

THE SPIKE

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW

~~XXXIV~~
VOL. ~~XXXIV~~. No. 63

MCMXXXV.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
A Letter to Spike	38	Pathway, Paekakariki (photo)	facing 12
A. R. Atkinson	48	Plunket Medal Contest	49
Autre Temps, Autre Moeurs	8	Retreat	11
Boxing Team (photo)	facing 65	Reverie	20
Capping, 1935	42	Reviews	51
Club Notes—Index	67	Samuel Butler, N.Z.	45
Coal Hulks, Wellington Harbour	33	Smad, 1935	18
Diffugere Nives	33	Tennis team (photo)	facing 65
Epstein and His Christ	41	The Adventures of Mago West . . .	34
"Etoilles Argent"	53	The Art Room	13
Ex Contubernio	22	The Art Room (photo)	facing 13
The Executive (photo)	facing 57	The Dramatic Year	40
Fey	50	The First Spike Poster	7
"Framed in the soft glow . . ."	17	The Holyford Trip	65
From the Entrance (photo)	facing 40	The Man	17
Graduates and Scholarships, 1935	25	The Mist	47
Graduates, 1935 (photo)	facing 25	The Picture That Wasn't	28
In Oxford	14	The Poet	16
In re Spike, 1935	56	The Staff	58
"I think—soon your mouth . . ."	31	The Von Zedlitz Portrait	6
Lavoleta	44	The Year's Sport	67
Learning and the Library	3	Titahi Bay (photo)	facing 41
Libido	27	Tom-Tom	12
Mademoiselle	60	Tournament	64
Nazi-ism and the British	59	Tournament Representatives (photo)	facing 64
Non-Combatants	19	Turere, Orongorongo (photo)	facing 24
Ode to an Honours Student	21	Wedding Eve	23
Of Disputation	15	Weir House	32
Oriel Window (photo)	facing 56	Winter Morning	5
Past Students	61	"You were it seemed . . ."	39

THE SPIKE is published once in the session and under the direction of the Victoria University College Students' Association (Inc.).

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

The Editor, Victoria College, Wellington.

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

EDITOR: O. A. E. HUGHAN.

ASSISTANT EDITORS: C. M. P. BROWN, A. H. KATZ, B. A. SNOWBALL.

SPORTS EDITOR: R. L. HUTCHENS.

BUSINESS MANAGER: H. M. MCINTOSH.

Registered for transmission as a Magazine.



Hughan.



LEARNING AND THE LIBRARY

WITH what truth can it be said that the passing of each decade sees the University sinking lower into the mire of materialism? In the orthodox conception, a university is a cultural institution. It would seem, however, that if present tendencies continue, a reorientation of that view will be called for. It will then have to be understood that a graduate is not a cultured person, but merely one who has a specialised knowledge of one narrow branch of learning. As such he may be qualified for advancement in his profession, but in wider fields he remains ill-equipped and bears in no especial way the stamp of a University.

That such persons already exist we are reminded from time to time by the public utterances of graduates—utterances characterised by such intolerant views and emotional reasoning as reveal the hall-marks of uncultured individuals. Is this not largely the fault of the University itself? So long as it is merely concerned with the conferring of degrees students will regard it as having no other purpose. After several years' contact the student is aware of the collection of fees, the enforcement of terms, and the sitting of examinations as the only corporal manifestations of a University. He finds that compliance with these requirements ensures graduation, and so the idea arises that the University exists solely for the production of graduates.

At no time is this more apparent than when one considers the Library. Here the whole situation is epitomised. Not greatly patronised during the first two terms, the Library is feverishly overcrowded towards the exams and deserted during the long vacation. With its well-enforced silence the student finds this the perfect place for cramming. He hardly ever enters unless to acquire a little knowledge that will be useful at the end of the year—and then forgotten. In short, it admirably fulfils the role of the forcing house in the degree-raising garden. As the pivot of a cultural institution it is unknown.

But that is how it should be known. It is a fact that cannot be stressed too often that, next to its staff, the greatest asset that a university college can possess is its library. Do the College authorities stress this? Reference to the College Calendar will elicit that three pages are devoted to the Library Regulations, and exactly four (4) lines to a description of the Library. For years past this has been the case, and even this year the announcement remains the same, in spite of the fact that the past year has seen the extension of the Library and the initial acquisition of books under the Carnegie grant. The effect on the mind of the new student can be well imagined. The awesome list of prohibitions is enough to prevent the use of the Library except in cases of extreme necessity, and the bare statement of the number of books the Library contains means nothing.

Little wonder, then, that a law student (for example), after an academic career of five years, should have a knowledge only of the legal section of the Library. Of the contents of the economic, sociological, or historical sections he remains in ignorance. He does not even find out what general literature the Library contains. Indeed, it is more likely that he will come to view the entire precincts with distaste. Its use becomes disagreeable since it is bound up with the laborious task of acquiring a degree. His energies in the Library, therefore, are confined solely to the quest for specialised knowledge—of great commercial use, but that is all. Its acquisition has obviously had a narrowing effect, for it has so pervaded the student's life that it has excluded the search for any other form of knowledge. Yet, because this specialised knowledge has been acquired, the tendency will be to feel that all that is needed of life is practical experience in the profession.

On the contrary, however, it is likely that the student still possesses the same immature prejudices with which he entered the College. At no time has he endeavoured or had the opportunity to obtain a broader understanding of humanity and its problems. On subjects outside his curriculum he will have no more exact ideas, no better understanding, than a labourer whose education finished at fourteen. He will be in no way more fit to expose popular fallacies or form independent judgment, or prevent himself from being stampeded by mob hysteria, than when he left his secondary school. It has been possible for him to pass through College "without once being reproached for a foolish generalisation, an unjustifiable inference, or an unsound conclusion." In short, though graduated, he is both uncultured and uneducated.

In other words, the graduate (and I speak not only of law graduates) has merely been moulded to the requirements of commercialised society. It has been said that the aim of the present educational system is "to make the student fit the system and not the system fit the student." By the process of successive examinations it succeeds all too well.

