

# THE SPIKE

OF

## VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

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

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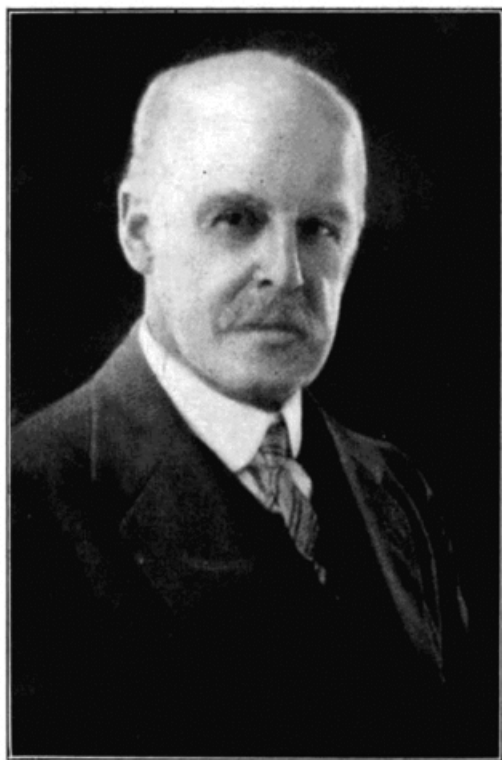
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## Contents

	Page		Page
Portrait, Hubert Church .....	2	The Lost Art of Invective .....	32
Editorial .....	3	Wonder .....	34
A Thought .....	7	Communism as a Religion .....	35
Rest .....	8	Communism or Murryism? (A. Reply) .....	36
Hiatus .....	9	Idealism—The Cerebian Sop .....	38
"The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Army of Authors and Scholars" .....	10	Song of Death .....	38
On a Painting of a Rock .....	11	Gluck .....	39
Hubert Church .....	12	Desertion .....	40
Phosphorus .....	14	Shadow Piece .....	40
Reviews .....	15	The Idealist .....	41
Two "Translations" .....	19	Awakening .....	42
You Suffered .....	20	Verses .....	42
Franz Joseph to Wanaka .....	21	A Gourmet's Odyssey .....	43
Paringa River, and Junction of Landsborough and Haast Rivers .....	23	Dramatic Club Production .....	44
Verse .....	24	Plunket Medal .....	45
Unveiling of Portrait of Sir R. Stout .....	25	Graduates, 1932 .....	47
Trampers' Wind .....	26	Photo of Graduates .....	49
Love New .....	27	Executive, 1931-1932 .....	50
Envoy .....	27	Women's Senior A Hockey Team .....	50
Old Symbols for New .....	28	Winners Joyn't Scroll Contest .....	51
—Yet I Have Known the Sun .....	30	Haslam Shield Team .....	51
Dreams .....	31	Tournament Representatives .....	52
		Past Students' Lists .....	53
		Tournament, 1932 .....	58
		Club Notes .....	60



HUBERT CHURCH

# THE SPIKE

OF

## VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

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### Editorial . . .

THE right of freedom of thought and expression is in the older English Universities absolutely safeguarded. It is not only a tradition with which no public man who respects himself would willingly tamper, but as the universities are self-supporting is not dependent on political whim. It seems doubtful whether even if Government aid were necessary there would be any attempt at direct or indirect restriction. Those holding responsible positions in the government of the universities have too much sensibility of the worth of such a tradition and its effect in the community to wish any change.

The following incident is much in point:—At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the London School of Economics and Political Science (a College of London University) a member questioned the fitness of a certain lecturer to remain on the staff in view of the fact that he had made pronounced socialistic utterances in public. The chairman, a Conservative Cabinet Minister, interrupted and said: "Gentlemen, if a word of that kind is again spoken on this Board I resign my position immediately." And the academic head of the school, Sir William Beveridge, added: "And I need hardly say that my own resignation would follow."

But it seems otherwise in New Zealand. Here in a young country where the air should be clear and fresh, where enthusiasm and endeavour should be welcomed, where the problems and difficulties of the world should be freely discussed and any solution of them be given due consideration; when we should be weighing the pros and cons of every world movement and helping by honest thought to discover whether it is good or no, we have the nauseating spectacle of attempts to force restrictions upon those who dare to think and express their thoughts. With shame it must be acknowledged that such attempts have come from those who should have been most jealous to guard the interests of the University in this very connection.

It is perhaps too much to expect from Cabinet Ministers that they should have wide vision and open minds. When a lecturer in a University College says openly that we have spent the last ten years getting into a mess while in his opinion Russia has spent the same period in getting out of hers, the Minister of Education says that any person holding such opinions is not fit to hold a University post. The lecturer's opinion may or may not be correct, but the Minister's dictum offends against all ideas of justice. We many of us do not regard either Socialism or Communism as a panacea for the evils of government which we have, but we hope that we can view their various aspects dispassionately. Apparently this is wrong. We shall however be pleased to know why, if indeed any reason can be given.

When general attacks on freedom of expression are made by persons holding positions of authority in University government it is time to protest. We believe that complaints have no efficacy unless expressed in clear and unequivocal language, and unless specific facts are given. Despite the fact that expressions of dissatisfaction with the acts of persons in high places are looked on with disfavour we here intend to deal with an actual case. What is more, we give the facts as we know them.

We print here a memorandum sent to all members of the Staff at Auckland University College by Sir George Fowlds, the President. The memorandum, with the exception of the fifth paragraph, was published in the Auckland Press. That it found its way there at all is regrettable, but apparently it was thought desirable to give the memorandum publicity. In our opinion such action was wholly indefensible.

In view of the present situation in the Dominion generally, and certain recent incidents in the College, I feel impelled, as President, to send a personal message to all members of staff.

In troubled times such as the present, feeling often runs very high in matters of a political and social nature. The University has two definite duties to perform—that of exercising its old-established right of academic freedom of thought and that of maintaining its right thereto.

I must point out that these two matters are complementary—abuse of the first inevitably makes the second very difficult of attainment.

It is my personal opinion that any public statement by a member of the College staff, either under the address of the College or in his capacity as a private citizen, should comply with the prime basic requirements of all such statements. It should be made only after a full and thorough examination of all known information—that is, after a scientific analysis of all the aspects of the subject. It should be a reasoned statement giving both sides of the question—all controversial questions have two sides. The University attitude should be a detached and impersonal one.

The College administration is in this matter entitled to every help and consideration from the members of the staff. It is not given to every man, merely because he is a member of the University, to be an authority on any given subject. As a general rule, the more fitted a man is to come to a reasoned conclusion upon any subject, the less likely he is to rush into print. The true humility of mind brought about by real learning is a definite check upon the intellectual arrogance engendered by a little knowledge.

The staff has a right to expect the full assistance and protection of the College authorities, and the authorities for their part are entitled to demand that members of staff will not by their utterances place the College authorities in an untenable position when defending to the uttermost the rights and privileges of Universities.

I regard recognition, by members of the staff, of the responsibilities referred to in this memorandum as a matter of vital importance, and as being intimately related to the question of fitness for tenure of a University post.

Finally, my fixed purpose as President of the College is, and will be, to maintain and uphold our old-established University right of academic freedom. I sincerely hope that in this matter I shall have the full and loyal confidence and co-operation of you all.

GEO. FOWLDS,  
President.

5th May, 1932.

A brief summary of the facts leading up to the sending of the memorandum will help to show its inner significance, especially when subsequent happenings are taken into consideration.

A day or so prior to the appearance of the memorandum the President and the Registrar of the University had the opportunity afforded by two lecturers of the College, one of these being Dr. Beaglehole, Assistant Lecturer in History, to read a letter which it was proposed to send to the Press. It was thought that the President might possibly have liked to endorse it. Such letter was an expression of opinion that certain prosecutions in Auckland which resulted in the imprisonment of offenders charged with importing literature alleged to advise lawlessness were the result of hysteria following on recent disturbances. One of the salient points of the letter was the argument that such action is looked upon as victimisation and presents the disgruntled with a ready-made case. The letter was not extreme either in thought or expression.

A letter, altered in form, but the same in substance, was after receipt of the circular submitted to the Auckland papers, but they refused to publish it. It was later published in the "New Zealand Worker." It is noticeable that the Auckland papers saw no objection to publishing the memorandum of Sir George Fowlds. We think that it should be remarked here that after reading the letter we could come to no other conclusion than that its suppression was due to a bias which in our opinion is quite unworthy of the Press of this country. The readiness to print Sir George's memorandum stands out in sharp contrast.



On the receipt of the memorandum no meeting of the Staff, as distinct from the Professorial Board of the College, was called to consider it, though such a meeting was asked for, but the Professorial Board did so and advised the President of its intention loyally to fulfil its terms. The letter of the lecturers was not before this meeting, but it was adversely reported to the Board.

It is our considered opinion that the memorandum of the President, despite its professed intention to uphold the University tradition of "academic freedom of thought" (but not its expression), is intolerant, arrogant and offensive. In the first place, it refers to the "situation in the Dominion" and to "recent incidents" in Auckland, and so assumes a political tone. There can be no doubt as to what situation is meant, and the incidents would evidently include such as that when another lecturer of the College was reprimanded for daring to write a preface to a book on Russia. Doubtless in that instance, if the preface had been to a book on Italy, no objection would have been taken to it.

Only one statement in the memorandum is unexceptionable—that which says the University has in this connection two duties, exercising freedom of thought and maintaining its right thereto. We cannot understand how Sir George can find this statement compatible with the rest of his remarks. Why was he not prepared to state directly that he was opposed to freedom of expression in the University, at least in political matters? It can only be assumed that he was ashamed to hold this view and wished to disguise it by a feeble advocacy of freedom of thought.

It is difficult to see how academic freedom of thought can be abused if the expression of it is made after careful study and due consideration. The only explanation can be that the abuse will consist in the expression of opinions contrary to those of the University authorities. If the terms of the memorandum are taken to contain an expression of those views on academic freedom of thought, then we emphatically state that the oftener they are repudiated and confounded the better.

The President's prime basic requirement of a full and thorough examination of all known information is, if taken alone, excellent, but his demand in every case for a statement giving both sides is obiter dicta from which most will dissent. Is it customary, when supporting a contention which is the result of mature thought, to give the arguments against it, save to refute them? The examination should be strictly impartial, but the result may well be a statement supporting one side or the other. We are all entitled to come to a decision. Sir George's ideal seems to be that impartiality which we have seen better named as rail-sitting.

The fifth paragraph is a slightly veiled insult. It was true foresight that excluded it from the published memorandum. While the rest might have a seeming of truth to those who could not be expected to know the real facts, this paragraph would have removed all shadow of doubt as to the meaning and intention of the writer. When read in conjunction with paragraph seven its meaning is abundantly clear.

In effect the worthy President states that in any political or social questions members of the teaching staff of a University College must not be responsible for publishing anything at variance with the views to which the College authorities subscribe. They are, whatever their opinions and whatever the result of their study and research, to subscribe to the view taken by the Government of the day. Should they do otherwise their positions are in peril. We wonder if Sir George would welcome the carrying out of his ideas to their logical conclusion—that during a socialistic regime any member of the Staff who advocated capitalism would not be fit to hold a University post.

We would remind the President that intellectual arrogance may be shown in many ways, and recommend him to exercise a little tolerance and respect for views which, if they do not agree with his own, yet may still be the result of honest thought.

We also cannot see how the College authorities can be placed in an "untenable position" by expression of any opinion by a member of the staff, provided it has been arrived at in the manner suggested by the memorandum itself. Either the President was beating the air, or he was referring to expressions of opinion which he had had the opportunity of hearing or perusing. We are reluctant to believe the former, and consequently must express considerable surprise that he immediately doubted the bona fides of those expressing the opinions to which he evidently refers.

It seems to us that excepting utterances which are contrary to the law of the land, which may in all cases be dealt with by the proper tribunals, the College authorities are not acting in the best interests of the University if they use coercive measures, however concealed, to prevent expressions of opinion by members of the staffs of the Colleges. We would suggest that if they wish to uphold the old-established tradition of academic freedom of thought they do it by supporting their staffs, or at the least refuse to allow their officials or representatives to make public statements which reflect on members of those staffs.

Finally in this connection we would remind the President of the Auckland University College that it ill becomes anyone holding a position of authority in our University Colleges to tamper with the right of academic freedom, especially under the disguise of a protest of purpose to uphold it. We do this advishly because such statements as he has made harm not only the College of which he is President, but reflect on the others as well.

There is, however, considerably more in this matter. Subsequent events show that it has been proposed, and so far as our information shows, the purpose is fixed, to retrench Dr. Beaglehole.

Again we give a few facts. The History school at Auckland University College is without a Professor and carries on under the previous lecturer who has as his assistant Dr. Beaglehole. This department is apparently one of, if not the largest at the College. It has over two hundred students and by far the greatest number per lecturer. The matter of economy having been generally under discussion, it appears that the Registrar of the College suggested that the lecturer in History might be assisted by one of the assistant lecturers in Economics (also a very large school) as a part-time lecturer, thus retrenching Dr. Beaglehole. The matter of retrenchment seems to have been discussed by the Council and inquiries as to its possibility to have been left to the Registrar. Why this should have been done is to us inexplicable, the Registrar surely not being the person to make recommendations concerning the staff. The Education Committee of the Council had the matter before it and recommended the retrenchment. On this being known a very complete memorandum was signed by a deputation from the History students strongly protesting against such action, and showing the detrimental effect it would have on the History school. This deputation, which waited on Sir George Fowlds in the matter, was composed of men of standing. It brought before the President's notice that while economy was the known ruling factor in the suggested action, £200 had been granted to the Registrar to assist him in his journey to America with a Carnegie Fellowship. This, while it may have been undiplomatic, was undoubtedly true. It is noticeable that the Registrar had not placed before the Committee any protest from the heads of the Departments concerned in this suggested shuffle. It afterwards transpired that both of these had objected strongly to the proposals of retrenchment and readjustment, and, at an ordinary meeting of the Council held later, the report of the Education Committee was referred back on the grounds that the Committee had not had full information before it.

There is also one other fact concerning this vexed question. At the first meeting of the Council, it has since been discovered, more than one member spoke against Dr. Beaglehole. One of these was reported as having said that he was "a dangerous young man," and it is well known that other such statements were made. Furthermore, these statements have been the cause of persons outside

the University believing that the retrenchment was a fact, for it has been brought to our notice that the matter was thus known to persons unconnected with the Auckland University College when actually it was still undetermined. The latest information at our disposal is that the Education Committee has again recommended the retrenchment. The matter must now be dealt with by the Council. Whatever the result of deliberations in the above case we feel that we are entitled to know what will be the position in the future. Are the University Colleges and the University of New Zealand to be governed by politicians or, as in England, to be free? We hope that any suggestion of political control will not be tolerated.



## A Thought

DEEP in my work,  
I seemed to wander far  
In a dim, unknown country.  
Darkness lay over me,  
The shadows fell about my path,  
And I wandered alone,  
Forlorn;  
Till suddenly,  
Swift through the quivering air,  
Clear and sweet as the first glad notes of a  
bird at dawn,  
There came a thought of you!  
And the sun shone  
And flowers blossomed in beauty around my  
feet;  
The air dissolved in music;  
Cool and deep  
The rich notes fell,  
Thrilling the soul.  
So with a cry of joy I turned to you,  
And saw your smile,  
And I went forward  
Unafraid,

Into the unknown country,  
Holding your hand in mine . . . .  
Sometimes I think, beloved,  
When we two  
Are dead,  
And wander far in that dim land beyond—  
Some time, perchance,  
As we roam unguided through eternal space,  
Some time you will come to me.  
Then the dark shall chime like music,  
Stars shall glow,  
And the fire of our love blaze suddenly swift and  
bright,  
Filling heaven and earth with glory.  
Then shall we,  
In that unknown, illimitable world,  
Go forward through the shadows, hand in hand,  
And find new life beyond the night of death.

—J. M.

# Rest

THE calmness of the day, the blue of the sky, and the dimness of the library led us to seek sunshine, and our steps wandered to the old cemetery. There was a calm silence, different from the fretful silence we had just left. A bird was singing somewhere; everything seemed to deny that it was still winter. It was while we were reading the inscription on an old stone that we heard his voice just below.

"Have you decided what you'll have on yours?" he asked.

"I'm going to have comfortable seats round the edge for one thing," I told him.

He laughed, and stooped again to his work. He was small and slight, and very old. He wore a pointed beard, iron-grey. The face above was ruddy, and the eyes bright and young. He was cutting the grass round the graves with a sickle. After a moment he looked up, and seeing that we were still there he spoke again.

"There's this written on a tombstone in Welford churchyard:

*Here lies the body of Thomas Rollup,  
The Lord saw fit to take his soul up,  
But left his body to fill this hole up.*

That's in Welford, Warwickshire. 'Tis spelled 'Welford,' but most folks say it 'Welvurd.' "

"Are you a Warwickshire man?" I asked, thinking of his slow, broad speech.

"Aye. I lived twelve miles from Stratford-on-Avonshire, where that chap Shakespeare lived. I've seen his grave inside the church there. 'Tis just by the altar rail, and there's this written over him:

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,  
And cursed be he that moves my bones.*

He wrote that himself. I'll bet he never thought they'd use it for his own grave," he added with a chuckle.

There was a pause while the sickle made a few more strokes. He had in some way an air of unreality about him. The town, the harbour, the distant hills, the people hurrying up the hill—these had no part in his world. A sad task, you would say, tending the dead. But it had not made him sad.

"There's a good view up here," he said

then, with a glance at the grey stones, "but you earns it."

"I've just thought o' what was written on the grave of a man as must have been very amiable:

*Here lies the body of Thomas Lowe,  
Where he's gone, I don't know;  
Where he is and how he fares,  
Nobody knows and nobody cares.  
If to the realms of peace and love,  
Good-bye to happiness above;  
If haply to some lower level,  
We can't congratulate the devil.*

He must ha' been a very amiable man, eh?"

"This is a quiet place," my friend said.

"A great place for swotting," I added.

"Aye, and a fine place for drinking," put in the old man. "There's many an empty bottle about here, but you never finds a full one! That reminds me o' another of Shakespeare's things. One night he'd been out on the spree with some of his friends, and the next day he was feeling like you do—you know. So when his friends came round and wanted him to go out again, he said: 'No, I've done with

*Piping Peabworth, dancing Marston,  
Haunted Hilbrough, hungry Grafton,  
Dodging Exhall, papist Wixford,  
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford.*

Sometimes I remembers," he added slowly, "and sometimes I forgets."

The talk then turned on politics.

"'Twould a' taught the people as is in now a great lesson if they'd a' been put out last elections; 'twould a' shown them people's opinions about them, and 'twould a' taught them as is out a great lesson if they'd a' been put in. There'd be less o' their talking now. Politicians are like water-pipes," he said with a little shake of his head, "full, but of a very weak mixture."

There was that shining in his eyes that denotes real pleasure as he filled his pipe from the tobacco my friend had given him.

"Better to smoke here than hereafter," he said. "Good-day to you."

We turned away, feeling glad, not so much for the quaint things he had said, but rather for having shared for a moment the atmosphere of peace and security that was about him.

—Swan.

## Hiatus

SINCE Time, who took my straggling steps  
and set them to your pace  
has swept you now beyond my sphere  
remote from me in space,

I

between two unit worlds have lingered  
strangely free  
suspended

midst recurring hours in thoughts infinity.  
Because you share no moment  
in this dread, re-entrant day,  
he does not mount my shoulders bowed  
to fling its hours away.

Hence, I leave a fissured void between us  
when I go,

though pressing on my heart is pain  
desire will never know.

Ere falls the trembling pendulum  
I cast the Play anew—

a smaller, meagre semblance  
sans the part Time took from you,  
and gather life's odd pieces  
for the morrow world to tread,  
tying the raggedness together  
with each dragging, broken thread.

With this . . . nothingness, I seal the past.  
The hours that bore me here, and left me  
now will sweep me on  
forever from you, dear.

Love still would keep me near you, but

Time!

Ah, chafing wretch!

like some monster man

watching

relentless arms astretch

sees

my shapeless thought is spent

dissolves my exiled land.

A makeshift world

without,

awaits

the beckon

of my hand . . .

—I.M.L.

# The First Blast of the Trumpet

*"The first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous army of Artists and Scholars."*

THOSE of us who have had the advantages that come with a liberal, cultural education know that we have received something of definite value. We have a focus upon events of men and nations that only history and literature can give. We have a certain reserve within ourselves. We know that we can turn from a humdrum, workaday world to art or scholarship where the concentrated beauty and the concentrated wisdom of two thousand years wait for our appreciation.

In that very advantage lies the disadvantage. Both art and scholarship are harlots. They entice virile minds to their boudoirs to forget there the work that waits in this world for strong men; they forget that history has still to be made in this present century to be added to the volumes of the past; they forget that the chroniclers were not world-makers, but world-forsakers, and that it is better to be the actor than the author of an epic.

Artists and scholars live in unreality. The epochal clash of ideas in the modern world is of less importance than the minute history of the development of out-moded and forsaken philosophies. The career of a Mussolini or Hitler is less than the subtle beauty of a Delius or Debussy motif. They do not seem to realise that some feckless boy treading the University corridors is living the poems of Catullus while they, the Latin intimates, are conning printed verses; or that Lenin has created in flesh and spirit a masterpiece to which they, the poets, can but lend a setting.

It is just as true that the finest men of action are scholars. But scholarship here means a love of knowledge, not a life of knowledge, and there is all the difference in the world between a life divorced from scholarship and a life divorced from life. Perhaps the truer statement would be that the best scholars are the men of action, for these men have the gift of understanding. Words live for them. The half-spoken thought of a lusty, wenching Shakespeare finds an answering echo. The concealed reasons for a Mosaic Code are plain to a

man who has handled wild, lawless navvies on an excavating job. Cromwell may well be forgiven by men who have seen a cherished plan hampered and spoiled by an enemy who has been delivered ultimately into their power.

If literature is to be read, it should be understood. Books cover the whole range of human endeavour and give us the stories of human action, whether on the broad canvas of Caesar or Gibbons, or on the miniature of James Joyce. If there can be no sympathy and no understanding of motives that are unexpressed, then books cannot live. Balfour must feel himself a bosom comrade of old Horace. Napoleon at his apex could appreciate the fantastic tale of the Persian Alexander.

"Life a real. Life is earnest." A banal quotation. A phrase immortalized by old-time school teachers who read the Lake Poets and felt that there alone lay genteel culture. But the phrase is vital and living, and there is no man, scholar or otherwise, who has not had the truth forced into unwilling, resisting ears.

There lies the danger of a University education, and, if there be any that doubt, let them attend a Debate or Free Discussion Club meeting and listen to the speeches, whether of students, lecturers or professors. Principles and ideas are at a premium; realities are at a discount. The debate develops into a more or less brilliant display of intellectual and oratorical fireworks, but never, never, never does a phrase burn itself indelibly into the minds of listeners, nor does an idea become an apostolic ideal. Our University has developed into a display of personalities who, in their turn, are clever jugglers and showmen. Every word of Demosthenes, Laurier, Cicero and Lincoln may be in their memory, their sensibilities may have been so nurtured as to appreciate the most subtle essence of beauty. Their arguments may be sound in every essential, but their words are dead, because only sinners can become redeemers. Copyists are not creators.

I am somewhat afraid of University graduates. They have a definite background of exact knowledge, and can usually give reasons for their ideas. What they cannot realise is that there is a science called "humanity" of which realists are un-understandingly aware. Only a very few have become past-masters here, but those few have changed the destinies of nations and civilizations. Have the great citadels of learning fallen in vain to the onslaught of armed and courageous Phillistines? Yet still, in the classroom, the lecturer teaches: "After the fall of Constantinople, scholarship was driven west into Europe, thus causing the Renaissance." And "Rome fell."

The lesson is a simple one. Materialism can stand alone, but by so doing is robbed of a true perspective of life. Scholarship and art cannot stand alone, yet daily entice strong minds and wills to their service.

Reality is excluded from lecture room and syllabus. Both the artist and the scholar habitually deal in unreality. If we cannot have a compulsory military year for men, which forces real life on all who wear uniform, let there be some way whereby both men and women can taste life before they reject it. Let there be work among sweating, swearing navvies or harvesters. Let there be service behind a drapery store counter or a seat in front of a typewriter with an unreasonable employer. Then, when they bring some human understanding to the task, let them return to the schools and Universities to learn and teach the philosophies and aestheticisms that ornament life so richly.

Culture can enrich life beyond the wildest dreams of Phillistines, but culture is not life, and should never be used as its substitute.

—S.E.B.

## On Seeing a Painting of a Rock Outlined in Sunshine

*A silver lining? Nay not so, say rather—*

*The aura of ethereal fire  
Surrounding beauty incarnate;  
Or that lambent aureole  
Insignia of youth's royalty.  
The glowing flame leaps round the stone;  
The magic wand of inspiration  
Tipped the artist's brush with flame,  
Charged his paints with the twinkling depths  
Of some ancient ruddy liquor;  
Filled man's spirit with an ardour—  
Such he wrought his masterpiece.  
All the flames of the nether pit  
Embraced and crowned that granite block;  
The winking, blinking, Will o' Wisp  
Twinkled from the fiery band;  
The living lights of the universe  
Leap from an erstwhile canvas square;  
The paramount—transient—flame o' love  
Tells the pulse of eternal fire—  
Breaks from its bonds—  
Illumines earth—  
Transmutes dull clay to burning air!*

—Rip Van Winkle.

