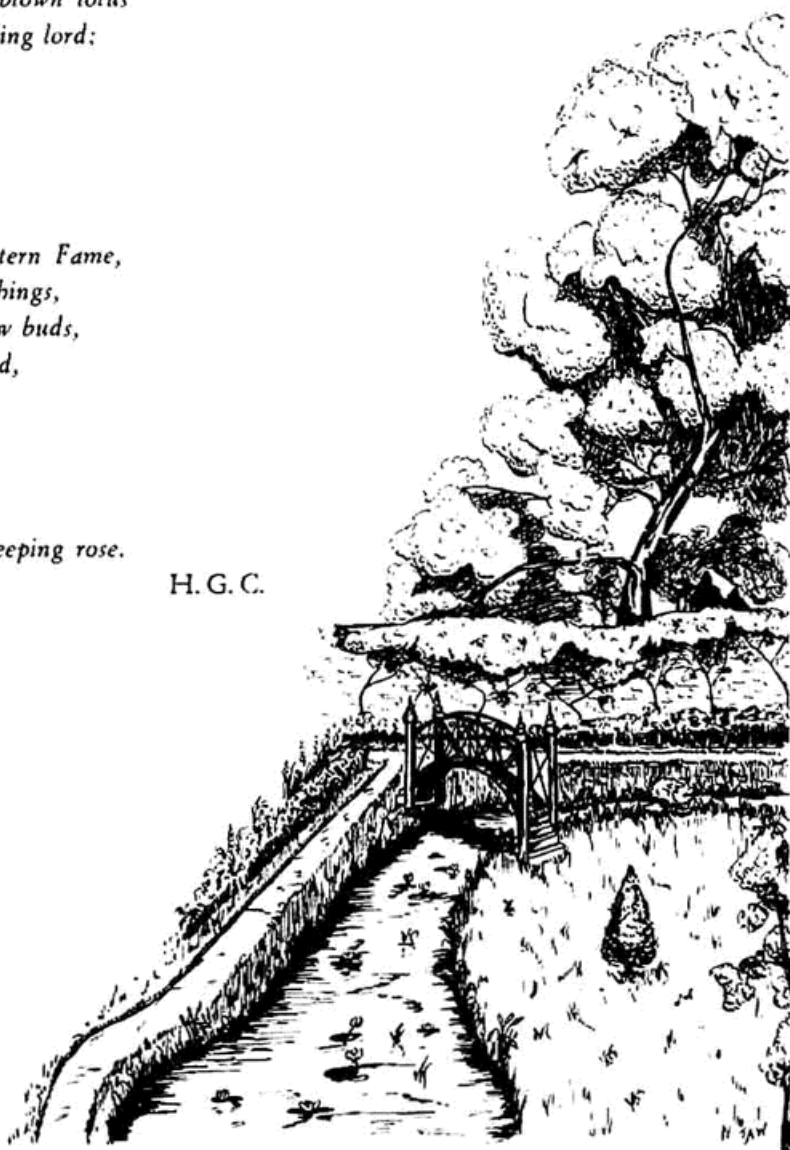
For no one knows the things that I remember;
No one can see the scenes that I can see;
Now, in this waiting hour of Life's December,
Alone these songs and thoughts belong to
me.



Li Po

HERE within the murmur of the hidden brook
while tinted leaves are falling, falling through the
golden warmth of the sunlight,
let me meditate awhile
by this old sycamore
on one whose heart was tender as the petal
of a fragile plum-blossom;
in whose rare spirit merged
the exquisite delicacy of a half-blown lotus
with the stately firmness of a ruling lord;
and who
behind the sheltering walls
of an old garden,
far from unrest
and moth-like flutterings
around the dragon-blazoned lantern Fame,
sang of the loveliness of little things,
of jasmine and of bursting willow buds,
and waterlilies on a drowsy pond,
softly and happily
and crooningly
in fleeting songs,
as pure in spirit, and elusive,
as a twilight moonbeam on a sleeping rose.

H. G. C.



Philanderer's Fugue

INNOCENT of any conscious attempt at humour, the poet De la Mare—he of the exquisite diction—has given us perhaps the most elegant cath ever written:

"Return once more
To gloomy Hades and the whispering shore."

It is not commonly the way of the moderns to seek this eloquent polish for their phrasing. More frequently the style is plainly and playfully vulgar. James Stephens is using but the mildest term when he says: "What the deuce am I to do?" or, "You insulting little pup!" But I am of the patrician temper: I would rather the polish, Victorian though it be. To me this bluntness of address is but a familiarity that breeds contempt.

But for brilliant quaintness of expression a modern is worth a shell-full of your older writers. To this day I vividly recall the time—now many years gone by—when I first read the lines of W. H. Davies in "Love's Caution," where a falling star is seen, and he says:

"It was a tear of pure delight
Ran down the face of Heaven this happy night."

With startling metaphor and all the subtle arts of apt illusion we are led to the most extraordinary conceptions, with the quaintest and most delightful inconsequence. Sara Teasdale, musing on a star map she has in her hand, reflects:

"I whose life is but a breath
Turn infinity around."

James Stephens gives us the picturesque, impressive lines:

"He saw the whirling sea
Swing round the world in surgent energy,
Tangling the moonlight in its netted foam."

We read of "bandy-legged trees," and "bright-heeled constellations." Drinkwater speaks of "the articulate voices of the stars"; Chesterton of dusk—"When the door of darkness is ajar." And is there not a subtle charm in the quaintness of Richard Hughes:

"With darkling hock the Farmer of the skies
Goes reaping stars: they flicker, one by one,
Nodding a little; tumble—and are gone."

In "Exit," too—a splendid sonnet of David Morton's—he describes the departing day as a tottering old man faltering away into the west:

"The prowling wind will never let him be;
The blinking stars lean out to stare at him;
The old man is too bitter-blind to see:
His wits are wandering and his eyes are dim."

Everywhere we find some intriguing turn, some impossible fantastic twist, that lights up the whole poem with the nebulous and mystic beauty of the glow-worm grotto.

Take the well-known piece, "The Song of the Mad Prince," by De la Mare. Half the virtue of this cryptic little poem seems to me to be in the line:

"Life's troubled bubble broken."

Not that the theme is new; it is the execution. For it is merely another version of the later words of T. S. Eliot:

"This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang, but a whimper."

It is what Mason wrote of, though more sombrely, in "The Spark's Farewell to its Clay." And Richard Aldington, though with a fiery grandeur, in "The Lover (1917)":

". . . She will bend suddenly and clasp me;
She will clutch me with fierce arms
And stab me with a kiss like a wound
That bleeds slowly."

Continuing our philandering in poesy
(me perambulant
wandering Walt-like)

we turn to the most graphic of all writing—modernist verse. In brief space it is most compelling, and provocative beyond words. We of little leisure, in this land so far removed from the centres of culture (in so far as that commodity can ever be concentrated), can touch on but the fringe of any modern literary movement. Yet if one can but scamper across the outskirts, though it be no more, then prithee, why not scamper?

Nothing was ever more neatly put, more admirably adapted to the medium of verse, than many of the concepts brought newly to us by these "ultras" of one kind and another. Nor can one find in any other form the same rapidity of thought, or such perfect unrestraint in the wielding of satiric wit.

From T. S. Eliot one could quote on for a bookful: of Grishkin—

"Uncorseted her friendly bust
Gives promise of pneumatic bliss."

of the Hollow Men—
whose voices are meaningless

"As rats' feet over broken glass,"

of "Lovely woman," who, after stooping to folly, is in her room again alone, where—

"She smooths her hair with automatic hand
And puts a record on the gramophone."

To my way of thinking, E. E. Cummings is the most picturesque of these writers, particularly with his amazing versatility in form. The Sitwells keep him company, and add a stronger stab of satire. There is Osbert, who tells of Mrs. Southern, "That grey typhoon"—

"Watching things, tugging things,
Seeing to things,
And putting things to rights."

Sacheverell, with his Fables, saying:

"The gentle, loving unicorn
Will never eat the grass."

And Edith:

"This corraceous
Round orchidaceous
Laceous porraceous
Fruit is a lie."

But perhaps we should make some attempt to retain coherence.

Then there is James Joyce. But I must be too young, I fear. I never could reconcile the Gothic grandeur of the stanza:

"I hear an army charging upon the land"
with the irreverent ravings of Ulysses. Maybe his genius is too extensive for the mere beginner to comprehend. Some day, perhaps . . .

But to return to Cummings. Here we find graphic realism again, though perhaps in not so stark a version as much of modernist writing. It is still

"a little sunlight and less
moonlight ourselves against the worms"

and yet it is free from the more violent Joycean lapses: "Sour as cat's breath," and the like. At the same time one finds, I think, an equal dexterity in the technique of the game. Witness his Italian day-break scene. Is there not entertainment for a week in the festive simplicity of the lines:

"Among
these
red pieces of
day . . .
Satanic and blase
a black goat lookingly wanders."

But we have rambled at last on to a very doubtful subject—humour in modernist verse. Indeed, it cannot but appear to many readers, especially among us of the democratic taste in letters, that the exclusive topicality of this modernist humour is the chief detractor of its verse. Nor is this merely a foible on its part; it is a vital and fundamental weakness destroying the very basis of its value as a communicative medium—which, as I have always understood, it certainly purports to be. To defend it on this score is to defend not the author, but a pose.

"I don't know how I could ever have liked Turgenev," declares Katherine Mansfield, "such a hypocrite, such a poseur." And that is precisely how one is inclined to feel about the superior indifference of modernist writers and their endless obscurity of jests. One can withstand it for a while, but in the end one is inclined to say (in the words of one of their number)—

"sall right in its way kiddo
but as fer I gimme de good old daze."

Sespin.

We note that Professor B. F. Murphy, M.A., LL.B., M.Com., was pleased to give his views on the present Financial Position to the Special Parliamentary Committee.

Are we to congratulate you, Professor?

* * * *

"S.C.M. Handbook, page 41:

"This year's programme includes studies on

(3) The Word made Flesh—Grubb (2/6).

We wish to assure the S.C.M. that we have quite enough of those Barmecide feasts in the cafeteria, thanks all the same."

We note from the Wellington Competition Society's 1931 awards:—

Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., wins the impromptu speech on the subject "Why Men Love Women."

Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., and Miss Z. Henderson were runners-up in the impromptu debate on the subject, "Has the Age of Chivalry Passed?"

Res Ipsa Loquitur!

* * * *

Newspaper Exchange:

The Professorial Board at Auckland University College has forbidden smoking in the Women's Common Room.—Other Professorial Boards please copy.

“Rope”

IT is never easy to criticise amateur acting. The problem is whether to praise amateurs for their small achievements or to accuse them of the defects that must inevitably appear in all but first-class professional work. In the case of the V.U.C. Dramatic Society and “Rope,” a play by Patrick Hamilton, presented to a University audience on the 14th and 15th of August, in the Gymnasium, the highest praise in my power to give is to say, quite sincerely, that it is the best-balanced University production of my memory in point of staging and character presentation, but that there were blemishes in the acting impossible to overlook in any serious criticism. The Dramatic Society deserves the compliment of having its work taken seriously.

To the man responsible for casting and production, D. G. Edwards, must go the lion's share of praise and blame. He was responsible for the splendid “underacting” of the play, a welcome relief from dramatic elocution. His cast lived their parts. Sometimes they failed to rise to the full emotional possibilities of the character, but they were never unreal or “stagey.”

“Rope” is a story of two undergraduates who murder a fellow-student for the thrill of “living dangerously,” and invite the father and some friends of the victim to a supper, where the supper-table is an old wooden chest. In the chest, under lock and key, is the corpse. Vanity and the discovery of a theatre ticket, the only meretricious situation in the play, pave the way to suspicion, accusation and final confession.

H. R. Bannister, as Brandon, the strong leader of the thrill-seekers, should have been the most powerful character in the play. He needed more strength, more egotism, more bravado than he displayed. It was not his acting that was at fault. It was the characterisation. His emotional surrender in the final act would have been ten times as dramatically effective if a strong, self-sufficient Brandon had been displayed beforehand. Both Mr. Bannister and Mr. Edwards are to be blamed for this.

Furthermore, this fault prevented the proper development of the play. Max Riske, as Granillo, the lieutenant of murder, was forced into complete weakness to contrast Brandon's only moderate

strength. Brandon should have been strong enough to overshadow a Granillo who was susceptible and highly strung and, at the same time, virile. In spite of this difficulty, Mr. Riske gave the finest performance of the evening. He lived the part. He was in emotional contact with the audience from start to finish.

H. N. Hannah, as Rupert Cadell, poet, dreamer and man of the world, spoiled an otherwise splendid performance by failing to use the dramatic height called for by his final denouncement of the murderers. This was the gravest defect in the whole play. Both Mr. Hannah and Mr. Edwards should have prepared this climax thoroughly, so that it would have shown the unreasoning outburst of a decent man who forgets his intellectual conceit when faced by motiveless murder and the lewd, infamous jest of the supper party. Instead, it was a long, heavy speech, remembered with difficulty.

Ola Nielsen, as Leila Arden, played an important part skilfully, artistically and without effort. She fully succeeded in her representation of a “bright young thing,” jolly, and empty of ideas. Her coquetry was splendid. No fault can be found with her work in “Rope.”

Jack Coyle, as Kenneth Raglan, Leila's male counterpart, had no emotional heights to sustain. He was a mere well-bred, very young, flirtatious male. He deserves praise for the way he handled his part. Even his delightful hesitations and embarrassment were in character. It is a pity that Leila had to help him out of memory difficulties by skilful cue-juggling.

Dorothy Martyn-Roberts, as Mrs. Debenham, a woman of few words and no ideas, and C. G. Watson, as Sir Johnstone Kentley, father of the murdered boy, played minor speaking parts. Miss Roberts' make-up was splendid, and in the ten words of her speaking part she succeeded in portraying a complete personality. Mr. Watson's make-up was very poor, but his acting was quiet, restrained and in character.

R. B. Phillips overplayed his part as Sabot, the butler, providing a comic touch which, although well acted, interfered with the macabre theme of the story. Comedy, like drama, should be subtle.

The Dramatic Society should be well satisfied. It has members of real ability. It has a producer who dislikes elocution. It has a stage manager, Cedric Wright, who learned his work behind the professional stage and who, with his assistant, the willing Don Steele, transformed the gymnasium

platform into a real stage, by concealed lighting effects and properties. The only grave faults in "Rope" were faults in emotion and characterisation. As an amateur show it was first-class, and no amateur has a right to expect more.

—S. E. B.



*SOMETIMES the old enchantment comes again
That long was lost since days of far away;
All unaware it comes, when I think not
Of what I see, and suddenly the scene
Is wrought once more in tenuous witchery:
The enigmatic thrill, the promise, hope.
Delight it holds as with my childish gaze.
Odd scenes: great steamers tethered to the wharves;
The westering sun beyond one certain range;
Old fussy tramps that trudge from tropic seas;
The texture of a blue midsummer's dawn . . .
When none but you has seen the young pale day.
And sights and scents and sounds that once would spell
A rapturous, ridiculous delight;
But now that Knowledge with her searing touch
Has faded into shape of Things That Be.
But yet the opal magic lingers on.
For, times the vision clouds. The glare of Now
Is softened by the gentle golden haze,
Insouciance, that glamour'd other days.*

—C. E. D.