The logical outcome of this is easily visualised. The time may not be far distant when attendance at post-graduate colleges will be necessary in order that students may acquire that perception, and that intellectual disinterestedness, that are the attributes of an educated person. As yet, however, such colleges are non-existent; and there would be no need for them if the facilities of the present system were fully utilised. Of these facilities none can be used with such great ease and such great effect as the Library. Accessible to all, its benefits are boundless. With the inclination to use it, a student has

at his hand limitless knowledge, and the work of the keenest minds of centuries. Not fettered by curricula, there is no subject into which he cannot enquire. A realisation of the lack of understanding of social problems, say, can be effectively remedied. The tendency to traditionalism, which greatly hampers the consideration of all contemporary problems, can be largely combatted by the use of periodicals, access to which only a library can adequately provide. In short, the disadvantages of having to acquire specialised knowledge can be overcome. A smugish dilettantism is not advocated, but what is desired is a conscious attempt to acquire that depth of understanding of human problems that will preclude ill-balanced judgments and partisan outbursts.

For this result to be obtained the attitude of the whole College must be changed. Students must be freed from the restraints of specialisation, the trammels of examinations, and the superficiality of cramming. They must be no longer encouraged to view the Library's existence solely as a means of degree-getting. The task of the authorities is actively to discourage this view. But their responsibility does not end there, nor with the provision of an efficient staff and an annual grant. Too great an emphasis cannot be laid on the cultural advantages the Library offers. Every facility and every encouragement should be given for its use in that direction. From this it is but a step to emphasizing the cultural advantages of the College as a whole. And these advantages are the greatest a University can offer.

If this is not done the University will have become so enmeshed in the web of commercialism that its proper position will have been irretrievably lost, and with it much that we cannot afford to lose.

Winter Morning

*A CHILL white draught breathes on my back.
I awake. . . .*

*The wan wintry light thaws Night's frozen black,
Which melts
And tumbles in fright o'er the frosty hills.*

*The timid sun glances in windows, wet and streaked,
And stays
To paint the walls a cubist tapestry
In dusty gold.*

*The moisture on the mullioned, misty glass
Sparkles and glows. . . .
Chill sweat of Night
Sheathed in the numbing cold
Of Winter's translucent, frozen gold.*

—J.K.A.

The Von Zedlitz Portrait



OWN into the musty cave of our library now peer the shrewd and penetrating eyes of an old friend and good counsellor. Christopher Perkins' fine portrait of Professor von Zedlitz now hangs amid the galaxy of the foundation professors. The portrait is an anonymous donor's splendidly appropriate gift to the College. It at once symbolises and honours "Von's" fruitful association with the College, and vividly makes graphic his personality. Long after the distressing war-time incident that culminated in "Von's" resignation from the staff of the College, it is satisfying to know that this permanent tribute has been paid him. It is, too, a fitting thing that the gift should have been made to the College by a former student of "Von's." And, from the point of view of the present and future generations of library-dwellers, it is a strangely heartening thing to have this portrait to appeal to, to feel our groping and tedious labours overlooked by such a kindly friend and sympathetic counsellor.

The formal ceremony of presentation, held in the Library, in early June, afforded past and present students together, friends, disciples and admirers of "Von's" to do him concerted homage. It was a good ceremonial, as ceremonials go. It was an academic occasion, yet not a musty one, dignified, yet not stiff, sincere, yet not mawkish. The atmosphere enabled friends to pay their warm and spontaneous tributes, and the recipient of these to acknowledge them sincerely.

The ceremonial, indeed, was worthy of the gift; it might certainly have pleased the donor. One felt, as one rarely feels on these occasions, that the ceremony constituted a necessary and harmonious portion of the event.

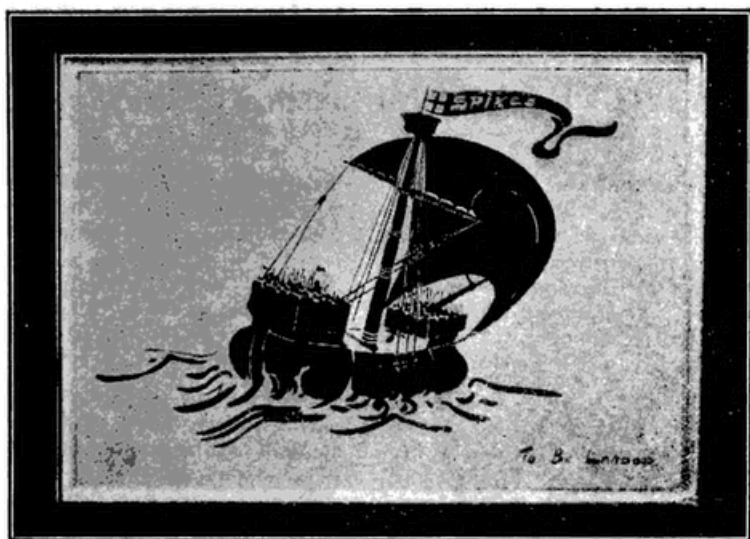
Mr. Siegfried Eichelbaum made the presentation on behalf of the donor. It was appropriate that he should do so—the former student and old and intimate friend of "Von's," the knowing representative, friend, and, as he admitted, contemporary of the donor, the member of the College Council—Mr. Eichelbaum spoke in a pleasantly informal way, simply and effectively and warmly.

Professor Brown, on behalf of the Professorial Board, accorded to "Von" the admiration of a colleague. In eulogising his scholarship and stimulating personality, Professor Brown sketched in interesting details of "Von's" career, that were perhaps unknown to the audience. His concluding tribute to "Von" was what would seem to be after all the final and most fitting that a University man could receive: "Whether or not you agreed with everything that Professor von Zedlitz said, in every case he caused you furiously to think."

"Von" replied in a characteristically casual and bantering way. He gracefully thanked the speakers, and remarked how much it pleased him that his portrait should face Professor Brown's in the Library. Praising Christopher Perkins' work, he acknowledged that it was "a good likeness," although it represented him in a mood, of which he himself was rarely aware. "Von" reminisced delightfully of his teaching days at 'Varsity, and stated that the donor of the portrait was one of the two or three outstanding students whom he had had at the College. He concluded with the remark that he had been most fortunate to be painted by Christopher Perkins, whose charming personality and artistic and other accomplishments he much admired.

And so the formal ceremony was efficiently over with. The mixed, interested audience left the Library with renewed admiration for "Von" and pleasure at the gift.

The portrait itself is memorable. Simple and harmonious in design, straightforwardly and admirably painted, its effect is primarily an intellectual one—it gives a penetrating, psychologically true impression of a personality. All the elements that we know as "Von" are there—the rugged head, cleverly painted before a map of Europe which symbolises "Von's" cultural background, the eyes deep-set under a strong brow, the hands large and a little rough, yet sensitive, the mouth tensed in amused expectancy, focussing to a slightly mocking yet tender comprehension—the face of a temperament-free Voltaire ("the simian sensuous" as "Von" himself has nicknamed i-) has been amazingly recreated on canvas. Artist has proven worthy of his subject.