# Hubert Church

By F. A. de la Mare.

*"I send you a sonnet I made on Seddon. I heard the news (of his death) the afternoon I left Melbourne, and I made the lines in the train. They will appear in the Red Page issue, the day you get this. Stephens told me he thought the last line extra good. If not too late you can offer them for 'The Spike.' I suppose you are busy over Capping Night. Trust it will be a great affair."*

—Extract from letter of Hubert Church dated 15th June, 1906.

WHEN "The Spike" was very new and all and was aspiring towards its first flights in poetry, it owed a great deal, in criticism and in encouragement, to a few friends who were by nature attracted to a new literary venture. John William Joynt, then Registrar of the University, whose weight and dignity by no means inhibited enthusiasm, one of the first friends, is a case in point. Possibly, however, the greatest contribution from outside was made by Hubert Church, whose death has lately been reported from Melbourne. Hubert Church's was a rare spirit. His was a soul apart, free of sordid motive and base ambition. His singular detachment had in it something of the tragedy of physical infirmity; something of the strength wrought by the Fates on the anvil of circumstance.

Jessie Mackay in the Christchurch "Press," W. F. Alexander in the "Dunedin Star," and no doubt many writers in Australia, have spoken in generous praise. These tributes are such as Hubert Church would dearly have loved, for they are written by fellow-craftsmen. He well knew that, if he were a true maker of song he was not a popular, but a poet's, poet. Jessie Mackay says of him that he "will yet hold a high place among the young immortals of these young lands of ours." Estimates of his position in Australian and New Zealand verse by his peers will bring his work again under review, and perhaps help to re-establish our literary values. What I should like to do, however, is to give to kindly readers a glimpse of the man as he seemed to "The Spike" thirty years ago.

From Tasmania, where he was born in 1857, he proceeded to Oxford, and, while yet in early manhood, he came to New Zealand. He studied law, but an accident in the cricket field almost totally destroyed his sense of hearing. So was he driven to seek

employment in the shelter of the Civil Service, and he became an officer of the Treasury Department. Through the swing doors on the first floor of the Government Buildings every morning day by day for upwards of 35 years he passed to the ledgers he so thoroughly disliked. At five o'clock to the minute he would emerge and make his deliberate way from Quay to Terrace, homeward. Leaving the world of figures he sought the world of books. He left a drab and uncongenial world in which he was merely a wayfarer and entered that familiar world, rife with wild flowers and full of pleasant places, to which he in fact belonged. With the mind and heart of a scholar, with a generous training and a classic tradition, he looked about him with the clear young eyes of a poet. Suddenly cut off from his fellows by his infirmity he turned with courage, and not without zest, to that life of the spirit which derives so much of its inspiration from the great men and women of all ages. Twenty years later, a ripe scholar, a sensitive spirit, but with no narrow horizon, he welcomed the new University and its student songs. Such was the man we knew.

He published three books of verse, "The West Wind" (one of a "Bulletin" series) in 1901, "Poems" in 1905, and "Egmont" in 1908. The first will always be the most popular. It is a collection of little lyrics, all of them simple, fresh and charming. The selection, no doubt, reflects the judgment of A. G. Stephens, who edited the series. It avoids, on the one hand, the obscurity which so often attached to the poet's philosophical musings and, on the other, the difficulty which came of a vocabulary which, besides being very rich, was often exceedingly "rare." Many of the verses in "Poems" and "Egmont," and many, I suspect, still unpublished, can only be approached with a lexicon in one hand and a philosophical dictionary in the other.



Hubert Church made the task of reading his verse much too hard for the average reader. Nor, I think, was he quite great enough for the task he set himself. Lucretius could turn philosophy into poetry and defy the ages, and Browning could set common humanity staggering without sacrificing his claim to genius. Church was a very scholarly and well-informed writer, but he was not, I think, a great philosopher. He had the makings of a great poet, but he missed the highest possibly because he could not hear his own words nor test them day by day in the world of men. He had the makings of a great philosopher, but perhaps no great philosophy can be hammered out nor its fruits be won save in closest contact with our communal life. To the rare spirit, however, which soars on poet's wings, which, understanding, is content to wait and perchance to catch the fleeting shadows of a poet's dream, there will always come moments of ecstasy and a rich reward. Church was a true artist in another sense. His words were no mere echo of things remembered. He painted his canvases from the life around him, and if the tones are affected by his infirmity, they are still stirring and sincere. Nor could there be any thought of "art for art's sake." He fashioned no fancy costumes for drapers' dummies. He sought only to find appropriate clothing for his thoughts and fancies.

Some day I hope a collection of Hubert Church's poems will be published which, by its exclusiveness, will commend our old friend to a considerable audience, while, by its inclusiveness, it will do justice to the full range of his power. It will certainly include "Rosalind"—

*Rosalind has come to town!  
All the street's a meadow,  
Balconies are beeches brown,  
With a drowsy shadow.*

which is full of sweetness and sympathy; "The Old Sandhills—Hobart," recalling with sudden vividness the poet's earliest memories, and "Peter Parley," speaking as it does of brave figures hidden away in quaint corners of our literature. I wish here, however, to refer particularly to the work first published in "The Spike." "The Ode to Metaphysical Thought," the most considerable of these poems, I was able to rescue in its original manuscript, because for

some years I had the privilege of reading the poems new-born. This one is characteristic of his habitual mode of thought and of his mature form of expression. He sees through countless ages man struggling for Truth, mocked by illusion; he sees time marked only by the wrecks of things forsaken.

*Behold the ocean of old time  
Traced with dead beliefs;  
Naught visible sublime,  
Only grey forgotten reefs,  
Where drowned nations who believed  
The Star led thither, moulder deep  
Their alchemy of hope achieved  
In a sea-change of quiet sleep.*

It is part of his prophetic message that, at the point his mind faltered at the mystery of the night, his brave heart was inspired by the promise of the morning:

*Some deviner argonaut  
Of the drifting sail of thought  
Shall discover all the main  
We have trembled for in vain.*

One morning the poet brought me "Vera Figner," "made," as he used to say, overnight. It was the story of a woman, a young and beautiful revolutionary, condemned to imprisonment for life under the Czarist regime—the living death of the Schlüsselburg Fortress. Nothing he wrote shows more fully the spirit of sorrow, of sympathy, of freedom, and of divine indignation.

*Oh marvel of misfortune that a soul  
So full of liberty and love should be  
Tired, ever tired, to creep like any mole  
From wall to wall in darkling vacancy.  
To wrap the rich thought of the brain in death,  
For never any sound may let it forth—  
Oh God, that givest consecrated breath  
To holy truth, why tarreyest Thy wrath?*

The last stanza breathes the promise and hope which, with him, were unconquerable. Alas! would that the vengeance of the past decade could atone for the ancient wrongs.

*Thou canst not be endungedoned ever more!  
Thy soul is where the breezes blow with pain  
Past Ladoga! there is not any shore  
That hath not felt thy yearning. If again  
Thou hast all agony, thou hast the crown,  
The heaven within the spirit that shall save,  
Though earth be cruel. Death hath his renown,  
But cannot pass our conquerable grave.*

By a very curious chance, on the day after these verses were written a note appeared in the papers to the effect that Vera Figner had been released.

I must conclude these quotations with the sonnet written specially for us—the sonnet called "Victoria College." It tells the same yearning and the same faith which the founders of the new Universities brought from other skies to the lands of their pilgrimage—"Sidere mens eadem mutato."

*Thou shalt be greater than the city that lies  
Beneath thee, though the wave curve tender foam  
Athwart her beach, thou hast a fairer home  
Where mountains watch thee with eternal eyes.  
Within thy sanctuary men shall prize  
The charm of Greece, the majesty of Rome,  
And science through thy starry-circled dome  
Shall trail her robe of unimagined dyes.  
As thou has gathered round thee all that brood  
Of sacrifice for knowledge, who forsee  
Regeneration, humbleness, and faith,  
Won through the yoke of Pallas, thou shalt be*

*Memory for those that build thy walls when  
death*

*Had given them else forgotten solitude.*

Possibly there is no New Zealand writer concerning whom there may be recorded more divergent opinions. To some he is obscure and dull, to some he is vibrant and stimulating. Yet to none who have written in New Zealand can we, I venture to think, with more assurance apply the word "poet." He lived and moved and had his being in that land of fancy which lies so close to the world of fact. No breeze, no trumpet blast, no tear, reaches that land without its tale of sweetness, of derring-do, of fellow-suffering. Oh, brave spirit! You shouldered your burden. You brought with you courage and good cheer. You have put down your load. May you sleep well!

"The Spike" knew him as a friend and a brother. It extends to Mrs. Church, who so cheerfully shared his affliction and tended his ways, its sympathy and its greetings.



## Phosphorus

**I** REMEMBER swimming  
Long on a dark night  
In all the drowned and liquid stars.  
They streamed, they flowed, and lights  
Lived in my hair,  
And my feet,  
Far down in the black water,  
Stirred streaming stars like bubbles rising.  
I dived, and blinding lights  
Danced with me to the depths;  
The white fire in the liquid dark  
Swirled in my hair and filled my eyes with light.  
Long in the dark night  
I lived, dreaming, in the water and its stars,  
And something of me shall remain forever  
Deep in the blackness and the singing lights.

—Jacquelin Shane.

# Reviews

*"Life and Beauty, A Spiritual Autobiography"* (ARNOLD).

—P. W. ROBERTSON.

THE arid remoteness which is so repellent a feature of a good deal of aesthetic theorizing is doubtless to be attributed to the fact that many of the philosophers who expound the meaning of beauty have never had an aesthetic emotion. The notion that this deficiency can be remedied by any amount of dialectic skill is a childish blunder. On the other hand those who really do care for beauty are frequently quite content to enjoy their golden moments unreflectively and feel no very urgent impulse to understand their experiences and to trace them to their origin. These considerations indicate the peculiar interest of Professor Robertson's "spiritual autobiography," this strange contemplative little book in which he writes of the pursuit and discovery of beauty throughout his life. For we have here the record of a man in whom the qualities of the scientist and the artist are curiously intermingled, one who is acutely sensitive to aesthetic impressions and in whom there stirs also the scientific impulse to comprehend and define what it is that moves him most profoundly.

In recent years the psychologists have been emphasizing the dynamic influence of the experiences of childhood on the whole of later development. Professor Robertson's major thesis is that the events of these early years are of deep significance for the aesthetic life. "It is these critical early years, hidden from the world and except in rare instances from ourselves, which largely determine the character of a man, which provide the artist unaware with his richest material. Thus beauty is fashioned and has its being." This idea is crystallized symbolically in the brief "prelude" with which the book begins:—

"I went back to the home of my childhood but found that a factory was built in its place. I went down to the edge of the sea to rest beneath a tree where I sat as a child. The tree was cut down to make way for a new motor road.

I looked out over the water to know if the hills were still golden in the light of the setting sun. From the sands below I heard

the voices of the playing children: 'The prince searched for the princess everywhere.'

I went away, knowing the home of my childhood was not destroyed, and the tree, the beautiful ngaio tree, its sap was in my veins."

The story opens with the author's childhood in Auckland, then it shifts to Wellington and from thence to Oxford, to Europe, to Burma, but through it all, and in strange contrast to the kaleidoscopic change of scene, the dominating motives of childhood assert and reassert themselves. There are the stars, the earliest of all memories, which, when they are brighter than their wont, always produce the "same lovely excitement, which is no mere stir of the senses in contact with the casual treasuries of a right . . . but a fierce and well-nigh intolerable ecstasy; there is an almond tree; a harbour of dreams; the presence of a love that may not find fulfilment; the "ironic fate that makes a man a wanderer against his will." In some instances these "early patterns" remained long buried in the dim regions of the unconscious and were brought to conscious awareness only by painstaking self-analysis or by a fortuitous accident. But, whether conscious or unconscious, each pattern repeats itself in modified forms just as in a fugue there are numerous repetitions of the same motif at different levels of the musical gamut.

Subtly woven into the texture of the book there is an account of the literary influences which have contributed to the author's development. Foremost among these is Walter Pater. It was at Oxford that Professor Robertson discovered Pater and surely there are few more vivid evocations of the excitement of a literary discovery than his description of the event. "The chimes of the passing hours eddied through my thoughts and the still autumn night as I read on in wonder, finding my aspirations, so comprehensively expressed my sensations and ideas transmuted into the most inconceivably beautiful sentences. It was as if I had awakened after a long sleep

to meet a new day in some incomprehensible manner different from all the days that preceded it: never had I imagined that my own language, the words that I used so thoughtlessly and heartlessly, could be fashioned into an instrument from which such compassionate notes might be struck." Fittingly enough a whole chapter, "Dreaming Spires," is devoted to a luminous appreciation of Pater's writings. And in summing up his indebtedness to him, Professor Robertson writes: "Too long pre-occupied in my thoughts with what was merely intellectual, as if logic were an end in itself and love but the shadow of a tree cast on a wall, I came now to realize the importance of the heart and the senses, in their just equipoise with the mind."

Of other contributory influences the most important are Croce, Romain Rolland, Freud and Proust. For a time Professor Robertson was powerfully impressed by the superb logical symmetry of Croce's philosophy and especially by his theory of aesthetic. But later he came to see that "art was too complex a function of human life, in its infinite variety of anguish and loveliness, to be thus explained away, "and in retrospect he now looks back upon the philosophy of Croce" with the respect that may still be held for an idol that has fallen by the wayside." A high tribute is paid to Rolland's epic novel "Jean-Christophe," a book which served to give reality to a growing conviction of the organic unity of life and beauty and which, in emphasizing the importance of the early years of an artist on his subsequent development, implied views congruent with his own. The influence of Freud and of Proust is more recent. Freud's theories, in particular his insistence on the primacy of emotion in life, his formulation of the mechanisms of the unconscious and his doctrine of the fundamental polarity of the Life Instincts and the Death Instincts, are invoked as providing valuable psychological support for his own position. Finally there is Proust who could not but be significant since his "A la recherche du temps perdu" is not only, like "Life and Beauty," an attempt to penetrate to the inner meaning of things through a search for times past, but also a meticulously conscientious record of the life of an intellectual artist.

Professor Robertson's prose style awakens echoes, sometimes of Pater and sometimes of Hergesheimer, but it possesses unmistakable individuality of its own. It is rich and colourful yet simple and direct, with an entire absence of preciousness; and its subtle, pulsing rhythm has an "edge" on it which prevents it from ever becoming monotonous. There are passages—one thinks especially of the description of an imaginary voyage in the Pacific in the last chapter—which reach lyric heights which it would be difficult to parallel in the prose of this country. One can only say in conclusion that "Life and Beauty" is a notable and distinguished contribution to New Zealand literature.

A.E.C.

*The Phoenix*—Published at the University Press, Auckland, for the Literary Club of the University.

I hesitate to say all that might be said about this newest venture in University publications. Its promoters and its committee (if indeed such separation is permissible) are much to be congratulated upon their obviously sincere effort to produce a "literary" magazine. Though the first number aroused in me the feelings which usually follow on reading the worst of futurist free verse, I must acknowledge that the second did something to remove them. Something, however; not by any means all. The magazine falls so far short of its expressed intentions that one may be permitted to apply to the backs of those responsible the rod which they so unhesitatingly apply to others. As these Adelphians are obviously not new to journalism I cannot justly be accused of "dusting the bloom off the peach."

"A paper should have both a background and a policy"—I quote from the foreword to the first number. Admittedly this is a sound statement. It may, however, be doubted whether it should also adopt a manner. *The Phoenix* has unfortunately done this. The conscious superiority of its tone rather destroys the equally conscious semi-humility of expression. Especially when I read Mr. Bertram's criticism of the other University papers does the phrase suggest itself "physician, heal thyself." This precious critic has forgotten that in

each University there are writers who should be given encouragement, even though their work cannot be ranked with the polished though slightly turgid productions of Mr. Middleton Murry. Auckland and *The Phoenix* may content itself to rely on the old hands, but with all due respect I suggest that it should be the aim of any intelligent committee, with an eye on the future, to help the younger writers in the Colleges. It can do this best by publishing some of their work. It is in my opinion the fault of the superior person who sneers, covertly or otherwise, at "immature" efforts of young students and passes them completely by, that so little of value ultimately comes from the University magazines. I hope that Mr. Bertram and his associates will cease erecting walls of doubtful pseudo-culture, and putting stumbling blocks in the way of those less facile than themselves. Even they are not infallible, and perhaps were once quite young. Somewhat like St. Simeon Stylites, they perch themselves on a pedestal of asceticism and bow repeatedly before the gods of higher criticism. Let me recommend them to get down from the heights and tread the valleys for a while. Those who keep their eyes eternally on the stars so often slip. I should not like to see a promising publication perish of cold on those heights, and would advise the whole committee to read "Jocosa Lyra" and endeavour to understand.

Which brings me to the verse published by *The Phoenix*. That in the first number, with the possible exception of Mr. Mason's experiment, is very bad indeed. "Two translations" are both so terrible that one wonders why they were considered. Apart from the lack of feeling or meaning in the lines, there is no word-music. Someone has in this issue of "Spike" been "vulgar" enough to show how easy this sort of thing is. I am surprised that the committee allowed themselves to be imposed on. "Cold Music" left me quite cold, and after "Cape Wanbrow" I wondered why either of these pieces of Mr. Brasch's had been written. After all, even a poet it supposed to have something to say. That is also why I am tempted to wish that Mr. Curnow's "Calm" had been also silent.

In the second number there is a slight improvement with "The Swan," which is quite up to University standard of contem-

plation without result. On the other hand, if "The Spirit Shall Return" again in this manner, I for one will be sorry. Mr. Curnow has a sense of words, but no words of sense. The artificiality of inverting Biblical phrases is too self-evident to pass as an experiment. We want fewer of these "strivings" and more simplicity; it is not necessary to distort in order to demonstrate.

Unlike most University magazines (from which in its wisdom, I understand, *The Phoenix* wishes to consider itself removed), the prose is superior to the verse. But here again, I lament the absence of simplicity of style. If a word of five letters can be replaced by a word of sixteen having exactly the same meaning there is only one rule: do not replace it. Also, it is no bad thing for the reader to be able to follow the thought of the writer easily from his words. The aim of all literature should be to express as simply and easily as possible the idea which lies behind the printed words. Where you have to search for the writer's idea amid a jumble of words, technical or foreign phrases, inverted expressions, and involved sentences, it is not literature you are reading. It may be something quite admirable and worthy of any writer of text-books, but definitely nothing more. And if I mistake not, it is that something more that *The Phoenix* is endeavouring to publish.

Mr. Lowry's article on literature and philosophy is a case in point. It is excessively prolix and its conclusion (despite the headnote) quite comprehensible and not quite satisfactory. The author has yet to learn two things: first, that you cannot put literary products into tins and label them, and secondly, that the dictum of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch that you cannot be wise about literature in a category to which it does not belong, is axiomatic. That is, you cannot be wise about literature in terms of philosophy. But all the argument could have been put in two pages, and in a magazine with the ideals of *The Phoenix* it is very distressing to have to wade through the mudflats to get a glimpse of the far ocean, only to find after all that a fog has risen.

Then again, Russia challenges to the tune of seven pages. I suppose that it expresses the international desire, but I wish it could have been expressed at less length. Why,

oh why, can we not have some terseness in place of this treacly flow of words? This is not the way to establish a New Zealand tradition. A young nation should at all costs learn to express itself vigorously.

The second number also shows improvement in the prose, though the stories are rather affected in tone and sombre in thought. The influence of the younger American school, which seems to be developing a turn of this kind, is too noticeable. Can our story-tellers not get away from introspective studies and give us some meat? We incline to the merely pretty; striving too much for polish when there is no substance, and too little for the human touch. Now a yarn about those much-discussed bargees might have possibilities—perhaps we shall see it next time.

I am rather in agreement with Mr. Cook in his criticism—the great New Zealand novel is not yet written. (Perhaps it will come from a southern pen grown tired of poetry). We do need more of energy and less of the arm-chair in our literary matter. This is where *The Phoenix* lacks the necessary vitality to lift it above the purely contemplative. Let it seek for something virile to publish, and let polish alone for a while. There is far too much of what Conrad deftly called "the vulgar refinement of modern thought" in its pages.

The sponsors of the paper have nothing to be ashamed of, even if they have much to correct, but as they are out to set standards they should not complain if their standards are attacked. It is with that thought in mind that I have been outspoken. I have too much respect for the enterprise to think that these doughty souls wish to be patted on the head. Let them, however, show that they are indeed doughty. I do not wish to see this paper slide gracefully into oblivion as yet another attempt at a New Zealand "literary" magazine. With a little heed to current affairs, a more catholic taste, and, above all, no touch of the superior attitude, it should attain virility.

But there is one thing more. "The best test of the permanence of a man's writings has always seemed to me to be the answer to the question whether it comes from his heart," says Stephen Coleridge, and this is a dictum which our University writers particularly would do well to hang above their desks. There is a tendency to substitute fireworks for fire, intellectual gymnastics for thought, and a nebulous cultural attitude for definite purpose and meaning. Let us have less form and more substance. It is the lack of substance in the literary outlook of *The Phoenix* (and not the idea at the back of the undertaking) that I deplore.

I note that the idea is protean. Well, as a "primordial protoplasmic atomic globule" of the literary variety *The Phoenix* has made some sort of a start, and though it is yet but a globule it may one day develop wings, put upon itself feathers, and fly regally. I, for one, hope in all sincerity that it will.

"*It Still Goes On*," a pamphlet by one "Jack Nag," and published for the Labour Defence League.

A refreshing little effort this, which shows that the days of the pamphlet are not yet numbered. Jack has a bright style which attracts; he never prosed, and if some of his arguments are somewhat specious, they are at least attractively put. A few of these endeavours will do no harm to the community. I particularly liked his "tapping" story. There are few enough jokes in these times, and this one was good enough to have been taken in the spirit in which it was meant. But he is wrong if he thinks that suppression of freedom of thought and speech is confined to special places or arbitrarily enforced on one section of the community. His own examples show that it is not. Though I cannot subscribe to his political views I must heartily endorse his championship of the right of freedom of expression. It is a right worth fighting for, and has found a trusty champion in this courageous pamphleteer.

—H. R. Bannister.

The prize offered by "Spike" for the best original poem was awarded to I.M.L. for the poem "The Idealist."

## Two Translations

[Little pieces of tender thought translated from "The Phoenix,"  
Vol. 1, Number 1, March 1922.]

### The Tunes Inside

Full the pub  
Bright seeming  
On the bar  
Beer dripping.

Beside me  
— Hic hoc —  
A sot,  
My foot  
Pressed to the rail.

Someone said  
"Gentlemen, time."

Grey the sky,  
Grey the sea,  
And grey my heart.

—From "The Wetting of Arno Shoutz."



### Hunting Horns

Notre histoire est noble et tragique  
Comme le masque d'un tyran  
Nul drame hasardeux ou magique  
Aucun détail indifférent  
Ne rend notre amour pathétique.

Et Thomas de Quincey buvant  
L'opium poison doux et chaste  
A sa pauvre Anne allait revant  
Go by, go by, since all things die  
Je me retournerai souvent

Les souvenirs sont hunting horns  
Dont meurt le bruit parmi le vent.

—From "Thoughts of Bill Apollo."



# You Suffered

*"Christianity has not failed—it has never been tried."*

—G. B. SHAW *et alii*.

THEY might have crucified you,  
Lord Jesus.  
It would have been more merciful,  
But God only knoweth the wickedness of men.  
They dressed you in spats and a tophat  
Instead.  
And sent you to church on Sundays,  
Dirtied your soul with Business,  
And struck you with the last curse of men,  
Respectability.

What did you do in the Great War, Nazarene?  
The men awaited your aid in the trenches,  
But you were a general behind the lines,  
Smug and directing the regiments,  
From safety.  
"Christ sends you forth to battle,"  
"Christ is your captain to-day,"  
And the men grew to hate their commander,  
Jesus Christ.

But they reserved you a last agony,  
Christ Jesus,  
(My God, why hast thou forsaken me?)  
The horror of the Last Peace.  
In strike and in revolt you were there  
Insufferably.  
Always you were on the side of the masters,  
The God of the Counter-revolution,  
Until the mercy of death blessed you,  
Lord Jesus.

—C. G. W.



## Franz Joseph to Wanaka

WE were distinguishable, even if we did not look distinguished as we boarded the "Wahine" last Christmas Eve. Packed though the boat was there was no overlooking the eleven of us as we marched up the gangway, with huge packs bulging on our shoulders. The "Wahine" was to take us on the first stage of our journey to the Franz Josef, and down the coast and over the lowest pass in the Southern Alps to Otago.

The service car met us next day at Otira, and we set out on the beautiful drive to Franz Josef, through mile after mile of bush past wonderful lakes and rivers, and little deserted mining townships. Just as daylight faded we saw the dim white shape of the glacier between the dark hills, and then the lights of the big hotel blazed out from a clearing to welcome us.

Boxing Day we spent at the glacier, hiring guides to take us up on the ice. The scenery was glorious; great bluffs, threaded with waterfalls swept up from the glacier; rata-slashed bush clothed the lower slopes of the mountains down which it crept; beyond, the snowfields of the upper peaks swept up to the sky.