Capping Week



TO-DAY is the day of Inefficiency. Witness the folly of Capping Week, so admirably in keeping with the spirit of the age. From the first whisper of the Extravaganza to the last sore head following the Ball, everything went with the incoherent vim which only a student could tolerate. The spirit of mediocrity hung o'er the whole like a funereal pall. From the depths of our despair we add this brief lament to inspire students of a later year to even worse heights of imbecility.

The Extravaganza leaves us speechless.

At the Undergraduates Supper everything went smoothly save for a few seditious utterances passed on the doings of the mighty.

Once again the Procession went with the aid of the usual Capping spirit. The participants

made the best possible use of their meagre share of originality, and produced the anticipated result. We give the first prize to "Lord and Lady Patent-Bowells," mainly because it headed the procession, and we do not include in Honourable Mention the Scheme for Unemployed Women. The only thing which we find to praise was the commendable absence of stale fish.

As for the Capping ceremony (sic), the mere recollection of it moves us to melancholy tears. The principal speaker spoke . . . and spoke . . . and spoke.

Then followed the Chief Function—we understand this was one of the biggest Balls that 'Varsity has ever seen, and congratulate the Supper Committee.

—The Staff.



The Editor of "Spike,"

Dear Sir,

May I presume

To occupy a portion of your space?
I must admit it is a trifle late to exhume
(Although I believe it was done in the Crippen case)
So pitiful a corpse as the Extravaganza.

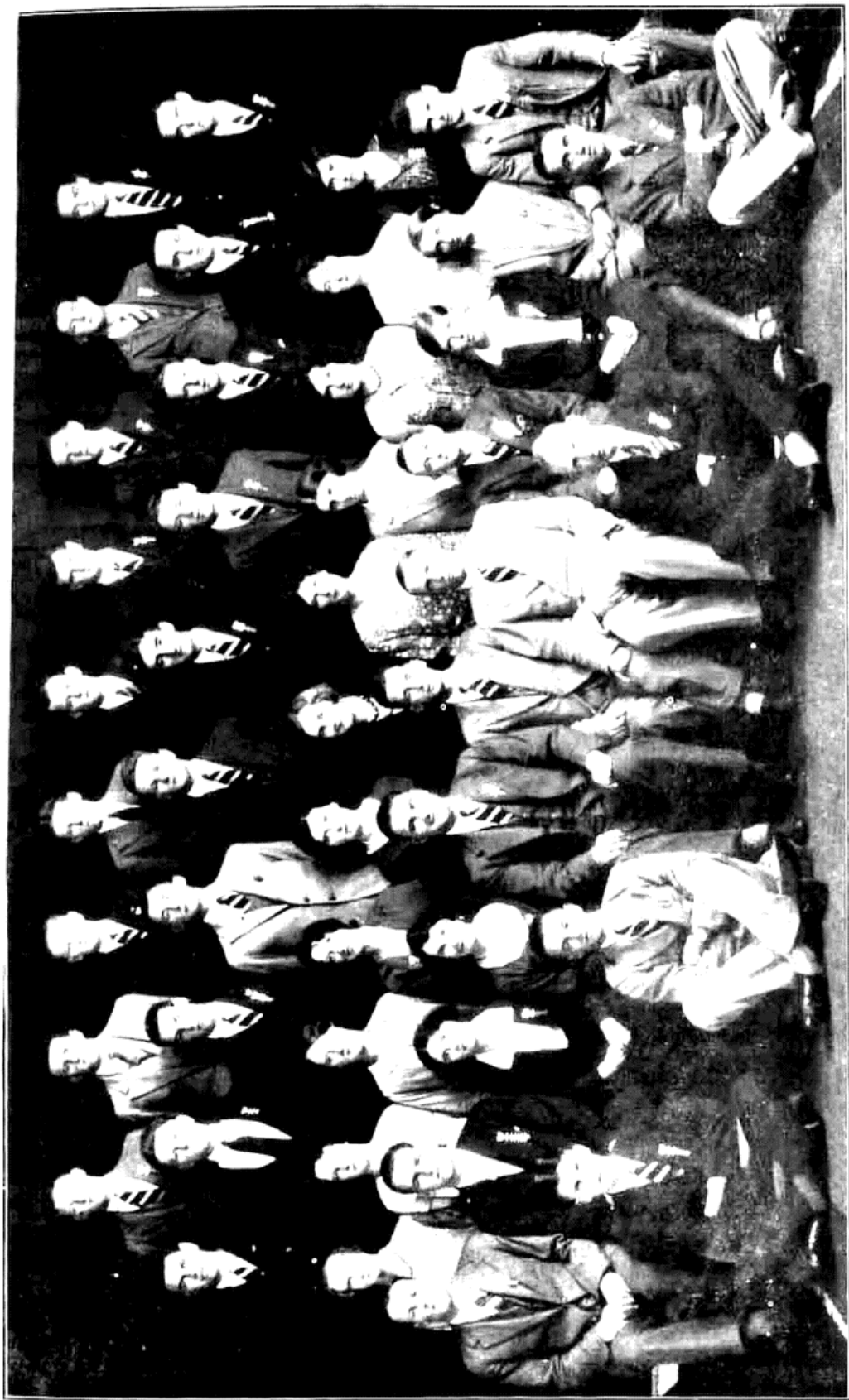
A somewhat nachreous subject I admit, don't doubt it,
But—why and wherefore was the whole caboodle?
I like a plot; there may be some who can do without it,
But most, like me, think Priestley off his noodle
And would willingly revile him through a separate stanza.

But to proceed: Mr. Mountjoy's gyrations satanic
Were all very well, but most inapropos;
And all I remember is his mephistophelian panic
When the fire of his oration loosed his "mo."

I cannot cavil at the acting of Mr. Larkin;
And pleased I heard the Haeremai Club cease howling,
Drop their tomatoes and cabbages over-mature to hearken
To the fine, but untimely, singing of Mr. Dowling.

I must congratulate the author on his aptitude
For scavenging forth the inanity of jokes
That were original when the Ark on Sinai stood. . . .
So nought remains but to tell you common blokes
That for lack of another rhyme I'll sign myself

—Sancho Panza.



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVES.

Inter-University Tournament at Dunedin, Easter, 1931.

Back Row: C. N. Watson, D. Barker, S. J. Rochell, D. F. McLeod, W. S. Harris, J. B. Kent, J. J. McCarthy, P. H. Meekins, J. C. Watt
 Fourth Row: N. M. Hislop, F. J. McWhinnie, A. R. Gramond, C. N. Armstrong, M. E. Mahoney, J. B. Stephenson, J. R. Bennett, R. T. Street,
 T. F. G. Harrison, C. E. Wisoley.
 Third Row: V. Over, K. M. Wood, M. M. Patterson, E. M. W. Burrell, E. G. Boden, S. Breen, M. H. Line, J. M. Dunn, D. A. Pragnell,
 H. M. D. Curtis, P. M. Quinlan
 Second Row: F. S. Ramsay, J. D. Mackay, J. Anderson, M. Briggs, J. L. McDuff (Tournament Delegate), C. S. Plank (Tournament Delegate),
 W. P. Rollings, H. J. Bishop, Z. V. L. Lowry, L. M. Morice, J. N. Goodson
 Front Row: W. C. Hart, H. B. Sapsford, L. W. Rodwell, J. C. K. Fabian
 Absent: C. D. Banks, J. Cowan, R. H. Long, W. J. Dove, J. K. Logan

Internationals in Sport

THE highest honour an athlete can attain is the achievement of International status, and it would have been surprising if Victoria College, with its big number of clubs, had not had some who had reached national placing.

Since the War, the Rugby Football Club have had eight of its members who have been in International teams. The very first member of the Club to gain a place in an International side was G. G. Aitken, who, in 1921, represented the All Blacks in the first two Tests against the Springboks. Aitken also had the additional distinction bestowed on him of being Captain of the New Zealand team in each of these two matches; but his record as an International did not stop there. On being awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, he went to Oxford University, and whilst in the Old Country was chosen to represent Scotland, then the champion nation in the International Rugby Championship between England, France, Ireland and Wales. Aitken retained his place in the Scottish side for several seasons.

In the dramatic third Test against the 1921 Springboks, Victoria College's sole representative in that battle in the mud was S. K. Siddells, who that day played wing-three-quarter for the All Blacks, and it was he who figured in the disputed try incident in that pointless draw.

It was not until 1928 that another Victoria College man gained a place in an All Black team, R. H. C. Mackenzie and J. D. Mackay taking the field for New Zealand in the third Test against New South Wales, played at Lancaster Park, Christchurch. J. D. Mackay was also reserve back for New Zealand against Australia this year.

The 1929 team in Australia also contained another College man, the First Fifteen's half-back, E. T. Leys, gaining his All Black jersey in this year.

When the New Zealand Maori All Blacks toured Great Britain, France and Canada in 1926, E. T. W. Love was chosen to accompany them as a five-eighths. However, when the team reached Europe Love played most of his games as half-back, playing in that position in the International match against France. In the New Zealand Maori International sides of both this year and last, J.

H. Ruru, who is a member of this year's First Fifteen, has been included.

In 1928, Great Britain sent a team to tour the Argentine, and included in the team was J. O. J. Malfroy, who had gone to Cambridge University from Victoria College under a Law Scholarship. This great British side did not lose a match, and in it were such noted players as R. S. Spong, W. H. Soley and J. L. Farrell.

The Cricket Club has had only one representative in New Zealand International sides. E. McLeod, who represented his country in 1929-30 in the second Test against England. E. McLeod has also the distinction of being the only member of our College clubs who has represented his country at two sports, having led and played for New Zealand at hockey on numerous occasions. Whilst at Auckland, before coming to Wellington, McLeod played for New Zealand at cricket against McLaren's English side of 1922-23.

Although they have never been members of the Victoria College Cricket Club, two other members of the College have played for New Zealand. K. C. James, the famous New Zealand wicket-keeper, a member of the present New Zealand side in England, and H. Foley, who has played for the national team against both Australia and England.

Before the war, H. W. Monaghan played for the Cricket Club, and he has been in a New Zealand Eleven, though not when a representative of the Club.

At Tennis, V.U.C. have had but one New Zealand representative, R. R. T. Young. Young has represented New Zealand in the Davis Cup matches in Europe whilst in residence at 'Varsity at Home.

At Athletics V.U.C. have had a greater number of representatives in New Zealand teams than at any other sport. L. A. Tracy, W. G. Kalaugher, F. S. Ramson, A. D. Priestley, C. B. Allan, R. Lander, C. H. Jenkins, M. Leadbetter and G. J. Sceats representing New Zealand on different occasions. Kalaugher represented New Zealand at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, and he is the only member of the College who has ever represented New Zealand at this most International of all International meetings. Tracy

won the 440 yards title for New Zealand at the Australasian Games at Hobart in 1924, whilst Priestley was a member of the New Zealand Team in the Test match against Australia at the Basin Reserve in 1925. The others mentioned above were all members of the New Zealand team which won the Australasian Games Championships for New Zealand on Athletic Park in 1927, F. S. Ramson being first equal for, and R. Lander winning the 440 yards Hurdles and 120 yards Hurdles respectively.

Thus it can be seen that Victoria College has had her share of Athletes in the various International battles in different sports. Here is the list of Internationals Victoria College has had since the War.

RUGBY.		K. C. James.
New Zealand:		H. Foley.
G. G. Aitken (Capt.)		TENNIS.
S. K. Siddons.		R. R. T. Young.
R. H. C. Mackenzie.		HOCKEY.
J. D. Mackay.		E. McLeod (Captain).
E. T. Leys.		ATHLETICS.
New Zealand Maoris:		L. A. Tracy.
E. T. W. Lovell.		A. D. Priestley.
J. H. Ruru.		W. G. Kalaugher.
Scotland:		G. J. Sceats.
G. G. Aitken.		F. S. Ramson.
Great Britain:		C. B. Allan.
J. O. J. Malfroy.		M. Leadbetter.
CRICKET.		R. Lander.
E. G. McLeod.		C. H. Jenkins.
(Unless otherwise stated the country represented was New Zealand.)		

J. A. C.

Legal Hallucinations Elucidated

I HAVE often been assured that the Halls of Fame will never be the more resplendent for my presence. Nevertheless, I have successfully bluffed the examiner in Roman Law, and from that eminence I proffer these helpful notes to aid those suffering from this calamity:—

Mutatio Familiae:	A change of digs.
Lucrum cessans:	A 10% cut.
Servilis cognatio:	Being recognised by a fresher.
Turpis persona:	A member of the Haeremai Club.
Locus poenitentiae:	A lecture-room.
Destatio sacrorum:	Fireworks in the library.
Pecunia trajectitia:	Money thrown away, especially 'Varsity fees.
Exceptiones dilatoriae:	Excuses for lateness.
Damnus esto:	Let there be many curses.
Iustae nuptiae:	Just married.
Recuperatores:	Students after term exams.
Atrox iniuria:	The Unemployment Levy.
Curator pupilli:	Brookie.
Depositum miserabile:	Dumping.
Cur. adv. vult.:	He wishes the dog would move on.
Successio miserabilis:	39% in a Roman Law exam.
Ex post facto:	Made from a post. (Used to describe the intelligence of freshers.)
Semel heres semper heres:	Here to-day and gone to-morrow.
Infantiae proximus:	Nearing dotage, or, excessively green.
Crimin suspecti tutoris:	The offence of suggesting that a lecturer may be wrong.
Separatio bonorum:	An occurrence at the end of the month, induced by a superfluity of creditors, and causing a feeling resembling mal de mer.

"Incerta Persona."

The Fjord

*THE wash of the sea on the sloping shore,
The wind in the trees on the bush-clad rise,
The glass-like reflection of hills and skies,
The wake of the vessel a foaming lane,
Which cuts a great swath in the mirrored charm,
The sea-birds now swooping with shrill alarm,
The Fjord,
Wandering like some vast Gargantuan maze,
Winding and twisting with each new reach,
Bringing fresh beauty, as if to teach
To wondering Man new ecstasy,
Starting imagination play,
Picturing how in some bygone day,
Smiling valleys had once been here,
Filled with the song of the birds all year,
Till on some fell day a change had brought
Chaos, and from it the Gods had wrought
The Fjord.*

J. A. C.

A Keatsian Adventure

Being minutes of an exam. recorded with the aid of the celebrated
"Ode to a Nightingale."