The First Spike Poster

*PROUD ship embarking on your chartless voyage
To bear your treasure through the dim dreamt years,
Your treasure of old memories, and songs
Whose fragrance now brings fading eyes to tears;
Old thoughts once brave as youth, long locked away
Forgotten; comradeships and ready jests—
All things that have been looted from the past
And lie now mingled in your precious chests.
With full round sail and pennant streaming forth
You plunge into the future, fearless, free,
All time unrolling at your bows
A nameless, boundless, unimagined sea;
While those who piled the treasures on your decks
Their courses hold on distant oceans now
But still recall the spray upon your shrouds
And the white furrow turning from your prow.*

—N.C.

Autre Temps, Autre Moeurs

(A Reply to Mr. Justice Ostler)

LAST year saw the issue of a *Foundation Number of Spike*, to which many former students and others associated with the College were kind enough to contribute. Among these was the first Editor of *Spike*, who contributed *Random Thoughts and Memories*. This was particularly appropriate and of great interest, since that first Editor is now a member of the College Council and a Judge of the Supreme Court.

The first part of the article deals delightfully with the incidents connected with the founding of *Spike*—a founding for which we can never be too grateful.

The second part, however, seems to warrant a reply. It begins: "And we who strove so strenuously are now told that we are old (though none of us will admit it); and we also hear that we are old-fashioned and that the faith that we then held and the ideals we then cherished were all wrong, and are now anathema to the young." After this little note of self-pity the article continues: "... the best evidence of our faith is the long list of old College friends who gaily laid down their lives for their ideals. Now all seems changed. The new fashion is to belittle our Empire and to pour scorn on the system of government by the people, through the people and for the people, which was England's contribution to the happiness of the world."

To consider the lament that the ideals held at the beginning of the century are now old-fashioned, surely there is nothing remarkable in that. It is a truism to state that ideals are dynamic and not static; but it is a fact too often overlooked. And not only ideals, but the whole of humanity is in the same position. That is the essence of progress. The young people of to-day do not say that the faith and ideals were all wrong. Many of them still exist and are still cherished; but what we do see is how that faith and those ideals were subverted, degraded and led aside. How? The next sentence mentioning the laying down of lives, supplies the best answer. Those lives were laid down in vain. Yes, in vain. Not one iota of good has come from that sacrifice. Knowledge of those ideals was well played

upon—"the war to end war" broadcast. Oh, what hollow mockery! Are we, the young generation, the cannon fodder of to-day, to cherish the same ideals, and to come to the same end for cherishing them? That seems to be what the older generation desires of us. Are we not to be allowed to learn by the ghastly experience and disillusionment of the idealists?

"And the new fashion is to belittle the Empire." Perhaps that is so, but it is not "the Empire" as an empire that needs belittling; it is all empires—in other words, Imperialism. The clash of German Imperialism against British Imperialism provoked the last war. Further on in the article under review it is mentioned that two nations withdrew from the League of Nations because they wished to follow policies of aggression. For what reason—the one to extend her Imperialism and the other to recover it. A third nation is now trying to recover hers after a lapse of two thousand years. Are we to witness the rise of another Roman Empire, with all its tyranny? Some will say I am confusing Imperialism with Fascism. I am afraid I am not, for, unfortunately, the two are fast becoming synonymous. The official sympathy of British Imperialism with German Nazi-ism is significant.

It would be interesting to obtain the idea of the natives of South Africa on England's contribution to the happiness of the world. Their framing of the democratic system of government would probably be, "the system of government by the ruling class, through the ruling class, for the happiness of the ruling class."

"The British Empire is visualised not as a Commonwealth of Nations governed by the people for themselves, which has managed to confer on its subjects more individual liberty and opportunities for the pursuit of happiness than has been done under any other form of government yet devised." No fortunately, the British Empire is not viewed with such gross sentimentality as that. It is viewed for what it is—an economic unit resulting from Imperialistic expansion and the investment, both initially and at the present time, of large sums of British

capital in overseas countries. That is what the British Empire is, and as long as such sums are forthcoming from British investors and the interest payable in return, so long will "individual liberty and opportunities for the pursuit of happiness" exist. When they are not forthcoming the British Sedition Bill and the N.Z. Wharf Regulations and other Acts passed to preserve the present system will soon restrict the happiness and liberty.

"But as an unscrupulous and predatory power, dealing unjustly with its subjects and still as ready to turn its arms to aggression as all the strong nations were in the 18th century." No, I do not think that the British Empire is seen like that. What is seen is a State dealing with subjects justly so long as Imperialism is secure and unjustly when it is not. It is not in a position to be as aggressive as it was in the 18th century, for it has gorged itself with possessions and now all it asks is peace in which to digest its meal. That partly explains Britain's interest in the Italian-Abyssinian dispute. The rest of the interest lies in the fact that Abyssinia is contiguous with the Sudan, and British capital is there in the form of irrigation dams.

The article continues: "Some even proclaim that it is wicked for the Empire to maintain any armed force even for defence. The building of armaments is a cause of war, it is said, as though you could not wage war just as destructively though at its commencement there was not a battleship or cannon left in the world. If all nations disarmed, then would not the nation with the greatest engineering facilities be better armed than the rest?"

For the Empire to maintain any armed force for defence is considered not as wickedness, but as a classic example of the usual hypocrisy and cant that surrounds all statements regarding defence. Every nation arms to defend, and only to defend. Reference to the *New York Times History of the War* will show that in all the capitals of Europe in July and August of 1914 the only word mentioned was defence, defence, defence. Britain has always armed herself for defence, always, and, extraordinarily enough, all Britain's defensive battles have been fought outside Great Britain. And it is not considered that armaments in themselves are a cause of war; the causes of war lie far deeper than that. As has been mentioned, they are in the main economic, but the existence of armaments is the greatest incentive to war. Members of a military and

naval class, trained in but one direction—that of war—will obtain their opportunities for individual advancement in time of war, so their influence is directed towards war. The machinations of armament firms have been recently subjected to much publicity and should be well known. All their forces are directed towards war. That is the effect of the existence of armaments. It is certainly true that if all the nations were disarmed the one with the greatest engineering facilities would be better armed than the rest. But that does not invalidate the argument for disarmament. If such a condition were reached that all nations were disarmed, there would of necessity be a different international outlook. Nations would be rid of the war psychosis, their dealings would not be coloured by the existence of hostile and defensive navies, armies and bombers. They would not have the warp towards sabre-rattling. Every possible and conceivable avenue would be exploited towards the settling of disputes amicably before any hostilities arose. At the present time that aim is never whole-hearted. Tentative attempts are made through "diplomatic" channels to come to an understanding, but diplomats being in effect trained prevaricators, such attempts are doomed from the very outset.