In fact there were many good points about that expedition on the glacier. The orange and blue berets of the Maori guides looked well against the green-tinted whiteness of the ice. So did the great Byrd-expedition dog which followed us up. Nevertheless . . . "the worst two hours I've ever spent, dentist not excluded," declared one of the girls. The razor-back ridges and bottomless crevasses were on such an alarming scale, though the men of course, who went right up to the Defiance Hut, swore that it had been a "great day."

Early next morning we shouldered our packs and set off along the bush-edged road to Weheka. There at the Fox Glacier Hotel, which stands among pleasant farm-lands, with the snow-streaked mountains towering behind, we found our supplies awaiting us. We left with our ears ringing with warnings about the rivers which were before us. "Not to be played with, these West Coast rivers. All bad and big and treacherous." As for the Haast! We began to wonder if any of us would get across the Haast alive. "Many a man has been lost in the Haast and his

body never been seen again," one of the girls would quote with relish.

There were some hundred miles to be tramped before the Haast river mouth should be reached, and from there another sixty up the Valley and over the Pass to Lake Wanaka in Otago. The greater part of the way was through wonderful bush in which the big timber was mainly rata and white pine. Always the sound of falling water was in our ears; tuis and bell-birds sang from the fern-trees day-long, and fat iridescent pigeons would fly leisurely across our path in their creaking flight.

The whole route was intersected by creeks and unbridged rivers which race from the mountains to the nearby sea. There were five rivers, including the Haast, which were particularly big and treacherous and had to be forded on horseback or crossed by ferry. According to the settlers down there, the three girls of the party were the first of their sex to cross the Haast Pass on foot from the West Coast to Otago.

A road passable by car in winter, the dry season of the West Coast, runs through the bush as far south as the station at the Mahitahi. For the remaining hundred odd miles to the Haast and over the Pass to Otago, there is at best a bridle track. North of the Haast the going is flat, until the track leaves the Blue River (Moeraki) when it winds up over the Mataketake range and down through the Copper Creek flats, haunt of the mosquito, to the Haast mouth. From the Mahitahi onwards there are a number of quite good huts, at intervals of roughly a day's tramp, so that with these and a barn or two we had to pitch the tents only twice on the whole journey.

We must have looked a weird troupe as we streamed along the forest track. In front there was usually Jack—"not a horse in Westland to trot him"—his owner had assured us—stepping neatly along to excerpts from "The Vagabond King" and grand opera, his packs swaying from side to side in rhythm, his driver at the other end of the home-made rope reins. Jack was no pack-horse bred but with reins and music he went well. Behind would be strung out some sketchily attired youths and maidens with tops of packs bulging above their shoulders. Usually some such favourite topic as the

prevalence of goitre on the West Coast would be under earnest discussion by the more rabid scientists of the party. The girls always had streamers of gaily-coloured washing pinned out to dry on the backs of their packs.

Last of the procession would come Daisy Bell, mountainous packs balancing on her gaunt shoulders, piled high with gear and food. Her driver kept strictly beyond reach of her mighty heels. For our Daisy—bought and our own—was of a fantastic size and build and had a red-veined menace in her eye. Often an unexpected movement would startle her and cause her to send everyone within kicking distance cowering into the surrounding bush.

The first two big rivers, the Cooke and the Fox, we crossed, some by cage and some on horseback. A dray took most of us across the next big one, the mile wide Karangarua. Twenty-two miles through bush and open country, and for a little way along the bleak coastline of Bruce's Bay, brought us to the Mahitahi, the last station we would find for fifty miles. At this homestead, where we were treated with wonderful hospitality, we had a fellow traveller with us for the night.

Tramping along the bush road one day with no other life about us but the fat bush pigeons which flew about the track with their heaving flight, or the singing tuis and darting fantails, we had been startled to hear a "ping-ping." Looking round we saw a little bearded man come pedalling along over the ruts and bumps on a push bicycle. In front of his handle bars was a small parcel containing a pair of trousers and some bread and cheese. He was on his way to cross the Haast Pass to Otago on bicycle. "I'd like to get over, you know," he confided to us in the homestead kitchen that night, "on account of everyone saying I wouldn't." And get over he did. After travelling with us for a while the next day he pushed on and got across a day ahead of us. Map or compass he did not carry, but good luck and good weather went with him. Every day or so we would suddenly come across the imprint of a tyre on a muddy patch of ground. Most of us think of him as we last saw him, crossing the swift Paringa River. He was so short that the water swirled round his waist, but he waded determinedly on with his bicycle held high above his head. Many an

adventure he had with his bicycle—lowering it sometimes over steep banks by a rope while he swung himself down by a vine, pitching headfirst occasionally at an occasional bump or hole. At the homesteads he visited he always talked far into the night, having, as he put it, the gift of the gab.

We were forded across the Mahitahi river the next morning on horseback. A few miles further on was the Paringa, which we forded ourselves. The Paringa is a most lovely river. Blue and wide it sparkled in the sunshine and the bushclad hills from whose confines it flowed and which ran down to its wide stony bed, rose shimmering in the heat haze. Here and there a splash of rata dyed the green of their thickly wooded sides. When the rata is in full bloom, we were told, all the hills down there are red. Further on, deep in the glorious bush in Lake Paringa, it lies glimmering between the trees which crowd to its edge, like a lost gem from the string of forest lakes we had left farther up the coast.

New Year's Eve we spent in the little iron hut on top of the Mataketake range, hemmed in by virgin bush that exhaled with the sound of waterfalls. We were all tired out after an afternoon's solid tramping, and it was raining. A fireplace occupied almost one whole side of the tiny hut. There were a few bunks and the walls were partly papered with pictures from the Auckland Weekly. We ate, slept and were thankful. Half of us slept in the bunks, the other half on the floor, under the bunks, across the fireplace, or draped in semi-circles round the mountains of food which had been emptied out on the floor to be tallied up. Outside was the dripping rain and the heavy bush—inside was the firelight and utter drowsy contentment. Thus we saw the end of 1931, though few were awake to watch it go.

We ate grossly of course, when we did eat. We knew that the hour of the next meal was indefinite and that in no time we would be feeling as hungry as ever again. Such a heartfelt remark as "God! I'm full!" from a prostrate form would cause little or no comment.

There were some tragedies of course. One perfect evening, the horses escaped and two of the men had to run for miles back through the dark bush before they recaptured them. Then on our first day in the Haast valley the alleged twenty-five miles



JUNCTION OF LANSBOROUGH AND  
HAAST RIVERS



PARINGA RIVER, WEST COAST

to the Clarke Hut stretched out so far that we had to camp for the night in the rain on the very edge of the Haast with its dreary breadth of waters swirling and suckling just a few feet below.

The day before, the track had brought us down from the Mataketake to the wild coast where the Haast flows out to the sea. The river broadens tremendously and multiplies into numerous smaller streams besides the large main one as it draws near the sea, and flows out across a wide desolate bar on which the long rollers break. Further up the bush and the mountains close in upon it. We were ferried across the swift deep main stream in a rowing boat, while the horses swam behind.

The whole narrow valley of the Haast is really one great riverbed, honeycombed with narrower streams that feed the large main one. Snow-capped peaks rise up, range on range, on either side. Here and there are grassy islands among the boulders into which an occasional deer would go bounding at our approach. Paradise ducks were numerous and their harsh desolate cries seemed to fit the loneliness of the valley.

Our last night in the valley we spent at the Burke Hut where a solitary prospector entertained us on the venison he had shot. Nearby the Landsbrough, another tremendous river, flows out from its valley, paradise of deer-stalkers, to join the Haast.

From the Burke, the track gradually led up to the Pass itself. This winds up through a gorge which narrows almost to a canyon. Far below the track, between its rocky walls, the river rages amongst the mountainous boulders, tossing against its restricting walls and swirling into pools of green. Above us towering into the distance were huge peaks, their snowy heads lost in the mists. All the way as a background of noise we could hear the fighting river and uncounted waterfalls.

From its highest point the Pass runs easily down through the bush to the Otago side and the beautiful Fish River and Makarora River flats. Here the wooded hills sloping gently down to the flats are bordered with ranks of gay foxgloves. There were deer grazing on the edge of the bush and rabbits went scurrying away from almost under our feet.

A few miles down Lake Wanaka the service car picked us up next day. It had been a wonderful tramp but none of us felt sorry to throw our packs into the back of the car. After a glorious drive along Lakes Wanaka and Hawea, through Pembroke Cardrona and Arrowtown, and over the Crown range, we arrived at Queenstown. Here we camped for the last time. Early next morning we boarded the little lake steamer on the first stage of our return to Wellington.

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*The Song I sing is not so sweet  
As many a song that's sung,  
But that is since my Pen is not  
So finely skilled as some.  
Full many a time I try to write  
The thoughts that crowd my mind;  
But in the jumble of my words  
The Thoughts are left behind.  
And bitter at the galling maze  
Of Words and Thoughts apart,  
I give myself to other ways  
And dream of what a world I'd start  
If I could only somehow find  
The Key of the Unfathomable Mind.*

—J. A. C.

## Unveiling of Portrait of Sir Robert Stout

ON the afternoon of Thursday, September 8th, a portrait of Sir Robert Stout, painted by Mrs. Tripe, of Wellington, and procured by the Council through funds provided by public subscription, was unveiled by Professor MacMillan Brown, Chancellor of the University of New Zealand. There was a representative gathering of representative citizens. Mr. Levi, Chairman of the Council, presided, and speeches were delivered by the Chancellor, who had been a lifelong friend of Sir Robert and a member of the University Senate during the many years when he acted as Chancellor of the University, and by Professor Rankine Brown, who spoke mainly of Sir Robert's connection with Victoria University College, and by Mr. Fair, who dealt with his relations with the students.

It is right and proper that the first portrait to be placed in the College Library should be of a man who, in addition to his great services to University education and to the Dominion generally as a politician and Chief Justice, has more than any other man contributed to the foundation and development of Victoria College.

On June 23, 1885, in a reply to Mr. C. J. Johnston, then member for Te Aro, who had asked him as Premier if he intended to introduce a Bill for the purpose of establishing a University College in Wellington, as recommended by the University Commission in 1879, he stated that he had advocated the establishment of such a College in 1878, and still approved of the proposal. In an important and well-considered statement on education generally, which he made in introducing the report of the Education Department in the following year, he again referred to the matter, and in 1887 proposed a Government measure for the establishment of a University College in Wellington. This Bill was passed by the House of Representatives, but was thrown out in the Legislative Assembly, and as the Stout-Vogel Ministry went out of office toward the end of the year, no more was heard of the matter for some time. It is worth remembering that when proposing the Bill of 1887, Sir Robert represented one of the divisions of Dunedin, and so proved his ability to rise above provincial jealousy, which has more than once been prejudicial

in connection with University education. In 1894, being then out of office and one of the Wellington members, Sir Robert proposed the Middle District of New Zealand University College Bill. This Bill was passed by Parliament and so became an Act, but as the Seddon Government did not at the moment make the financial arrangements required to make the Act operative, the matter remained in abeyance until 1897, when Mr. Seddon, in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria, passed an Act providing the necessary funds, and so enabled Victoria University College to come into being. The members of the College are thus justified in regarding Sir Robert Stout as to all intents and purposes the real founder of the College, and ought always to honour him as such.

Not only did he do so much to create the College, but he was an original member of the Council, and served on that body until he retired in 1923. He acted as Chairman in 1900 and 1901 and in 1905, and to the wise administration of Mr. J. R. Blair, the first Chairman of Council, and of Sir Robert, combined with the careful manner in which Mr. Clement Watson, as Treasurer for many years, husbanded the very inadequate original endowment and other funds of the College, Victoria University College will always owe a deep debt of gratitude.

The severance of his official connection with the College made little difference to Sir Robert's interest in the institution. On the occasion of the celebration of his golden wedding in 1926, he founded a scholarship for men students, whilst Lady Stout established a bursary for women students, and has since then practically presented the whole of his extensive collection of books to the College, including many volumes of valuable and rare pamphlets dealing with the early history of New Zealand. It is also an open secret that it was Sir Robert who advised the late Mr. William Weir to make the munificent gift to the College which has led to the erection of the "Weir House."

It ought to be an inspiration to all present and future students to have in the Library the portrait of a man of the high character, noble ideals and pure life of Sir Robert Stout.

# Tramper's Wind

*There's a wind that is calling me up to the hills,  
And it sings as it dances of things that enthrall me—  
Of windy brown ridges and masses of broom,  
Of foam over rocks—and it's down here to call me  
Up to the hills,  
Up to the hills,  
And over the hills to the sea!*

*There's a trampers' wind, calling me: why should I stay  
In the four-cornered closeness of rooms in the valley?  
The wind is here, swirling through streets dull and grey,  
Only waiting to lead me up—why do I dally  
To go to the hills,  
Go to the hills,  
And over the hills to the sea?*

*Oh, I'll follow the wind to the blue open spaces,  
Up little green valleys where trees will impede me,  
On tracks that go crossing, that dwindle and fade,  
Over streams or on grass with a wind that will lead me  
Up to the hills,  
Up to the hills,  
And over the hills to the sea!*

*Oh, I'll race with the clouds on the top of the world,  
And I'll laugh with the sun as I climb through its brightness!  
(And over the ridge is the sea with its blueness,  
Its yachts and its beach, and the surge in its whiteness . . . )  
I'll climb to the ridge!  
Climb to the ridge  
And over the ridge to the sea!*

—Esme T.

## Love New

**P**PIPE little Pan. My love and me  
The blind boy now has taught to see,  
And here we come the forest ways.  
Pipe little Pan; we tread the maze  
Of old delights and lovers' bliss.  
Pipe little Pan, for, see! we kiss.  
And brooks sing loud for joy of it.

Until to-day we never knew  
How sweet th' enamelled heaven's blue,  
Or darting birds and flaming flowers,  
Or netted sun in tangly bowers.  
Our ears were never tuned to know  
The stamp of little hoofs that go  
Clattering down the forest ways  
When satyrs keep high holidays;  
And dryads pelt with vivid flowers  
The swarthy, laughing Summer Hours.

Pipe little god, your broken reed,  
Our ears are charmed and we can heed  
The forest song; that olden tune  
That lovers dance; their rigadoon.

—C.

## Envoy

**I** FIND the ending of it all,  
That wild-eyed grief can never know  
The stars delight to mourn the fall  
Of Nineveh and Jericho.

Beneath the rugged arch of Time  
They watch the endless ebb and flow,  
The crazy hope, the futile climb  
Of Rome and Athens, Jericho.

And here the full that man may learn  
Enshrined in stars, decayed in earth—  
That while the prince and peasant yearn  
The gods incline in ancient mirth.

—Jesting Pilate.

## Old Symbols for New

"MODERN" is a vastly overworked adjective. We hear of modern ideas, modern art, modern music, modern women, modern this and modern that without realising that the word means precisely nothing. Every age has used the word or its equivalent to express the thought that it offers something new. Every age has been mistaken in thinking that it had anything new to offer. The present jeers at the past just as much as the past inclines to patronise the present. Both look ridiculous in doing so. Hence the everlasting bickering between age and youth destroys, in the impartial observer, respect for age and admiration for youth. The present is a pattern from the past and merges into it at the last without any murmur. Violence of change is but for the moment—man remains fixed, his ideas changing in expression only, his dreams the same. He procreates consciously enough, but unconsciously hands on the image of his past. He can no more avoid doing so than he could avoid being born.

Just as man hands down to his children his physical and mental attributes and those of his forbears, he also passes on his institutions. Generally he passes them on just as unwittingly. It is consequently not without interest to discover how and when the symbols of religious and social life of antiquity are used to-day. No one knows why. They have persisted in spite of altered conditions. From the mists of the past reach unseen hands moulding our ideas and actions. We are born to accept the past because we are born of it. The most rabid reactionary is as much a victim of this as any other person. He will usually, if he takes the trouble to enquire, find without much research that his "modern" ideas were the heresies of some almost forgotten civilization. The discovery ought to make him more humble, but it rarely does.

Twentieth century civilization (sic) might deserve the description "modern" if it could devise something new. Mechanical devices are not new—no one can explain the making of monuments ages old. We can but guess at the methods of our ancestors, but we know that they were capable of producing lasting works at which we can only marvel.

It is a matter of opinion whether their infinite patience was not worth and did not achieve more than our time-pressed crazy speed. In any case, the method of accomplishment is immaterial beside the result.

To-day in our academic legal and religious observances we use the symbols of antiquity. Perhaps it is no bad thing that we do. To the more thoughtful it may perchance bring that decent humility which is the beginning of all knowledge. We are all in some sort "gleaners after time," and it is no reflection on our preachers, lawyers, and scholars if we point out (albeit quite gently) that their rituals, dress, and even their ideas, are relics of a past so ancient that it defies the antiquarian, and yet so new that it may be reckoned among the eternities.

Sun worship, one of the oldest forms, gives us a great many of our symbols. The ancient belief, which persisted until quite recently, that the earth was flat and square, accounts for some others. Egyptian mythology and worship is responsible for many of our most common symbols, such as the bishop's hat and apron, the king's sceptre, and the mace in Parliament. The courts of justice are clothed in symbolism, and the universities are quite as far advanced in this direction as they were some two thousand years or so ago.

Let us take the university first. The four-square trencher cap with its tassel is merely the symbol of the square flat earth with the sea flowing from the centre in all directions. While he wears it the undergraduate is reminded of the fact that his position in the world of learning is on the earthly plane. His black gown symbolises the dark earth not illumined by the sun. When he takes a bachelor's degree he wears the black robe, but with a hood edged with white fur. The colour of the hood varies with the degree, but the fur symbolises that he has risen in knowledge above the earth as high as the clouds, which are white like wool. The symbolic colour of the hood of the bachelor of laws is blue, that of the sky when the sun is fully risen, showing the justice of heaven; the colour of that of the bachelor of arts is pink, that of the colour of the sky at early dawn before the sun is fully risen—in fact a more earthly hue; that of the



bachelor of agriculture is green, the colour of the springing grass. When the master's degree is attained the fur is discarded from the hood, symbolising that the altitude of the clouds has been passed and the wearer has ascended into the clearer atmosphere near to the giver of all light—the sun.

The majesty of the law is quite clotted with symbolism: Parliament knows and submits to it, judge and barrister are clothed in it, and one is tempted to wonder if the proverbial delays of the law are not the result of an attempt to symbolise the slow judgment of heaven.

The speaker of the House of Representatives and the judges of His Majesty's Courts wear white wigs on their heads, and white tabs below their faces. "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," says Revelations. The sun of justice had the clouds above it and below, and it shines upon all men alike. The judge in the court is the sun of justice shining impartially. The barristers wear a wig of slightly different make and the white tabs also. They are the lesser luminaries, the myriad of stars pleading with the sun for the justice of heaven.

The Chief Justice wears (on certain occasions) scarlet robes. This indicates that he is like the sun itself, risen beyond the earthly colour, but before the full glory. He is just above the horizon. His ermine cape and wig again symbolise the clouds. When sentence of death is passed the judge places over his wig, or on it, a black cap or cloth. The sun is being obscured for the moment by a dark cloud which (for the prisoner at least) darkens its light.

The speaker of the House is likewise the symbol of the sun that shines impartially upon all. He favours no one side, and preserves the decent order of the heavens in the place where he is set. That he sometimes has unruly subjects is but indicative of the general imperfectness of things. The minor luminaries are not always well-behaved, and occasionally imagine they are comets instead of falling stars.

Both the speaker and the judges wear a full wig, showing their importance as arbiters of justice and fair play. From this we have the expression "big-wig," meaning a high official. The bathos is, of course, as apparent as it is deplorable!

The figure of Justice is also interesting. Ma-at was the god of right, truth, justice, or law in the pantheon of the Egyptians. The negative confession uttered by a deceased person was spoken in the vestibule to the throne-room of Osiris. This vestibule was that of Ma-at, who held the emblem of justice, the balance, represented in the hieroglyphic writing by a feather, which, as the Egyptians knew, has an equal number of fronds on either side. Ma-at holding the balance was an alternative deity, represented as either male or female. The figure of Justice holding the balance (or scales) is the god or goddess Ma-at. It is perhaps unfortunate that the bandage concealing the eyes of this figure has been added to the symbolism, for it might possibly be interpreted to mean that the vision of the legal deity is slightly obscured. The balance should have been sufficient indication of impartiality without addition of anything which might be misunderstood. However, among so many symbolical virtues this defect may be of no great matter.

The churches are so packed with symbols that an exhaustive survey is tiring. Its bishops are, however, so beautifully dressed in them they deserve mention.

The circle of the sun held in the horns of a bull was a symbol of gods and royalty in Egypt and in Chaldea. Monarch after monarch and god after god is depicted with a headdress of this type. The priests of Chaldea more than a thousand years before the Christian era wore the same head covering. The rounded hat with its turned-up brim (held in place by tapes) worn by bishops of the Anglican Church is exactly the same symbolic headgear. A comparison of the two makes the likeness plain. The gaiters are the hind legs of the bull, and the bishop's apron its members. If one imagines a rotund ecclesiastic on all fours and wearing this dress the similarity will be obvious.

Our small life is surrounded by such symbols significant of past beliefs and age-old worship. Man in the dawn of the world sought and found his gods in the phenomena around him. They, or so he thought, answered his seeking and satisfied his natural desire for support in an alarming world. So symbolism begins. Through the ages it runs, and we to-day inherit it.

We shall no doubt pass on the inheritance, such as it may be. To some extent, directly or indirectly, we are obeying the unspoken commands of peoples of the far past, of nations almost forgotten, of pagans who, whatever their limitations may seem to us, have impressed their thoughts upon the centuries.

The straggling procession of humanity passes along the highway of life and out of the mists come poet, priest, peasant, king and courtier, all manner of men, to dwell for a while in the sun and pass

into the mists again. As through the ages it passes by, one similarity only is seen. The type of the past is the type of the present. Time has no effect upon the nature of the poet, whether he be clad in toga or trousers. Man changes only externally, and since the symbols he uses are in some way an expression of his inward self he seems reluctant to let them go. When he does we may perhaps be able to welcome something really new. I am afraid that it will be a cold welcome.

—H. R. B.



## *. . . Yet I have known the Sun*

*So little done, so little made.  
And I must die and be a shade.  
So little done, so little made  
And even now my beauties fade.  
So little done, so much desired,  
So sadly known my talents hired.  
So little done, though each hour filled  
And almost now my voice is stilled.  
So little made, so little done . . . .  
Yet . . . . deeply I have drunk the Sun.  
My body he has blessed and fed . . . .  
Thank God for that when I am dead.  
The Sun! His gorgeous benison  
My body knew. And that is one  
With my soul's beauty, like a flower  
Whose petals praise him every hour.  
So little made, so little done . . . .  
But . . . . I have drunken of the Sun.  
No beauty that was offered me  
But I have sipped in ecstasy.  
So little made, so little done . . . .  
What matter! I have known the Sun!  
Each minute has its offering laid  
Of Beauty, and my soul has prayed,  
While other fools have hurried by  
Unclamouring loveliness, my eye  
Has worshipped and has praised and known  
Each smallest thing of Beauty grown.*

—C.

# Dreams

**M***Y* castle is not built in Spain,  
But in a garden on a hill,  
Where flowers bloom with myriad hues  
And where the moon shines white and still  
Bathing the blossoms in pale light.  
Beneath a bridge silvers a rill,  
Which whispers softly to the trees,  
That breathes the secrets they may hear  
Unto the sighing nomad breeze,  
Which sings a nocturne to the sky  
And passes by.  
Ah! to linger at the close of day  
And breathe the perfume of the rose:  
To hear the lullaby of birds:  
To watch the mauve of evening fade  
To grey.

Anon the ev'ning star  
Shines out with yellow gleam when chime  
Saint Michael's bells for evensong.  
The air is sweet with scent of stocks,  
And, 'gainst the wall, tall holly-hocks  
Splash crimson o'er a bed of blue.  
So, when the day has journeyed quite  
Across our world and cobalt night  
Ascends the sky, then in a room  
Where silence reigns midst mellow light  
Of shaded lamp, there shall we dwell  
Just you and I, alone with love  
And harmony.

—Henri Anata.

# The Lost Art of Invective

A. W. Free, L.L.B.

"The Quarterly Review — answers generally to the Index Expurgatorius of Rome. If a book was put in the latter it was a sign it was worth reading; if a book is abused in the former, it is a proof that the views of its author are wide, his language vigorous, and that his philanthropy is not guided exclusively by Debreit and Burke in its sympathies. . . . It is melancholy to think that the majority of the English landed gentry and of those to whom their education is entrusted have no other ideas on political subjects but what are infused into them by this journal, in which the most grotesque prejudices, everywhere else exploded, are stated as axioms, and embodied in a style which when open it does not deviate into mere scurrilous ribaldry, is heavy, barbarous, insipid and pedantic."

This delicious passage is, of all things, part of a footnote appearing in a serious text book of Roman Law. This book is titled "Introduction to the Study and History of the Roman Law," by John George Phillimore, was published in 1848 by William Benning and Co., law booksellers, 43 Fleet Street, London, and I bought it because I thought it would assist me in the study of the Roman Law. It was not until I had taken it home that I discovered a preface and realised that I had a treasure. That preface contains some magnificent invective to which the trifle I have already quoted is but a hors d'oeuvre.

Having, after some years of miserly gloating, brought myself to the point of sharing out my treasure with the readers of "Spike," I claim as recompense an audience for this belated funeral oration beside the uncared-for grave of dead Invective.