- 6.5 Sick for home.
- 6.7 O for a beaker.
- 6.8 My heart aches.
- 6.9 Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin.
- 6.10 Now more than ever seems it rich to die.
- 6.11 Where palsy shakes a few.
- 6.12 A drowsy numbness pains my sense.
- 6.13 I cannot see.
- 6.16 And quite forget . . . whatever thou hast known.
- 6.18 A long age.
- 6.21 The dull brain perplexes and retards.
- 6.22 Forlorn.
- 6.24 Where men sit and hear each other groan.
- 6.26 A forest dim.
- 6.27 But here there is no light.
- 6.30 Deep-delved.
- 6.33 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow.
- 6.35 Guess.
- 6.36 Perilous seas.
- 6.40 Darkness.
- 6.43 Buried deep.
- 6.45 O for a draught of vintage.
- 6.48 Already.
- 6.50 The weariness, the fever and the fret.
- 6.56 Leaden-eyed despairs.
- 6.59 Do I wake or sleep?
- 7 Adieu! Adieu!
- 7.2 That I might leave the world unseen!

Oregon Debating Team's Visit

THE large crowd which filled the Training College Hall on the occasion of the first debate with the Oregon University debaters was treated to a delightful and interesting discussion on the subject "That this house disapproves of the rising generation." After a short speech of welcome by the Chairman, Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., Mr. W. P. Rollings opened V.U.C.'s attack on the rising generation by comparing the outstanding young men of to-day (such as Beverley Nicholls, Noel Coward and Epstein) with the outstanding men of the past. He attacked the immorality of modern youth, as revealed by Mr. Butcher's book, and modern dress.

Mr. Pfaff (Oregon), who had a racy style, a very pleasing personality, and an ingratiating smile, maintained that the rising generation was taking the best from every past generation. Modern youth was travelling more, seeing more, and becoming more internationally minded.

Mr. G. Crossley, in a clear and well-arranged speech, maintained that this was the age of discontent, disrespect and unmanliness. Mr. Crossley was the only V.U.C. speaker in this debate in whom we were not rather disappointed.

Mr. Miller (Oregon), in an excellent debating speech, interspersed flashes of humour with vigorous criticism of the V.U.C. case. His main thesis was that the drudgery suffered by the older people had made them narrow in their judgments.

Mr. A. E. Hurley maintained that youth was mistaking its calling in the world and that the finer sides of life were being overlooked.

Mr. Wilson (Oregon) gave a literary rather than a debating speech, in which he claimed that the condemnation of the rising generation was so old that the teeth of the argument had fallen out.

Mr. Pfaff made a pleasing rebuttal speech, making his points with an admirable ease of manner. Mr. Rollings made an able summing up, and was much more effective than in his opening speech.

Prof. von Zedlitz awarded the debate to the Oregon debaters, and placed Mr. Miller first speaker. Mr. Crossley was the best of the V.U.C. speakers.

In the second debate, held in the Town Hall, the motion "That Prohibition in America is a failure," was moved by Mr. Robert Miller (Oregon), Miss Zenocrae Henderson (V.U.C.) and Mr. H. R. Bannister (V.U.C.), and opposed by

Mr. Pfaff (Oregon), Mr. D. Wilson, Jr. (Oregon) and Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr. (V.U.C.). The Mayor (Mr. T. C. A. Hislop) presided.

Mr. Miller, in opening, asserted that America, though dry in theory was wet in practice, and that the place of the saloon had been taken by the "speak easy." He was heard to much greater advantage in his reply.

Mr. Pfaff, speaking very vigorously and very rapidly, covered a great deal of ground. He maintained that the two great aims of Prohibition—the cessation of the manufacture of liquor by commercial interests and the eradication of the saloon—had been realised, and that 80 per cent. less liquor was now consumed.

In a constructive, well-reasoned speech, Miss Henderson attacked Mr. Pfaff's contentions, and then submitted that it was a fallacy that people could be made moral by Act of Parliament, and that Prohibition, a war measure, had not the sanction of public approval. Prohibition had produced, for the first time in history, a body of criminals who were well financed and well armed. Temperance could be attained only by education, not by law.

Mr. Wilson declared that Prohibition was becoming more and more effective. The election of President Hoover showed that America still supported Prohibition. The death rate in U.S. had fallen since Prohibition. Mr. Wilson again impressed us as a thinker rather than a debater.

Mr. Bannister, in a speech well seasoned with humour and epigram, contended that Prohibition was a Mohammedan and not a Christian principle. He asserted that the 18th Amendment was unconstitutional. He very cleverly ridiculed the idea of Prohibition and the hypocrisy of its exponents, and advised his opponents to take life a little less seriously, for they would not get out of it alive.

Mr. Mountjoy, after delivering a spirited and effective criticism of his opponent's arguments, shewed that arrests for drunkenness in U.S.A. were less than one-tenth of those in New Zealand, and submitted the argument that social and economic conditions in America had improved since prohibition.

Mr. Pfaff and Mr. Miller then replied, and a vote of the audience was taken. This vote, owing to plural voting, was, however, of little value in determining either the issue or the relative merits of the teams.

Plunket Medal, 1931

THE twenty-fifth Plunket Medal Contest was noteworthy for the excellent orations of the two lady contestants.

Mr. Reardon spoke of Ramsay MacDonald and was disappointing. He did not speak with the warmth and fire which we expected, and what might have been an oration was partly a reading, partly an address.

Mr. Bishop gave an excellent talk on Robert Louis Stevenson. It was a pleasing study of considerable literary merit, but could not be considered an oration.

Mr. Riske gave a talk on the marvels of modern science, based on Sir Ernest Rutherford's work, but his speech made no pretensions to oratorical merit.

Mr. Cressley gave an interesting account of the life of Colonel Lawrence. His voice and diction showed him capable of better things.

Mr. Chorlton was, in the writer's opinion, the only man whose style approached oratory. His speech was evidently ill-prepared and had many faults, but it revealed the real feeling and the sense of effect which are essential for an oration.

Miss Forde gave an admirable speech on Henry Grattan. She had a fine sense for effect and her voice displayed a very fine range of tone colour effects. The criticism the writer would like to make (with all due humility) is that Miss Forde's technique was a trifle too apparent, her gestures rather obviously studied, and her changes of mood made a little too obviously. The result was that Miss Forde claimed the admiration of her audience, but failed to move them as deeply as the winner. Her performance, however, must rank with the outstanding Plunket Medal performances.

The winner delivered a very fine oration. It was a speech of distinct literary merit, delivered with an almost faultless technique and an artistic restraint, yet so coloured with real sympathy and deep feeling that it was of *Toussaint L'Ouverture* and not of Miss Henderson that the audience thought.

The judges—Mr. Justice McGregor, Professor von Zedlitz and Mr. H. E. Holland, M.P.—were unanimous in awarding Miss Zenocrate Henderson the medal and in placing Miss C. S. Forde second and Mr. Crossley third. Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., was Chairman.

Casualties

SLIGHT (ENGAGEMENTS).

Miss Mary Cooley (Arts) to Mr. R. H. C. Mackenzie (Arts).

Miss Jean Veitch (Arts) to Mr. F. S. Ramson (Arts).

Miss Gladys McLeod to Mr. E. T. Leys (Commerce).

Miss Kaye Esther to Mr. W. J. Hall (Arts).

Miss Anthea Helford (Science) to Mr. A. J. Crisp (Commerce).

Miss Phyllis Robieson to Mr. W. Fortune (Law).

Miss Pauline Hogarth (Arts) to Mr. Rothwell (Arts).

Miss Nancy Rowlings (Commerce) to Mr. A. Claridge (Science).

SEVERE (MARRIAGES).

Miss Eileen Nicholls (Arts) to Mr. G. R. Powles (Law).

Miss Joan McRae (Arts) to Mr. W. Reid.

Miss Olive Cox to Mr. W. P. Shorland (Law).

Miss Agnes Duggan to Mr. G. E. Arms (Law).
Miss Thelma Manning (Arts) to Mr. Surrey Dean.

STATISTICS.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Goodwin—a son.

My Aversion

THIS swatting is a loathsome thing, God wot
You swat.

Feet cool,

Head hot,—

The veriest fool,

Your brain a whirling pool

Or else the blankest blot.

What then? swat on? beneath the tyrant's rule?

Yea, until sleep is thine;

'Tis very sure I'll walk in mine.

C.

Club Officers, 1931

ATHLETIC CLUB: Club Captain, F. S. Ransom; Secretary, L. Rothwell; Treasurer, J. C. Fabian; Committee—D. Barker, N. Goodson, J. Heine-mann, K. Eastwood.

BASKETBALL CLUB: President, Mrs. Monroe; Club Captain, Miss D. Martyn-Roberts; Vice-Captain, Miss M. Patterson; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss K. Wood; Committee—Captain of B team, Misses P. Dennehy and G. Stewart, Captain of 3rd grade team, Miss M. Wise, Junior Member Miss D. Briggs.

BOXING CLUB: President, Mr. Earl Stewart; Club Captain, M. E. Mahoney; Deputy Club Captain, D. G. Edwards; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Hart; Committee—K. Kirkcaldie, A. Hickey, G. McWhinnie, S. Kidd.

CRICKET CLUB: Patron, Professor H. MacKenzie; President, Professor H. H. Cornish; Club Captain, H. C. Bailey; Secretary, K. Kirkcaldie; Treasurer, D. K. Carey; Committee—H. W. Osborn, B. A. Paetz, J. Macdonald, T. B. Nelson.

DEBATING SOCIETY: Patron, His Excellency The Governor-General; President, Professor H. H. Cornish; Vice-Presidents, W. J. Mountjoy, jun. (Chairman) and H. R. Bannister; Secretary, A. F. T. Chorlton; Treasurer, G. Crossley; Committee—Misses C. S. Forde, Z. Henderson, Messrs. A. E. Hurley, C. G. Watson; Auditor, S. C. W. Watkins.

DRAMATIC CLUB: Patron, Mr. A. E. Campbell; President, Mr. A. D. Priestley; Vice-President, D. G. Edwards; Secretary, H. N. Hannah; Treasurer, H. R. Bannister; Auditor, F. H. Mullins; Committee—Misses E. Purdie, Z. Jupp, and D. Martyn-Roberts, Messrs. F. Cormack, R. Hogg and C. Watson; Librarian, Miss J. Anderson.

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"SMAD": Editor, R. J. Larkin; Committee—Miss C. E. Drummond, Messrs. C. G. Watson, R. B. Phillips; Business Manager, K. Kirkcaldie.

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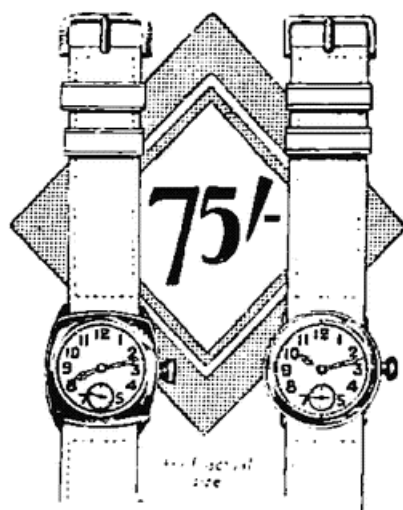
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Club Notes

Debating Society

At the Annual General Meeting the constitution and rules were amended, the new Committee elected, and the motion, "That the University lad is no gentleman" was debated. Professor Cornish gave a brief and interesting criticism of the speakers.

The much discussed "College of Electors" system was debated on March 16th between an "Executive" team led by Mr. W. P. Rollings and a "Recess Committee" team led by Mr. Hurley.

On March 27th the motion "That the Soviet Administration of Russia is proving a failure" was moved by Mr. von Sturmer and Miss Forde, and opposed by Mr. M. Riske and Mr. Warren. The judge, Mr. A. B. Sievwright, placed the following speakers in order:—(1) Mr. Mountjoy, (2) Mr. Riske, (3) Mr. von Sturmer, (4) Mr. Farrel, (5) Miss Forde, (6) Mr. O'Shea. Other speakers were Miss Henderson and Messrs. Watson and Stewart.

On the 17th April a large audience heard the motion that "The optimist is a greater menace to society than the pessimist" discussed by 21 different speakers, and voted at the conclusion in favour of the pessimist. The movers were Messrs. Powles and Chorlton, and the opposers, Messrs. O'Shea and Watson. Mr. G. W. von Zedlitz, in an amusing judgment, placed the following speakers in order:—(1) Mr. Rollings, (2) Mr. Powles, (3) Mr. Bannister, (4) Miss Forde, (5) Mr. Riske, (6) Mr. Rollings, (7) Mr. Reardon.

The only debate with particular religious interest was held on the 2nd May, the motion being, "That the results of Christian missions do not justify their continuance." The movers were Messrs. Crossley and Riske and the opposers Mr. Hurley and Miss M. Hursthouse. It was found necessary in this, as in several of the other debates, to extend the time to permit all speakers to be heard. Mr. Justice Blair placed the speakers in the following order:—1, Mountjoy; 2, Miss Forde; 3, Hurley and Riske; 5, Bannister; 6, Cahill.

The following speakers also took part: Misses S. Iwood and Z. Henderson and Messrs. Stewart, Scotter, O'Shea and Cook. The whole audience, differing from the members of the Society, favoured Christian missions.

The annual visitors' debate was held on May 16th, when the question of the abolition of the Arbitration Court was warmly discussed. The compulsory arbitration system was attacked by Messrs. Jessop and Matheson, supported by Mr.

Sectney, of this Society, and was defended by Mr. N. J. Reardon and Messrs. Bishop and Reardon, jun. The battle waged most fiercely about the "compulsory clause," but from the vote of the audience the Arbitration Court withstood all onslaughts. Speakers were placed by Mr. McEldowney as follows:—1, Rollings; 2, Hurley; 3, Arndt; 4, Miss Henderson; 5, Mr. Bishop.

In the first broadcast debate held on May 19th the motion "That Democracy is a failure" was moved by Mr. Mountjoy and Miss Henderson, and opposed by Miss Forde and Mr. Watson. The President, Professor Cornish, placed the speakers in the following order:—1, Rollings and Miss Forde; 3, Watson; 4, Mountjoy; 5, Crossley; 6, Miss Henderson; 7, Bishop.

Messrs. Reardon and Stewart spoke from the audience.

The debate on June 26th was one of the brightest of the season. The motion "That the only man who entered Parliament with the right idea was Guy Fawkes" was moved by Messrs. Bishop and East and opposed by Messrs. O'Shea and Cahill.

The judge, Mr. O'Regan, considered that the subjects discussed at our debates should be of a more serious nature. Placings were:—1, Arndt; 2, Bannister; 3, Reardon; 4, von Sturmer; 5, Miss Forde.

The next debate, "That the American influence in this country is to be deplored," was moved by Misses Davidson and Forde and opposed by Messrs. Reardon and Larkin. Mr. Evan Parry placed the speakers in the following order:—1, Messrs. Rollings and Mountjoy; 3, Mr. Arndt; 4, Mr. Bannister; 5, Miss Forde; 6, Mr. Hurley; 7, Mr. Cahill.

The audience voted against American influence.