"If that nation were cramped for room or for markets, would the lack of armaments deter it from aggression when all nations were disarmed? To argue that it is immoral for our Empire to arm for its defence seems to me to argue that it is immoral to lock one's door against a burglar, for there are predatory nations as well as men. Have not two of them already scornfully withdrawn from the League of Nations and shown conclusively by their actions that they are ready to pursue their aims by force? While powerful nations display such a spirit, would it not be folly to rob ourselves of the means of defence?"

The survival of Imperialistic capitalism is dependent on perpetual market expansion, but this is impossible, sooner or later, as individual markets become saturated. To obtain the markets force is resorted to; and so to say that nations will resort to force to obtain markets is not so much an argument for armaments as the most damning indictment of the capitalist system. On the other hand, by reciprocal exchange of products many nations would mutually benefit, but again the present social system prevents this, and we have such distressing paradoxes as the burning of coffee and the ploughing in of wheat and cotton

because sufficient monetary return cannot be obtained for them, though in other countries thousands of people are in need. So international trade is stagnated, and the stagnation is accelerated by the raising of tariff barriers and other suicidal devices necessary for the perpetuation of the capitalist system. And, among other things, these devices help to keep alive the sparks of nationalism.

As to the pressure of population, the Malthusian bogey has been exposed many years ago. It has invariably been found that as the standard of living rises the birth rate falls. There are predatory nations as well as men, but an international police force, under the aegis of the League of Nations, is inconceivable, I suppose. We must still spend millions on armaments, and other civilised countries are going to spend millions on armaments, and all for defence. Let us all arm, and so the aggressor will be thwarted!

Over the doors of the Austrian War Office, prior to 1914, were in letters of gold, "If you wish for peace, prepare for war." The lesson of 1914-18 has not been learnt, apparently. At times one almost hopes with savage delight that there will be another war that will so exhaust the world and destroy existing forms of government as to finally convince the world of armaments' ineffective answer.

"These are hard times for the young. The world has grown smaller and poorer. Opportunity does not knock at the door as of yore, and it embitters a man, after he has spent strenuous years in qualifying, to find that there is no place for him to fill. But that will pass and better times will come."

And from where will they come? From a worn-out system of society that served a useful purpose for the material development of the world but is now effete and ineffective? But a man must not protest, he must merely keep smiling and believe his elders, who gained security on the last wave of the old system, that when they say "better times will come" they will come as in some Arabian Nights story. No attempt is to be made to alter the system; but, on the other hand, we must believe "that with all its faults, faults which it is the duty of every graduate and undergraduate to do his best to remedy, our system of government is one which gives the greatest measure of liberty and is best suited to the genius of the British race." As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be. What a

remarkable race are the British! Empires have risen and empires have fallen, but the British have evolved a system of government which will outlast all the changing economic conditions of the world and will need only a few minor adjustments to straighten out the anomalies. In truth they are a race of geniuses.

"And I believe that our youth who are striving for higher education are still sound at heart and would rally as of yore to the defence of their country, though I pray that the need will never arise." What a superb example of lush sentimentality. Though I pray that the need may never arise. It has always been "prayed," never acted. No action is taken to prevent war, just prayer. No statement to the effect that it is hoped that students will not rally as of yore to the defence (defence again) of their country. No hope expressed that students and all youth will see the insensate folly of their predecessors and absolutely refuse to fight, so that wars would be impossible.

"Some, I know, have persuaded themselves that it is their duty to die in any other way than by fighting for King and Country, whatever the cause of war. If they feel that way, I see no harm in their expressing their opinion. They will gain a following, mostly among the physical weaklings who are unfit for fighting. It would be the greatest mistake to make martyrs of such men. In war much peace work must go on, and there will always be plenty of work for such conscientious objectors. But most men love adventure and believe in the gospel of living dangerously."

Some have "persuaded themselves" that it is wrong to fight. A clear case of self-deception, apparently. They have not studied the question from every angle and formed the reasoned conviction that war is retrogressive, unnecessary, degrading, archaic and ghastly.

"It is not only the right but the duty of every thinking human being to dig his own well and find truth for himself." *H. H. Ostler in Spike*, 1924. On the contrary, the conscientious objector will find a following among the physical weaklings. I am astounded at such lack of knowledge. The treatment of conscientious objectors in the last war is a fine example of the "individual liberty and opportunities for the pursuit of happiness that the British Empire confers on its subjects." To read what miseries such men suffered is to make one's blood run cold. It would be foolish to respect men who, in war-time

conditions, took their stand against a war-fevered and propaganda-drugged populace. To stand up for their principles, because they had "dug their own wells," and when they had negligible moral support, was apparently the work of cowards. Because they could obtain no courage from contact with the mob, but had to depend on their own, because they were forcibly deported, forcibly stripped and forcibly dressed in khaki, because they were beaten, handcuffed, lashed to posts in snow all day, had their hair pulled out in handfuls, because they were dragged prostrate by ropes over duckboards and through shell-holes and had the flesh torn off their backs for a length of a foot and a width of nine inches, these men are in no way to be admired for their indomitability. To honour them would be to reveal the diabolical measures needed to maintain a war. "But most men love adventure and believe in the gospel of living dangerously." Who would not enjoy "living dangerously" after having been on relief works for five years! Who would not enjoy receiving regular and adequate sustenance after five years of degrading, soul-crushing existence? Who would not enjoy commanding a little respect after having been a humiliated object of pity for years? Better to enlist as a soldier and risk suffering and mutilation than die of malnutrition under the present hopeless system.

"With centuries of history of our race to guide me, I find it impossible to think that it will change its characteristics in one generation. The enemies of the Empire are vocal and have made many people think that our University Colleges

are hot-beds of sedition. But let them take courage. At heart the student of to-day, in spite of changed times, is much the same as he was thirty years ago. But I trust that in so thinking I have not proved against myself the charge of being old-fashioned."

With centuries of history for guidance, it seems too much to expect that the folly of war will ever be realised, with centuries of history for guidance it seems too much to think that our attitude of smug self-complacency will ever be shaken or that our national greed will ever prove fatal. As to the Universities being hot-beds of sedition, it depends on the definition. If sedition is active criticism of the decadence of the present system, it is right that they should be so considered—that is what Universities are for.