"Invective! Brave British broadsword, more manly than Iron, the Rapier; incomparable with that blackguards' club Abuse.

What hand hath slain thee? Two hands there were, the one of Science, the other of Democracy. Science prepared the crime by alienating those who used thee, enslaving them to horrid FACT. Thou wast aye the champion of what men thought, delighting in the conflict with a difference, and there-

fore false, perverted and pernicious view. But no, there is no battle, for men are feeble and will always bow to the abatement of this new upstart ruler, Fact. And if Fact cannot be found they cool their fighting arduous searching for him. And so thy practice dwindled. Then came Hydra-headed, stuttering Democracy, bashful and touchy on its new brass throne. It could not stand straight talk. The robust manner of the Englishman must be restrained. John Bull must substitute for You-b-damned the suave But-don't-you-think. And so our race was put in double chains as slaves of Fact and Fear-of-Hurting-Feelings. And thou, good friend, fell out of work and of starvation died. But of thy deeds there are recorded some which surely must preserve thy memory until the end of time."

Returning from the cemetery I chat with you and say: "Invective was a sterling fellow, but out of place in this generation. One good custom might corrupt a world, and I like to see old orders changing, but it is a shame that the good customs of the older orders should be entirely lost. For efficiency we have lost picturesqueness, for exact thinking we have lost exuberance of style. Nowadays no one who has normal intelligence will allow himself to get worked up about anything and that makes life dull." Then I fish in my pocket and produce a paper, saying, "Look how this chap with a good case loses himself in the joy of invective and then suddenly realises what he is doing, and apologises by saying 'and any other agreeable sounding alliteration you can think of.'"

The paper is a cutting from "The New Zealand Law Journal" of the 11th June, 1929, and I direct your attention to a part of the vivacious London letter from "Inner Templar." He is discussing differences between the eminent barristers of last generation and of this. "We all know," I comment, "that eloquence is no longer heard in Court, and our betters tell us how Evidence now rules where Persuasion once was master, and what is this but another aspect of the dominion of Fact. 'Inner Templar' shows how strong a hold Fear-of-Hurting-Feelings has taken of the Courts."

"We know that so far from the leaders of to-day being of more value than those of yesterday, the reverse is probably the case; their acumen is probably as great, but their guts are infinitely less. Many of our present day leaders are in a way reckless people, never as ready to put up a battle to the death against the judge as they are ready to put up the fee as high as it will go against the client. They are all very nice, and I am sure they are very clever, but I sometimes think they are rather poor stuff (I am not sure that your learned leader who came over to the Privy Council some time ago did not feel the same way about them). The un-warlike and, it must be confessed, the unsporting element tends to predominate. The older judges comment audibly and disappointedly that there are no longer any 'bruisers' at the Bar, an epithet whose contempt is affectionate merely, and bespeaks not satisfaction but regret. The younger judges do not share this view, but welcome the atmosphere of sweet reasonableness between Bench and Bar and between Bar and Bar, and applaud and encourage the tendency to politeness rather than persistence, conciliation rather than conflict, tact rather than tactics, and any other agreeable sounding alliteration you can think of which represents a high ideal of Court conduct, but a singularly little concern for the interest of the client."

Warming to my subject, I continue: "Barristers, Parliamentarians, newspapers, and people generally are losing that robustness of manner which was supposed to be typical of the Englishman."

Arthur Balfour was more nearly the typical Englishman of his generation than John Bull, and Uriah Heep will probably be typical of the next. The price of progress is not exorbitant, but one grudges payment of it. Why should scientific thinking and solicitude for everybody else's pride, class consciousness, dignity, or whatever one should call it, emasculate our manners?"

Now we have reached my fireside, and you can read some of the work done in collaboration by invective and Mr. Phillimore.

Mr. Phillimore found distasteful to him in 1848 both English Law and English legal procedure. He writes: "It is impossible

that the law can continue much longer without reform, and that the abuses which prevail in it, from the double summons of jurors to the nefarious proceedings before parliamentary committees, from the court of quarter sessions to the highest court of appeal (in both of which a body of men may have never opened a law book in their lives have a right to vote) can be tolerated much longer, even by us."

Mr. Phillimore was in a great hurry. Quarter sessions are still lay benches, and any peer can vote on an appeal, although no peer other than Lords of Appeal (except, of course, Lord Chancellors) have exercised the privilege for many decades.

Mr. Phillimore reaches his greatest height on the subject of "case law." I shall leave you with him and retire for a while.

"Demosthenes told the Athenians that their military expeditions against Philip reminded him of nothing so much as the boxing of a barbarian; for, said he, 'If the clown is struck here, he moves his hands here; if there, he moves his hands there: his arms follow the blow; but he has no system, no foresight, by which to guard against and to anticipate it.'"

"It is just so with us in civil matters. A particular case is decided, and the law is then for the first time ascertained. Meanwhile, it is deposited, not in a code, but in the breast of the judge. There is no general and authentic collection of principles from which the theory of law can be deduced. The circumstance that, in the opinion of one judge, prevents a given case from being a precedent for another, does not so qualify its effect in the opinion of his colleague. In short, our judges legislate without the responsibility of legislation, or the control of any constituency; and that not only in a few cases which, perhaps, would be, in any state of things, an inevitable evil, but in by far the majority of those that are brought under their consideration. The power given to them by our detestable system of pleading, as the art of making the plainest matter unintelligible is facetiously called, alone (I speak of the common law) is as prodigious and as little known by the public at large, as it is misplaced and impolitic. Hume said that, in the actual state of society, the wars of European sovereigns made him always think of a match of cudgel-playing in a china shop, and this

happy illustration has, over and over again, occurred to me in the Court of Exchequer, when I have seen the welfare or absolute ruin of whole families depending on the construction that the judge might choose to put on an uncouth and unintelligible jargon invented in the dark ages, and with which the real merit of the cause had no sort of connexion; when I have seen the most precious rights, the means of education for youth, of comfort for age, and, in this most money-worshipping of countries, of respectability itself perhaps, the sport of conflicting gibberish, hanging on some wretched quibble, and dancing on the tremulous balance of irrational caprice; when I have watched the distempered strength of a contracted and disproportioned intellect, like the Homeric courser bounding without bit or bridle in the fresh pastures, disporting itself in the mere wanton exuberance of pernicious subtilty, and have known, not only that it was a perfect chance which way the wind of chicane might happen to blow, but that by all his sophistry and crochets, all his shadowy speculations, false refinements,

mock difficulties, provoking pedantry, and unnecessary doubts, that by every quotation from the writers of an age to which every principle of jurisprudence was as much unknown as the law of gravitation, the judge was, unconsciously no doubt, aggravating the distress of the actual suitor, as well as scattering broadcast the seeds of future misery and litigation."

What would you not give to be capable of such condemnatory enthusiasm? But the twentieth century atmosphere is, alas, too enervating.

Not only the law but society at large fell under Mr. Phillimore's lash.

"We live," he wrote, "in an age when, in a mere effusion and ecstasy of spontaneous baseness (for which, as the records of Carthage are destroyed, no parallel can be found), a subscription has been raised to reward a broker in railway shares for making his own fortune."

If only we could hope that the legal text writers of to-day would see fit to mitigate the dreariness of their productions with such ornaments as these.



## Wonder

*The men of science tell me these were waves  
Freed from the sun eight minutes since, and sent  
Vibrating through the ether—hosts unpent,  
Speeding with varied pulses to their graves  
In far-off globes . . . My world drank in a part,  
But flung a few stray beams to pass unchecked  
Into my eye's small clearness, to affect  
The retinal film, nerve-impulses to start . . .  
I cannot understand. I only know  
That all around is colour—greens that change  
From leaf to leaf; blue heaven; and insects strange;  
Green lawns where gay-apparelled women go;  
And riotous gardens where the flowers glow warm—  
A world of colour in a world of form.*

—Esme T'.

# Communism as a Religion

*"Heaven forbid that you should  
BELIEVE in anything."*

—DR. HENNING.

## I.

IT is the first virtue of a critical mind that it will accept no fundamental proposition merely because it comes from tradition or convention or authority. Moreover, if we wish to ascertain the effect and assess the value of social institutions we must recognise that what appears most obvious, even in our strongest convictions, may often prove pure illusion. It is for this reason that Dr. Henning's maxim—casually mentioned in the course of an address the other day—is imperative and invaluable. As soon as one allows one's sympathies to obscure an issue, to confirm articles of faith of which one will allow no questioning, then the bright hope of independent thought has surely flickered and gone.

Communism is every whit as much in danger of this evil as any other social or political creed, and it seems that its advocates may well become as dangerous and false in argument as the most bigoted of religious zealots if they persist in their present tendency.

Discussion has revealed a large body of opinion which could be more aptly described as socialistic than communistic if only for the reason that it has declined to accept the dogmatic insistence of the communist theorem and its persistent tendency to reduce to a matter of religious faith the convictions of impartial criticism and a passion for justice. The critical attitude that demands some fundamental measure of social reform loses its most eminent virtue when it is replaced by this religious frame of mind that will brook no doubt or wavering, no tolerance of dissent or discussion, no room for a change or development in point of view.

To make this accusation against the most passionate of Communists is in many cases unfair and ill-considered; and it is rather too readily levelled at anyone who sees the chaos of our present system with the intensity of violent revolt against needless inhumanity. It is all too convenient a shaft for every passing critic; and those who have thought of economics only in terms of *laissez-faire* are naturally prone to feel that

disinterested action can proceed only from religious urge. But for all that, and granting the exigencies of the necessity for action, the advocates of basic social reform are themselves all too little aware of some of the dangers in their path, as their methods of propaganda seem to prove beyond question. They are apt to assume the attitude of muscular tension which dispels all doubt and hesitation, and leads them in pledge themselves to a great cause without that open-minded, ever-vigilant scepticism which is essential in any new adventure.

## II.

Middleton Murry relates how he was attacked in "The Daily Worker" as "nothing but an anti-working class politician and a particularly scurvy one at that." His request for the right of reply was emphatically refused by the Editorial Board—a faithful band of religious devotees—who asserted, on the inspiration of their lofty faith (how reminiscent of the noble motives of the Inquisition!) that they did not publish articles (or even replies, apparently) from the pens of individuals whose policy they considered to be deliberately anti-working class. His claim to be a Communist, they said, was "an insult to the heroic workers of the Soviet Union and a mockery of the Communist fighters throughout the world."

If this is to be the response to the ethical passion of a sincere man, even though he be mistaken as they believe, then we may well be guarded against "the infantile disease of Communism." Nor is it any reply to this criticism to argue that Middleton Murry is not truly a Communist; for members of the Party are fond of asserting that Communism is open to criticism from the outside, although it would seem that criticism as serious as Mr Murry's can arouse nothing beyond personal abuse. The primary political maxims of Communism are in fact held absolutely immune from doubt or criticism. It has been correctly said that in their insistence on the basic principles of their faith Communists are more uncompromising than the converts to

Islam ever were in their affirmation that there is but one God, and Mahommed is His Prophet.

To embrace Communism in this way, so that doubt or dissent becomes a sin, and criticism an unpardonable error, is to make it a religion, and eventually to follow in the forlorn, ill-fated ways of those whose power and intolerance brought the Russian peasants to the last pitch of revolt. It may be that Communism is a philosophy as well as a doctrine of "pure and immediate action," but it should beware of the ever-present danger of becoming a "religion" in which the opportunity for dissent and the necessity for serious analysis may be crushed by the single-minded urgency of religious faith.

### III.

Vain is the regret of the conservative as he observes that Communism has the support of able and eminent thinkers the world over, that it has the driving force of a passionate devotion that Capitalism could never earn,—no, not in a shipload of centuries. But it is imperative to remember the limitation of Communism, and the danger that lies in making it the exclusive object of one's energies. It is essentially an economic creed, with a programme of political action, and it remains so, however much it may be the application of an ethical ideal.

One may clearly observe in communist writing a certain pre-occupation with the Soviet system which has resulted in a deplorably narrowed point of view. Russian history is regarded as the inevitable fore-runner and counterpart, even in matters of

detail, of identical developments which are anticipated in other countries, although these are wholly dissimilar in political and economic structure, traditions, and level of culture. And in much the same manner one finds this attitude expressed in the communist tendency to under-estimate the significance of personal relations beyond the sphere of economics. It is, of course, elementary that economic equality is the means to equality in almost every other sphere of human activity. But I refer to the attitude which excludes any values outside the promotion of the communist policy.

In education this is clearly seen. One is forced to suspect the truth of the suggestion that among the Soviets a "ne varietur" might be written over the halls of instruction. In art the same story may be told. In no capitalist country has art been so entirely reduced to the position of the mere tool of propaganda.

But the methods of politics, art and education are but means to greater ends. There is another and a purer air than commerce and economics. And so long as Communism remains the mere interpretation of unassailable dogma there can be no hope for the just recognition of values other than those which the Party has considered and accepted. In so far as Communism is shaped in a religious mould, then for all the fiery ardour of its humanity it will be unable to appreciate the importance of many of the cultural needs of man and unfitted to receive the passionate adherence which it asks of men to-day.

—I.D.C.

## COMMUNISM OR MURRYISM

(In Reply to I. D. C.)

MANY people to-day have had the experience of engaging in a heated controversy, only to discover in the end that the only matter at stake between them and their adversaries was one of definition. This is largely due to the recent device of widening your definitions of things originally restricted in sense to such an extent as to make them include almost anything you want them to. If you define Christianity as the ideals of Love, Truth and Justice, you are obviously quite free from the danger of an

attack. The advantages of this attitude are obvious. You can debate on the broadest definition and continue to act on the narrowest. It is a peculiarly successful trick and a peculiarly dishonest one.

And so there is to-day a tremendous need for narrowing our definitions, even at the cost of multiplying terms. Especially is this true with regard to the two words which are the storm-centres of controversy to-day, "Christian" and "Communist." The majority of "Christians" within our own S.C.M., for instance, are simply illogical humanitarians, who would have been disowned by any reasonably honest Church a generation



ago. Similarly, the word "Communist" is used to mean anything from a political opponent to a social idealist with vaguely defined principles.

Primarily, of course, a Communist means a member of the Communist Party and nothing more. But we can allow ourselves a slightly wider definition than that, since the Communist Party is itself a body based on definite principles and pledged to a definite plan of action. Professor Harold Laski defines Communism as "at once an ideal and a method. As an ideal it aims at a society in which classes have been abolished as the result of the common ownership of the means of production and distribution. As a means, it believes that its ideal can be obtained only by the method of a social revolution in which the dictatorship of the proletariat is the effective instrument of change." People like I.D.C. would accept the ideal without the method. But if they do not approve of the method, i.e., social revolution and dictatorship of the proletariat, they are certainly not "Communists" or even "supporters of Communism." They may be "Labourites" or "collectivists" or "socialistically inclined"—but they have nothing to do with Communism, which is both an ideal and a method.

In other words, if the Communist Party is to be an effective instrument in the achievement of socialism, it must be bound by certain broad principles, or what I.D.C. would prefer to call dogmas. They are in no sense akin to religious dogmas, since they are built up on a rational basis which is capable of argument and proof. You may tell their upholders that you are not convinced by them, but it is unfair to suggest that they are not arrived at rationally, but are held by blind faith alone.

The most general principles of Communism are certainly fixed, and must of necessity remain so, because they are the things by which we define Communism. But in the minutiae of its economic theory and the details of its practical policy, the Communist movement is in a constant state of flux, continually adapting itself to the state of the society in which it is working. I.D.C.

badly misunderstands the position if he thinks, as he says, that "doubt or dissent is a sin, and criticism an unpardonable error." The matter was clearly put in a letter to Middleton Murry's paper, the "Adelphi." F. le Gros Clark wrote as follows:—

"Referring to the various comments on the Communist Party of Great Britain which have appeared in the 'Adelphi,' it may be laid down that no criticism 'from the outside' is likely to be half as incisive and strongly worded as the criticisms hurled internally at the Communists by one another. If you want to criticise, come inside and criticise. . . . By internal self-criticism the Communist Party is making itself, is becoming."

The case of Mr. Middleton Murry appears to worry I.D.C. excessively. Murry's Communism is a recent growth of a rather peculiar kind. He disapproves of the Labour Party, who are trying to achieve Socialism by constitutional means, and he is a constant critic of the Communist Party, which believes that an unconstitutional upheaval is necessary. He distinguishes a mysterious entity called Marxism from a still more mysterious something he calls Leninism, and comments adversely on the latter. Surely he realises the necessity of some political action beyond the publication of books with sales-catching titles, like the "Necessity of Communism." Unless he intends forming a third party, a kind of disembodied intellectualist party, his place is inside the Communist movement, experiencing some of the discomforts and danger of its routine work. Until he does that, his claim to be a Communist is quite literally what the "Daily Worker" called it, "an insult to the heroic workers of the Soviet Union and a mockery of the Communist fighters throughout the world." Though the Communist Party is open to criticism and adaptation from outside as well as inside, the claims of a man who does not believe in the first principles of Communism to be called a Communist can hardly be recognised. Why not try "Neo-Communist" or even "Murryist"?

—C. G.W.

# Idealism : The Cerebian Sop

*"One man aimeth at a million  
And misseth by an unit."*

—BROWNING.

IN a little Art Gallery in Milan, there hangs a painting by an unknown Renaissance artist, the painting of an ancient white-bearded man, who arrayed in flowing white garments, reaches upwards, his thin bony fingers almost touching a bunch of grapes above and, ready to sweep when his fingers touch the Tantulian fruit, is a menacing scythe held by a hidden hand. Below is the faded caption, "Il Serce" (The Seeker)—or the portrayal of the Idealist.

How many of us to-day live in a Fool's Paradise, a Paradise of our own making, and self-rationalise enough to assert boldly, "It is better to live in a Fool's Paradise than no Paradise at all." There is no philosophy more selfish, more futile than Idealism. The Idealist struts through life with his eyes peering into Utopia and his feet on the necks of his fellowmen. There has never been an Idealist who has made the world a better place and often I am disposed to be cynical and misquote Emerson, "Idealism is the opiate that Nature administers to deaden the pains of mediocrity." Too many of us to-day spend our energies in fruitless searching for that Holy Grail of Knowledge and the sooner we recognise that Man can learn no more than he is allowed to, the greatest advance that has yet been made towards that Holy Grail, will be ours.

Idealism is that restless striving for the ultimate, that passionate yearning for self-realisation, and after all a blind groping for what? Ask an Idealist for what he seeks. Butler would say, Utopia. Shelley would say, Truth. Keats would say, Beauty. Annie Besant would say, Christ. When does the seeker know when his fingers grasp the abstract? Perhaps one can smile and say, "That for which we reach across the world is at our elbow, but we reach too far." Bunyan's Faithful was perhaps the most intense Idealist of them all and what philosophy could have been more selfish and futile than his.

There is an old Russian saying, "Two men gaze through a window, one sees mud and the other, a garden." The Idealist sees a garden and sighs with contentment. The thinker would see mud and set to work to plant a garden.

Our world is too full of introspective creation, too full of self-satisfying, smug idealism and too little of creative thinking. There is only one thing that can raise us from the mud into which a retrograde civilisation has brought us, yes, only creative and unselfish endeavour can plant a garden.

G.I.J



## Song of Death

*AFTER the life which estranged and severed us,  
After the years with their burden of pain,  
After the sorrow, transcending its bitterness,  
See, I return to you, find you again.  
All that life snatched from you, all things denied you,  
All the lost beauty, the dream-world you knew,  
In one brief, glad moment, after all weariness,  
Loved one, all loveliness I bring to you.*

—M. P. P.

# Gluck

(*"Che Faro Senza Eurydice."*)

[It is said that Gluck, the composer of the opera ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE, used to have his pianoforte brought to him where seated in a pleasant flowery meadow, with a bottle of wine beside him, he sought thus to recapture the atmosphere and colour of the "golden age" of his classical themes.]

I KNOW it was in this Elysian way :  
Set in a meadow of tranquility,  
Under soft skies, and taking princely fee  
Of sunlit hours of the dreaming day,  
You made your music, golden as the sway  
Of regal summer, mellow like the wine  
You poured of some rich hillside of the Rhine;  
And Orpheus wandered there with lute and lay.

Summer, and youth and beauty in warm bloom,  
And happy love singing his red-lipped tune,—  
Recall them on your keys of wizardry !  
Recall them,—lest the waning afternoon  
Change them to shadows—shadows in the gloom—  
And homeless voices cry "Eurydice!"

—Seaforth Mackenzie.

Melbourne, 1932.

## Desertion

A SINGLE chimney by a tumbling shed  
Only by ghosts and memory tenanted.  
Spirit of hands that planted this wild rose,  
That trained this honeysuckle where it grows  
So fragrantly about this old gnarled tree,  
Where are you now? Say, do you haunt the wind  
That whispers through this grass so quietly?  
Only the sea replies, her answer thinned  
By long low hills whereon no man walks now.  
Unseen the crimson blossom lights the bough  
Of grey pohutakawas blowing free  
Between this graveyard and the desolate sea;  
Unheard the myriad larks above this rose  
Sing the rare beauty here that no man knows.

—M. L.

## Shadow

ONCE while in ease we talked of this and that,  
A shadow fell across the half-meant words.  
Most suddenly we turned from happiness,  
And saw between the tea-cups and the tea  
Intolerable barriers of reserve.  
Things understood in part and part misjudged,  
Half-lights, half-comprehensions, all the host  
Of life-old shrinkings, seemed unbearable;  
And tired of all the twisted wanderings sane men hate,  
I saw the splendour of another fate,  
The clean straight beauty of normality,  
Young as a god and eager as a soldier.  
Desired more bitterly than words can tell  
The comradeship of understanding, love,  
Scarce dreamt-of dawns and unimagined days,  
If I were really I, and you were you.

—C. G. W.

## The Idealist

ONCE, I saw you, ere you fled—  
A glimpse—and my Ideal was dead;  
Scattered to the winds of day,  
Its mocking fragments round me lay.

Your knavish self who snatched from me  
My love's ideal so wantonly,  
Strew relics—lest I should forget—  
Where you have been, a mem'ry yet.

Love giv'n in trust to all I knew—  
Strange elfin one—an ideal You,  
In segments schemed by musing pen  
Now shapes the fossil tale again—

I love no mortal—that is why  
I do not heed your passing by.  
All love you leave with me—Adieu!  
Midst debris of an ideal You.

Some day love's fossils urged by pen  
To trace the story back again,  
Will crumble—even fossils must—  
And end all thought of you in dust.

I would you tread once more this way  
To find upon that powdered grey,  
Impressed where I shall wander—Elf!  
You lived, you died—within myself.

—I.M.L.

# Awakening

**I** HAVE been glad to-day;  
Felt the light laughter of the wind,  
Which dreamed, and lost its way,  
And then awoke to find  
A spirit-veil of mist along the shore,  
Deathly and blank and blind . . .  
My spirit awoke from dreams  
Of beauty dead and passed beyond recall  
And danced in the sunlight beams  
That shimmered over all  
The changing smoothness of the sea  
Where lucent shadows fall.  
O perfect loveliness! My soul was free  
To skim and soar across the dreaming sea  
Then lie enshrouded in its mystery.

—M. P. P.



**T**O-DAY Life's hues may seem so drab,  
The World about grim and austere,  
Peopled by rogues and vagabonds,  
And you may feel that no one near  
Cares what you do or where you go,  
That no one's hand is there to grasp,  
And long to know one friendly clasp—  
Then is the time to seek the blue  
Wide spaces where the wind is free,  
High up above the city rim,  
And revel in serenity.  
The cares of Men are gone from you;  
The ways of Men count not a jot,  
And though you have no one as friend,  
What matters, do not curse your lot,  
But underneath the open sky  
Just watch those clouds go tumbling by  
And bending grasses at your feet,  
And thank Good God that Life is sweet  
Beneath a summer sky.

—J.A.C.

## A Gourmet's Odyssey

**O**FT in cloistered solitude have I gloried  
In the iambic beat of Homer's tales,  
And alone in some deep silence, grieved  
O'er my fate, an Idealist searching for the Light,  
A Tantalus forever reaching and reaching far  
too far.

Oftimes 'neath green-leaved tree have I heard,  
The trembling notes of the immortal bird,  
And welcomed wistful thoughts of Adonis,  
By far the sweetest singer of them all,  
And once alone I heard the sullen beat  
Of seas breaking on some distant shore,  
And with eyes tear-dimmed I spoke aloud,  
"On your breast, bold mother,  
Did Shelley find his peace,"  
Once 'neath moonlit sky, the world  
Was left to silence and to me,  
And my heart swelled as I whispered  
The words of an elegy.

But now, as in my hand I hold this parchment,  
I feel a peace far greater than I have ever known;  
Unlike Tantalus my fingers touch the grape,  
Strange passion surges and parches my throat,  
Anticipation of Rabelaisian joys to come  
Drug my drowsy senses numb,  
Making Raging and the Mockery,  
Temptations too hard to resist,  
As in my hand I hold this wine list.

—G. I. J.