On August 7th the pedestal of Mr. Shakespeare was besmeared with mud. Most of it was thrown by Messrs. Watson and Reardon, who moved, "That Shakespeare is vastly over-rated," but all of it was scraped off and thrown back by the opposers, Miss Henderson and Mr. Mountjoy. At times the debate was reminiscent of the Town Hall during the Shakespearian recitation; at others, more personal than the Lower House during financial discussions. The judges, Messrs. Cechran and Henning, gave their placing as follows:—(1) Mr. Watson, (2) Mr. Mountjoy, (3)

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Mr. Reardon, (4) Miss Henderson, (5) Mr. Rollings, (6) Miss Caughley, (7) Mr. Larkin.

"That psychology is a curse in modern society" was moved by Mr. Bannister and Mr. Toogood and opposed by Mr. Chorlton and Mr. Riske, on August 28th. The "anti-psychs" were admittedly those who had never "done" psychology. Mr. T. Kane gave a very valuable analysis of the art of preparing the brief. His placings were as follows (not considering Messrs. Hall and Mountjoy):—1, Mr. Risk; 2, Mr. Arndt; 3, Mr. Bannister; 4, Miss Forde; 5, Mr. Chorlton.

At a new speakers' debate held earlier in the year, the task of justifying the 10% cut was undertaken by Messrs. Stewart and Larkin against the opposition of Miss M. Spence-Sales and Mr. Moore. After a spirited discussion Mr. W. P. Rollings placed the speaker as follows:—1, Mr. Scotney; 2, Mr. Stewart; 3, Miss Spence-Sales; 4, Mr. Joseph; 5, Mr. Moore; 6, Mr. Larkin.

Other new speakers were Messrs. Sapsford, Kember, Malcolm, Nixon and Williams.

V.U.C. took the affirmative in the Inter-College debate against Training College on the motion

that "The British Empire is in grave danger of disintegration." Mr. Black placed the speakers in the following order:—1, Mr. Mountjoy (V.U.C.); 2, Mr. Scotney (T.C.); 3, Miss Z. Henderson (V.U.C.) and Mr. Bannister (V.U.C.); 5, Miss Godfrey (T.C.); 6, McConchie (T.C.).

V.U.C. thus succeeded in winning the Inter-College Shield for the second time.

The debates with the American visiting team and the Plunket Medal contest are reported elsewhere. We congratulate Miss Henderson on her very fine delivery in the latter event.

This year constitutes a record one, both in the number of speakers who have taken part in the debates and in the average size of the audiences.

The Arts and Science team (Mr. Mountjoy, Miss Henderson and Mr. Riske) succeeded this year in winning the Inter-Faculty Scroll from a Law and Commerce team composed of Messrs. Bannister, Crossley and Hurley. The motion was "That Nationalism is a hindrance to world welfare." The judges were Dr. McIlraith and Mr. Black.



Law Faculty Club

"The Law is a Unity—like Virtue."

—H. H. CORNISH.

AN inaugural address was given to the V.U.C. Law Faculty Club and the Wellington Law Students' Society on March 30th of this year by the Hon. Sir Michael Myers. The Chief Justice spoke on the subject of legal principles in general, and gave valuable advice to the budding legal practitioners. The address was followed by the presentation of Law prizes—Butterworth's Prize in Roman Law, won by Mr. R. J. Reardon, and the Chief Justice's Prize, won by Mr. G. Cain. A large attendance was present and this function proved a successful opening to the Club's activities for the year.

The Annual General Meeting was held on June 2nd.

A lecture was given to the Club on July 13th by Mr. P. J. O'Regan, his subject being "The Legal Liabilities for Accidents." The lecture,

which, besides being interesting, was materially helpful to the law student in his work, was received with great applause by the few members present. Unfortunately, this lecture came at a time when law exams. were harassingly prevalent, the latter being, it is felt, the main reason for the absence of many.

The annual combined dance, held in conjunction with the Wellington Law Students' Society, took place in the College Gymnasium on August 29th. There were about 250 people present, and the dance was a great success. A splendid supper, tasteful decorations, a charming crowd—and a profit of about £5. Our thanks are due to the hard work of the Dance Committee and to Professor and Mrs. Cornish for the lively interest they always show in the Club's activities.

G. W. von Zedlitz, M.A.



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Literary Society

Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

—TOWNLEY.

THE actual point," says Michael Arlen, "is always the most boring part of any story." This is surely a bold hazard, but yet it may be more of a truth than a fiction. Literature—the art—has ever been pre-eminently an aptness of expression, let the theme be what it may. Indeed, is this not the very reason why the artist has eternally insisted on the independence of art from morality? Be that as it may, the appreciation of literary perfection is in itself an end well worthy of our zeal, and further makes possible that enduring delight of self-fulfilment which comes from adequate expression with one's own pen.

At the opening meeting of the Society we were favoured with a delightfully informal and highly practical address by the Society's first President, Mr. G. W. von Zedlitz. The speaker dealt not only with very wide questions of policy—touching on the miscellaneous reading that should be encouraged—but also with the matters of practical importance in running the business of the Club. To foster a corporate sense in the Society it was desirable to have a few cherished possessions. The whole atmosphere needed to be conducive to literary feeling—with some suggestion of "calm contemplation and poetic ease," rather than a classroom background, fit only for the spirit of

philosophic melancholy. Mr. von Zedlitz also dealt in outline with the methods by which the members of the Society might participate in its activities—papers and addresses, parodies, translations, criticisms, and readings from commonplace books.

At subsequent meetings of the Society this year there will be open discussions on the work of such prominent and provocative writers as Bernard Shaw. Nor does the Club intend to neglect the quest of literary talent in the College itself. Already a short-story competition has been instituted with a cash prize of £1 1s., the judges being Miss Eileen Duggan, Mr. G. W. von Zedlitz, and Mr. P. Lawlor. Entries become the property of the Literary Society, and an endeavour may be made to publish the best of the stories submitted.

Another activity of the Society consists in providing literary periodicals for the College Library. At the present time the Club subscribes to "The Times Literary Supplement," "The London Mercury," and the English "Bookman." The Committee also has under consideration the building up of a library of modern literature. In view of the steps that have already been made, it may confidently be anticipated that 1932 will be a most successful year for this new Society.

Dramatic Club

The awful antics of atrocious amateurs.

—BEVERLEY NICHOLLS.

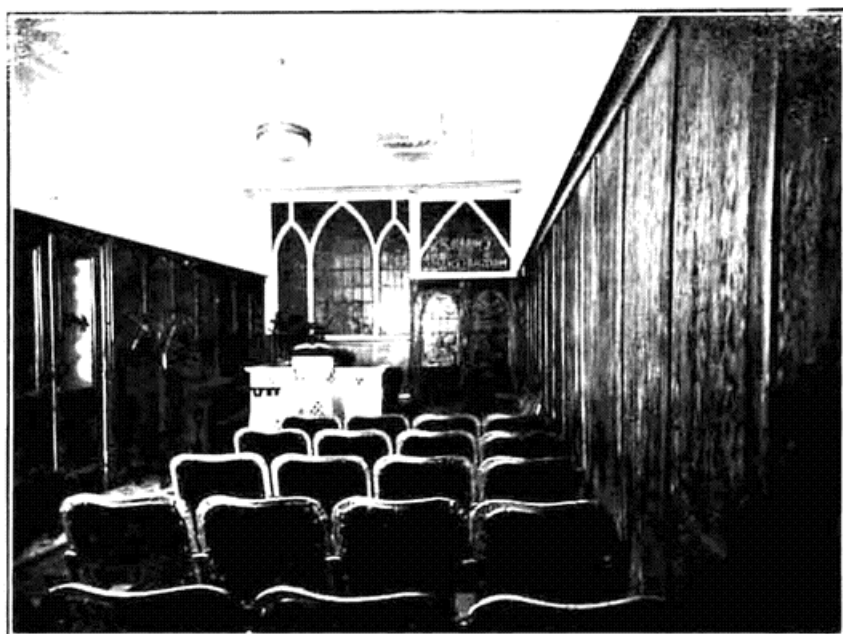
DURING the long vacation a number of readings were held, including "La Vie Parisienne" (A. P. Herbert) and "In the Zone" (O'Neill). Shortly after the opening of the first term three one-act plays, "Enter the Hero," Act one of "The White Chateau" and "Something to Talk About," were produced and were very much appreciated by the large audience present. In the early part of the year the activities of the Dramatic Club were necessarily restricted, owing to the production of the Extravaganza, but since then many enjoyable readings have been held. The plays read up to the present date are: "The First Mrs. Fraser" (St. J. Irvine), "The Romantic Young Lady" (Sierrez), "Badgers Green" (Sheriff), "And So to Bed" (Fagan), "Canaries Sometimes Sing" (Lonsdale), "Murder on the Second Floor" (Vasper), "The Constant Nymph" (Kennedy), "Street Scene" (Rice) and "Ghosts" (Ibsen). The most successful readings were "The First Mrs. Fraser," "Badgers Green," "And So to Bed," "Street Scene," and "Ghosts." This year the Club

has been fortunate in having a large number of members, who have all read well. In this respect, Misses Martyn-Roberts, Tossman, Cooper, Nielsen, Breen, Purdie and Messrs. Bannister, Middlebrook, Edwards, Reardon, Riske and Hogg. Mention here of the encouragement received from the staff would of a surety meet with general approval. We have received every support from them and both Dr. Henning and Mr. Campbell have read excellently.

The Club's town production, "The Dark Angel," was an outstanding success and was rated by the dramatic critics as the best 'Varsity production.

On August 14th and 15th another three-act play, "Rope," was presented, and it was also a great success. "Rope," however, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The next night on our programme for production is October 9th. Three one-act plays and a sketch, "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," "Square Pegs," "Elegant Edward" and "The New Wing at Elsinore," are being presented.



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Social Service Club

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—THOREAU.

SINCE the last publication of "Spike" our Club has been very active indeed and we are glad to say that College generally is taking far more interest in our activities than has been the case for some years past.

At our Annual Meeting held early in the year, we were favoured with the presence of the Executive of the Students' Association, who have certainly taken a far more kindly and helping hand in our work than the Executives of former years. We thank them sincerely for the lead they have given the rest of the College and trust that the new Executive will take a similar interest during their term of office.

At the end of last year we gave the Childrens' Homes at Austin Street and Miramar their usual Christmas Parties and those students who helped at them will testify to the success of the functions.

This year we mapped out a regular programme, which so far has been adhered to with few exceptions. We make visits to Porirua on every alternate Saturday afternoons and take a Concert out there at least once every four weeks. Evening functions at Porirua take the form of concerts and dances and we have entertained the patients on the following dates:—Monday, March 9th; Tuesday, March 19th; Thursday, April 16th; Monday, May 11th; Tuesday, May 26th; Thursday, June 11th.

These functions have been very successful indeed and our thanks are due to those artists and others who assisted with transport.

On Thursday, 18th June, a very enjoyable evening was spent at the Nurses' Home, when dancing, a competition, and a few items were given.

The Austin Street boys have been taken out once or twice during the year—that is besides their trips to Miramar when we have parties out there. The boys have been to the pictures, to the Inter-Faculty Sports, and the ceremony at the Cenotaph on Anzac Day.

We have arranged dancing lessons for the girls at Miramar and Miss Gwennethe Walshe is kindly going out there on Saturday afternoons, the girls making fast progress under her tuition. We also take out a party on the last Saturday in each month, which is much appreciated, not only by the inmates of the Home, but also by the students who come out.

The Girls' Borstal too gets well looked after. Our girls visit them on alternate Saturday afternoons and we take them a concert once a month.

As the work is going now, we should have a very successful year, and we look to the students to give us their continued support. The question of finance is exercising our minds at the moment—owing we think to the depression—and we would be very glad to hear of any likely sources of donations, either in goods or cash, or better still, to receive same.

At the Annual Meeting of the Club, the Executive of the V.U.C.S.A. mentioned how this Club brought the College before the public eye, and we must have funds if we are to carry on. Therefore, we appeal to you all to help our finances if only by 1/- or so.

In conclusion we invite all students of both sexes to join in our work. Our activities for each month are always on the notice-board, so the excuse that you "didn't know" is no excuse for not helping the Club.

Hui Marae Club

At every word a reputation dies.

—POPE.

AS the meagre attendance at functions arranged by the Club did not justify their continuance, the Committee has to a certain extent altered the policy of the Club. Instead of holding separate functions, the Hui Marae has assisted other Clubs with their activities. Two dances were held in conjunction with the Haere-mai Club, while assistance was given with the dance after the last night of the Extrav. and with providing costumes for the Procession.

Several skating parties were arranged, which were very well patronised, and proved popular.

With regard to the new policy of the Club, the Committee intends to confine its activities to improving the Women's Common Room, which is greatly in need of the feminine touch. The Committee hopes eventually to have the windows holed and the floor properly swept by the cleaners, and are working towards this end by means of moral suasion. The Committee also suggests that some of the copies of "Punch" and the "Bookman" might be left behind by industrious collectors, to fill the empty bookshelves. Donations of furniture, books, cushions, and other donations towards a better, brighter room will be gratefully received.

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Free Discussions Club

A man should be only partially before his time.

—T. HARDY

THE year's activities began with a meeting held on Tuesday, March 31st, when the officers and Committee members for 1931 were duly elected. Our opening address was given us by Dr. Henning on the subject of "What a Frenchman Would Think of New Zealand." We have had much pleasure in welcoming Dr. Henning as a new member, although the first thing he set about doing was to destroy our illusion that New Zealand is "God's Own Country." We now know that we have no culture, that our aesthetic sense is crude and naive, our women ill-dressed, clumsy, inelegant and unimaginative, and that our towns are dull, hideous and ill-planned.

In our next meeting Dr. Sutherland spoke of the spirit and mood of Russian enterprise, as embodied in the Five-Year Plan and the collectivisation of agriculture. Since the Revolution Russian affairs have been marked by a change in the idea of property (destruction of private property), and a new economic policy, whose aim has been the industrialisation of a predominating agricultural land of peasants. In 1928 there was formed the "Five-Year Plan" of national development, to provide for the needs of 160 millions of people. Although December, 1932, is the date set for the completion of the plan, no date can see the simultaneous completion of all these activities. Russia's success is indicated by the change in the tone of the propaganda against her. The earlier type of propaganda predicts Russia's breakdown, and the anti-religious propaganda, have changed with the recognition of the enemy's efficiency and the menace of her success for the rest of the world. There is now a suggestive international boycott of Russian goods. Since more than one State, however, needs these Russian goods, the condition of affairs is somewhat complicated. This very interesting discourse was closed by a display of Soviet posters.

"The Deplorable State of the Law" was dealt with at some length in a paper by Mr. I. D. Campbell. The speaker suggested that our legal institutions required a rather more critical scrutiny than they commonly received from the legal profession; and he proceeded to review each branch of the law, levelling the criticisms of both the layman and the lawyer. It was suggested that the whole morality of the law called for recon-

sideration, and strong comment was made regarding the rules as to inheritance and the inadequate provisions for pauper procedure.