But let us take courage, the student of to-day is not the same as he was thirty years ago. Fortunately, he recognises that economic conditions do not remain static for thirty years. Fortunately, he realises that thirty years ago capitalism and Imperialism had served their purpose and that the intervening years have accelerated their decline. Fortunately, he is aware that the world *has* changed and so does not favour the sentimental retention of theories long outworn and totally inapplicable in the world to-day. And, fortunately, he sees that to change radically the present system is a long process and beset with difficulties; but, most fortunate of all, he does not believe with his elders, that the system cannot be changed or that the difficulties are insuperable.

H.

Retreat

*IS it peaceful there in heaven, Gina?
Is there action, action every second that you live?
For your silence is as galling as your death was:
Gina, is it quiet there in heaven?*

—Manuel Lima.

Tom-Tom

RED fire blazed in the jungle's heart—dark against its ruddy light were rows of savage huts—and naked savage figures danced round and round amid the leaping flames. Humans these; but more fearsome. Rather like the fiends of hell they were—black forms moving quick against the leaping redness.

Tom-toms beat the midnight air—Tom-toms beat high festival to-night. Watch the dancing figure in his mask! See him lead the dancing throng! Hear the throbbing air again, as round and round they go.

To-night is great for the little ones of the jungle, for to-morrow, a score of the tribal braves will go to the villages of the Yemen and fight for the ashes of the sacred crocodile. To-night the little ones will fete and make sacrifice to 'he hundred forest demons, that the warriors may find victory in their quest.

Have not their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, too, told of the great battles of the past—the day when the conquering Neelin made sacrifice of a crocodile to the demon of the thundering mountain, and placed its ashes in a carven gourd, to remind them forever of that great day?

Have not the tribes since fought against each other for the treasure, believing that they who hold it shall not be wanting in prowess in the fields of war?

And so the night goes on—there is feasting, too. The tribe has much meat to-night, and vessels of the magic drink that makes men feel like gods—and makes them see visions. Let all drink deep, for the gods are pleased!

Amid the feasting, an ancient man rose to speak. He was a wise one of the tribe, and his counsel was such that all might listen to it. He was not heard, however, for the shouts arose:—

"Take down the old one! We do not want him at our feast.

"Raise, warriors, the cup of courage to your lips. Drink deep, for to-morrow you must pit the blood of youth in battle against the warriors of another tribe!"

Tom-toms beat loud again—and round and round the fire the savage figures passed. This is a mighty night, and the jungle rings to the echoes!

But soon there is a lull, and the old man speaks again. This time the revellers pause, and his words are heard.

"My friends," he said, "to-morrow you send your braves to battle, and to-night you feast. I have come among you, as I have come many times before, to tell you of the wisdom of the trees and the flowers and the mountains—but you do not listen to me. Your thoughts are filled with battle, and wisdom finds no place in them. I wish you well for the sacrifice you shall make to the god of the thundering mountain—may it be a worthy one.

"And those of you whose ears are deaf to me perhaps will hear the tale of Oonub, the warrior king, who, when his courtiers were filled too much with the lust for war, and thought not of the arts of peace, chided them. And to-night the spirit of a former king chides you, too.

"To you, my very dear friends, who, alas! are so few, I thank you for your patience in hearing me. Perhaps this is the last time I shall speak to you amongst these huts. If so, I bid you farewell!"

Red fire blazed in the jungle's heart—dark against its ruddy light were rows of savage huts—and naked savage figures danced round and round amid the leaping flames. Humans, these, but more fearsome. Rather like the fiends of hell they were—black forms moving quick against the leaping redness.

—E.F.H.



Pathway, Paekakariki.

G. E. Scott.



The Art Room.

Hughan.

The Art Room

INATTENTION to the fine arts is a phenomenon found in all "new" countries. The reason advanced is that more material needs exclude their encouragement. If the position at Victoria is any indication it would seem that this phenomenon extends even to the universities. After an existence of over thirty years the only opportunity this College offered for the study of the fine arts was a series of lectures in Greek History, Art, and Literature, with History and Literature predominating.

Not in any circumstances then, can it be said that the establishment this year of an Art Room was premature. On the contrary it was long overdue, but it is significant that its existence *was* made possible only by funds from outside the country, namely, the Carnegie grant. For this grant we can never be too appreciative, providing as it does the opportunities we have awaited so long.

So, off the library is now to be found a small pleasant room containing works that reveal all that is best of the art treasures of the world. Many many books are there—you may use them as you wish. If you take down Picasso and find that he annoys you, you can put him back and turn to Rubens. No one will mind, no one will be offended. Or perhaps Rubens is too florid, and yes, so is Velasquez, so you discover "Three Essays on Oriental Painting." With what beautiful simplicity are all these pictures executed, you look through them again. And then, to Cezanne; but there is a difference between the Oriental prints and his painting that is rather upsetting. In fact all these various styles are confusing. Perhaps it would be better to start at the beginning and try to obtain an intelligent idea of the fundamentals of painting. What is there here on the subject, "Three Dimensional Form," and "Expressionistic Use of Line Form Drawing," and here is another, "The Art in Painting." Yes, one can certainly obtain an insight from these books—but perhaps it would be better to leave them until one has more time. What other books are there in this corner? You read the titles—the Van Eycks, the Renaissance, the Tate Gallery, French painting in the XVIIIth Century, a dictionary of Painters and Painting, Millet, Constable, Nevinson, Orpen, Flemish Art, Modern French Painters . . . You turn back to

Nevinson, his stark "Casualty Clearing Station" always makes one realise the power of cubism.

Then down below are the cases containing individual pictures. In their reproduction and classification these prints leave nothing to be desired, while their mounting and labelling make them very easy to handle and study. First one case and then another comes out, and the works of centuries pass before your eyes.

But that is only one corner of the room, the corner dealing with painting. In another corner is sculpture, and elsewhere domestic arts. Move around the room and the glories of the Acropolis can be compared with the works of Epstein and Henry Moore; modern wood-cuts with mediaeval ones; European peasant pottery with the pottery of the Incas; the art of Egypt with that of India; the crudities of the cavemen with the enigmas of the moderns—in fact there is no limit to what one may study. To be found here are books on weaving, printing, glassware, furniture, armour, fashions and dress . . . little wonder then that time passes quickly.