# Dramatic Club Productions

## "THE SHIP" AND "HEDDA GABLER."

THE V.U.C. Dramatic Club cannot altogether be congratulated on its productions during 1932. "The Ship," a play by St. John Ervine, presented in July in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, was, with notable exceptions, badly done. We cannot all be great performers, but an audience is entitled to expect that the players will know their parts and endeavour to resemble the characters they portray. "The Ship" tells of a shipbuilder (John Thurlow), who idolised ships with an intensity equalled only by the dislike they and all they stood for aroused in his son Jack, a young man sickened by the materialism rampant in the Great War. The son refuses to enter his father's shipyard and goes off to lead the simple life on a farm, accompanied by his friend, Captain Cornelius, with money secretly provided for the purpose by John Thurlow's mother. She alone understands both father and son and all through the play endeavours to persuade each of them to see the other's viewpoint. Meanwhile George Norwood, Thurlow's right-hand man in the yard, has wooed and won Hester, Thurlow's daughter. The three generations of the Thurlow family, old Mrs. Thurlow, John Thurlow, his wife, Hester and George visit Jack on his farm. The father, with malice aforethought, makes Cornelius, a man spoilt by the war, drunk and offers him money either to make the farm fail or to leave Jack on it alone. Jack overhears the offer, but Cornelius accepts the bribe and decides to leave the farm. Father and son are interrupted by old Mrs. Thurlow after John Thurlow has asked his son not to mention the bribe. Jack refuses to return to the yard and the family goes back rather mystified. Thurlow, senior, has a breakdown through overwork and forces Jack to take his place on the maiden voyage of his new "unsinkable" ship, the "Magnificent," by threatening to go himself, even if it costs his life. The ship goes down on the voyage and Jack with it. When the news is brought the father's first thought is for the loss of his ship and not for his son. A slight plot, where you will observe that characterisation must count for everything. The curtain could have fallen at

this point, but Mr. St. John Ervine gives us a final scene, in which old Mrs. Thurlow saves her son from suicide and heartens him for struggle once more.

It is to be noted that the Club had copies of the first edition only of this play, and so unfortunately did not have the opportunity to play from a greatly amended and improved edition which was issued after its production in England.

The honours deservedly go to Miss Sinclair Breen (old Mrs. Thurlow). Her work was almost up to professional standard. Her part alone was difficult enough to sustain without the added disadvantage of the rest of the cast not acting up to her. She is to be congratulated on a fine individual effort. Although she was perhaps too sweet for the quietly dominant part she had to play, we must remember that she was limited by the other players. Mr. Carl Watson, as John Thurlow, the man who failed both to dominate his son and subdue the sea, should have been a hard, vital figure. He portrayed a man with the grey hair and lined face that goes with sixty years, but his was the voice of a surly boy. He was petulant and querulous rather than strong, and his jerky utterance was more suitable for the role of the singing doll in "The Tales of Hoffman" than for that of John Thurlow.

Miss Jupp, as John Thurlow's negative wife, spoilt a good reading of her part by looking scarcely as old as her son. Mr. Edwards, as Jack, was somewhat handicapped by the lack of force in Mr. Watson's portrayal, and we can only say that his performance was a conscientious one. Mr. Riske, as Captain Cornelius, was perhaps inclined to suggest a sober man playing the part of a drunk one, but was the best of a very weak male cast. Miss Joan Anderson (Hester) did her best with the few anaemic lines allotted to her.

The general impression received was that, with the exception of Miss Breen, the cast did not act up to its capabilities. Mr. Watson, particularly, is capable of better things. It is to be regretted that Miss Cooley, who spent much time and trouble over the production, did not have the loyal



support from the cast that a producer is right in expecting.

Of "Hedda Gabler" it can only be said that something far above the powers of a hastily selected cast was attempted and that something dreadful was achieved. At the performance in the College Hall on the 12th and 13th August, Dr. Henning (coproducer with Mr. Hannah) had the arduous task of prompter. It is no exaggeration that he was heard far more frequently than the performers. A just criticism is that most of the players did not understand their own lines. Some of the frequent lapses could only be explained in this way.

Miss Dorothea Tossman performed splendidly as Mrs. Elvestedt. Her work during the scene in which Hedda (played by Miss Henri Archer) destroys Eilert Lovborg's confidence in her and sends him back to his old way of life was up to the best tradition. We sympathise with Mr. D. Banks, who was apparently selected to play the part of Jorgen Tesman (a part he appeared to dislike intensely), because he had on a previous occasion given an excellent rendering of a Swedish sailor in another play. The dangers of this method of casting are and were obvious. His lack of confidence did not affect Mr. R. D. G. Chadwick as Judge Brack, who played the part with his usual aplomb, but perhaps was an

admirable foil for Miss Shirley Roberts, who made a success of the part of Miss Juliana Tesman.

Of Mr. Hannah's make-up as Eilert Lovberg we can only say that he apparently mistook Christiana for Ober Ammergau—unless he thought the garb of a bush undertaker suitable for a play which calls for two sudden deaths, including his own. Miss Henri Archer did her best with an unsuitable part, but succeeded in making Hedda look incredible to our eyes. Hedda exists in real life, but not as we saw her presented here. Miss Archer, properly cast, is capable of much greater things. Miss M. Prideaux Pridham presented a perfect gem of characterisation as Berta, the loyal servant of limited intelligence.

Messrs. Steele and Wright, the stage managers, worked wonders with the limited material at their disposal in both halls and are to be congratulated.

Perhaps next year, when the Dramatic Club Committee realises that good players, when badly cast in unsuitable plays, are being wasted, and that individually excellent performances cannot redeem a production where the cast as a whole does not give of its best, we may return to the hey-day of "The Dark Angel" and "Rope." Let us hope so.

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## Plunket Medal Contest

THIS year's contest was chiefly notable for the unusual level of general excellence exhibited in the efforts of the contestants. There was not a single boring speech. Yet it is doubtful whether any speaker attained to the highest flights of oratory. It is true that Mr. Reardon was really powerful and truly eloquent in his climax, and that Mr. Scott's ending was most effective. Yet, in both cases the passages of true oratory were but incidents in quite ordinary speeches. Two speakers, Mr. Crossley and Mr. Scotney, both used the method of contrast well and gave vigorous critical studies of their

selected persons of note. The winner, Miss Forde, in the most finished performance of the evening, gave a pleasing eulogy in a polished style. The speakers won the plaudits of the audience for their treatment, often masterly and always interesting, and evoked the admiration, the reprobation, or the pity of their listeners for their subjects; but they did not to any great degree stir their audience. A past winner who has attended contests regularly for many years remarked after the contest that though the standing of speaking was very high, there had been no great oration, for no speaker

had moved the audience emotionally—the goal of great oratory. The observation may or may not be just; yet it is a point often overlooked that the great orators have appealed to the feelings and emotions of mankind rather than to the intellect.

On the whole, the speakers were very happy in their choice of subject. The speeches, as usual, covered a wide range, and, indeed, included some entirely new names. St. Paul, The Unknown Warrior, Caesar Borgia, are, it is believed, personages who had not been taken before. Father Damien, Mary Queen of Scots, and Booker T. Washington (who has now been the subject of two winning speeches) are old favourites who offer great scope to a skilful speaker. The Unknown Warrior was perhaps the most difficult and least suitable selection.

Mr. Bishop gave a most interesting and graphic account of the life of St. Paul with some particularly striking pictures, as, for example, the scene when St. Paul addressed the hostile mob. Mr. Bishop succeeded in creating a lifelike personality and gave an excellent character sketch. Yet his speech was more of an address than an oration.

Mr. Bannister had chosen an exceedingly difficult subject in "The Unknown Warrior." In addition to having a theme requiring delicate handling, he had the difficult task of treating "The Unknown Warrior" as a person in history. The attempt was a praiseworthy one. Mr. Bannister's speech ended with a vigorous and spirited, though perhaps irrelevant, appeal to the youth of to-day.

Mr. Chorlton, speaking on Wiremu Tamehana, gave a good, though somewhat halting address. His matter was interesting and his literary style good, but his delivery was rather monotonous and his ending a trifle abrupt.

Mr. Scott had selected Mary Queen of Scots as his subject. In the opening part of his speech he seemed nervous and tense. Towards the end of his speech, however, he

seemed to lose himself in his subject, and his conclusion was admirable, both for its dramatic power and its artistic restraint.

Mr. Reardon spoke on Father Damien of Molokai. His opening was not impressive and his speech, though interesting, was quite ordinary till, towards the end, he gave one of the finest pieces of oratory of the contest.

Mr. Scotney gave a very vigorous speech on Kaiser Wilhelm II. of Germany. He succeeded in the rather difficult task of conveying a clear idea of the political background of William's career. His language was particularly apt. His use of bathos in the sentence, "On every important occasion he failed: in time of difficulty he trembled, in defeat he fled, and in exile—he remarried," will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Scotney's chief fault was his rapidity of utterance.

Mr. Crossley gave a very colourful account of Caesar Borgia. It was a powerful speech delivered in a dignified manner. The narrative was well done, the spirit of the times revealed, and the infamy of the character was well portrayed. The peroration was forceful, though to some listeners the final sentence seemed too abrupt.

Miss C. S. Forde spoke on Booker T. Washington. Twice in succession now the winning speeches have been on negro characters. Miss Forde's speech was superior to those of the other contestants in the ease of delivery, the aptness of inflection, and the skilful use of pause which were employed. The diction ranked with that of Mr. Scotney as the most felicitous of the evening, and Miss Forde infused a warmth of feeling into her speech which was very effective. We congratulate Miss Forde on her success.

The judges, Mr. Justice Ostler, Mr. H. Atmore, M.P., and Canon James, awarded the medal to Miss Forde, and placed Mr. Crossley second and Mr. Scotney third. Mr. Reardon was highly commended. Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Junr., presided over a large audience.

# Victoria University College : Graduates, 1932

## MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.

- Benge, Alfred Havelock (2nd Class Latin and French).  
Evans, Nancy Gwyneth (2nd Class in History).  
Huggins, Mildred Collis (2nd Class in French).  
Huntington, Elizabeth (2nd Class in History).  
Landon-Lane, Veronica Minnie (2nd Class in French).  
Lane, Joan Magdalene (2nd Class in History).  
Macdonald, Margaret Mathie (2nd Class in History).  
McCaul, Kathleen Margaret (2nd Class in Latin and French).  
Naumann, Audrey (2nd Class in English and French).  
Pow, Doris Hutchinson (2nd Class in History).  
Prendeville, Phyllis Helen (2nd Class in History).  
Scrimgeour, Muriel Elizabeth (1st Class in Education).  
Stewart, Marjorie Gordon (2nd Class in English and French).

## DIPLOMA OF HONOURS.

- Huntington, Frances Mary (1st Class in French).  
Wright, John (2nd Class in English and Latin).

## MASTERS OF ARTS.

- Alcorn, Winifred Jean.  
Clark, Harold Vernon.  
Colebrook, Evelyn Jean.  
Edwards, Albert Owen.  
Ellis, Ethel Gwendoline.  
Kinder, Maurice.  
Mather, Jean Hunt.  
Mitchell, William.  
Nelson, Theo Bagge.  
Paul, Francis Howard Beare.  
Russell, Leslie.  
Simpson, George Spence.  
Spence-Sales, Dorothy.  
Thomson, Violet Ermelinda D.  
Wilkie, Zoe Theresa.

## BACHELORS OF ARTS.

- Baillie, Elizabeth McFarlane Fullarton.  
Barwell, John Samuel.  
Bertram, Blanche Marion.  
Birnie, Elizabeth Wells.  
Blane, Clifford George.  
Bourke, Laurence Philip.  
Buckley, Patricia Mary.  
Budge, Eric Gabriel.  
Burrow, Marjorie.  
Butcher, Myra Jean.  
Callaghan, Cyril Joseph.  
Cathie, Jean Margaret.  
Cattanach, Jean Butler.  
Davies, Alice Emily.  
Dew, Norton John.  
Dive, William John (1931).  
Drummond, Cecilia Evelyn.  
Duff, Florence Fraser.  
Dyer, Vera.  
Goodwin, William Alan Bertie.  
Green, Jack Galloway.  
Grey, Evelyn Helen Patricia.  
Gunter, Cecily Margaret.  
Holst, Moana Astrid.  
Jenkins, Charles Harold.  
Line, Mary Hilda.  
Lysaght, Andrew.  
Marchant, Leslie Harold.  
Mason, Walter Wynne.  
Mitchell, Marjorie McDonald.  
Moore, Alfred Leslie.  
Nightingale, Albert George.  
Paetz, Bernard Arthur.  
Pitkowsky, Maurice Simeon.  
Prideaux-Pridham, Marie.  
Reid, Effie Joan.  
Rosevear, Walter John William.  
Rowse, Kathleen Mary.  
Smith, Flora.  
Snadden, Margaret Wylie.  
Spence, Ena Isabel.  
Veitch, Henry Charles.  
Venimore, Vincent Charles (from Auckland).  
Verry, Frances Helena.  
Williams, David Owen.  
Wood, Agnes MacGregor.

### MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.

Denz, Frank Anton (1st Class in Chemistry).  
Galpin, Nancy Margaret (1st Class in Zoology).  
McGavin, William Keith (2nd Class in Chemistry).  
Shorland, Francis Brian (1st Class in Chemistry).  
Strong, John Austin (2nd Class in Physics).  
Sykes, Philip Howard (1st Class in Chemistry).

### MASTERS OF SCIENCE.

Caughley, Frank Gordon.  
Clark, Percival James Comfort.  
Morice, Isobel Murray.  
McKenzie, Donald Wallace.  
Webber, John Hallam.  
Williamson, John Herbert.

### BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.

Anderson, Joan Alice Thama.  
Brandt, Carl William.  
Brooker, Stanley George.  
Christie, Andrew Leslie Munro.  
Evans, Ernest Walter.  
Eves, Muriel Ellen Joy.  
Foss, Alison Mary.  
Gibbs, Margaret Waine.  
Hawthorn, Harry Bertram.  
Hursthouse, Katrine Fearon.  
Lambert, George Stanley.  
Lovatt, Edwin Henry.  
Mandeno, John Leighton.  
McKee, Tasman Joseph.  
Palmer, Clarence Edgar.  
Palmer, Noel Raymond.  
Salmon, John Tenison.  
Scott, Walter Henry.  
Smart, Fred.  
Thompson, Frank Burnhope.  
Thomson, Margaret Sutcliffe.  
Tyer, Gilbert James Wilson.  
Walker, Robert George.

### BACHELOR OF HOME SCIENCE.

Hay, Dorothy Elsa (from Otago).

### MASTERS OF LAW WITH HONOURS.

Bishop, Henry James (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).  
Crossley, Graham (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).

Jessep, Alexander Cormack (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict of Laws, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).  
Wilson, William Eric (2nd Class in Roman Law, Contract and Torts, Company Law).

### MASTERS OF LAW.

Arndt, Charles Henry.  
Hay, William.  
Mahoney, Michael Eric.

### BACHELORS OF LAW.

Baume, Sidney Erne.  
Carrad, John Albert.  
Clark, David.  
Coleman, Patrick John Macbeth.  
Dunn, Julia Maud.  
Hart, William Rex.  
Kinder, John Dudley.  
Logan, John Kennedy.  
Maciver, Andrew Henderson.  
McGrath, John Denis.  
Quill, Albany James.  
Sharp, Richard William.  
Vickerman, Bryan Nelson.

### MASTER OF COMMERCE.

Haldane, Gilbert Ross.

### BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.

Atkinson, Marjorie.  
Balharry, John Bruce.  
Barker, Douglas William Ashley.  
Black, Joseph Bower.  
Cook, Howard Railton.  
Glover, Norman James.  
Lang, Arthur George.  
Russell, Olive Jean.  
Scully, Patrick Felix.  
Smith, Hugh McKinnon.  
Stevenson, George Joseph.  
Walpole, Clifford Alfred.  
Warring, Jeffery John.  
Wright, Robert Taylor.

### DIPLOMA IN EDUCATION.

Briggs, Mildred.  
Castle, John George Thomas.  
Clark, Harold Vernon.  
Conway, Walter Hugh.  
Ellis, Dorothy Jean.  
Frazer, Clarence Gillard.  
Harry, Kathleen Avery.  
Kinder, Maurice.  
Nolan, Rita Mary Patricia.

### DIPLOMA IN JOURNALISM.

Clayton, Ralph.



GRADUATES, 1932.



**VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1932.**

M. J. Duncan, R. C. Bradshaw, M. Briggs, B.A., D. M. Burns, K. Hoby, A. H. Scotney,  
D. G. Steele (Vice-President), H. M. Dunn (Vice-President), R. E. Diederich, LL.B.  
(President), J. M. Dunn, LL.B. (Hon. Secretary), R. J. Nankervis, M.Com.  
(Hon. Treasurer).



**VICTORIA COLLEGE WOMEN'S SENIOR A HOCKEY TEAM.**

J. Scott N. Syms, A. Harding, M. Gibbons, M. Spence-Sales,  
R. Nolan K. Hoby (Vice-captain), H. Dunn (Captain), A. Blacklock, M. Slyfield.



H. R. BANNISTER



W. J. MOUNTJOY, Jr.

Winners of Joynt Scroll, 1931 contest held in Christchurch April 2nd, 1932.



WINNERS OF HASLAM SHIELD, 1932.

J. J. McWhinnie	S. H. Perry	D. F. McLeod	T. F. G. Harrison
A. H. Fear	W. F. McQuin	P. A. Ongley	C. A. Walpole
			D. A. Wilson



TOURNAMENT REPRESENTATIVES, 1932



# Past Students

WE print below the lists of students who commenced attendance at the College in the year of its foundation (1899) and those who did so in the years 1900, 1901 and 1902, showing the years during which each student attended.

Up to 1913 the records were neither complete nor quite accurate, and consequently that most desirable thing, an accurate list of past students, has never to now been available. Owing to the initiative and energy of Mr. G. F. Dixon, himself a student of 1899 and subsequent years, such records as were available have been utilised in compiling lists up to 1913, including names of all students, whether matriculated or not, who attended lectures for a year or more. The lists do not include those who attended for a short period and did not continue.

Mr. Dixon has, by dint of much inquiry and research, supplemented the records extant, and as a result these lists are as complete and accurate as it is humanly possible to make them in the circumstances. If any reader notices any mistake or omission, we ask that such be communicated to the Students' Association so that correction may be made. The lists for the succeeding years will appear in subsequent numbers of "Spike," so that the College may have on permanent record the names of all its past students.

We give our thanks to Mr. Dixon for making available these lists, on which he has spent so much time and trouble in the interest of the College, and offer our congratulations on the successful completion of his long and arduous labour of love.

## LIST OF STUDENTS WHO ENTERED VICTORIA COLLEGE IN 1899 Foundation year).

Alexander, William C.	1899.
Anderson, Harry Evelyn	1899-1900-1-3-4.
Andrews, F. W.	1899.
Bee, James	1899-1900-2-3.
Beere, Rawdon St. John	1899-1900-2-3-4-5-7.
Blair, Archibald William	1899.
Blair, James	1899 and 1903.
Blair, Mary Alice	1899-1900.
Bright, Alice	1899-1900.
Burns, John Campbell	1899-1900-1 and 1910 and 1912.
Burns, Vera	1899-1900.
Cederholm, Daisy Olina	1899-1900-1 and 1905 (Mrs. R. Irvine).
Charters, Alexander Burnett	1899-1900 and 1903.
Collins, John William	1899.
Cowles, Jabez Alfred	1899-1900-3-6-9.
Craig, George	1899 and 1904-5-6-7.
Darroch, Robert	1899-1900-1-2-3-5-6-7-9.
Davidson, William Robert	1899.
Devine, Bernard James	1900-3-4-6.
Dixon, George Finley	1899-1900-1-2-3-4-5-6.
Edwards, Aethelberta Mary Cutten	1899-1900-1-2 (Mrs. C. L. Lonev).
Edwards, Frederick Cutten	1899.
Erskine, Albert	1899-1900-1.
Feltham, Edgar Charles	1899-1900-1-2-3-4-5-6-8-10-11.
Fisher, Gertrude	1899.
Fitzgerald, Geraldine	1899-1900-2-6-7.
Fitzherbert, Sydney William	1899-1901-2.
Fleming, Leonora Beatrice Ruth	1899-1900-1 (Mrs. A. E. Hunt).
Gawith, Samuel Roy	1899-1900-1-2-3.
Gifford, Algernon Charles	1899.
Graham, John	1899-1900-5-6.
Gray, Albert Williams	1899
Greenfield, Mary	1899 (Mrs. Newmarch).
Hall, Alice Louisa	1899.
Harding, Emma	1899-1900-1 (Mrs. E. H. Smith).
Hay, James Johnston	1899-1900-1-2.
Haslam, Charles Nelson	1899-1900.
Hempleman, Frederick August	1899 and 1909-10.

Hutchinson, Philip George	1899.
Jenkins, Harriett	1899-1900-1-2 (Mrs. R. H. Huntington).
Jordan, Thomas	1899-1900-1.
Kirkcaldie, Keith	1899-1900-1-3.
Lorimer, Margaret	1899-1900.
Lynskey James Henry	1899 and 1905-6-7-8.
Macdonald, Donald	1899-1900-1.
Mare, Frederick Archibald de la	1899-1900-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Mason, Francis Augustus	1899 and 1906-7.
Matthews, Frederick Gwillim	1899-1900 and 1904.
Mead, John Joseph	1899.
Mee, Aubrey A.	1899.
Moran, Stanislaus James	1899-1900-2-6.
Myers, Phoebe	1899-1900 and 1903-4.
Niven, Duncan Robertson	1899-1900-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Oswin, Mabel Ellen	1899 and 1904.
Patrick, James Erskine	1899.
Prendeville, James	1899 and 1901-2.
Pringle, Graham Speedy	1899.
Reeves, M. (Miss)	1899-1900.
Reid, James Grant	1899.
Reith, Ella	1899 (Mrs. W. W. Rowntree).
Richmond, Howard Parris	1899-1900-1.
Roberts, Florence Grace	1899-1900-1-2-3-4-5-6.
Rose, George Gould	1899-1900-1-2-9-10-11-12-13.
Ross, Christina McKay	1899 and 1901-2-3-4-5-10 (Mrs. D. Hogg).
Ross, Margaret Cleland	1899-1900-1-2 (Mrs. M. C. Price)
Rowntree, William Walter	1899 and 1905-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13.
Sladden, Hubert	1899 and 1901-2-3-11.
Smith, Angus W.	1899-1900-1-2.
Smyth, Annie Isa	1899-1900-1-2-3-4.
Smyth, James Robert	1899.
Sommerville, Clive	1899.
Spott, Kathleen	1899-1900-1 (Mrs. E. W. Coleridge).
Stout, John Logan	1899-1900-1-2.
Stowe, Henry	1899.
Tasker, Annie Harriette	1899-1900-1-2-3-4-5 and 1924-5-6 (Mrs. J. Down)
Thompson, Annie Lynn	1899-1900-1.
Thomson, Frank David	1899-1900.
Tudhope, Archibald	1899-1901-2-3-4-5-6.
Van Staveren, Lena	1899-1900-1-2-3-4.
Williams, Ethel	1899-1900-1-2.
Williams, Florence Bertha	1899 (Mrs. F. W. Martin).
Williams, Freda	1899.
Wills, Frank Fabian	1899.
Wilson, Elizabeth Chilman	1899-1900-1-2 (Mrs. Crawford).
Wilson, Francis Prendeville	1899-1900-1-2-3-5-7.
Wilson, John James	1899.
Wilson, Marion Kitty	1899-1900-1-2-3-4 and 1909-10.
Wilton, George W.	1899.
Winder, Jessie	1899 and 1903 and 1906.

#### OBITUARY.

Banks, Francis Donald	1899-1900.	Died. 1920
Caverhill, Thyra Mildred	1899-1900 (Mrs. W. Pringle)	1925
Fleming, Mary Sylvia Easton	1899-1900-1-2.	1918
Foster, William Henry Leider	1899-1900-1-2.	1932
Hector, Douglas	1899-1900-1-2-3.	1903
Hitchcock, Maria	1899-1900-1-3 (Mrs. Cantley).	1920
Logan, David Kennedy	1899-1900-1-2.	1930
Look, Edward John	1899 and 1908.	1910
Loudon, Whittaker	1899-1900-1-2 and 1906-7.	1921
Morison, Charles Bruce	1899.	1920
Reid, Jessie Mabel	1899-1900 (Mrs. J. Bradley)	1922
Stowe, Sylvia	1899-1900.	1927

# LIST OF STUDENTS WHO ENTERED VICTORIA COLLEGE IN 1900.

Baldwin, V. R.	1900.
Ballinger, Fanny Elizabeth	1900-1-2-3-5-6.
Blake, Alexander Charles	1900-1-2-3-7.
Butler, John Sherwin	1900.
Cook, J. A.	1900.
Davies, Herbert	1900-1.
Douglas, Frederick Charles	1900-1-2.
Ellis, P. S. G.	1900 and 1903.
Feltham, H. G.	1900-1.
Foley, Patrick Stanislaus	1900-1-2.
Flux, Gladys Millington	1900 (Mrs. L. J. Baco:).
Furby, Frederick Westland	1900-1-4-5-6-7.
Goulding, Richard Randall	1900.
Hales, Mary Eveleen	1900-1-2-3-4-5.
Harland, Edward Dugard	1900-1-2.
Hector, Lyell	1900-1-2-3-4.
Henderson, George Macdonald	1900-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.
Jack, John Bain	1900-1.
Johnston, T. A.	1900-2-3.
Johnstone, Alexander Howat	1900-1-2-3-4.
Lynch, Eva Myra Beryl	1900-1-2-3 and 1912 (Mrs. A. W. Hutchings).
McLeod Hector Norman	1900 and 1902.
Magill, Kathleen	1900-1.
Martin, Frederick Millward	1900-1-2-3-4-5-6-7.
Mason, W. J.	1900.
Organ, William John	1900.
Patterson, Isaac	1900 and 1902.
Pharazyn, Marion	1900 (Mrs. H. E. V. Crawford).
Powles, Mabel	1900.
Putnam, Philip Harv	1900-2-3-4.
Roberts, L. D.	1900.
Rothenberg, William Lionel	1900 and 1903.
Seavay, Mabel Constance	1900-1-2-3-4-5-6 (Mrs. H. P. Maurant).
Sladden, Edward Mourilyan	1900-1-2-3 and 1911.
Toogood, George	1900-1-2-3-4.
Tooman, Elizabeth	1900-1-2-4-5-6.
Van Staveren, Maurice	1900 and 1902.
Watson, Alexander	1900-1.
Webster, Henry Arthur	1900-1-3-4-6 and 1909.
Wedde, Albert Augustus	1900 and 1902-3.
Wilson, Arthur Benjamin	1900-1.
Wilton, George W.	1900.