Rev. H. Newell treated of "The Problem of Evil" from the standpoint of the Christian faith. Mr. Newell insisted that the problem could only satisfactorily be approached from this standpoint: without some belief in a God of Perfect Love it was hard to see how the problem could ever arise. That evil existed, evil in nature and evil in the heart of man, only rhapsodising pantheists could deny. But the speaker argued that evil must somehow be reconciled with a theistic interpretation of the universe, for the alternative could only be a philosophy of life which could never satisfy the deeper impulses of man's nature.

In our next meeting we were glad to welcome back to the Club Dr. R. M. Campbell, who had just returned to New Zealand after four years abroad. Dr. Campbell spoke of his impressions in Europe and America. He contrasted the post-war philosophy of defeatism so prevalent in Europe with the optimistic faith of the American in his ability to understand and to control events.

Mr. Scotter spoke of "The Necessity for Puritanism." Those who had come to the meeting ready to defend such things as ale, dancing, football and horse-racing were visibly perturbed when the speaker explained that the Puritan was not necessarily prejudiced against these amenities. A Puritan, it appeared, was a person animated by a conscious purpose, one who was seeking ultimate reality, and one who was capable of withstanding the pressure of herd opinion and herd morality; moreover, he regarded himself as the instrument of the Life Force. Mr. Scotter quoted freely from Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," which, he said, was the best statement of the position of the modern Puritan. He referred also to Ibsen and D. H. Laurence.

In a highly provocative paper, entitled "The Future of Morals," Miss D. Spence-Sales drew an arresting picture of the doubts and difficulties of modern man. The religious synthesis, which once had given order and unity to his life, had disintegrated; but the needs that religion fulfilled remained unsatisfied. Science had proved a false Messiah; it had given man an immensely greater control over nature, but had left him neither happier nor wiser.

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Cricket Club

SENIOR TEAM.

THE Senior team this year suffered a rather lean season in contrast with the previous one, when the Club occupied the position of runners-up. This was mainly due to the fact that the batsmen of the team could not properly get going, with the result that, although the opponents were almost always out for low tallies, the team could not reach the modest totals set by our opponents, and thus were beaten in the majority of our games. The team's bowling was very good. Harrison and Aim were both extremely successful with the ball, both taking over 30 wickets. It is seasons since two bowlers have achieved such success for the Club, and Harrison had the added distinction of performing the "hat trick" against Wellington in the second game against that Club, another feat which has not been performed for years for the team, if ever. Macallan was the only other bowler who took over 10 wickets, getting 16 at an average of 19.81. McLeod, who bowled only 50 overs, took eight wickets, whilst Greig headed the averages of the regular bowlers with five wickets for 90. Leys and Nelson did not have much success with the ball, although they were not with the team for the whole season.

In batting it was a different tale, the averages being the worst for years. Leys headed them with an average of 44.33, his highest score being 149, a splendid knock, played against Institute in his last match for the Club. It was a good way to say farewell. Greig, who was transferred to Palmerston North before the season ended, played five innings, being never out under 20, his highest score being 60 not out, whilst L. M. Pacey, a newcomer from Manawatu, was third in the averages, scoring a stylish century in the second game against Wellington, in which the team scored a really fine win. Theo. Nelson scored 266 runs during the season, shaping well on several occasions, and Eddie McLeod, the skipper, for a long time seemed to have hard luck in getting out in the twenties, when apparently well set. His 45 not out against Wellington was a dashing knock.

Only three games were won by the team—against Wellington twice and Institute. All these victories were clear cut. On several occasions the team were just beaten, examples being the games against Hutt and Petone in the second round.

Only one of our players gained representative honours, that one being Eddie McLeod, our skipper.

Results of Games:—

v. Petone. V.U.C. 148 (Bailey 229, McLeod 28) and 49 for 5 wickets. Petone 223 for 9 declared (Aim 4 for 228, Macallan 4 for 46). Lost by 75 runs on 1st innings.

v. Old Boys. Old Boys 332 (Harrison 6 for 105) and 38 for 4 wickets. V.U.C. 258 (Nelson 68, Leys 49, Paetz 30, McLeod 25, Robinson 25). Lost by 74 runs on 1st innings.

v. Hutt. Hutt 234 (Aim 4 for 73, Leys 3 for 33). V.U.C. 125 (Paetz 43, Caldwell 25) and 114 for 3 wickets (Nelson 50 not out, Harrison 27). Lost by 109 runs on 1st innings.

v. Midland. Midland 220 (Macallan 4 for 47, Harrison 3 for 53). V.U.C. 109 (McLeod 24, Harrison 24) and 85 for 2 wickets (Leys 22, Paetz 20 not out, McLeod 20 not out). Lost by 111 runs on 1st innings.

v. Institute. Institute 170 (Greig 3 for 12, McLeod 2 for 3) and 83 for 2 wickets. V.U.C. 292 for 9 declared (Leys 149 not out, Paetz 39, Greig 30). Won by 122 runs on 1st innings.

v. Kilbirnie. Kilbirnie 171 (Harrison 5 for 61, Aim 4 for 66) and 117 for 4 wickets declared (Harrison 3 for 50). V.U.C. 120 (Macallan 30, Pacey 23, Greig 20) and 128 for 7 wickets (Wilren 42, Pacey 24 not out, Greig 22). Lost by 51 runs on 1st innings.

v. Wellington. V.U.C. 227 (Nelson 56, Wilson 47, Bailey 24, Greig 23, Aim 22 not out) and 101 for 3 wickets (Arndt 60 not out). Wellington 166 (Aim 5 for 56). Won by 61 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Hutt. V.U.C. 182 (Aim 89, Macallan 52) and 162 for 4 wickets (Paetz 71, Arndt 62 not out). Hutt 208 (Harrison 6 for 68, Aim 3 for 82). Lost by 26 runs on 1st innings.

v. Petone. Petone 147 (Aim 5 for 67, Harrison 4 for 41) and 151 for 6 wickets declared (Macallan 2 for 9). V.U.C. 116 (Caldwell 29) and 99 for 5 wickets (Nelson 42 not out, Aim 26). Lost by 31 runs on the first innings.

v. Wellington. Wellington 208 for 7 wickets declared (Harrison 4 for 63). V.U.C. 374 for 9 wickets (Pacey 146, Arndt 47, McLeod 45 not out, Harrison 21 not out, Nelson 20, Blandford 20). Won by 166 runs on the 1st innings.

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AVERAGES.

	Batting.				
	Ins.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs.	Total.
E. T. Leys	7	1	149*	266	44.33
J. C. Greig	5	1	60*	155	38.75
L. M. Pacey	7	1	146	221	36.83
P. Wilson	3	—	47	93	31.00
T. B. Nelson	11	2	68	266	29.55
E. G. McLeod	11	4	45*	197	28.14
C. H. Arndt	8	2	62*	137	22.83
B. A. Paetz	15	1	71	269	19.21
E. J. Aim	13	1	89	191	15.91
C. S. Harrison	11	4	27	102	14.57
P. Caldwell	9	—	29	128	14.22
I. Macallan	14	2	52	170	14.17
N. P. Robinson	2	—	25	26	13.00
H. C. Bailey	14	2	29	129	10.75
J. A. R. Blandford	13	4	20	96	10.66
H. Williams	3	1	9	17	5.66
A. R. Cramond	4	—	12	19	4.75
H. W. Osborn	2	—	5	8	4.00
W. H. Dormer	1	—	1	1	1.00

*Not Out.

Bowling.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
H. C. Bailey	1	—	7	1	7.00
J. C. Greig	28	2	90	5	18.00
C. S. Harrison	256	52	706	38	18.57
E. G. McLeod	50	6	154	8	19.25
I. Macallan	111	23	317	16	19.81
E. J. Aim	201.5	34	679	31	21.03
E. T. Leys	65	12	164	5	32.80
T. B. Nelson	51	7	194	3	64.66
P. Caldwell	2	—	23	—	—

Fielding.

Aim caught 8, Harrison 7, Macallan 5, Arndt 4, Nelson and McLeod 3, Dilson 2, Caldwell, Cramond and Williams 1 each.

Wicket-keeping.

J. A. R. Blandford stumped 3, caught 11; total, 14.

Hat-Trick.

C. S. Harrison, 4 for 63 v. Wellington (second round), taking the wickets of Airey, Cousins and Blundell with successive deliveries.

JUNIOR A.

Played 9; won 4; lost 5.

The team occupied only a moderate place in the competition. The season, however, was very enjoyable, and several close finishes were fought.

Batting Averages.

	In.	N.O.	Runs.	H.S.	Total.
P. Caldwell	4	—	210	116	52.25
C. H. Arndt	7	—	299	93	42.71
Williams	10	1	299	89	32.22
Cramond	9	1	226	74	28.25
Greig	5	1	107	59	26.75
Dalglish	4	1	77	28	25.66
Macdonald	15	1	292	50	20.86
Lysnar	4	—	76	34	19.00
Carey	10	3	131	33*	18.70
Clouston	7	1	109	47	18.10
Osborn, H. W.	14	1	219	51	16.64
Kirkcaldie	13	3	129	42	12.90
Robinson	9	—	109	34	12.10
Osborn, R.	9	—	99	44	11.00

* Not Out.

Bowling.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
Bagge	53	13	102	13	7.85
Greig	92	17	239	19	12.58
Macdonald	168	24	717	42	17.06
Osborn, H. W.	105	17	404	19	21.26
Clouston	79	11	322	14	23.00
Williams	95	14	380	14	27.15

JUNIOR B.

As far as results are concerned, this team had a very poor season, winning only two games, and finishing at or near the bottom (the exact situation is immaterial) of the competition, with 21 points. One of the chief factors in this lack of success was the promotion of several players to the Junior A eleven, including both of the regular wicket-keepers. The main fault, however, lay in the batting, which was most inconsistent, probably because very few members of the team attended regularly at the nets. Moore and Rae were the mainstays of the batting, the former concluding the season with a century, and the latter having the highest aggregate. Other century-makers were R. Osborn (promoted to Junior A) and J. Buddle, who played in two games only. The best bowlers were Francis and Mortimer, but, unfortunately, they were absent from several games. The fielding was, on the whole, quite good. Wild and Duncan being especially prominent.

JUNIOR C.

This team at the beginning of the season gave promise of developing into a strong combination, but the drain on it by higher teams proved too much and the early promise faded away con-

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siderably as the season progressed. The main personnel was as follows, although numerous others played odd games:—Nicole (Captain), Bishop, Eton, Grant, Fraser, R. D. V., Frost, Hardy, Kirkwood, Stace, Warren, Wicks.

Of those who played five knocks or more, nine obtained double-figure averages, Wicks ultimately coming out on top, a position which he ably earned by very consistent displays. Of the bowlers, Nicole secured the best bag of wickets, and was ably backed up by Frost and Hardy, although on averages Mr. H. J. Bishop was easily first, having skittled two Old Boys' wickets with his proverbial in-swinging for trifling cost. After this performance he retired, on strong recommendation from the bowling arena, so as not to spoil the competition.

THIRD.

The Thirds spent a more enjoyable than successful season, our final position, three-quarters down the ladder, speaking for itself. However, while not excusing our members, it must be admitted that we experienced bad luck in losing so many players during the season through promotion and other reasons. With Kirkwood, Lysnar, Forde batting, and Hardy, Andrews and others bowling, we had a good position for some time. However, after the New Year, when Kirkwood and Lysnar were promoted, and others left the team, we were able to secure only a very limited number of wins, and although our position in the championship suffered, we became very efficient as a free discussions club and social service society.

Athletic Club

*His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports and contests bold.*

—SCOTT (*Lady of the Lake*).

Although the Club has suffered a few disappointments this year, and a casual observer may be forgiven for assuming that it is not up to the usual standard, a careful examination of the facts will lead to an opposite conclusion. From the point of view of "a club" there has seldom been a more successful year. If the reader will take the trouble to glance at the Easter Tournament results it will be seen that practically every member of the team gained at least one point towards the Athletic Shield. This is quite unusual, as, in the past it has been common for one or two brilliant athletes to gain all the points, the rest of the team being "also rans." This fact can be attributed very largely to the conscientious efforts of B. B. Allen, who has been our trainer this season.

In the Provincial meetings, although the "green singlets" were always conspicuous, the Club did not collect its usual number of titles. This was due to the fact that most of our past "stars" have been laid aside either temporarily or permanently. The only members who "showed up" in the Provincial Championships were Doug. Barker, who won the long jump, and F. H. Stevenson, who pulled off the 100 yards Junior. Unfortunately the former was not given an opportunity to compete for the New Zealand title, of which he was the holder. F. H. Stevenson was successful in winning the 100 yards Junior at the New Zealand Championships and great things are expected of him in the future.

It was unfortunate that, owing to an operation, Stan. Ramson was unable to take part in athletics until the Inter-Faculty Sports. However, like a cork, Stan. is always on top, and his name is again being engraved on the Oram Cup for the highest aggregate at Inter-Faculty, this time in conjunction with that of Colin Watt. It has been a good thing for the Club in one respect that we have not had our usual number of "cracks," as it has meant that the younger runners have had to "do their stuff" and thus gain valuable experience which they would not otherwise have obtained.

The fact that the Inter-Faculty Sports were held this year at Newtown Park, instead of Kelburn Park, as usual, caused a good deal of comment. The change was necessitated by an oversight on the part of the Parks and Reserves Office. Our reservation was not properly recorded and as a result Kelburn Park was allocated to the Wellington Cricket Association. An important match, which could not be played elsewhere, had been arranged before the error was discovered, hence we had to accept the only ground available. However, in spite of the distance from town, there was a good attendance of students and their friends. Detailed results of the sports are as follows:—

100 yards: J. N. Goodson, 1; R. T. Street, 2; D. W. A. Barker, 3.

200 yards: J. N. Goodson, 1; D. W. A. Barker, 2; R. T. Street, 3.

440 yards: J. C. Watt, 1; J. B. Stevenson, 2; J. R. Bennell, 3.

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880 yards: J. C. Watt, 1; —. Rafter, 2 D. Priestley, 3.

One mile: L. W. Rothwell, 1; J. C. K. Fabian, 2; R. C. Morpeth, 3.

Three Miles: L. W. Rothwell, 1; J. C. K. Fabian, 2; R. C. Morpeth, 3.

120 yards Hurdles: F. S. Ramson, 1; —. McDonald, 2; N. M. Hislop, 3.

High Jump: E. W. Ducker, 1; B. Vickerman, 2; N. M. Hislop and D. W. A. Barker, equal, 3.

Long Jump: D. W. A. Barker, 1; F. S. Ramson, 2; N. M. Hislop, 3.

Shot Putt: F. S. Ramson, 1; N. M. Hislop, 2; A. Lambert, 3.

Javelin: N. M. Hislop, 1; J. C. Watt, 2; —. McDonald, 3.

Arts and Science won the Relay Race and also the Banner by 43½ points to 24½.

CUP AWARDS.