Without remorse we can let it pass. Apart from the enchantment of the books we are away from the irritating presence of people preparing for examinations. We are able to browse complacently through book after book and forget that outside in the library people are cramming in an oppressive and unbreakable silence. We are able to read books for mere pleasure and not feel criminal because they do not happen to be prescribed in a syllabus. Without diffidence we can wander from shelf to shelf, and without compunction we can even hold a little quiet conversation.

Such is the atmosphere of the Art Room. Free from restraint we can follow some of the strivings of man for self-expression from the beginnings of time. At first we may do it in bewilderment and confusion. The achievements are so great and our leisure is so small. But we return to these books again and again—the glories they hold are irresistible.

Gradually we can come to appreciate the artifice of delineation, the fascination of design, the subtleties of colour and the flexibility of media. Slowly we are able to obtain a glimmering of the technique and achievements of painting, of etching and of sculpture.

In Oxford

[T]is often, though wrongly, said that the name University was originally applied to certain institutions because men of all kinds were wont to frequent them. However the fact is that these early universities drew students from all grades of the society which supported them; and most modern universities carry on this ancient tradition. But this is perhaps more strikingly the case in such a centre as Oxford than in any colonial university. Among those who entered the same college at Oxford as myself at about the same time I remember a working railwayman, a workshop mechanic who had been "out" in the post-war strikes, the husband of a London County Councillor, an American Olympic Games champion, an Eastern potentate, a number of "Honourables" and a noble Lord. The last-named was after a year removed to Cambridge which then (and since) enjoyed the reputation of being socially "safer." However, his going left a considerable variety of somewhat unexpected people to leaven the mass of the more usual undergraduate type.

For the benefit of undergraduates there were a number of rules which had to be observed—some of them amusing or irritating to one from overseas—but their total effect was as nothing when compared with the rigid organisation of English public school life. In effect the undergraduate multitude was turned loose in Oxford. In particular there was little or none of the social pressure which compels a rigid conformity to certain codes. A man might, if he chose, be outspokenly bored with cricket or football; he might be a "True-Blue" or within limits, a Communist; he might wear side whiskers and pink trousers; he might insist on eating the most unorthodox things. In that large society he would usually find companions to share his "eccentricity," and generally speaking no one would interfere. There were, of course, exceptions. I recollect one man who used to entertain his friends at breakfast with porridge and champagne, and the mixture roused vigorous protest from neighbours who were troubled in mind at the waste of good liquor. But within limits a man might plan his life his own way.

Yet one of the most vital things about Oxford is the way in which one is being continually thrust up against other people. For one thing Oxford is a residential university. Nearly every-

one lives not at home, but in or near a college. Students are "full-timers" in the fullest sense; during term there are not even the currents of home life to interfere with the life of the University. The result is a vigorous growth among clubs and societies and groups devoted to activities orthodox or quaint. Men rub against each other, find out for themselves friends and enemies, and generally polish their wits by the friction of mind against mind.

It is this same friction which forms the basis of Oxford academic teaching. Lectures are delivered at Oxford, but, on the whole, rarely attended. A distinguished scholar may find an audience of 100 at the first lecture of a course: after a week he may be addressing half a dozen, including four of his own pupils. The main teaching is done in tutorials where a "don" meets two or three pupils say twice a week. At each meeting one or more of the pupils reads aloud a short essay on a subject previously allotted to him; and as he reads listens to the freely expressed opinions of the tutor, and (less frequently) of his fellow pupils. Such a procedure can sting a man to great activity, making him not only express his opinions but also defend them against expert criticism. The meeting closes with the allotment of a fresh group of essays. This process continues throughout a term, which is often closed by a term examination or "collection." According to report the dons used to "collect" their fees from students, but nowadays they collect examination scripts.

The actual course of the tutorial depends largely on the tutor. Some say much, and some little. Some speak chiefly about the subject of the essay, and others deal chiefly with its matter of style. Personal habits vary also. I remember a small dark bristly man, with cheerful bonhomie, whose remarks were often a stimulating revelation of the inner life of things historical, and sometimes a penetrating analysis of one's own sins. He was a pipe smoker, and his pipe naturally went out as he talked. He was reputed to smoke a box of matches per tutorial. His colleague was tall, with a penetrating eye and encyclopaedic knowledge. He also smoked a pipe, which he lit from the fire with the aid of wooden matches about a foot long. He would bend to the fire, light one of these matches—and then think of something. Learned discourse fol-

lowed, while the lighted match hovered vainly, burnt out, and was replaced by another which in its turn burnt unused. His pupils were equally fascinated by his scholarship and his perpetually frustrated match.

Underneath local differences there are certain fundamental features shared by all Oxford tutorials. For one thing, they are based on the frequent writing of short essays—a man may have to write three four-page essays per fortnight. This system teaches men to dig essential points from big books, and to express the results in concise and vigorous language. Again the system is built upon the fact that Oxford terms are short (eight weeks each) and vacations correspondingly long. It is said that the length of vacations was originally framed to enable students to get back to farms at times when their labour was most needed. Nowadays few undergraduates work on farms but these vacations give opportunity for reading which is particularly necessary in view of the lack of continuity in essay-work.

Another essential fact to the background of work is that the tutor is very unlikely to examine his own pupils in University examinations. The bigger "schools" are examined by a board of four or five Oxford dons and one outsider. Even if a man's tutor is examining, he is only one among five, and the board is external and impersonal. The result is that the tutor, though responsible for a man's learning and behaviour, is felt to be the pupil's ally against a common enemy—the examiner. This helps to give a friendly atmosphere to some tutorials—though of course not to all—and this in its turn helps to promote that free contact of minds which is so important a part of Oxford life.

Such are some of the main features of the Oxford system—fruits of centuries of tradition stimulated and pruned by the criticisms and enthusiasms of the 19th century. It has already adjusted itself in many ways to the needs and the stimulation of the 20th century; for Oxford is a living and changing society.

—F. L. W. Wood.

of Disputation

*I WOULD I were
of those who*

(argumentative)

entangle all in one emmeshing web

not these half-knotted ends

this frayed-out phrase

these straying commentries

but one whole net

thin, spid'ry, but entire

no flimsy thread of tenuous casuistry

no warp and woof that keep not company

but system, patterned thought, and symmetry

then

in disputation

I should not need to say—

only the fool demands consistency.

—I.D.C.