## OBITUARY.

Atkinson, Samuel Arnold	1900.	Died.
Ballachey, Ernest Harold	1900-1-2-3-4-5 and 1912	(Great War) 1917
Batham, Irwin Meacham	1900-1-2.	1923
Crombie, Frederick William	1900-1.	1905
Crombie, Melville John	1900-1-2.	(Great War) 1917
Evans, Edith Mary	1900-3-4-5-6.	1932
Gunn, James Thomas	1900-1-2-3.	1917
Wedde, Elizabeth Freda	1900-1-2-3 (Mrs. F. N. Whitmore).	1919
Wilson, Percy Noel	1900 and 1902.	1927
		1904

# LIST OF STUDENTS WHO ENTERED VICTORIA COLLEGE IN 1901.

Alexander, J. C.	1901
Bagley, George	1901-2-3-4-5-6-7-11.
Bennett, Alfred Augustus	1901-2-3-4.
Bennett, Francis	1901 and 1902 and 1906.
Brailsford, John Annesly	1901-2-3-4-5.
Castle, Frederick	1901-2.
Cooke, Gertrude Florence	1901-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Evans, Reda Mary	1901.
Grant, Margaret Grace Donaldson	1901 and 1903.
Griffiths, Alice Winifred	1901-2-3-4 (Mrs. R. Ponsford).
Gibson, Fanny	1901.

Henderson, Archibald Gordon	1901-2-3-4-5-6-7.
Hustwick, Albert Hirst	1901-2-5-6-7.
Hutton, James	1901-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13.
Jacobson, Ethel May	1901.
Lee, Godfrey Lincoln	1901-2-3-4-5-6.
Longton, James	1901.
Longton, Cora Violet	1901.
Ludwig, Ernest William	1901-2-3-4-5-6.
Marshall, Arthur	1901-2 and 1912.
McLean, Janet	1901.
Matheson, Dugald	1901-2-3-4-5.
Mitchell, Thomas Michael	1901-2.
Morling, Joseph	1901-2-4.
Newall, Nina N.	1901 and 1903.
O'Regan, Patrick Joseph Burke	1901-2-3-4-5-6-7.
Ostler, Henry Hubert	1901-2-3-4-7.
Owens, Augustus Palmer	1901.
Price, Herbert Edward	1901-2-3-4-5-6-7.
Purnell, G.	1901.
Quartley, Arthur Gilbert	1901-2-3-4.
Rigg, Maude Mary	1901-2-3-4-5-6 (Mrs. J. M. Dale).
Robertson, Isabel	1901-2-3-4-5-12-13.
Robertson, Philip Wilfred	1901-2-3-4-5.
Scottar, Adolphus Nelson	1901-2.
Smith, Fanny Louisa	1901-2-3-4-5-6-7-12.
Stocker Eustace Dunis Henchman	1901-2-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Todd, Olive Gwendolyn	1901-2 (Mrs. J. H. Burleigh).
Watson, Florence	1901 and 1904-5-6-7-8.
Watson, Robert Mackenzie	1901-2-3-4.
Whyte, Bessie Blair	1901-2 (Mrs. B. B. Nicholls).
Williams, George Bannister	1901-2-3.
Wolters Frances Melanie	1901-2-3 (Mrs. B. Trapp).

#### OBITUARY.

		Died.
Banks, Henry	1901-2-3-5-6.	
Blair, William Crosbie	1901-2-3-4.	1918
Bogle, Gilbert Vere	1901-2-5-6-7.	(Great War) 1916
Butt, Charles Congreve	1901-2.	1926.
Fell, Gerald Horton	1901-2-3-4-6.	(Great War) 1917
Hobday, Horace William	1901-2-3-4.	1904
Jones, Frederick	1901.	
Sprott, Maurice William Campbell	1901-2-3-4-5-6.	(Great War) 1918
Will Alfred James	1901-2-3.	1903

#### LIST OF STUDENTS WHO ENTERED VICTORIA COLLEGE IN 1902.

Allen, Frank Embleton	1902-3.
Arthur, Clarence Adolphus	1902-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Baldwin Ernest Smith	1902 and 1906-7.
Barrer, Thomas Robert	1902-3.
Bartlett, John George Sherry	1902.
Batham, Alithea	1902-3-4.
Bee, John Guthrie	1902-3-4-5-6.
Benge, Alfred James Havelock	1902-3-4-5-6-7-11.
Bogle, Archibald Hugh	1902-6-7-8-9-10.
Buchan, Margaret Euphemia McEwan Bella Henrietta Nong	1902.
Burn, F. E.	1902.
Cachemaille, Ernest Carey	1902.
Castle, John George Thomas	1902-7-8-9-10-11.
Churchward, William Thompson	1902-6-7.
Collins, Charles Bower	1902-3-4-5-6.
Colquhoun, Edith Jane	1902-3.
Cook, Wilfred Wulstan	1902 and 1908.
Cruikshank, George Craig	1902.
Dale, Annabella Stuart	1902-3-4-5-6-7-8.
Dale, Margaret Frances	1902-3-4-5-6-7.
Dunford, C. H.	1902.
Edwards, Elsie W.	1902.

Gillespie, Oliver Noel	1902.
Gow, John William	1902 and 1904.
Fruhauf, Julie Deborah	1902-4-5-6-7 (Mrs. C. H. Moses).
Fruhauf, Lionel D.	1902.
Gamble, Frederick William	1902-3-4.
Hay, Peter Clarke	1902-3-4-5-6-8.
Heath, Annie Alice	1902-3-5 (Mrs. T. S. Weston).
Henderson, Augustine Stewart	1902 and 1904.
Jackson, Percy Wyndham	1902.
Kean, Balfour	1902-3-4-5-6-7-8.
Kelly, Francis Patrick	1902-3-4-5-6-7.
Luke, Arthur James	1902-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Macgibbon, Roy Gregor	1902-3.
Mackenzie, Seaforth Simpson	1902-3-4-5-6.
Martin, Ethel, Emily Milford	1902-3-4-5 (Mrs. F. Andersor.).
McGrath, John Joseph	1902.
Maunsell, Thomas Edward	1902.
O'Leary, Humphrey Francis	1902-3-4-6-7-8.
Perry, William	1902-3-4-5-6.
Prouse, George Stanley	1902-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.
Rowley, Elizabeth Matilda	1902-3-4-5-6.
Runnerstrum, E. H.	1902.
Samuel, Gurdon	1902-3-4-5-6.
Schatzmann, Bernard	1902-3.
Seddon, Thomas Edward Youd	1902-3-4-5-6.
Slowey, Anastasia Imelda	1902-3-4-5-6.
Smith, Bernard Crompton	1902-3-4-6-7-8.
Staples, A. S.	1902.
Stewart, William	1902-3.
Stout, Robert	1902-3.
Strang, Marion Meiklens	1902 (Mrs. T. Miller).
Stuckey, Henry Overton	1902-3-4.
Tait, Margaret	1902-3-4-5 (Mrs. —, Tait).
Taylor, Clara Millicent	1902-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10.
Thompson, James Edward	1902.
Thompson, John Shaw	1902-4-5.
Waugh, Robert Daniel Bernard	1902-3.
Wild, Cyril Thomas	1902 and 1904.
Wilson, Warwick Ruxton George	1902-3-4-5-6-11.
Wolters, Gerald Hilmer	1902-3.

#### OBITUARY.

Beechev, Frederick James	1902-3-4-5-8-9.	Died. (Great War) 1918
Buddle, Harry	1902-3-4-5.	1923
Fitzgibbon, Edward John	1902-3-4-5-6.	1916
Richardson, Jessie Mary	1902 (Mrs. G. C. Powles).	1923
Rigg, Ernest Edward Andrew Thompson	1902-3-4.	1924
Rudman, Robert Edgar	1902-3-4-5-9.	1932
Thompson, Andrew James	1902-3.	1919

#### (Concluded from page 88)

The team consisted of A. H. Fear, T. F. G. Harrison, D. F. M. Lead, W. M. McQueen, F. J. M'Whinnie, S. H. Perry, C. A. Walpole, P. A. Ongley. On the range at the very last moment Ongley was stricken with a terrible complaint. Nothing would prevail of the bloody nasal deluge. D. A. Wilson stepped into the breach—not, of course, the nasal one.

It may not be generally known that during the season three really worth-while trophies were acquired by the Club for annual competition among Club members—a cup from Mr. E. W. Mills for highest scorer in Haslam matches, apart from Mr. S. H. Perry for aperture shoot-

ing, and a championship bowl made possible by a donation from Professor F. P. Wilson. These lent additional spice to the season's activities. On the occasion of our last visit to the range D. F. McLeod, Ross and P. H. Meakin in that order blushing accepted these from the hands of Professor Wilson. The Club then toasted itself in—ginger ale.

The annual general meeting is due in the first week of the third term. There is no better way of making a success of the season than to have a well-patronised and enthusiastic general meeting. Old members, introduce a few new ones. New members, don't be shy, but crowd along, full of bright suggestions for the coming season.

# The Tournament

ONCE every four years it is our privilege and pleasure to extend our humble hospitality to the Tournament teams from the other three Colleges. This year we were fortunate in the matter of weather and we trust that our many friends were made comfortable and enjoyed their short stay in our fair city.

In spite of Canterbury's early indecision and Otago's late decision, the numerous committees, under the able direction of our delegates, C. S. Plank and W. S. Harris, had all preparations made in time for the arrival of the teams on Good Friday, although the filling of the "lucky packets" was completed at the break of dawn, a bare few hours before the southern visitors arrived.

A stirring welcome had been arranged by the Haeremai Club. The Maori party performed their new haka in native undress on the roof of the wharf shed; the cold morning air called for vigorous action and the performance was little short of brilliant. Much of the Maoris' make-up was later transferred to the visitors during affectionate greetings. The "Nude Gard" acted as guard of honour, and a brand new gangway was officially opened by Captain de Groot. Similar scenes marked the arrival of the Auckland team at Thorndon Station a little later in the morning.

At 3 p.m. the official welcome was held in the College Gymnasium, V.U.C.'s welcome being extended to the visitors by Professor Gould and Messrs. W. P. Rollings and C. S. Plank. Messrs. J. Nigel Wilson, J. G. D. Ward and A. M. Hartnell replied on behalf of the Auckland, Canterbury and Otago delegations respectively. The photograph was then taken and retaken the usual large number of times, after which afternoon tea was served. At this function the V.U.C. concrete kewpie (later christened "Victoria Salamanca") made her first appearance, and, due mainly to her own strength and that of her escorts, Victoria Salamanca came through the whole Tournament without the loss of even a limb.

Saturday marked the commencement of hostilities. Swimming heats and the Boxing preliminaries were held in the morning, and the Tennis preliminaries occupied the whole day, with the Rowing also in the afternoon. At the swimming Miss Webber, in the Women's Breaststroke, and Tremewan, in the Men's Breaststroke, were the only V.U.C. competitors to qualify for the final. Symes (C.U.C.) shattered the 220yds. record in his heat. All five of our teams quali-

fied for the boxing finals and prospects in this section looked, for the time being, extremely bright. At the Miramar Tennis Grounds, V.U.C. quietly but steadily piled up points and, at the end of this day's play, led with 11 points and were represented in four out of the five finals.

The rowing was decided on the Oriental Bay course (1½ miles) on Saturday afternoon, the Victoria crew finishing third, with C.U.C. first and A.U.C. second. Otago was not represented in this section. The wind was keen and the harbour choppy, and the C.U.C. crew rowed a fine race to win with 2½ lengths to spare. This was a popular event and was followed by a large crowd on the s.s. Janie Seddon, while more spectators lined the foreshore and wharves. A running commentary of the race was broadcast from the starter's launch by 'Varsity Engineers and rebroadcast with great success by 2YA.

The boxing finals at the Winter Show Stadium provided some good contests, with an unusually large number of knockouts, technical and otherwise. The only Victoria man to win his weight was J. B. Kent (lightweight), who won on a technical knockout in the second round and carried off the Wellington Boxing Association medal for the most scientific boxer. Auckland won the Boxing Shield with five winners, Otago second with two, and Canterbury and Victoria one each. A novel feature of the evening was the staging of two fencing bouts, which proved to be a refreshing diversion from the boxing. A wrestling (?) match was also turned on by the Haeremai Club. The Rendezvous at 'Varsity was well patronised for the remainder of the evening.

The only official function set down for Sunday was the drive up the Hutt Valley and afternoon tea at the Brown Owl Tea Gardens. The very large attendance rather taxed the ingenuity of the caterers for providing seating accommodation, but the excellent afternoon tea was much enjoyed. The only casualty was Don Priestley, whose genuine antique roared past half the procession before he was pounced upon by a vigilant inspector.

The S.C.M. had a busy day on Sunday. In the morning there was the church service for students at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, and after the drive a very successful tea was turned on in the Women's Common Room. Afterwards, all present adjourned to the Congregational Church for the service, followed by a performance of the religious play, "Eager Heart," presented by mem-

bers of the V.U.C. S.C.M., in conjunction with the Terrace Congregational Choir.

The announcer at the boxing on Saturday night went to great pains in an attempt to clear up the little uncertainty as to whether the basketball on Monday was to be held outside-inside, inside-outside, or just inside. In spite of this, and the absence of the caretaker, who was supposed to open the building, the basketball commenced fairly punctually in the Winter Show Building, and many men who had never seen a basketball match in their lives before voted it the best and most exciting event in Tournament. The shield was retained by Auckland (the holders for the past five years), who defeated the Victoria girls 27 to 26 in the final, in a fast game, without a dull moment for players or spectators.

At the Basin Reserve the Athletics drew a very gratifying "gate," and the Insurance Company won their bet on the weather. A. T. Anderson (C.U.C., 440yds. Hurdles) and J. B. Stephenson (V.U.C., 440yds. Flat) succeeded in breaking records in those events, while F. H. Stephenson's 10 seconds in the 100yds. was not allowed as a record on account of wind. F. H. Stephenson won the Ladies' Cup by his wins in the 100yds. and 220yds. events. The V.U.C. team were unfortunate in dropping their baton in the Relay Race, but the result of this event did not affect the Athletic Shield, which was won by C.U.C. with 17 points. Victoria were runners-up with 12, Auckland 9, and Otago's 6 points won them the historic Athletic Wooden Spoon for the first time. Several open events were introduced and this added attraction no doubt helped to swell the attendance. A description of the meeting was broadcast from the Basin Reserve by 2YA, and the public address system installed greatly facilitated the announcement of results.

On Monday night the Swimming finals were held at the Tepid Baths. There were some good finishes and the standard generally was high. D. H. Symes (C.U.C.) was the outstanding competitor, winning all three events in which he started. Miss Nancy Webber (V.U.C.) and W. M. Platts (O.U.) bettered the standard times in the 666 2-3 yards Women's and 100 yards Men's Breaststroke events. The Relay Race decided the Swimming Shield, and this was won by Auckland, with Canterbury runners-up. The programme was varied by a diving exhibition, an exhibition of the breaststroke, and open events. The Haere-mai Club were also turned loose for a short period.

As this finished the Tournament for the majority of the competitors, the Rendezvous in the Gymnasium was very successful and most of the decorations were mysteriously transferred from the ceiling to the floor.

The destination of the Tournament Shield now depended on the result of the Tennis finals, the only event left for Tuesday. These resulted in C.U.C. winning three out of the five championships, but Misses Line and Longmore were victorious in their doubles and gave V.U.C. the one extra point necessary to tie for the Tennis Cup, points for which are calculated on the number of matches won. This, incidentally, is the first time that V.U.C. has won the Cup for even a part of the year since 1907.

The Tournament Shield thus went to Canterbury College, the final points being:—

C.U.C.	22½
A.U.C.	17½
V.U.C.	12½
O.U.	8

Shooting is a section of Tournament which never arouses much enthusiasm, mainly because it is decided on the home ranges about a week before Easter. This year V.U.C. succeeded in retaining the Haslam Shield with 792 points, O.U. second with 774. The highest scorer was L. B. Roberts, of C.U.C., with 119 points.

Various accounts have been given of the Tournament Ball, but all who participated agreed that it was a great success. Mr. G. F. Dixon, V.U.C. Tournament Delegate from 1901 to 1909, was there to present the trophies, and Otago received the new Tournament Wooden Spoon in true spirit with a haka on the stage. At the end of the Ball a general reluctance to go home was apparent, and haka after haka was shouted to the echo, much to the enjoyment of those privileged to be living in the neighbourhood of the Masonic Hall. The best of things must come to an end, however, and weary revellers ultimately crept into bed to snatch a few hours of much-needed sleep.

Many lasting friendships are always made at Tournament, and it is hard to say farewell. The Auckland team were allowed to leave in comparative quietness, but at the Ferry Wharf on Wednesday night a crowd numbering hundreds assembled to pay their final respects. As the ship slid out of her berth the new V.U.C. haka was rendered by voices now hoarse with singing and cheering, and over the water came the answering cries of our parting friends.

Till we meet again—next Easter.

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# N.Z. University Blues

## V.U.C.

**Double Blue in Tennis and Basketball:** Miss M. H. Line.

**Athletics Blues:** D. Barker, F. H. Stephenson, J. B. Stephenson.

**Swimming:** Miss N. Webber.

**Rowing:** F. M. Bell, W. J. Kemp.

**Boxing:** J. B. Kent.

**Tennis:** Miss L. C. Longmore.

**Basketball:** Miss L. B. Renner.

## V.U.C. Representatives.

**Athletics:** Putting the Shot: F. S. Ramson, S. G. Eade. 220 Yards Flat: F. H. Stephenson, J. B. Stephenson. One Mile Flat: J. C. Fabian, R. C. Morpeth. Long Jump: D. Barker, N. M. Hislop. 440 Yards Hurdles: F. S. Ramson, J. Bennell. 120 Yards Hurdles: F. S. Ramson, H. K. Patience. 880 Yards Flat: T. A. Rafter, R. D. Thompson. 100 Yards Flat: F. H. Stephenson, D. Barker. Mile Walk: S. G. Eade. High Jump: D. Barker, N. M. Hislop. 440 Yards Flat: J. B. Stephenson, R. T. Street. Javelin Throwing: N. M. Hislop, H. J. Bishop. Three Miles Flat: J. C. Fabian, R. C. Morpeth. Relay: R. D. Thompson, R. T. Street, J. B. Stephenson, F. H. Stephenson.

**Basketball:** Misses M. Line (captain), E. Boden, P. Dennehy, I. Morice, B. Olphert, M. Patterson, P. Quinlan, L. Renner, V. Wilson. Emergencies: Z. Lowry, F. Longworth.

**Boxing:** Bantam-weight: G. I. Joseph. Feather-

weight: W. C. Hart. Light-weight: J. B. Kent. Welter-weight: R. C. Masters. Middle-weight: G. K. Claris.

**Rowing:** F. M. Bell (Stroke), S. G. Rees (No. 7), W. J. Kent (No. 6), D. G. Steel (No. 5), J. F. Eggers (No. 4), R. L. Grant (No. 3), W. K. McGavin (No. 2), D. V. Alston (Bow); J. C. Fabian (cox).

**Shooting:** A. H. Fear, T. F. G. Harrison, D. F. McLeod, W. F. McQuin, F. J. McWhinnie, S. H. Perry, C. A. Walpole, D. A. Wilson.

**Swimming:** 50 Yards: Miss N. Webber, Miss E. Ferrar. 100 Yards: K. F. Hoy, C. N. Watson. 66 2/3 Yards Breaststroke: Miss N. Webber, Miss M. A. Spence-Sales. 220 Yards: K. F. Hoy. 100 Yards Breaststroke: H. C. Tremewan. 100 Yards: Miss N. Webber. Dual Relay Race: Misses E. Ferrar, N. Webber, Messrs. K. F. Hoy, C. N. Watson.

**Tennis:** Men's Singles: R. McL. Ferkins, J. J. McCarthy. Men's Doubles: W. B. Gosnell and J. J. McCarthy; J. B. Black and G. S. Simpson. Women's Singles: Miss M. H. Line, Miss V. Dyer. Women's Doubles: Misses M. H. Line and L. C. Longmore; Misses M. Briggs and Jose Anderson. Combined Doubles: R. McL. Ferkins and Miss V. Dyer; W. B. Gosnell and Miss L. C. Longmore.

**Tournament Delegates:** C. S. Plank (Chairman) and W. S. Harris (Secretary).

**N.U.S. Delegates:** W. P. Rollings, R. J. Rear-  
don.

## Club Notes

### Debating Club

THE Debating Society has had another successful year. The interest in the Society's activities has been maintained. The standard of speaking has varied considerably. At some debates, notably those on Christianity as a solution of the evils of the world, and the downfall of parliamentary democracy, the standard was unusually high. The Union Prize has furnished a very close and interesting contest. Until the last debate the issue was in doubt. Mr. Bannister won the contest with an average of 4.0 points, and Miss Z. Henderson was a close second with 3.9. Mr. Chorlton was third with an average of 3.5.

A pleasing feature of the year's activities is the number of new speakers who have taken part in debates, both at the special new speakers'

debates and in the regular or "ordinary" debates. The New Speaker's Prize for the most improved new speaker has been won by Mr. Fortune. Mr. Katz was second. Another new speaker who has done well is Mr. Sutch.

The annual inter-university debate for the Joynt Scroll was held at Christchurch on April 2nd. V.U.C. debated against Auckland, and Canterbury against Otago. Victoria was represented by Mr. W. J. Mountjoy, Junr., and Mr. H. R. Bannister. The subject was "That the State Should Cease to Maintain Social Services," and V.U.C. had to affirm. Our representatives were successful in winning the coveted Joynt Scroll, and Canterbury (Messrs. Polson and Milner) were second. Mr. Mountjoy was the "best speaker" of the evening.

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## Chess Club

*"The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguiled . . .  
The King was greatly moved . . ."*

—SPENCER.

THE V.U.C. Chess Club held its inaugural meeting on Thursday, June 30th, when a constitution was considered and adopted, and officers for the year were elected. Considerable interest has been displayed in the Club's activities, though these have as yet been few. Membership doubled in a month, and numbers, at the time of writing, about forty. The Club has a small library, and possesses several chess sets. Proper facilities to enable members to borrow both books and sets will soon be arranged.

On Thursday, July 14th, Mr. A. W. Gyles, ex-champion of New Zealand, addressed members on the elements of the game. He assumed, and rightly, that nothing he could say would be too elementary. His advice was most helpful, both to the beginner and to the more advanced player. Later in the evening he played six games at once against Club members, and won five.

Two other Club evenings have been held, at which members played amongst themselves. Learners and intending members should have no hesitation in attending these meetings. They will

always be able to get a game and will always find the better players of the Club anxious to instruct them.

The event to which the Club is looking forward is a telegraphic match against the Canterbury College Chess Club. This was to have been played by wireless earlier in the year, but the Club was unable to obtain the necessary permission. However, telegraphic matches are somewhat costly, and it will be necessary to augment Club funds before they can be played.

The Committee has drawn up a ladder, placing players in order of merit as far as they are able. A few challenge matches have been played. Members are urged to enter challenges. The Club must find its best players, not only for the match against Canterbury College, but also with the object of challenging other Wellington clubs. Information concerning ladder rules can be obtained from Committee members.

Club activities have been necessarily limited this year, owing to the late start made. Next year we intend to start right from the jump, and surprise the people who think chess a slow game.

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## Literary Club

AS the inaugural meeting of the Literary Society was held on 10th June, 1931, the Club has just completed the first year of its active existence. In that time we think it has successfully filled a gap in the round of student activities, and if it has as yet produced no literary masterpieces, has yet afforded new opportunities for self-expression. We are ambitious enough to hope that our Literary Society may yet produce a periodical worthy to take its place beside "The Phoenix"—the successful product of Auckland's Literary Club.

Our year opened with the Annual General Meeting in March, when, after the election of officers, Mr. C. A. Marris gave us a short address on Australian and New Zealand writers. Next, heralded by the most blood-curdled poster, came Mr. J. R. Elliott, who read a paper on the popular theme of "Detective Fiction"—a paper, packed so tightly with wit and humour, that we felt like children at a party—unable to assimilate another good thing.

We have tried to make self-expression the aim of the Society and not merely listen to excellent papers from lecturers and outsiders. Accordingly the next three evenings were contributed by members of the Society. Mr. C. G. Watson read an amusing and learned paper on "Anti-Religious Poetry," Mr. R. J. Larkin on "Parodies"—illustrating his remarks by reading some most amusing examples—and Miss Peggy Macdonald, who gave us her impressions of, and contrasted as interpreters of Australia, Henry Handel Richardson and Katharine Susannah Prichard.