The cups this year have been awarded as follows:—

Dunbar Cup (for most points during the season): D. W. A. Barker.

Heinemann Cup (most improved athlete): J. R. Bennell.

Ladies' Cup (best performance at Inter-Faculty): J. C. Watt.

Oram Cup (for most points gained at Inter-Faculty): J. C. Watt and F. S. Ramson.

Heinemann Medal (best performance at Inter-Faculty by first year athlete): E. N. Ducker.

On the Saturday following Inter-Faculty Sports the second Dewar Shield meet was held, at which the 'Varsity teams were successful in "netting" the one mile (Fabian, Rothwell, Morpeth) and the long jump (Barker, Mackay).

In spite of all our resolutions we were not successful in bringing back the Athletic Shield from Tournament. At midday on Sports Day the Victorians were feeling very "bucked," as it appeared, on points to date, that we were "home and dried" as regards winning the Shield. However the events of the afternoon turned out contrary to our expectations. The fate of the Shield rested on the relay, which was won by Canterbury, thus making their victory doubly secure. Talking about the relay we hear, on good authority, that the girls of Dunedin are still quarrelling over Newton Goodson's "wee pants." It was unfortunate that those responsible for conducting the Sports at Tournament were not conversant with N.Z.U. Rules regarding the changing of events. If these had been adhered to our chances of success would have been substantially improved.

Following our usual custom, the Athletics Club dinner was held after the Sports and was an even greater success than usual. Upon the termination of this function we very fittingly adjourned "en masse" to the swimming baths.

Women's Hockey Club

THE past season has been quite a successful one for the Women's Hockey Club. With great optimism, and faith in the 'Varsity hockey players, we entered three teams in the competitions. The Junior B team—the beginners—finished the season third in its grade, and had it not been made to suffer for the delinquencies of the Junior A team, would have been second. The Junior A team, which, on paper, should have been at least in the first half of its grade, did not settle down to play its best hockey until the last few games of the season, when it brought off its only wins. With the Seniors the trouble seemed to be that they were all good players, but the forwards couldn't shoot goals, the halves didn't manage to feed the right set of forwards, and the backs couldn't prevent their opponents from scoring goals. However, it managed to win 4, draw 1 and lose 7 games.

In the University Tournament the representative team defeated Canterbury by 2—1, but found Otago too strong for them and lost 5—0.

In the Seven-a-side Tournament, held in July, the Junior A team gave an excellent display of the sort of hockey 'Varsity can play, but the superior training of the Toa team showed to advantage in the semi-final, when Varsity was defeated 1—0.

The Club wishes to congratulate Misses R. Nolan and J. Scott, who were chosen to represent Wellington against Horowhenua; also Misses J. Scott, K. Hoby, M. Huggins and A. Hefford, who won their N.Z. University "Blues," and Misses E. McCallum and E. Maule, of the Training College team, who represented Wellington in the Dominion Tournament.



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Tennis Club

TENNIS at V.U.C. from the ever-increasing number of playing members has rapidly become the most popular sport at this College.

The general standard of play among members is higher than it has been for some years past.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON PLAY.

Once again the system whereby each set was made up by a committee man and lasted for twenty minutes has been in force. This has undoubtedly resulted in a larger attendance of freshers and beginners at the game.

OPENING DAY.

The season was opened at V.U.C. by the conduct of a very popular combined doubles Yankee Tournament, in which forty-eight pairs took part. During the course of the afternoon the Club's President, Professor F. P. Wilson, duly declared the courts open for the season.

FRESHERS' DAY.

On Freshers' Day, the first Saturday of the 1931 season, a second combined doubles Yankee Tournament was held. Once again we were rejoiced to see quite a number of promising freshers who should develop into first-class players.

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS.

It is pleasing that for the first time for many years the Club Championships were finalised. Once again it is noticeable that many of the entrants are too prone to procrastinate and to postpone the playing of their matches with the result that the enthusiasm of the keener players is dissipated before the Championships reach the third round.

This year by commencing the championships at an earlier date better results were obtained in the earlier rounds although the semi-finals and finals were still affected by too many scratchings. The standard of play was very high this year, the respective championships being won as follows:—

Men's Singles: E. A. Rousell.

Men's Doubles: W. S. Harris and F. S. Ramson.

Ladies' Singles: Miss V. Dyer.

Ladies' Doubles: Misses V. Dyer and A. Pragnell.

Combined Doubles: Miss V. Dyer and W. S. Harris.

INTER-CLUB MATCHES.

Once again the Club fielded four teams in the Inter-Club Championships, in the Senior, Junior, Third and Intermediate Grades. Although no championships were won each of the teams put up satisfactory performances and but for the un-

doubted weakness of the women players, especially in the lower grades, would have finished higher in their respective grades.

The Senior team did well to finish second in this grade, the winners being Brougham Hill. The results are as follows:—

v. Wellington: Won by 9 matches to 7; 21 sets.

v. Brougham Hill: Lost by 2 matches to 12, two games being unfinished. Brougham Hill has undoubtedly the strongest club team in New Zealand. Long is to be congratulated on winning both his single and double.

v. Newtown: Lost 8 matches to 8, 20 sets to 17, 143 games to 165. In this match the men won all singles and doubles, the ladies losing all singles and doubles.

v. Thorndon: Won 12 matches to 3, 193 games to 139. In this match the lady players played well, winning three out of four singles. Ferkins is to be congratulated on his defeat of Sandral in straight sets.

The Junior team finished fourth on the championship ladder. This team although handicapped by the changing of players and the fact that three matches were played in the Vacation, performed creditably. Its results were:—

v. Khandallah: Lost 4 matches to 12, 12 sets to 25, 132 games to 172.

v. Wellington: Won 9 matches to 5, 19 sets to 12, 143 games to 154.

v. Lyall Bay: Lost 7 matches to 9, 18 sets to 21, 179 games to 187.

v. Seatoun: Won 10 matches to 5, 190 games to 157.

v. Newtown: Lost 2 matches to 9, the remainder being abandoned. McCarthy won both his single and double.

The Third Grade team had a very strong men's team but a weak women's team. Although handicapped severely it finished fifth in this grade, losing to the champion team by the narrow margin of matches even, 101 games to 95. Its results were:—

v. Lyall Bay: Lost 8 matches all, 95 games to 101. In this match we won only one women's game.

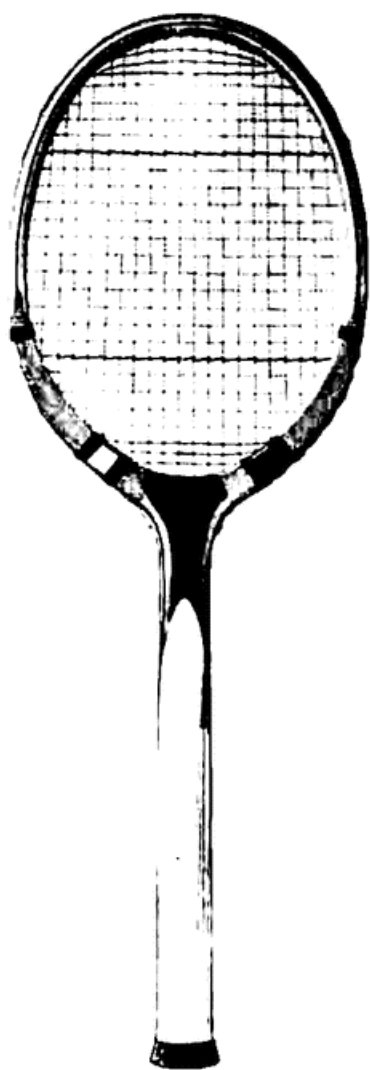
v. Rawhiti: Won 10 matches to 6, 104 games to 77.

v. Wadestown: Lost 4 matches to 12, 87 games to 112.

v. Roseneath: Won 11 matches to 5, 109 games to 82.

The Intermediate results were as follows:—

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v. Technical College: Lost 8 matches all, 87 games to 95.

v. Wadestown: Won 11 matches to 5, 115 games to 80.

v. St. Peter's: Lost 6 matches to 10, 83 games to 107.

v. Island Bay: Lost 6 matches to 10.

The Club is to be congratulated upon the enthusiasm of its players in these matches with the result that although teams had as many as three games in the vacation no match was defaulted. CLUB LADDER.

The season started with a great number of challenges on the Men's Ladder and after a cessation at Christmas renewed activity was displayed just prior to Easter.

The Ladies' Ladder however once again remained in a state of coma. Too many challenges lapsed and were not played. We hope that new blood next season will put a little life into this side of University tennis.

PERSONAL.

We wish to congratulate one of our ex-players, Cam. Malfroy, upon his sterling performance at Wimbledon when he was defeated in the third round by the ultimate winner of the singles, also upon his performances in Cambridge University tennis.

R. Ferkins, Mr. R. Smith and E. A. Roussell are also to be congratulated upon their positions on the Wellington Lawn Tennis Association Ladder, Ferkins being ranked fourth, Smith fifth, and Roussell seventh. Ferkins and Smith also represented Wellington against Auckland in the last Wilding Shield match of the season, Roussell being emergency.

BLUES.

The following blues have been awarded for the 1930-31 season:—Misses M. Line, M. Carty and V. Dyer, Messrs. E. A. Roussell, R. H. Long and W. S. Harris.

COURTS.

By dint of much hard work the Tennis Club Committee has now obtained the sum of £500 for the purpose of re-laying the courts. By the start of the 1931-32 season the present courts will be replaced with new ferro-concrete courts which will obviate most of the disabilities of our present Courts.

Both the College Council and the Students' Association have proved very sympathetic and have given us material assistance. To them the thanks of the Club is due, and also to members of the Club who have taken so much interest and assisted by their work and financially.

Gum Club

*You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees,
but you don't get away from the guns.*

—KIPLING.

THE bitterness of the southerly belies the fact that in quite a short time summer will once again be round to bathe us in a lack of warming sunshine. But D.V. and despite the weather the jolly band of riflemen will be knocking the bull out of the targets the first week of the third term. Not long now! The Club's annual general meeting will be held early in the third term and for those who would like to find out something about the Club this provides an excellent opportunity. Surely no student is so darned wrapped up in his work that he cannot spare a few minutes for the Rifle Club's meeting! Watch the notice-board!

Last season was voted by all members as most successful. Although we cannot drag forth a string of match successes, the season was characterised by extreme keenness and considerable improvement among active members and we like to feel that the winning of the Haslam Shield

last Easter with a team of new and relatively inexperienced shots was a worth-while achievement.

We feel that we should take this opportunity of voicing an appreciation of the help given us by the President, Mr. E. W. Mills, and the Vice-President, Mr. H. C. Bollard, who, although they have passed from the ranks of students proper through exigencies of business and so forth, have continued to identify themselves with the Club's activities and to guide us, the new brigade, in all matters both on and off the range. Their moral support on the day of the Haslam shoot and Mr. Bollard's not-so-moral demonstration of how easy bulls were to snipe helped us immensely to pile up a winning aggregate.

P. H. Meakin brought distinction on himself and the Club by securing top score in the Haslam Shield Competition and in being awarded a New Zealand "Blue."

Next season we hope to be able to enter a team for the Imperial Universities Rifle Match, a competition open to all the Universities of the Empire. In 1924 Victoria were third, being beaten by Sydney and Cambridge. In 1925 Victoria won the match. In 1926 the Club was again third—altogether a record of which any Club might be proud. But we would like to demonstrate that the Club of the middle twenties has no monopoly of match distinctions. We have also the Albert Memorial Trophy, an Australasian match, and the more local competitions in view.

In passing, it might be pointed out that this is probably the most inexpensive of all the better summer sports, thanks to the beneficence of a paternal Government which grants free ammunition, free rail fare to Trentham, and loans perfectly sound rifles free of charge. Ten per cent. cuts make rather drastic inroads on beer money and all these things must be considered.

A note in the rack from would-be members and others, for the Secretary is all that is required. Join the happy band early and avoid the crush.

Basketball

Hold on with bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible.

—A. LINCOLN.

THE Committee can look back on 1931 as a very successful year. Although no team attained championship honours, all were keenly enthusiastic and attended practices regularly.

Senior A.—The following represented in the Senior A Grade:—M. Line, E. Boden, I. Morice, P. Quinlin, M. Patterson, K. Wood, J. Dunn, Z. Lowrie, P. Dennehey, V. Wilson, D. Martyn-Roberts (Capt.).

The Senior A team did very well this year and there were great hopes of it carrying off the championship. At the end of the 1st round it was second on the list, being only 1 point down to Wellington East Old Girls, the last team to be played. The second round was successfully negotiated till the last match, when W.E.O.G.'s again defeated our team. We would like to congratulate W.E.O.G.'s on winning the championship.

In the Tournament held on June 3rd the Senior A team lost their first two matches and finished third.

The following received their Blues for 1930:—M. Line, I. Morice, P. Quinlin, K. Wood, E. Hardy, J. Dunn.

Misses M. Line and D. Martyn-Roberts were chosen to represent Wellington in a challenge match against Auckland on July 11. Miss

Martyn-Roberts was unable to travel. Miss Line was chosen again to play in the return match.

TOURNAMENT.

The fact that the basketball season does not start for several months after Tournament makes the task of choosing and working up a team at that time a very difficult one. This year, however, we hope to overcome that difficulty by choosing a tentative team now, at the end of the season, when players are in form.

Senior B.—This was a most enthusiastic team, and is to be congratulated on the way it held regular practices and kept up interest right through the season, although it was not very successful in Saturday matches.

Third Grade.—This team has been the Cinderella of the Club and might have made a much better showing if they had had a regular nine. Unfortunately, we had to draw on this team to fill in the Senior B at various times. Regular practices were held and efforts were made to improve play.

This year our only social activity was a dance held in conjunction with the Haeremai Club. This was very well patronised and a great success.

Men's Hockey Club

Assembling wolves in raging troup descend.

—THOMSON.

THIS year the Men's Hockey Club commenced the season with even greater numbers and was enabled to enter eight teams in the Grade Competitions. Unfortunately, right from the commencement of the season casualties have been rife among players in all grades, and this has impaired the strength of the different teams to a great extent. Besides this, one or two players have left the district, so it is not surprising that, although V.U.C. has the largest club in Australasia, only one team, the First Senior B, is champion in its grade. In spite of the season's misfortunes, however, the Club has some very keen and able exponents of hockey in its ranks.

On 3rd June a Five-a-side Tournament was held by the Wellington Hockey Association at Karori for Senior, Junior and Third Grade teams. The Club's Senior A team was absent in Christchurch on this occasion, so that a "scratch" team in the Senior grade had to be gleaned from the two Senior B teams. The team which finally turned out was very proud of the fact that it reached the grade final, where a crack Wellington five defeated it by three goals to nil. The five composed of Junior B players also had the satisfaction of reaching the final, having defeated Kingi Tahiw's Junior A five in the semi-finals. The Third Grade teams played well, but found their opponents too strong for them.