The Poet

*I COME from haunts of Keats and Burns,
I make a sudden sonnet;
As one who sees a lamb, and yearns
To write a poem on it.*

*I mingle in my boyhood days
With literary rebels;
I struggle for my laureate bays,
I babble over pebbles.*

*And what though life may often seem
Unhappy, drab and hollow?
I write it off as but a dream
And close my eyes and swallow.*

*I oft forgo my food and rest
With mental torture racked, till
I weave a subtle anapaest
Or snappy little dactyl.*

*On swift iambic feet I fly
With tricks of rhythm clever:
On such an easy metre I
Could rhyme along for ever.*

*O'er literary ways I dance
Through doggerel and classic,
With here and there a hopeful glance
At altitudes Parnassic.*

*For even Wordsworth's stony waste
Of wilderness Siberian*

*Has oftentimes a little taste
Of water-cress Pierian.*

*So gather I, through toil and debt,
For my poetic salad,
With here and there a triolet
And here and there a ballad.*

*With Cowper now I gloom and glide
Through dark and dreary levels,
Or plunge into the swirling tide
Of loose Byronic revels.*

*I walk the green Elysian lawns
With Grecian gods and goddesses
Or raise the gentle reader's yawns
With tough, long-winded Odysseys.*

*Or as the Swinburne manner is,
With pessimism weary all,
And toss off his philosophies
Of decadence venerable.*

*Or else with Blake I foam and prance
In metaphysic shallows;
I slip! I slide!—and end my dance
On some reviewer's gallows.*

*I burble, burble, as I go
To Lethe's brimming river,
Till claimed by that oblivious flow
I'm swallowed up for ever.*

—H.W.G.

The Man

*BESIDE the stream he stands, his arm along
A smooth strong branch: the very air is quick
With green, sun-dappled. On his hair there gleams
Soft netted light, thin, pure and gold.
He dreams there, happy; in his brain stir thoughts
So dear, and small, and sweet. The lovely spot
Is hallowed by his tenderness. Its beauty wakes
His heart to deep and hushed content, before
He sighs, and turns, and passes on his way.
Thus men have paused a moment by the stream
And seen, and felt, and dreamed, since once there came
A queer two-legged Thing with crude flint tools
Who looked, and paused, and for a moment felt
A vague sweet peacefulness; for in his strange
Primeval brain, stirred dim primeval joy
That such a spot could be. So, now and then,
One reaches here, and stops to dream, just so,
His arm along the smooth strong branch;
Then sighs, and turns, and passes on his way.*

—Margaret Perrett.

*FRAMED in the soft glow of an autumn eve
I saw you, smiling, stand beside the child,
The pattern of your simple summer dress
Blending in a harmony of mild
Soft blues and greens with the hydrangea bush.
I saw the slender firmness of your form,
The youthful roundness of your breast,
The round white arms, your hair, your lips—
And as I looked, could scarcely realise
That you had borne the young child at your feet,
Until I saw the new light in your eyes,
And heard a strange new softness in your voice.*

—C.

Smad, 1935

A REVIEWMAN is lucky if he knows beforehand what his readers want, and the more agile he is in catching their various views within one net, while maintaining an appearance of homogeneity, the more widely will he be commended. One such person intending to follow this enlightened principle, set out to find the student mind concerning *Smad*—but how true of students in general is the Canterbury College motto: *Tot homines quot sententiae*.

The opinions he gathered were like these:

"So like a newspaper,"
"Not enough like a newspaper,"
"Too much like a newspaper,"
"Piffling,"
"Highbrow,"
"Lowbrow,"

and other fine shades of opinion. It seemed after this that the lesser tax on the reviewer's ingenuity would be to frame his story honestly. A reviewer's task is difficult indeed.

The first *Smad* saw the light in August, 1930. It had a bright green cover, and thenceforward appeared monthly. Its avowed object was to direct the light of publicity on College activities and personalities and to defend student rights against the attacks of the oppressors.

In 1934 *Smad* was still alive; in the time that had elapsed its cover had become first a more sombre green, then black and white, and finally photographic. Its monthly appearance was only perhaps, but it had lived to record some exciting events. In 1932 it saw a contemporary crushed by the oppressors; in 1933 it joined in the war waged in the name of Freedom of Speech (another contemporary was smitten), and in 1934 the Anti-Warriors kept College opinion on tiptoes.

The stiff chrysalis was shed in 1935 when *Smad* became a weekly. Apart from making for easier reading in lectures, the great advantage of the metamorphosis was the opportunity it gave of recording College activities before they became stale news.

One of the most noticeable features about life at V.U.C. this year has been the falling off of interest in debates. This is possibly due in part to the damping of the ardent spirits by restric-

tions on debating certain "dangerous" subjects, but be this the reason or not, the result of the falling off has clearly been to restrict the field of thinking among students, and to cramp the horizon within parochial limits.

All this has been reflected in *Smad*. The only sustained controversy has been on the perennial topic of Religion, and largely this has not been read; argument in this field is barren, and the ground covered is generally not new. *Smad* could find more useful things to do than to publish trite columns of religious debate. Of course it must be admitted that attacking religion seems to be a sort of teething ring for the young radicals, and perhaps they should be allowed to develop their teeth, even if they do decay later on.

Why has not *Smad* sustained useful argument in its columns? Student opinion can be kept active if it is tossed to and fro between the opposing blows of protagonists. If it is desirable for students to do any thinking outside the limits of examination prescriptions, then it is *Smad's* Heaven-sent mission to foster this activity. The editorial entitled "Controversy" was along the right lines and shows that the staff is aware of the problem, but the matter should not rest there.

Parochialism was mentioned. A sad feature of the new *Smad* is the way in which chatter about local events has excluded contributions of broader interest. This is due mainly to the newspaper form of *Smad*—which is not suitable for the developed literary efforts which its green covered predecessor was sometimes able to present. What *Smad* might very well do to prevent its outlook from becoming entirely local, would be to set aside a column for remarks on matters of national or world importance. Short contributions expressed perhaps in an irreverent or iconoclastic manner, could be most useful, and outsiders would have something to buy *Smad* for.

Although the balance of the material in *Smad* 1935, flippant and serious, local and controversial, might be improved upon, there is no doubt that the material itself has generally been excellent. Especially have the light-hearted reports of meetings been easy to read.

A stony silence is registered on the subject of verse.

A complete page devoted to athleticism is a little cross that has to be borne. No doubt it succeeded in its object of giving the fans the "low-down" on the players. There was no soft soap about the Sports editor.

With the mention of soft soap the place seems appropriate for congratulations to the Editor and the staff on the excellent work they have done

during the year. The efficiency of the organisation which always produced the journal on time—despite strikes—is monumental for a university. A word of praise should be added for the business manager who ensured *Smad* of continued existence.