Another very popular effort of the Society was an evening spent at the Turnbull Library, listening to Mr. Johannes Anderson, and handling some of the books. We hope to conclude the year with a reception—in conjunction with the Dramatic Club—to Dame Sybil Thorndike, when she arrives in Wellington some time towards the end of November.

The next meeting of the Society will be held early in the third term, when original literary work will be read and discussed.

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## The Harriers

*"For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf,  
And the strength of the Wolf is the Pack."*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

FOR this, our first year, our activities have been modest but intensive, for the keenest enthusiasm has been displayed and engaged in building up a sturdy nucleus around which a more stalwart club will develop. With the exception of one or two, our members are new devotees to the sport, but as the packs have turned out regularly, wet or fine, the stamina and endurance has developed so far as to place us well within the accepted ranks of harriers.

Our runs have started from no less than eleven different points in and around Wellington, Miramar and Mellings, Worser Bay and Wadestown, Island Bay and Brooklyn have seen us on the trail following the paper up a gorse-scattered hillside or down greasy slopes, over a stony river-bed or on a well beaten cattle track—changing scenery is ever ours. We have had two invitation runs, one with the Brooklyn Club at Karori and the other with Olympic at Wadestown, and both gave us an enjoyable afternoon's outing. The most attractive feature of our runs is any afternoon tea awaiting our return. In this respect we feel we should take this opportunity of voting our appreciation to Mesdames T. O. Shorland, W. P. Shorland, G. F. Dixon and D. Cairns for their kindness and generosity.

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## Basketball Club

THIS year we entered a Senior A, a Senior B and a Fourth Grade team in the Association matches. The Senior A team will, as last year, be runners-up for the championship. East College Old Girls prove a stronger team than ours each year. In the early part of the season, when we have the advantage of training for Easter Tournament, we have more chance of winning our matches than later on in the year, when other teams have improved and when we are inclined to become stale. Our score against East Old Girls' in the first round was 16—14, and in the second round 20—13.

Our Senior B team has also been quite successful, and if the same girls will play next season, they should do better, as they will have more combination.

Our Third team, which we entered in the Fourth Grade this year (instead of Third Grade as previously), has not met with any success.

Practices this year have been held at the

Of club events, one has passed with distinct success and one is yet in the future. The first is the Novice Race run over a two and a half mile course from Worser Bay and won by Ken. Sheard with F. B. Shorland second, followed by H. W. Thompson; in that race every competitor gave of his best. The other is the club championship, but as that is in the future little can be said of it. Except for records hidden in the minute book we are not yet enabled to honour the winners of these events. In the inter-club field we have dared to compete for the Dore Cup; but experience was our prime object and experience we got—even if it was only a cheer. We numbered ten and finished to a man, our first home being Dave Cairns.

Our first season's activities are drawing to a close but within that time the enthusiasm, energy and steadiness of support has succeeded in consolidating the individualities of members into a welded whole. Confidence, imbued with aptimism, gives present members a feeling of certain security for the future because if the results of 1932 are an indication of 1933 we shall have a club of which we shall be justly proud.

Winter Show Buildings, where a full-sized court is available. This is a vast improvement on playing in the gymnasium, which is too small. We have also had the benefit of the coaching of Miss Edna Bell. Both these facts have had result in the play of those who attended practices. The attendance at practices has been better this year.

Two of our Senior A players—Mary Line and Phillis Quinlan—are in the Wellington representative team, which is to take part in the Dominion Tournament at Invercargill.

All of our last year's Senior A team have been awarded Victoria College Blues, and two of the Easter Tournament team—Mary Line and Lorna Renner—won N.Z. University Blues.

Easter Tournament basketball games attracted a great deal of attention, and in the Auckland v. Victoria match the scoring was very close. Auckland managed to win by one goal, thus keeping their unbeaten record in Easter Tournament basketball.



*Like other human beings, we are pleased to be  
well spoken of—to hear those we have served  
say that our courteous sincerity, and personal  
attentiveness left a mark of beauty  
upon a remembered  
shadow.*



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## Swimming Club

ALTHOUGH the Club was, until March, 1931, practically non-existent, it is to be hoped that from that date onwards the Swimming Club will not look back. At the beginning of last season we became affiliated to the Wellington Centre of the N.Z.A.D.A., with the result that members are now entitled to compete in the various local carnivals.

It is pleasing to note that Varsity was represented at every local carnival last season, members meeting with varying success. Although there were no outstanding performances by our members, there is no doubt that there are members capable of better things, and the necessity for strict training cannot be too heavily stressed.

This season, for the first time for many years, if not the first time in the history of the College, Club Championships were held in the Tepid Baths on Tuesday, 15th March, 1932. A fairly varied programme was drawn up and the entries were surprisingly large, necessitating heats in most of the events. Results were as follows:—

33 1-3 Yards Freshers' Championship (Men).—O. D. Oliver, 1; I. B. Smith, 2;

33 1-3 Yards' Freshers' Championship (Women)—Miss P. Price, 1; Miss J. Charters, 2.

50 Yards' Women's Championship—Miss N. Webber, 1; Miss P. Price, 2.

100 Yards' Men's Championship—H. C. Longworth, 1; J. B. Dixon, 2.

100 Yards' Men's Breaststroke Championship—N. Tremewan, 1; I. Archibald, 2.

66 2-3 Yards' Women's Breaststroke Championship—Miss N. Webber, 1; Miss J. Perkins, 2.  
220 Yards' Men's Championship—K. Hoy, 1; C. N. Watson, 2.

133 1-3 Yards' Inter-Faculty Relay—Commerce (R. Bradshaw, N. Longworth, J. G. Oliver, O. D. Oliver), 1.

Open Dive—Miss P. Price, 1; D. Eade, 2.

As the result of this carnival quite a lot of new and promising material was found, particularly amongst first-year students, who, if they train properly throughout the coming season, will develop into first-class swimmers.

With one exception our representatives at the Tournament this year were not successful in winning any events, although the standard displayed by them was considerably higher than in previous years. Miss N. Webber, however, was successful in winning the N.Z.U. Women's 66 2-3 Yards' Breaststroke Championship, and gained second place in the 220 Yards' Women's Breaststroke at the N.Z. Championships held in Timaru this year.

The membership of the Club, although at present small, is growing, and it is anticipated that this season a large membership of active members will be secured. This coming season it is hoped that the Club will be represented in some of the bigger inter-club events and that one or more water polo teams will be formed, and to do this a large membership and strict training by all members will be essential.

## Huimarae

THE activities of the Club are now chiefly concerned with the wellbeing of the Common Room, and in this work has been most successful.

Realising that the walls and floor left quite a lot to be desired, even in the matter of cleanliness, the Committee and several friends spent a busy Saturday morning with brooms, Electrolux and dusters and thoroughly cleaned this home away from home.

A close scrutiny after this work still revealed that the place was scarcely habitable, so sterner measures had to be taken.

Two bridge parties were arranged to raise the funds necessary to carry out extensive renovations.

At last, after lengthy discussions, not to mention arguments, amongst everyone concerned, the

room was freshly and, we hope, artistically papered and painted.

The Committee would be pleased if the inhabitants would endeavour to refrain from placing their feet on the wall paper, window-sills and heaters.

Thanks are due to all those students who regularly donate magazines and flowers for the Common Room, and it is to be hoped that many others will follow their good example.

The social activities of the Club have also been very successful, particularly the Freshers' Welcome early in the year.

The Committee regrets that the enthusiasm shown still leaves a lot to be desired, but it is rumoured that this will be rectified at the dance to be held on September 24th.

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## Tramping Club

**D**URING the last 18 months the activities of the Club, under the pressure of growing enthusiasm, have been steadily widened and distant fields more fully exploited. A share has been taken in the maintenance and formation of tracks, three working parties clearing a substantial section of the Quoin track, while a few members assisted in the carrying of material for the new Dora Hut. The more competitive appeal of the Tararua Tramping Club's annual sports meeting, to which we were invited, attracted a fairly representative body, which competed with varying success in the events.

At the close of the Degree exams, a large and energetic group undertook several fairly strenuous week-ends, in preparation for the Christmas trips. A novel tramp was made in following the Wainui Orongorongo divide, while a torchlight ascent of Matthews, followed some hours later by a wet crossing of Tapokopoko, gives some idea of the prevailing brand of "he-mannishness."

Of the two vacation trips, the one over the Haast Pass is described elsewhere, while the visit to the Dee Valley of the Kaikouras answered the long-felt call of the sea-carpeted phantom snow and sky just across the Straits. The impelling novelty of the expanses of rolling tussock and terraced naked peaks sheering into fans of scree, with the river-threaded terraces of shingle below, had an appeal distinct from the sombre fertility of the customary wooded slopes. Incidents were never lacking in those crowded days of tramping, shooting, canoeing whose recollection associates a strange New Year's Eve, the exploits of sundry riflemen and the conquest of the redoubtable Ta. Perhaps the most characteristic impression of the district was its spaciousness and infinite unity dominating the transitory visitations of its favoured admirers.

We shared this year in the harvest of successful trips in the Northern Tararuas. Most notable perhaps of these was the official crossing by a party of six from The Pines, at the mouth of the Waingawa Gorge, to Waiiopehu, Levin, during Anniversary week-end. In the same period two members participated in the first Holdsworth, Waiohine-iti, Crawford traverse. A small party took advantage of the Easter vacation to go practically the length of the range in a trip from Eketahuna to Kaitoke, over the eastern ridges and valleys.

The Orongorongos, that perpetual standby of the Wellington trumper, received, as usual, due attention. Ascents of Tapokopoko, Matthews and Kotumu at various times were characterised in the two latter cases by a distinct dampness that did not justify camps at the Matthews' flats and on the Baker Spur respectively. Early in January a party of about 15 explored the recently-opened southern slopes of Papatahi, traversing that peak to the Wharepapa River and returning from the Paratahi Stream by the South Boulders' Saddle. In the same month a richly-rewarded party crossed the comparatively neglected stretch of country from the Narrow Neck Stream to Mt. Orongorongo. The long, open ridges afforded comprehensive views of the Wairongamai Basin and Northern Rimutakas.

To date, however, the three most successful expeditions of the year must be accounted the Summer crossing by the recently-tracked Neill's Cone Ridge, the visit to Mt. Hector, and the winter crossing by the time-honoured route. On each of these occasions the conditions were such as to evoke that conviction of the intensity of the experience which lend a unique significance to every stage, and gave in retrospect a more coloured and detailed pleasure than the summation of many ordinary week-ends. The Cone Ridge tired respect into those who bore its steepness, mud, and idiosyncrasies of track, and the familiar Tauherenikau Hut was greeted with relief and expectation of substantial culinary reward. The Hector trip, almost perfect at the time, was rather overshadowed by the success of the winter crossing, where perfect conditions prevailed throughout. The snow was excellent as far over as the Dress Circle, but from there to the edge of Bull Mound the slow drudgery of step-making emphasised the fact that the Tararuas can still fight for their rich but scarce rewards. The snow was, however, warm and dry, and a shift system of labour lightened the work. The short hours of sleep afforded no clear distinction between the coming of night and the rising of the sun. The sunset melted into the pale moon twilight which passed over dawn to sunrise from a bed of cloud. The last stretch from the Upper Tauherenikau Hut to the Pukuratahi Bridge, despite the hour, was not so weary as it might have been, and the party arrived in Wellington once more at about 1 a.m. A tribute is due to the leader, who took upon himself more than his share of the hard work and made the trip one of the best crossings the Club has known.

# G. W. von Zedlitz, M.A.

*Principal*

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## Mathematical and Physical Society

THE Mathematical and Physical Society has completed its 12th session, during which the following papers were presented:—"Mathematical Personalities in England," Professor Sommerville; "Measurement of Wind Velocity," Mr. J. C. McIntosh; "Reproduction of Sound," Mr. N. R. Palmer; "Commercialisation of the Electron," Mr. J. A. Strong; "Multi-electrode Valves," Mr. D. M. Burns; "Inverse Probability and Statistics," Mr. F. F. Miles; "The Electric Telegraph," Mr. F. C. Gentry; "Railway Signalling and Protective Devices," Mr. I. D. Stevenson; "Party Line Telephones," Mr. G. J. W. Tyler "Recent Advances in Nuclear Physics," Professor Florance; "Electricity and Medicine," Mr. J. M. Graydon; "This Year's Research in the Physics Department," Messrs. McIntosh, Palmer, Strong, Tyler.

While no particular paper should be selected for special mention above the remainder, "The Electric Telegraph," by Mr. Gentry, of the Post and Telegraph Department's Laboratory, and "Electricity and Medicine," by Mr. J. M. Graydon, of Messrs. Watson and Sons, Ltd., proved very valuable, especially as in the first case the most modern form of electric telegraph was shown in operation, and in the second a surgical diathermy plant was demonstrated.

At the close of the session, through the courtesy of Professor Florance, one evening was given by the four research students on the work being done in the Physics Department. The even-

ing was presented to give all students some idea in popular terms, of the investigations being carried out. The large attendance was very gratifying to all concerned, and it is hoped that this will be a feature of the Society's activities each year and those interested will avail themselves of the unique opportunity offered to examine the actual apparatus used in the laboratory.

A number of visits were arranged during the second term and parties were conducted over the T.E.V. "Rangitira," the N.Z. Railway Workshops at Woburn, "Filmcraft" Studios, "Evening Post," Dominion Observatory, Dominion Laboratory.

The Society aims at providing students, especially those of mathematics and physics, with interesting evenings, during which they may gain some idea of the applications of their subjects and aspects of them not included in the examination syllabus. The lecturers invariably make the evenings entertaining and no previous knowledge of the subjects is necessary. Demonstrations are arranged wherever possible. For those who are interested in a particular aspect, a precis of the paper is posted in sufficient time for all to read up the subject.

The chronicle of the year's events would not be complete without mention of the Society's indebtedness to Mrs. Florance and Mrs. Sommerville for providing those delightful suppers which are an extremely popular feature of the Society's evenings.

## Women's Hockey Club

THE present season has been most successful for the Club. So far no team is at the bottom of its grade, and there does not appear to be much chance of them achieving this distinction, nor have they been involved in any fights. All the teams are in a better position as regards championship points than they have been for many years; in fact, it is the first time in the history of the Junior A team that it has gained more than two points (one game by default) in the season.

Up to the present the Senior team has won 4, drawn 1 and lost 4 matches. The Junior A has won 4 and lost 5, and the Junior B has won 2, drawn 5 and lost 4 matches.

The tournament has been reviewed at length in "Smad," and it is sufficient here to say that,

socially, it was a great success for all and a great success as a hockey tournament for Otago.

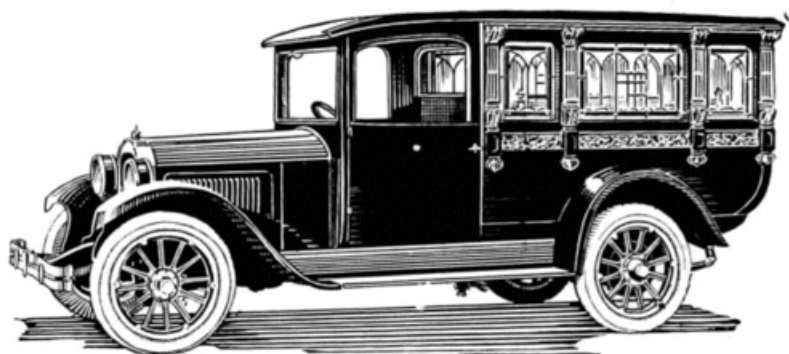
We have to congratulate Miss Spence-Sales on winning her N.Z.U. Blue.

The Committee hopes that next year at least four teams will be entered; in fact, it is optimistic enough to hope for a Senior B team—a thing which the Club has never had before.

It has been very pleasing to see the increase in the numbers attending practices during the week, as this is the only way in which any improvement in the game can be obtained.

Everyone is urged to join the Club next season, regardless of whether she can play, or not. It is never too late to learn—anyway, enough to play in the Club teams, which always start the game with a firm conviction that they will be well beaten.

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## Men's Hockey Club

ALTHOUGH numerically as strong, the Men's Hockey Club has not been as successful in club matches as it was last season. Apart from its misfortunes in the field, however, the Club has experienced another very favourable season and its players throughout have been most enthusiastic. This year has been an unusually busy one for the Executive of the Club, but, thanks to the enthusiasm and ability of the captains of the various teams, the routine work of selecting, posting and assembling the teams has been made considerably less difficult than it otherwise might have been.

At the commencement of the season we had to accept with regret the resignation of Mr. J. L. MacDuff from the office of Club Captain, a position which he so capably filled for three consecutive years, during which the Club was at the height of prosperity. Mr. MacDuff was succeeded by Mr. G. S. Simpson, who has proved his selection to be fully justified.

Shortly after the commencement of the second term the annual University Hockey Tournament was held in Wellington. In spite of its close proximity to the Easter Tournament, also held at Wellington, the Hockey Tournament was an unqualified success. Our Senior team won the Tournament trophy, which somewhat compensated it for its misfortune in club games. Besides benefitting the Hockey Club to a great extent, the Tournament contributed very materially to the social life of the whole College. The various entertainments provided for our guests were thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended them.

We take this opportunity of congratulating those members of the Hockey Club who were successful in obtaining N.Z. University representative honours at the Tournament. They are: H. F. Bollard (centre-half and vice-captain), who, largely owing to his splendid play throughout the Tournament, won himself a place in the New Zealand representative team; L. H. Davis (goalie), who, throughout the Tournament, and especially in the final representative match, earned the enthusiastic applause of the crowd for his brilliant "saves"; and K. N. Struthers, whose brilliant play in the forward line was to a large measure responsible for the team's success.

Shortly after the Tournament it was announced that H. F. Bollard, captain of the Senior A team, had been selected for the New Zealand team which toured Australia during the months of July and August with such splendid success. Bollard's achievement has marked a very import-

ant incident in the history of the Club, as he has the distinction of being the first V.U.C. hockey player to rise to such heights while playing for the Club.

It now remains to make a few remarks about the various teams:—

### SENIOR A.

Although this team has met with very little success in the Grade Competitions, its humble position on the championship ladder is the result of misfortune rather than poor play, and this can be corroborated by a study of the newspaper reports of the different matches. In the final game of the season the team defeated Y.M.C.A. by 6 goals to 1, and we should have been pleased to see this state of affairs throughout the season. The chief fault of the team was its failure to make the most of its opportunities in the circle, and this fault is very much apparent throughout the Club. The team played 15 games during the season, winning two and drawing three with its opponents.

H. F. Bollard captained the team until his departure for Australia, after which his place was very capably filled by K. N. Struthers, the vice-captain.

### SENIOR B (A).

This team—also known as the "old men's team"—has toppled from its lofty pinnacle. So hard was the fall that by the end of the season the old "diehards" were becoming quite despondent. At one stage it looked as if the Senior B Championship would be easily annexed by this once brilliant team, but after its dramatic and totally unexpected defeat at the hands of one of the weakest teams in the competition, the team seemed to lose heart and its decline culminated in its being totally routed by the Huia team, which won the championship, the score on this particular occasion being 8—2 against the veterans.

In spite of its decline, however, this team has met with more success in the club matches than any other Victoria College team. It must also be remembered that some of the players comprised in this team have done a great deal to the furtherance of hockey in the College.

### SENIOR B (B).

At the beginning of the season the Wellington Hockey Association seriously considered dropping this team to Junior Grade, but so strenuous was the opposition of the Club's officials to such a measure that the team was allowed to re-

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main in its previous grade. As the season progressed it became evident that the retention of the team in the Senior B Grade was fully justified, and it astounded its critics by defeating some of the strongest teams. The team finished the season with a pleasing total of points, and due credit must be given to its energetic captain, A. G. Clark.

The two occasions on which the two Senior B teams were drawn to play each other were marked by keen rivalry on the part of the players in both teams. The contests were very even and on both occasions the A team won by a narrow margin.

### JUNIOR A.

This team, which is composed of very keen players, commenced the season with a series of wins, but it soon became apparent that it had been drawn to play the weaker teams in the grade first. K. J. Duff, centre forward, was selected for the Junior representative team. Duff, who won the Hain Stick for 1931, is a promising player, and during the season was promoted to the Senior B (B) team, where he acquitted himself well. J. Gapes, an outstanding goalkeeper, was also selected for the Junior representative team.

### JUNIOR B.

This team, although enthusiastic, proved rather

weak for its grade and did not succeed in winning any of its matches. Nevertheless, there are some good players in the team. Arlow certainly deserves a game higher up. The goalkeeper, who was only discovered half-way through the season, shows great promise, and Roberts, a new player, improved steadily throughout the season.

### THIRD GRADE.

Although not successful in winning the championship, this team proved a match for most of its opponents. D. Kerr, one of the backs, was selected emergency for the Wellington Third Grade representatives. An outstanding player in this team is Paul, who should be watched by the Selection Committee when next season's teams are selected.

### FOURTH GRADE.

The Club entered two teams in the newly-formed Fourth Grade. Both these teams consisted chiefly of new players, and several of them promise to be useful to the Club in future seasons. Unfortunately, the Fourth B team had to default on several occasions as a large number of its players had to leave Wellington for the vacation. Both teams had the misfortune to be short of players on several occasions and, in the circumstances, did very well.

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## Boxing Club

AS far as University boxing is concerned, the year 1932 is at an end. No more this year will the gymnasium rock and shudder with the thud of gloved fist against skin and bone.

In the Tournament this year we were unrepresented in two weights, and had we had these two representatives, the Shield might have been ours. Our men entered the ring very fit, thanks to our instructor, Roy Brien. Victoria College did a great deal of self-congratulation in the morning after the preliminary contests when it was found that all five of the Victoria boxers were to figure in the finals that evening. The evening saw five stirring finals. Joseph, giving away a stone in weight and six inches in reach, lost to Otago after a good bout. Hart lost to the Auckland boy after a close decision. It was a good bout, and the decision either way would not have been amiss. Kent repeated his performance of the morning and won on a T.K.O., and incidentally won the Boxing Association's medal for the most scientific performance. Kent is one of the finest lightweights we have ever had

in the College. Masters lost to Auckland. The Auckland boy was fast and clever, but Masters, who had fought a hard fight in the morning, again boxed cleverly. Claris went down quickly to Dovi, the Otago mauler. Claris was brought into the team at the last moment and his knock-out victory of the morning demonstrated his possibilities.

College Boxing Blues were awarded to Josephs, Kent, Masters and Claris.

The year 1932 may be called a successful one for Victoria College boxing, in that much new and promising material has been found. It is intended to hold a College Tournament early in the new college year, and it is hoped that this innovation will meet with enthusiasm. We are most hopeful of annexing the Shield at Auckland next year and the indications are that we will, for the first time for several years, be represented in all weights. An excellent team should result from the following:—Josephs, Denz, O'Connor, Kent, Claris, Steele, McIlroy, Whitcombe and Dempsey.



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# Cricket Club

## SENIOR.

**F**IELDING a rather inexperienced team for Senior ranks, the Cricket Club did not achieve a great deal of success from the results point of view, but the experience gained by a year's play in the top grade should see these young players greatly improved during the coming season.

Only two games were won by the side, both of them by large margins. The game against Wellington in the first round was won by University by 119 runs on the first innings, good bowling by Harrison and Bagge playing havoc with the Wellington batsmen.

The second game in which the team came out on the right side was the match against Petone in the second round, where the eleven scored 384 in their only innings in the match, Blandford scoring a very good century, and Pacey and he giving the side a fine start of 121 for the first wicket. Petone scored 169, and, following on, 112 for seven wickets.

Old Boys were the only side able to defeat the team outright, a bad performance by the side resulting in Old Boys running out victors by seven wickets.

Against Petone in the first round the team failed by four runs to catch the Petone score of 276, Blandford, Harrison and Bagge putting up good stands for the ninth and tenth wickets.

The lack of one batsman who could consistently score runs was greatly felt by the team, as high scores were rarely compiled against the eleven, Harrison and Bagge, assisted by Macallan and Caldwell, making up a dangerous attack.

In the latter part of the season Blandford struck splendid form with the bat, scoring one century and several scores of above 50, whilst Pacey batted very well on a number of occasions. The inability of the other members of the team to make runs at all consistently, however, saw the team definitely weak in batting, with the result that the good performances of the bowlers went for nought.

For the second year in succession Harrison was the outstanding bowler in the side. In all matches he bowled 243.4 overs for 37 wickets and 887 runs. A very steady type of trundler, he bowled very accurately week after week, an injury to a hand affecting his bowling for some time, else he would have easily passed the 40 mark.

Bagge, who was not with the team for the whole season, was also a big factor in the attack

in those games in which he played. He took 24 wickets, bowling 186 overs for 557 runs.

Blandford kept wickets very ably for the side, and his success with the bat and gloves saw him selected to represent Wellington against Hawke's Bay at Napier.