On the night of 30th May the Senior A team sailed for Christchurch, where they took part in the Annual Inter-University Hockey Tournament, losing to Canterbury College after a very keenly contested game.

The Club's Annual Dance was held on 30th May and was voted by all present one of the year's brightest 'Varsity functions.

TEAM NOTES.

Senior A Team.

This team made a good start in its club matches, but at the end of the first two rounds had fallen well towards the bottom of the ladder. The team would fare much worse were it not for McIntosh, who has proved himself very reliable in goal.

Senior B A Team.

This team was handicapped at the commencement of the season by having only five of its previous team playing. After the first two matches, however, the team settled down and has now made up for the loss and the draw with which it commenced the season. At the end of the first round

the team led the Senior B Championship with a game against the 'Varsity B team in hand, and finished up champions. Its record was as follows:

Played.	Won.	Lost	Drawn.	Goals For.	Goals Against.
11	9	1	1	36	16

The new members of the team are to be congratulated on the fine showing they have displayed. Struthers (centre forward), Stewart (right wing), Sandlant (half), Foster and Petherick (full-backs) deserve special mention.

The results of the matches in the first round are as follows:—

v. Karori—Lost 2—6. A very scratchy game, the forwards showing no combination.

v. Huia—Draw, 2—2. The Capping Ball and the absence of our goalie accounted for this display.

v. Hutt—Won 3—1. A good open game, both backs and forwards playing well.

v. Wesley—Won 3—0. A good game, although the forwards missed numerous opportunities.

v. Petone—Won 2—0. The backs played a wonderful game and allowed our opponents no chances.

v. Training College—Won 5—1. Played on a very muddy ground, with little chance to play decent hockey.

v. Wellington—Won 1—0. The team was much weakened by injuries and promotions to the Senior A's. Struthers scored in the last few minutes.

v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 3—0. The forwards missed many opportunities, but the backs kept Y.M. out.

v. University B—Postponed.

v. Karori—Won 5—4. This game, by which we went to the top of the competition, although played on a heavy ground, provided the best display of hockey this year. The forwards played like champions, Struthers, who scored four of the goals, playing a great game.

v. Y.M.C.A.—Won 8—1. An easy win.

v. Hutt—Won 2—1. Winning this game, the team achieved the distinction of being champions in the grade. The 'Varsity Club has won this championship in the years 1928-30-31.

Senior B B Team.

The Senior B B team has had very little success in its grade, accidents and replacements being so frequent that it has seldom fielded the same team on two successive occasions. The team comprises most of last year's Junior players, who find them-

selves at a disadvantage against the superior tactics of more experienced opponents. The games, however, have all been hard fought, fast and enjoyable, and with one exception our opponents have had to work hard for their success. The team was successful in drawing with Training College, 3 goals all, and Y.M.C.A., 4 goals apiece, but have been unable to register a win. The members of the team during the season have been drawn from Benjamin, Dowling, J. Foster, Rothwell, A. G. Clark (captain), Bertram, Shield, H. V. Clark, Camp, Cahill, Sheppard, Withers, Wilson, Buxton, Burrow, Thompson, Struthers, Olphert, Warburton, Bryan and Stewart.

Junior A.

At the beginning of the season the side was a very strong one and would have enjoyed a much more successful season had it been possible to keep it intact throughout.

The regular members of the team comprised:—Arlow, Bryan, Burrows, Buxton, Camp, Dickens, Kennard, Capes, Riske, Tahiw (captain), Thompson, Warburton, and in the later games Withers and Foden.

Junior B.

With a record of five wins and six losses to date, the Junior B team may be said to have had a fair share of success. At one stage the team was favourably placed in the championships in fourth position, but has since been displaced to the sixth position. Close games have been the rule generally, particularly so early in the season, when the A's were narrowly defeated by 1—0.

Though combination rather than individualism has been the strong point of the team, it would not be invidious to call attention to the useful work of Stace at centre forward, the well-directed and abundant energy of Wilson at centre half, the hard, sure hitting of Kinder and Foden (a convert from Rugby), as respective right and left full-backs, and the rapidly improving form in goal of Duff, who is having his first season in this position and promises well.

Junior C.

Although, as far as the results to date go, the Junior C's cannot be said to have had a very

successful first round, the position is really much better than it appears. The main reason for the number of losses has been the fact that there has been no combination in the team, due to the fact that whenever there has been a shortage or a change desired in the A's or B's (and this has been frequently), the C's have had to stand the loss. Only three of us have played every week for the C's.

No comment on this team would be appropriate without some reference to our stalwart goalkeeper. He has turned out for us regularly, and has earned the unstinted admiration of our most critical opponents.

Third Grade A Team.

The form displayed by this team as a whole has been disappointing. Owing to many injuries throughout the season in Senior teams, a regular team was not together the whole season, and this greatly affected the team combination. The team consisted mainly of new players, of whom the most promising was K. J. Duff, who played centre forward during the latter half of the season. Mouat, formerly wing, is a recent discovery as an excellent goalkeeper. The regular team was as follows:—Sutherland, O'Sullivan, Hosie, K. J. Duff, Palmer, Corcoran, K. Scott, Etherington, F. W. O. Jones, Rockell, Stevenson and Mouat. Others who played at one time or another during the season were:—W. H. Scott, I. Duff, Joseph, Lamb, McClelland, C. Read, Sanson, Kirkcaldie, and Olliver.

This team, having won 2 matches and lost 10, is runner up to B team for the wooden spoon in the Third Grade Championship.

Third Grade B Team.

We commenced the season rather encouragingly for a new team, losing only by a narrow margin of points, but in subsequent matches the superior combination of our opponents was decidedly marked.

The team consisted of:—Rollings, Paul, Purdie, Woodford, McClelland, J. Etherington, Sanson, Chisholm (captain), Jackson, Brooker, Lamb.

Haeremai Club

Some of his words were not Sunday-school words.

—MARK TWAIN.

The activities of the Club for the year, although criticised to some extent, through the medium of our minor though none the less interesting publication, are none the less social events which will always be open to criticism.

The year commenced with a Saveloy Evening as a welcome to the Freshers, and although the conduct thereof apparently gave enjoyment to those present, we most respectfully request the gentle-

men who in future attend such occasions not to stamp the skins into the floor.

Two "Bob Hops," one successful and one otherwise, have been held this year, and we would like to take this occasion to deplore the lack of support given by the men of this College to these minor, though necessary, activities.

The Club was once more entrusted with the organising and management of the Capping Procession, and we think we are quite correct in stating that everybody who took any part whatever in the procession had a thoroughly enjoyable day.

The procession left the College at 11.30 a.m. and proceeded through the main streets of the city to the Post Office Square, where speeches were delivered under trying conditions—so trying, in fact, that several of our members endeavoured to escape on the top of a tram car and were noticeably successful. The execution of General Depression then took place, and his body is now interred in the Club's favourite sepulchre. At the D.I.C. we were welcomed, and after indulging in ye olde time sport of Riding in the Escalator, made whoopee amongst the corsets, much to the obvious embarrassment of divers elderly ladies most apparently intent on business. From there we journeyed to Kirk's, where we were met at the only unlocked door by a person who vainly endeavoured to exclude us. Once inside, we were reluctant to leave, but did so after giving several of the College songs, and, all things considered, quite a good rendering of the College's rather weak haka. Thence we successfully passed the Central Police Station and entered, after a little opposition, the precincts of 2YA, where we insisted on giving a free concert. Permission was granted after the gentleman who appeared to be in charge had taken us through a rehearsal. The

concert, briefly, consisted of a short introduction and description of the procession by our leader, Mr. East, followed by the Haeremai Club Song, the College Song and Haka, after which Mr. Whitcombe delivered his capping speech on behalf of Honest George (Mr. Forbes). Here the procession officially disbanded, and those who felt so inclined proceeded at will to various of the city's better known landmarks. The crowning point of our Capping Day activities came in the form of official congratulations on a hilarious but orderly day from the Executive of the Students' Association. The sole difficulty in connection with the arrangements was the failure of some participants to be present on the arrival of others who had never expressed any intention to be present.

The Fancy Dress Dance held on July 11th, in conjunction with the Basketball Club, was in every way a success. The orchestra, by arriving in fancy dress, gave a good lead and joined with those present in upholding the traditions of the Club.

The Smoke Concert, held on August 15th, despite the comparatively small attendance, was enjoyed by all present. Professor Murphy, who has been the patron of the Club since its inception, was the guest of honour, and expressed himself as being enthusiastically interested in the Club's activities. Major McAlister was again present as the guest of the Club, and during the evening related with much humour the truthful and fictitious experiences of Mme. Latouche and others.

We would remind everyone that our College will next year be judged at the Easter Tournament by the students of the other three Colleges, and it behoves everyone, whether a participant or merely a supporter, to know the College songs and the new haka.

Football Club

It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions.

—VOLTAIRE.

THE Football Club has had an eventful season this year. The match with Canterbury University College was played for the first time for some years, and a Junior side played for the first time against Massey Agricultural College, at Palmerston North. This latter match will be played annually on the 3rd of June alternately at Palmerston North and Wellington. Both these matches were lost, the first by 28—14, the second by 19—6, but we do not regret that.

We also sent a team comprised of players from all grades to play Te Aute College at Waipukurau. In a fine game, before a record crowd, Te Aute beat our team by 20 points to 10.

Our Senior team started off with great promise, but owing to the New Zealand University tour of Australia, and an abnormal number of injuries, which resulted in the team in a number of games taking the field minus almost all its regular back line, we ended up in third to bottom place.

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When, however, the team did at last get its full side back, the hard knocks the players had received and the weeks of inaction on the bank were very noticeable in the first two or three games on return. The side was ably led by R. H. C. Mackenzie, whose loss through injuries in a number of games was severely felt by the team. As in other years, F. S. Ramson scored a big tally of points for the side, getting well over fifty. The following played for the team during the season:—Full-back, F. Cormack; three-quarters: J. D. Mackay, F. S. Ramson, J. H. Ruru, N. Hislop, D. Young; five-eighths: R. H. C. Mackenzie (Captain), D. Mulvihill, J. Black, R. Leech; half-back, J. M. Pacey; wing-forwards: D. Griffin, R. Simmers; forwards: T. M. Elliott, J. Beaumont, R. E. Diederich (Vice-Captain), C. E. Dixon, W. R. Hart, G. R. J. Hope, E. E. Blacker, H. Macaskill, D. Barker, M. E. Mahoney, Banks and Dalglish. S. Kidd, Webber, H. Middlebrook, Masters and Dickinson each played one game for the side.

Results of the team's games were:—

v. Oriental	Won	10—7
v. Old Boys	Won	19—3
v. Petone	Won	17—14
v. Berhampore	Won	24—15
v. Marist	Lost	8—10
v. Ponake	Lost	9—32
v. Eastbourne	Lost	8—17
v. Miramar	Drawn	11—11
v. Athletic	Lost	11—17
v. Wellington	Lost	14—19
v. Hutt	Lost	9—10
v. Petone	Lost	17—19
v. Oriental	Lost	11—14
v. Athletic	Lost	9—19
v. Berhampore	Won	52—11
v. Miramar	Won	19—6

Won, 6; Lost, 9; Drawn, 1; Championship Points, 13.

The Senior B team started a good side, but having to replace the missing Senior A members ruined the team's chances for the championship. However, the team was a happy side, and every one in the team seemed to enjoy the football they played. The team was ably coached by Messrs. F. Petre and H. C. Bailey.

The following played for the team:—Read, Webb, Young, Dickinson, Gully, Hislop, Whitcombe, Black (Captain), Leech, Paul, Clifford-Jones, McKee, McWhinnie, Barker, Dalglish, Desborough, Kidd, H. Williams, Macaskill, Webber, Banks, Mahoney, Benge, O'Shea and Steele.

The team played 15 games, winning 7, losing 7 and drawing 1.

The Junior team had a good heavy pack, and a good set of backs, but owing to lack of practice, failed to gather more than 18 points. With more combination, however, and less drawing on by other grades, they would have been considerably further up the championship table.

Our Third A and Third B teams were, as usual, well down the list. Both teams have a facility for enjoying themselves and do not mind whether they win or lose. They met for the first time in a championship game this season, the match being won by the B's, 10—9. This made them level on the championship table, and they ended up the same.

Unquestionably the best team in the Club this year was our Fourth A team. This team was only beaten once in its grade, and that was by the leaders, Petone A. This team was the best lower grade side we have ever had, and we are justly proud of their record, the team comprising mostly boys in their first year away from secondary school. They played good football, and were always a treat to watch. We have to congratulate Mr. A. P. O'Shea on the way in which he trained the team. The following played for the side:—Blandford, McConville, Elliott, McNaught, Jeram, Hall, Rockel, Wild (Captain), Edgar (Vice-Captain), Burgess, Deck, Coup, Lauchlan, Chorlton, Connell, Wilton, Middlebrook, Maunder, Norris, Buddle, Callingham, Clendon, Linton and Archibald.

Results:—

v. Institute	Won	19—5
v. St. Pat's O.B.	Won	19—0
v. Onslow	Won	20—0
v. Technical College O.B.	Won	24—0
v. Petone	Lost	0—11
v. Wellington College O.B. "B"	Won	47—3
v. Miramar	Won	12—3
v. Wellington "B"	Won	12—0
v. Melrose	Drawn	3—3
v. Johnsonville	Won	6—0
v. Eastbourne	Won	17—3
v. Upper Hutt	Won	6—5
v. Wellington College O.B. "A"	Won	8—6

The Fourth B team did not have many successes, but with a little more luck they would have done better than they did. They were a team that, if properly coached, would have given a very good account of themselves in the championship.

The new practice ground behind the gym. is approaching completion, and when it is finished it will give the Club a big advantage, as far as training is concerned. The ground will be lighted



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at present, but if the Club ever has sufficient funds a gymnasium will be erected at one end. The ground is built so that it may be turned into a full-sized football ground, but it is impossible to do this at present, owing to lack of funds.

The annual dance was held in conjunction with the Hui Marae Club, but owing to the apathetic support of the Club as a whole, resulted in a financial loss. As a social function, however, the dance was a great success, and many of our younger Vice-Presidents attended.

Four members of our Senior team, namely, C. E. Dixon, R. Deiderich, J. D. Mackay and J. Ruru were members of the New Zealand University team which toured New South Wales. Several others were not available. Mr. F. Petre, a member of our Committee, and coach of our Senior B team, was selected as manager and carried out his duties in a very capable way. From this it will be seen that we were well represented in Australia.

R. Deiderich, J. D. Mackay, E. E. Blacker and F. Cormack are members of the Wellington representative side this year, while H. Williams was tried out in the Senior A v. Senior B game for the Wellington B team, but failed to gain a place.

J. D. Mackay was chosen for the North Island team, but was unable to play, and was also chosen as emergency back for the All Blacks at Auckland. He is to be congratulated on these distinctions.

Several members of our Fourth A team—R. Wild, K. Maunder, J. A. R. Blandford and W. Coup—are in the Town team which plays the Country team.