Averages for the side are as follows:—

	Batting.				
	Ins.	N.O.	H.S.	Total	Aver.
J. A. R. Blandford	12	—	107	417	34.75
L. M. Pacey	11	1	65	300	30.00
H. C. Bailey	10	1	64	243	27.00
H. W. Osborn	2	—	32	53	26.50
I. Macallan	9	3	24*	158	26.33
P. Caldwell	8	—	57	199	24.87
P. Wilson	3	—	45	69	23.00
T. B. Nelson	8	—	38	140	17.50
A. R. Cramond	7	—	44	110	15.71
C. H. Arndt	12	—	38	156	13.00
B. A. Paez	8	2	19	74	12.33
C. S. Harrison	10	2	24	82	10.25
J. R. Stevens	10	—	21	78	7.80
A. S. Cutler	2	—	6	10	5.00
R. J. Bagge	8	5	4*	11	3.66
J. D. Mackay	2	—	4	6	3.00
J. Macdonald	1	—	—	—	0.00

\* Not Out.

	Bowling.				
	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
A. S. Cutler	19	4	35	3	11.66
H. W. Osborn	24	3	60	4	15.00
R. J. Bagge	186	41	557	24	23.00
C. S. Harrison	243.4	43	887	37	23.97
P. Caldwell	48.1	3	249	10	24.90
J. R. Stevens	45.5	8	160	6	26.66
I. Macallan	118	14	399	14	28.50
H. C. Bailey	4	—	31	1	31.00
A. R. Cramond	6	—	36	1	36.00
J. D. Mackay	7	—	40	1	40.00
J. Macdonald	3	—	12	—	—
T. B. Nelson	5	—	18	—	—
P. Wilson	6	1	19	—	—

## Results of Games:—

**v. Institute.** Institute 230 for 8 (declared) (Bagge 3 for 48, Macallan 2 for 59). V.U.C. 158 (Caldwell 53, Macallan 24, Nelson 23). Lost by 72 runs on the 1st innings.

**v. Midland.** V.U.C. 183 (Bailey 64) and 82 for 3 wickets (Pacey not out 28). Midland 240 (Harrison 4 for 73, Bagge 5 for 62). Lost by 57 runs on the 1st innings.

**v. Wellington.** V.U.C. 237 (Caldwell 39, Arndt 38, Cramond 38, Blandford 21, Macallan



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20). Wellington 118 (Harrison 5 for 65, Bagge 4 for 31) and 225 for 3 wickets (Stevens 2 for 22). Won by 119 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Petone. Petone 276 (Harrison 6 for 135, Bagge 4 for 78). V.U.C. 272 (Cramond 44, Pacey 43, Bailey 38, Arndt 25, Harrison 24, Stevens 21). Lost by 4 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Kilbirnie. Kilbirnie 310 (Harrison 4 for 115, Bagge 2 for 91, Stevens 2 for 63, Macallan 2 for 25) and 113 for 5 wickets (Harrison 2 for 33, Macallan 2 for 24). V.U.C. 213 (Blandford 58, Wilson 45, Bailey 38 not out, Arndt 23, Pacey 20). Lost by 97 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Hutt. Hutt 235 (Bagge 3 for 84, Harrison 3 for 60, Macallan 3 for 58). V.U.C. 135 Pacey 46, (Bailey 26) and 129 for 6 wickets (Blandford 60 not out, Nelson 25). Lost by 100 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Old Boys. V.U.C. 158 (Blandford 37, Arndt 37, Caldwell 21, Cramond 21) and 98 (Pacey 28, Bailey 24). Old Boys 162 for 4 wickets (Harrison 2 for 71) and 99 for 3 wickets (Bagge 2 for 53). Lost by 7 wickets.

v. Petone. V.U.C. 384 (Blandford 107, Pacey 65, Caldwell 57, Nelson 38, Osborn 32, Bailey 27, Macallan 21). Petone 169 (Caldwell 3 for 37, Osborn 2 for 38, Macallan 2 for 47) and 112 for 7 wickets (Harrison 3 for 28, Caldwell 2 for 41). Won by 215 runs on the 1st innings.

v. Midland. Midland 248 (Harrison 6 for 98, Caldwell 2 for 62) and 116 for 5 wickets (Cutler 3 for 24). V.U.C. 193 (Blandford 74, Pacey 28, Macallan 24, Osborn 21). Lost by 55 runs on the 1st innings.

## SECOND GRADE.

With a team comprising players with considerable experience in Junior A cricket, the Second Grade team should have fared even better than it did. A formidable side, lapses against Wellington and Karori, and later against Kilbirnie, saw the team in a lower position on the championship ladder than they actually should have occupied.

The team scored one outright win against Institute, and won the other games on the first innings, scoring 33 championship points.

Paetz headed the batting averages with 176 runs at an average of 44.00. Macdonald scored the greatest number of runs for the side, 379, including a 93.

The most successful bowlers were:—Williams, 16 wickets for 256 runs; Stephenson, 19 wickets; Robertson, 16 wickets; and Macdonald, 15 wickets.

A really strong Second Eleven, this team compiled some high tallies, the top score for the season being 371, scored against Old Boys at Kelburn.

Below are the averages for the side:—

	Batting.			
	Ins.	N.O.	H.S.	Total Aver.
Paetz	5	1	49	176 44.0
Dalglish	7	1	72	205 37.2
Cramond	6	—	79	196 32.6
Macdonald	13	1	93	379 31.6
H. Osborn	10	2	98	253 31.6
Robertson	12	2	67*	283 28.3
White	11	2	57	234 26.0
McCarthy	7	1	39	150 25.0
Masters	7	2	32	103 20.6
Williams	9	2	35*	79 14.1
Stephenson	8	1	27	98 14.0
Kirkcaldie	11	—	50	147 13.3
Carey	8	1	16	73 10.4
Lysnar	6	1	36	45 9.0
R. Osborn	7	2	11*	31 6.2

\* Not Out.

	Bowling.				
	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
Cramond	10	3	20	5	4.0
Williams	81	19	256	16	16.0
Stephenson	121	24	365	19	19.1
Robertson	107	11	407	16	25.4
Macdonald	104	11	534	15	35.6
H. Osborn	129	23	413	8	51.6

## JUNIOR B.

This team was the most successful in the Club and finished second equal in the competition, having won seven out of nine matches. At one stage the team was in the running for the championship, but an unaccountable and extremely deplorable lapse after Xmas resulted in two consecutive losses. Doubtless this was due to the Club's Christmas tour, which also appeared to affect some of the other teams in the Club. As usual, the batting was the big weakness and the lack of reliable batsmen was again most noticeable. Easily the most prominent were Rae and Moore and, to a lesser degree, Wild and Kelly. The bowling was of a much higher standard, and Nicole and Francis bowled extremely well throughout the season. Francis also registered a great performance in the annual game against Auckland University College. He and Nicole both played a big part in winning back the Speight Trophy from Auckland. Fisher proved a most useful change bowler.

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The fielding ranged from brilliant to shocking, which at least gave the games some variety. Wild was always reliable and at times excellent, and Connell also gave some good performances.

### JUNIOR C.

Played, 9; won, 3; lost, 6.

These results, realising 21 points, although far from brilliant, do not, on the other hand, admit of complete failure, for the team has to its credit several excellent performances, individual and otherwise. Can any of the other teams better the following:—357 against Kaiwarra, 7 for 341 (declared) against Institute, 57 against Stop Out, 8 for 28 against Kilbirnie? The two latter performances, are, of course, only included to demonstrate our versatility. We were fortunate to be able, to a great extent, to keep the team together throughout the season. Unfortunately, this deprives us of the opportunity of excusing ourselves as a result of promotions, etc.

The team was without a regular wicket-keeper for the first four games, after which Campbell, late of Scots College, took over and celebrated his arrival in the team by stumping three and catching one of our opponents and scoring a steady 66 runs in his first knock. The general batting of the team was quite satisfactory, four members finishing the season with an average of over 20. They were: Campbell 41.7, Frost 22.8, Smith 22.5, Camp 20.8. The bowling was our great weakness. Smith was by far the most consistent performer, his average being 44 wickets for 602 runs—13.7. Godfrey, the speed merchant, was unlucky and did not fulfill his earlier promise. The fielding

was keen, but marred to some extent by poor returns to the wicket. Without individualising, special mention should be made of Jerram's splendid effort of 183 runs against Kaiwarra, Frost's hard-hitting 121 against Kilbirnie, and Godfrey's "hat trick" of "ducks" at the beginning of the season. The team also had the distinction of being the only one to defeat the championship winners.

Players for the season were drawn from the following:—Andrews, Bishop, Black, Camp (captain), Campbell, Frost, Godfrey, Heenan, Jerram, Kirkwood, Smith, Stace, Warren, Wicks.

### JUNIOR D.

The Junior D's enjoyed a very successful social season, refusing to take their cricket too seriously. Although only one trophy was won—the wooden spoon—several splendid performances were recorded, mostly by the other side, however. Andrews easily headed the batting averages, with Pitowsky next. These were the only two players with a double-figure average, although Bangsrove, Wilton and Sproule did not miss by much. Andrews and McDougall bowled well, the former performing the "hat trick" against Old Boys. The most consistent performers in the team were:—Andrews, batting and bowling; Henry Sproule, hitting sixers; Pitowsky, arriving late; and Wansborough's confident appeals for l.b.w. from fine-leg.

The following comprised the usual personnel of the team:—Andrews, Bangsrove, Cowan, McClelland, McDougal, Pitowsky, Phillips, Sproule, Wansborough, Wilton (captain).

## Football Club

### Senior A.

**F**IELDING a very young and inexperienced back-line, the First Fifteen did not anticipate being placed among the leading teams and indeed finished well down on the ladder. However, the experience gained by these young backs will serve them in good stead, and next year the team should be a really good one.

The forwards were solid and good, and were ably led by Roy Diederich, who played excellently during the season.

The side drew a row of hard teams at the start of the season, and lost the first six games, the match against Athletic, which was lost 5—9, being the closest. The seventh game against Old Boys looked like being another loss to the side five minutes from time, since the score was three

nil against the fifteen. However, a last minute try and conversion saw the game pulled out of the fire 5—3.

Following this win the team defeated Miramar the week after, played a hard game for a 0—5 loss against Marist, and then turned round and decisively defeated the strong Eastbourne fifteen on their own ground 22—11.

A driving southerly with wind and rain, on Prince of Wales Park saw the team have a 4—0 win against Berhampore, a brilliant drop-kick by Ruru being the only score in the game. This brought the first round to a close with University having scored eight championship points.

Oriental were the first side played in the second round, and the fifteen avenged their former defeat in a good fast game. Marist, who had previously

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defeated Poneke, met 'Varsity the following Saturday, and a splendid game saw Turner even things for the College with a good last minute drop-kick.

However the side's run of successes was broken by a defeat at the hands of Hutt, and a rather unlucky loss against Eastbourne on Athletic Park. However, the team won the next two games against Berhampore and Miramar, but lost the last game, when they met the improved Old Boys' fifteen, the absence of Ruru being decidedly noticeable.

The team finished up with 15 championship points. The following played for the team:—Backs: Cormack, Dickenson, Ruru (vice-captain), N. Hislop, Young, Webb, Thompson, Kane, Thurston, Wild, Leitch, Clifford-Jones, Whitcombe, Jerram, Turner. Forwards: Bade, Beaumont, Edwards, Elliott, Wood, Hart, Dixon, Blacker, Diederich (captain), Hope and Espiner.

#### Senior B.

This team appeared to be a very unlucky side. A rather strong fifteen, they were called upon considerably by the Senior A team at times, and injuries to players also affected their performances.

Several games were won however, and many of the team's losses were by narrow margins. The following were amongst those who played for this side:—Backs: Black (captain), Blandford, Young, Roberts, Paul, Whitcombe, Thompson, Webb, Leitch, Jerram, Turner. Forwards: Espiner, Elliott, O'Shea, Desborough, Lynsky, Middlebrook (H.), Russell, Andrews.

#### Junior A.

A good team, this side suffered through injuries and demands on its players towards the end of the season. Games against Berhampore, Eastbourne, Oriental, and Taita (twice), were won, and the fifteen also drew against St. Pat's O.B. and Johnsonville. A hard team to defeat, the side played close games against Athletic and Poneke.

Forward, this team was very strong for a junior grade 'Varsity side, whilst the backs at times were very dashing. The side finished with 12 championship points.

Following are the scorers for the team:—Osborn 24, Wild 20, Josephson 19, Paetz (captain) 12, Carey 10, Dalglish 10, Clendon 6, Steele 6, Gully 6, Bangrove 5, Coup, Hannah, Kelly, Jerram 3 each. The following also played for the team: Blandford, Willis, Maunder, Bradshaw, Smith, and O. Turner.

#### Junior B.

Able led by Parker, this team in the second round did better than early games promised, and achieved a fair measure of success. Many games were lost in the last quarter of an hour, tending to prove that training had not been too strictly observed.

#### Thirds.

The third grade teams did not fare too well this year, but always enjoyed their football. The problem of third grade teams is a big one, and next year's committee will have to go into the matter thoroughly.

#### Fourth A.

The Fourth A team was probably the strongest side in the Club for its grade. For the second year in succession this team finished runners-up in this grade. Edgar made an able captain, and with such promising material in the lower grades, the future of the club should be assured. The team was:—Backs: Hoffmeister, Watt, Cooper, Hall, Rockel, Edgar, Smith, Richards, Burgess. Forwards: Deck, Wilton, Burke, Buddle, Ilott, Kelly, Connell, Brown and Halstead.

#### Fourth B.

A good side well captained by McNaught this fifteen in the second round met with considerable success, so that in the Fourth Grade teams the Club has the foundation for future teams in the top grades.

#### Representative Honours.

Senior A: R. E. Diederich, N. Hislop, J. H. Ruru (chosen, but unable to tour).

Senior B: D. Young.

Junior A: Blandford, Clendon, and Bradshaw (Town team).

Fourth A: Burke, Buddle, Edgar, and Watt.

## Tennis Club

WITH the opening of the new courts the game of Tennis at College has become more popular than ever and the attendances have increased, so that the courts are seldom vacant when play is possible. The practice of having a committeeman arrange sets and of limiting each

match to twenty minutes was continued last season and this arrangement gave the maximum satisfaction to the largest number of players.

#### Opening of New Courts.

A successful opening ceremony for the new courts was held on Saturday, 28th November.

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Professor F. P. Wilson, Patron of the Club, introduced Mr. R. A. Wright, M.P., who, after a short and appropriate speech, declared the courts open and served the first ball. Visitors included Mr. A. Fair, K.C., and Mr. G. F. Dixon (both of whom were present at the original opening ceremony 25 years ago), Mrs. F. P. Wilson, Mr. Malcolm Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. N. Goldie, Mr. S. Eichelbaum, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. F. Mackay, Miss Wood, Mr. W. Leicester, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Monro, Mr. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Professor and Mrs. Adamson, Mr. T. Kane, Professor and Mrs. McKenzie, Mr. E. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Malfray.

#### Club Championships.

Due to the late opening of the new courts, the Club Championships were not all finalised. The winners, to date, are as follows:—

Women's Doubles: Misses M. Line and C. Longmore.

Men's Doubles: P. Webb and J. B. Black.

#### Club Ladders.

As usual, considerable activity has been manifested in connection with the men's ladder and many changes in ranking took place. The present arrangement is:—(1) R. McL. Ferkins, (2) J. B. Black, (3) G. S. Simpson, (4) W. S. Harris, (5) W. B. Gosnell, (6) J. J. McCarthy.

It is disappointing having to record again the comparative apathy of the ladies, little enthusiasm being shown. The top six players are: Misses M. Line, V. Dyer, C. Longmore, M. Briggs, Jose Anderson and V. Wilson.

#### Inter-Club Championships.

This year saw a change in the system of inter-club matches held by the W.P.L.T.A. The two senior grades were divided so as to provide separate competitions for men and women. From the Club's point of view, where women are weak in play compared with the men, and are unwilling to play in such matches, this was a definite improvement.

Teams were entered in three grades, Senior A and Senior B men and Senior A ladies, and, while no championships were won, considerable enthusiasm was displayed and a fair measure of success came our way.

#### N.Z. University Tournament.

Thanks to the Wellington Provincial Lawn Tennis Association, several first grade grass courts were made available at Miramar for prac-

tice matches. To a large extent this contributed to the success of the team.

We are very pleased to record that for the first time for 25 years Victoria won the Tennis Cup. Whilst not winning it outright, they tied with Canterbury, the previous holders. It is gratifying to see that our tennis depression is on the turn. It is also gratifying to note that this success was not due to prominence of an individual, but that every member of the team contributed at least one point towards the winning of the cup.

The personnel of our team is reported on another page. Misses M. Line and C. Longmore were successful in winning the N.Z.U. Ladies' Doubles Championship and their N.Z. University Blues.

#### College Blues.

The following College Blues have been awarded for the 1931-32 season:—Misses M. H. Line, L. C. Longmore, V. Dyer, Messrs. R. McL. Ferkins, J. J. McCarthy, W. B. Gosnell, J. B. Black.

#### Old Boys' Day.

An innovation this year was a very enjoyable match played against a team of Old Boys. The Old Boys were represented by Colonel Beere, Professor F. P. Wilson, Messrs. A. Fair and S. Eichelbaum, while Messrs. G. Simpson, W. S. Harris, C. S. Plank and J. L. MacDuff formed the Club team. After some keenly contested games the Club succeeded in winning the contest. This is a fixture which might well become an annual one.

#### Yankee Tournament.

A Yankee Tournament was held on December 5th, 1931, resulting in a victory for Miss M. Briggs and P. Webb, after a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

#### Courts Improvement.

The thanks of the Club are due to those members whose work and financial assistance have made possible the relaying of the courts. The next step is the raising of the necessary finance to enable the back run at the north end of the courts to be extended by moving back the fence and the provision of a new path. The hurdle is not an insuperable one, and it is hoped that members will show the same spirit as in previous seasons and effect this final improvement, which will make the courts the finest hard courts in Wellington.

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## Student Christian Movement

THE past year's activities have been an endeavour, albeit inadequate, to realise the aims and objects of the New Zealand Student Christian Movement.

**Study Circles.**—These were commenced immediately after Easter, the subjects and the respective Circle leaders for the year being:—"The Life of Jesus," Miss E. Bell, B.A.; "The School of Jesus" (Shafto), Miss J. Archibald, B.A.; "Jesus in the Records" (Sharman), Rev. J. Hubbard, M.A.; "Moral Adventure" (Streeter), Mr. R. S. Maunder; "The Clash of World Forces" (Mathews), (1) Rev. F. H. Wilkinson, M.A.; (2) Mr. R. Perkins, B.A.

**Intercession.**—An Intercession Group has met each morning and afternoon throughout the session, in addition to the Monday night circle. Attendance at the latter has ranged from 15 to 25 members.

**General Meetings.**—The following addresses have been delivered during 1932:—"The Bible in Modern Life," by Rev. G. Mackenzie, B.A.; "The Sino-Japanese Question," by Mr. H. F. Von Haast, LL.B.; "Christian Economics and the Social Order," by Mr. Walter Nash, M.P.; "The Oxford Group Movement," by Mrs. Ponsford, M.A.

Shortly after Easter Archdeacon Young, of Wanganui, an old V.U.C. student, gave a series of addresses on five consecutive week nights, the subjects being:—(1) "Christ Measured by His Achievement To-day"; (2) "What Explains This Achievement?"; (3) "May We Know Christ's God?"; (4) "God, Whom to Know is to Love, and Whom to Love is to Serve"; (5) "God's Enterprise and Our Share in it." One could not fail to gain inspiration and encouragement from these addresses.

**Week-end Camps.**—A post exam. camp was held last year at Day's Bay, the studies being on "The Christian Message" and "Disarmament." Mr. R. S. Maunder delivered an introductory address.

Following on from Archdeacon Young's addresses, a camp at Chilton House, Island Bay, on April 16th-18th, proved most successful. Attendance was over fifty.

At a further camp at Chilton House on May 28th-30th, Mr. Maunder spoke on "True Gaiety of Life." We were delighted to receive a visit from Archdeacon Young during the course of the camp.

A men's camp at Haywards and a women's camp at Chilton House on July 23rd-25th proved well worth while. The study was on the "Aims and Objects of the Movement."

On Easter Sunday a Communion service for students was celebrated in St. Paul's at 10 a.m. At 5 p.m. the S.C.M. provided tea in the Women's Common Room for tournament delegates. A special service at the Terrace Congregational Church followed, at the close of which S.C.M. members presented the religious play, "Eager Heart."

The "Day of Prayer" services were conducted at the Kelburn Presbyterian Church by Rev. J. Hubbard, M.A. Communion was celebrated at 10 a.m., at 5 p.m. tea was provided, the Rev. H. Newell, M.A., speaking on the World Student Christian Federation, and at 7 p.m. evening service, in which students assisted, followed by a special intercession service for students, was held.

**Social Service.**—Two concerts have been given at Porirua and one at the Akatarawa men's camp. Members are encouraged to join the Social Service Club in their fortnightly visits to Porirua.

A box has been placed in the Hall at V.U.C. for donations for the relief of distress. By means of funds thus collected and donations of clothes and groceries, assistance has been given to three families of relief workers who are in particularly straitened circumstances. Any gifts for this purpose will be much appreciated.

At the beginning of the year an accommodation and information bureau was arranged for the benefit of freshers. A second-hand bookstall was supervised for the first few weeks of the term.

An opening social and dance was well attended. Professor Gould welcomed new students and spoke on the Student Christian Movement.

**Library.**—Attention is drawn to the S.C.M. Library, situated in C5, where many of the latest books on religious, international and social topics are available. Two periodicals, "The Student World" and the "Student Movement," are subscribed to. "Open Windows," the monthly magazine of the N.Z.S.C.M., is well worth your notice, containing as it does articles of absorbing interest to the live student.

The Headquarters of the N.Z.S.C.M. is now located at Vicker's House, Woodward Street. The book-room there has a wide selection of recent works. A visit will repay you.

At the Summer Conference of the N.Z.S.C.M. at Waimate, Wellington was represented by a delegation of 23, 13 of whom were V.U.C. students. The coming Conference will be at St. Stephen's College, Bombay, Auckland, shortly after Christmas. The fellowship and inspiration of these gatherings is an experience never to be forgotten. No student could do better than include the Conference in his or her holiday arrangements.

## Dramatic Club

AS has been the practice in past years, the Dramatic Club held readings in the long vacation, some of which were excellently performed. As the interest of most students centred round Tournament and Capping during the first term, it was not until the vacation that the Dramatic Club began its activities for the current year.

The Town production was presented in the Blue Triangle Hall on July 28, 29 and 30, the choice of play being St. J. Ervine's "The Ship." The play was excellently produced by Miss Mary Cooley, who put an enormous amount of work into the production.

The second three-act presentation was given on August 12th and 13th in the College Hall. For this production it was decided to play Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," but it was somewhat marred by the fact that the play had to be produced in a little over a fortnight.

## Gun Club

IT is predicted, authoritatively, that summer will eventually arrive this year. This is good news. Riflemen find winter weather most exasperating, for scheduled to be winterish, it generally isn't on Saturday afternoons. Have patience, men! It is but a few weeks now before the season opens. As soon as possible in the third term the crowd will be skipping blithely down to the butts. And then the first merry salvo will rack the Trentham hills. A valuable prize of 10 rounds Mark VI. N.C., 1881, will be given to the firer of the first shot of the season. This might be YOU.

Last season was voted by all members as most successful. It was characterised by extreme activity and a record amount of shooting. New members continually distinguished themselves by extinguishing, so to speak, older members. Very annoying, but, nevertheless, extremely gratifying. There seems little doubt that there is a definite upward trend in the quality of marksmanship. We hope it will continue—Bisley is the limit. Moreover, a far greater interest is being taken in aperture work, and it is only by experience and practice that those fascinating little blighters can be mastered. It is really worth while when one can cast a knowing eye at the flags, alter windage five clicks and put one dead in. More so when, as is usual at Trentham, each flag has its own pet little direction, in utter disregard to the direction of the other flags.

On September 16th, an Eric Lee Palmer Memorial Evening was held at 'Varsity, and was the only Dramatic Club function of the year to be largely attended. "The Blind Crowder" was presented, and the evening attained its object, that of giving students and the general public an introduction to the works of 'Varsity's own dramatist.

The Club has two teams entered for the British Drama League Festival, and both should do well in their respective sections.

It is the intention of the Club to produce a three-act play at the beginning of the first term next year in order to assist its finances, which, owing to poor support, are not in a very healthy condition.

The Club desires to put on record the appreciation of its members for the excellent work done by the President, Dr. I. Henning, during the current year.

The Club has acquired several long rifles with aperture sights, and these will be available for Club members. We must keep the Imperial Universities' Match steadily in view.

We anticipate that all other clubmates will make joyful reference to the Easter Tournament. Happy forgatherings, stern competition, interesting discussions and what not will be brought afresh to the memories of Club members. Poor reading for the Rifle Club! Our team were honoured as representatives certainly, but surely the whole point of the tournament, *per se*, is lost: when one's opponents are hundreds of miles away. Tournament by proxy! A reduced team of four which travels might surely be possible. Canterbury send their top-scorer with their reps. Might we mention the inequity of each team firing under different conditions?

Our one and only grouse finished with, we desire to put on record the fact that Victoria College again holds the Haslam Shield. Smitten with devastating fear, the use of a hitherto unsuspected range at Fort Dorset was tried by the Club from the red-tape entanglements of the Defence—an operation of considerable delicacy—for the purpose of extra practice. A considerable number of after-work visits were made before Easter, and results justified the ensuing inconvenience. Can more be said for keenness than that Bill F. on numerous occasions forwent his tea? Greater love hath no man . . .

*(Continued on page 57)*