The Committee is at present devising a method of raising money for the new practice ground, and hopes in the very near future to raise sufficient to light it and partially fence it. There is also the top-dressing to be attended to, and until this is completed the ground will not be much used.

As stated before, several friendly matches were played, and in addition to these, it is hoped that the match against Auckland University College be played next year, in which case the Club will have a busy season. It is to the advantage of all that these matches be kept up, and for this reason the Committee is using its utmost endeavours to arrange the matches for fixed dates. At present matches against Te Aute College, at Waipukurau, and Massey College, at Wellington, are fixed, but these are for our Junior teams only.

Science Society

IN order to disperse the clouds of an ugly rumour to the effect that the Science Society has died the death, we feel it incumbent upon ourselves to remove such errors from the popular mind by a clear and scientific exposition of our activities up to date.

Firstly, then, Professor Von Zedlitz has addressed us on a subject entitled "Are We Going to the Dogs?" and the address proved to be of absorbing interest, since it cleared up all our nasty doubts about the Bolsheviki and explained to us the economic position of Russia. Then we have had Professor Murphy on the subject of "Gold"—not metallurgy, of course, but paper money and values and all that. Dr. Marshall explained to us one evening why there was such a mess at Napier and Hastings, and how it came about, reassuring us that there would not be such a mess again for a long time. Then Mr. Elliott gave us a talk on "Science and Antiquity," indicating the beginnings of some of the first discoveries in science and mathematics, e.g., that $(a-b)(a+b) = a^2 - b^2$ and similar things. All

these interesting lectures have been followed by suppers, at which functions there have been even greater attendances than at the lectures. The weather has been cold, and all scientists are agreed on the necessity for central heating.

Our annual dance was a complete success. The gym. was decorated with flags, an original idea to cut out the expense of paper streamers, an expense uncalled for in the times of depression and unemployment. At our social we had something quite new (new, i.e., except for the once or twice when the S.C.M. people tried it); I am speaking of "Disappointment Dances." What happens is, you walk about in the dark and when the lights go on again you dance with the man, woman, or child you happen to be standing near. It is very diverting, indeed. One rather regrettable thing about the social was that there was too much supper, but I think some orphans got what was left, so it's an ill wind that doesn't blow anyone any good.

There is not space to record any details of our voyage to the "Discovery," or our visit to the

"Dominion," nor to relate the wild excitement of the "Bug Hunts" inaugurated this year. All that remains is to mention the chief function of the year, viz., the annual football match of Chemistry and Biology versus Maths, Physical and Geology.

The game was played on Kelburn Park, in fine weather, with the usual exhibition of brilliant play.

Not many names have been mentioned, but all those interested will doubtless be able to read between the lines. Nil desperandum (Latin).

Boxing Club

*Prove their religion orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.*

—S. BUTLER.

WITH the 1932 Tournament looming up, it behoves all the sporting clubs at V.U.C. to strive to the utmost to offer the strongest opposition as possible to our visitors from the other Colleges.

As to boxing, Victoria College has the material to regain the Shield lost to Otago, but this can be accomplished only by long preparation and solid training. It has been the custom for boxers to train assiduously for a week or two prior to the Tournament. That this is not sufficient is well exemplified by the results of the last Tournament, when two of our New Zealand Blues were defeated and only one weight was captured.

Boxing Blues were awarded to the following for 1931:—J. K. Logan, W. C. Hart, J. B. Kent, A. R. Cramond, C. N. Armstrong and M. E. Mahoney.

The 1931 Tournament has been fully reported elsewhere.

We hasten to add a word of thanks to our instructor, Mr. Roy Brien, who is a friend as well as a very capable teacher. Finally, we chronicle our own crying need for a heavyweight. There is no dearth of big men at the College, yet we went to the 1931 Tournament without a representative in the heavyweight division.

Rowing Club

IN again winning the boat race this year at Dunedin, not however without keen opposition, a fresh impetus has been given to rowing in Victoria College and the Club is now in a sounder position than it has ever been.

At a meeting of delegates from the four Colleges at Easter, it was decided that rowing be included in the tournament next year, which implies that rowing is at least getting the recognition it warrants.

Negotiations are at present under way for the purchase of a clubhouse and plant, when members may participate in outside regattas through the year. The main difficulty, however, is the question of a suitable site, and endeavours are being made to build jointly with the Wellington Club on their ground. We expect to know definitely whether this can be done at an early date. No difficulty is anticipated in raising the necessary finance (about £1000), which will be placed in debentures.

The following members of last year's crew will still be available for next year:—Bell, Gane, Kemp, Dixon, Steele, McGavin, Grant, and with

added experience and a longer training period, a formidable combination will be boated. The race will also take place on our own course.

We congratulate Messrs. McGavin, Bell, Kemp and Gane on receiving their "Blues" this year. Although other members of the crew are up to a high standard, it has always been the Club's policy to keep the standard of the Rowing Blue as high as possible, and the selections this year are well up to the standard set.

Although the membership of the Club has increased, we will welcome newcomers and anyone interested in the sport is asked to leave a note in the rack for the Club Captain, F. M. Bell, or the Secretary, W. J. Kemp, both of whom will be pleased to furnish full particulars. We have hopes of at least six crews in the trial fours next year, from which material for the eight will be selected.

At the last meeting of rowing delegates in Dunedin last Easter, the question of a visit from an Australian 'Varsity crew was once more discussed. For the last two or three years ways and means have been discussed to achieve this object and it is hoped the visit will be arranged for 1933. 'Var-

sity rowing in Australia has a much stronger hold than in New Zealand, but nevertheless the standard of rowing is quite as high, if not higher, than the Aussie 'Varsities. A race between the individual N.Z. Universities and a representative N.S.W. 'Varsity eight would be interesting, but we do not think they could come up to the stand-

ard set by a combined N.Z. 'Varsity crew. At any rate, the visit will be eagerly anticipated by all. About £120 is necessary to tour the visitors in New Zealand, and this amount can be guaranteed. The main difficulty is the arrangement of dates which will not clash with local regattas in New Zealand and Australia, as the men in both crews would be representing their respective clubs.

Tramping Club

Hills peep o'er hills and alps on alps arise.

—POPE.

A GENERAL survey of the activities of the Club since the last issue of "Spike" shows that there have been some very successful tramps. The outstanding ones are the Christmas trip to the Spencer Mountains—an account of which appears elsewhere in this issue—the two Easter trips and several week-end tramps during the first term. A wide and varied range of country has been covered, and the activities should cope with the requirements of all interested in this type of outdoor sport.

The initial tramp this year was a Sunday trip to the Butterfly Creek region. The party consisted of eleven women, and, in addition, two shy men, whose courage failed them, so they "trickled off" to explore the Butterfly on their own. The girls discovered that Butterfly Creek covers an area larger and more scrubby than is usually thought, and eventually arrived back at the wharf, happy and comfortably tired.

The following week-end, twenty-one members participated in a very successful tramp to the Orongorongo and Mt. Matthews. Under the leadership of Tom Birks, the party did good time over to Baine's Hut on Saturday afternoon. After an early start next morning they had an easy climb up Mt. Matthews, with splendid views.

On March 29th a party of eleven visited the Mt. Dick locality. The most astounding feature of this tramp was that the leader slept in, much to his annoyance. We sympathise with you, Ken; it is rather hard having to run all the way on a tramp.

At Easter two trips were arranged, one to Kapiti Island and the other to the Tararuas. The sixteen members on the Kapiti trip found that adverse weather conditions at the beginning detracted somewhat from the pleasure of the trip. They are indebted to Mrs. Webber, of Kapiti, for her hospitality in allowing them the use of her house at Paraparaumu during the period

they were weatherbound. When weather permitted, Kapiti again proved to be a source of great interest. Thanks are due to the leader, Guy Oliver, for his trouble in organising under unfavourable conditions.

The other Easter trip is reported in the July issue of "Smad."

On April 19th, only four members took the opportunity of admiring the view from Belmont.

On the Anzac Day week-end, a formidable party of twenty-nine ventured forth. Two lorries were required to carry the party over the Rimutakas to Matthew's Station, in the Lower Wairarapa Valley. The route followed was up the Wairongomai River, over the ridge and down the Orongorongo River, where camp was struck. By way of diversion some of the party indulged in a little wild game hunting and its result, much to the interest of zoology students and to the disgust of others. Camp cooks are asked to note that half-cooked pig is unpalatable—even Hefford refused it. The chief item for the camp concert, after tea, was a duet by Messrs. Riske and Cook, entitled "Religion." On Sunday the party returned to civilisation, some going through the Five-Mile Bush and others via the Whakanui Ridge. It was rather an arduous task for the leader to have charge of such a large party, but never mind, McGavin had his consolation.

Owing to Capping celebrations, this Club had only a meagre representation of four members on the combined Tramping Clubs' trip to Kapa-kapanui on May 9th-10th. Those who went were amply rewarded for their trouble by a splendid view, which included the snowcapped peaks of Mts. Egmont, Ruapehu and Tapuaenuku, and the snowclad Tararua Range from Mt. Dundas (near Levin) in the north, to the south end of the Quoin Ridge (near Kaitoke). The view was really wonderful.



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During the vacation tramping was at a par, but four members spent an enjoyable week-end in the Tauherenikau Valley.

On May 31st the Trentham-Whakatikei River trip attracted nine people. The leader, the Club's cold dip fiend, must have inspired the party, for we believe they all patronised the duck pond.

June 7th was an off day, when only three participated in the Colonial Knob-Kumunga trip. In spite of the crowd, the leader, Alice Jacobs, enjoyed the outing.

The following week-end seven trampers went to Baine's Hut and climbed Mt. Papatahi. Several die-hards went over at night after games, and it was such a pity that the leader got up and made an awful row so early next morning and woke the poor dears.

Next Sunday six people did the Belmont Trig.-Johnsonville trip under perfect weather conditions. The picturesque scene in the frost-covered Korokoro Valley and then the clear view of the South Island mountains, as seen from the Trig., made an enjoyable outing.

There were thirteen altogether when the last straggler arrived at Clapham's Hut on Saturday on the Cattle Ridge trip the following week-end. A high fallen tree trunk made a convenient perch for those who liked singing, and four of the party found the clear moonlight night so attractive that they decided to sleep out of doors. The white frost the next morning made the steep

climb up "The Baker" almost enticing, and the view of Mt. Tapuaenuku, standing out clear and white across Cook Strait, gladdened the heart of everyone.

On July 5th a party of seven journeyed to Paraparaumu and climbed Mt. Maunganui. They enjoyed a typical Tararua view—mist. During the course of the descent they proved an old axiom in the tramping world, namely, that mist is not transparent.

As on the previous week-end tramp, there was the devil's own number present on the trip to the Whakatikei Headwaters on July 11-12th. After the customary "whale of a feed" on Saturday night, the crowd had a hearty sing-song round the camp fire. On Sunday they explored the upper reaches of the Whakatikei River and returned to Paekakariki via Mt. Wainui.

All interested are asked to note that either week-end or Sunday tramps will be arranged during the remainder of the year. There will also be a series of week-end tramps during the long vacation, and these are specially recommended, because it is during that period that tramping offers its greatest attractions. A special trip will be arranged at Christmas time, and the account of last year's should justify people planning to spend next holidays tramping. Decide now and save up in time and so avoid heart burns later on.

Student Christian Movement

Is there no virtue extant?

—FALSTAFF

AT the beginning of 1931 the Committee lost the services of Miss Luxmore and Mr. A. T. Gibson, on account of transfers from Wellington, and also lost the services of Miss R. Sewell, on account of her resignation. Their positions were filled by the appointment of Miss I. Campbell, Vice-President, and Miss M. Wise and Mr. J. Nash as members of the Committee. Miss P. Quinlan occupies the position of Recording Secretary.

The activities of the Movement during the year may be stated under the following headings:

Study Circles: This is one of the most important activities of the Movement. Four such study groups were commenced:—

- (1) On "The School of Jesus," by Shafto.
- (2) "The Word Made Flesh," by E. Grubb.

- (3) "Jesus Christ and the World's Religions," by Paton.

- (4) "Food for the Fed Up," by Studdert Kennedy.

These groups were organised under the leadership of the Rev. H. W. Newell, M.A., Mr. M. A. Tremewan, M.A., Mr. R. T. Wright, Miss Joyce Sewell and Mr. A. E. Hurley. Commencing with a total membership in all six groups of about 60, it is to be regretted that these attendances have not been maintained throughout the year, but on the whole the attendances have been very satisfactory.

General Meetings: During the year 1931 six general meetings have been held on the following topics:—"Is Religion Played Out?" by the Rev. H. W. Newell; "The Two Jurisdictions," by the Rev. Father Higgins; "Problems of Modern

Life," by Dr. T. Z. Koo; "Christianity and its Antagonists," by the Rev. H. W. Newell; "Some Aspects of Fascism," by Cav. Dott. G. Formichella; "The Place of the Christian in the University," by Ramsay Howie, Travelling Secretary, N.Z.S.C.M.

Week-end Camps: Four week-end camps have been held during 1931, and in addition one was held at the conclusion of examinations at the end of November, 1930. The themes for study at the 1931 camps have been:—(1) The Challenge of Jesus Christ to Modern Students; (2) A Study in Prayer; (3) What is a Christian?; (4) The Christian Attitude to the World.

Intercession Circles: Throughout the year, on Monday nights, commencing at 10 past 8, for twenty minutes, in the Student Christian Movement Room there have been held Intercession and Prayer Circles, in which the students who have attended have sought in the quiet meditation of that period to draw apart for a short time from the pressure and bustle of tests and examinations. These gatherings of students will continue so long as the University remains open.

Sunday Teas: At the end of 1930 a Sunday tea was held at the Vivian Street Baptist Church, at which Mr. Lex Miller, of Auckland, Dominion Secretary for the Youth Movement Against Alcoholism, was speaker. During the present year teas have been held at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, The Terrace Congregational Church, and Wesley

Church, Taranaki Street. At the latter Mr. A. B. Cochran was the speaker.

Social Functions: A welcome to Freshers was held early in the first term, and in the second term a dance and soiree were held. A ramble and campfire following was held on the 18th April, and a campfire evening, at which Mr. Heward Knight, B.Sc., was the speaker, was held in the Terrace Congregational School Room on the 1st August.

Library: In the Student Christian Movement Room there is a small library, containing a selection of the best religious literature, which is free for the use of all student members of the Movement.

South African Student: Some two years ago the New Zealand Student Christian Movement undertook the responsibility of bringing a young native student of Africa to New Zealand in order to undertake a course of medicine. In Africa the colour bar unfortunately operates in the Universities as well as in the business world, and Clarence Piliso, a young Bantu student, was prevented from continuing his studies in medicine through the Universities of South Africa. He is now in residence at Knox College, Dunedin, where reports indicate that he is making a very favourable impression among the students.

Visit of Travelling Secretaries: During the year we have been visited by Miss Alexa Stewart and by Mr. Ramsay Howie.

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