—R.S.O.

P.S.—Something really ought to be done about the excessively puerile name the journal labours under.

Non-Combatants

SUNLIGHT soft-flowing,
earth-pulses slowing—
pleasantly glowing;
sweetly at rest:
thrush in her bower,
bee on his flower—
powdered his breast.

*Yes, the birds on the hill
singing and singing:
Heaven athrill.*

*Breaks the dull thunder
silence asunder;
bloodshed and plunder
loosed on the land.
Hillsides are shattered,
shell-torn, blood-spattered,
blown into sand.*

*And the birds on the hill,
aimlessly flutt'ring,
sorrow their fill.*

*Bruit of slaying
dies; and the greying
night falls, conveying
rest to the eyes.
Bereft creatures wailing;
unheard, unavailing
their voices arise.*

*With the birds on the hill
crying and crying,
all becomes still.*

—BAS.

Reverie

GOLDEN BAY! The warm rain from the sea, the white sand of the road crunching beneath my feet, and the mind at rest. The sea gently laps against the beach, and the patter of the rain on the water adds to the calmness of the morning, with the green forest covering the cloud-topped hills to the left, and far to the south the snow coming down from the peaks of the mountains to the bare brown foothills.

Like all great days, that day also came to an end, and as I lay under the friendly darkness of the roof, happy in the knowledge that nearby my fellow-men were talking by the warmth of the fire, I had for the background of my thoughts the booming of the waves as they rolled in from the Tasman and beat in useless fury on the rocky cliffs of Cape Farewell. Above the monotone of the night came the shrill call of a weka as he raised his beak to the wan stars, and cried out in anguish that the night could be so sad and beautiful.

The scene changes. This cold, clear winter's day has been full of interest. I have broken off the icicles that hang from the steep banks of the road; I have leaned over a bridge in the shade of a patch of bush, watching the spray of a tiny waterfall freeze into drops of ice; I have joked with a group of roadmen warming their hands by a huge log fire; and all the time the peaks of the mountains have been coming nearer round the bends of the winding road. The approaching night suddenly makes me shiver, as though someone is looking down on me from the shadow of the hills, and I suddenly look round over my shoulder. There, above the shades of the valley, is a snowy peak, lit up by the dying glow of the sunset. Does all beauty make the heart ache like this? I turned and tramped onwards into the solitude of the night.

Nelson now lay behind me, and I was in Marlborough once again. Three times during the morning I had dived into the river, that wound its way from one shaded pool to another, and now,

in the warmth of the summer's afternoon, the world was very peaceful as I lay in the long grass, looking up at the sky and listening to the song of the cicadas and the chatter of the girls picking blackberries. But there were many miles to go, and soon after the cheery "Good-byes" had been spoken I began the long climb up through the bush, resting occasionally to gaze through the trees at the distant Rai. Look Out Peak at last, and there beneath me lay the bush-clad reaches of Tennyson Inlet, and far beyond the brown hills of the grazing country. Memories came flocking to my mind as I recalled the months I had spent climbing those hills, calling to the dogs, cursing the sheep, cutting the scented manuka, and singing all the day. When I finished the descent to the Sound the sun had gone, but in the hushed twilight the tall trees were more majestic than ever, and their beauty was almost oppressive; and then in the darkness the barking of the dogs, and the welcoming voices, and sleep.

A hundred miles to the south of the Marlborough Sounds lies Kaikoura. After coming down the banks of the sombre Clarence River in the morning I had tramped down the wild coast during the day, along the road cut out of the grey rock, with the immense caves ending in blackness, and on into the open country, with its quiet dairy farms. Evening was near, and as I turned round to count the miles behind me, I saw to the northwest the Kaikoura Mountains, with Tapuaenuku towering over all, but the whole snowy range was covered with a hazy glory that filled the heart with peace and drove away all weariness.

It was spring when I reached Christchurch, and all the trees were in bloom. As I lay in bed, memories of these scenes came back unbidden, and many another—Arthur's Pass, Roto-iti, D'Urville Island, was there no end to them? The pink cherry tree outside lost its brightness as a cloud covered the sun, and a blue-clad nurse came in and closed the window. I had come to the end of the chapter.

—D. R. C.

Ode to an Honours Student

Crossing the threshold of the Temple of Knowledge, the new student sees before him Learning's handmaids, the women of the University. Unquiet of soul (for he can still recall the existence of an outer world, and fears for the future of these votaries), he is moved to these reflections:—

SWEET girl! In study's frowsy gloom
You sit in silence golden—
A flower within a sunless room
With petals drooped and folden.
Yet mystic paths it seems you ride,
Your lover Reason at your side
And dreams of every age beside,
Both new and quaintly olden.

The flame of life is leaping high
Fann'd by the breeze of youth;
A glimmering in an unknown sky
Proclaims the torch of Truth;
To dwell within the realms of Thought
(Though more of fact than fancy wrought)
Is solitude too dearly bought
It seems, in very truth.

Deeming the fruits that Learning brings
An ample compensation
For headaches, and such kindred things
As come with concentration
You move in dark and twisty ways
(I follow in a kind of daze
In labyrinthic verbal maze
And mental perspiration).

As one who on the threshold stands
Of higher erudition
I see you greet the ancient bands
With easy recognition.
I wonder, does it never seem
When stars upon still waters gleam
Philosophy's an empty dream,
The "realms of Thought," perdition!

*The flame of life may pass away
Before the breeze that fann'd it;
The thriving thought forget one day
The very Mind that plann'd it;
And in this world of song and strife
You, Learning's child and Reason's wife,
May find you know too much of life
To really understand it.*

—I.R.McL.

Ex Contubernio Robur Sed Quaere

"Weir residence maketh a compleat man." So runs the new adage of the College; or, rather, to speak truth, the new dogma of those the many conversaying artists and sooth-sayers of all kinds who take wish for deed and thought for act, and find in everything those qualities only which they embarked to seek.

Little do they know of men that thus glorify the fame of an institution so late establisht, so newly formed, set up so recent in the memory of man. It is well said, "An old path may twist, but it is well worn." Nor are new ways so soon clipt of hindring branches, nor their stones smooth-paved to the feet.

It is a curious mathematic that misleads to these fantastic, ill-shapt views. As well burnish the bronze of sociability among five as fifty. As well? Nay, better. Do twenty make closest company, or two? Where seek true valour, on the bright stage before a hundred eyes, or in what's done unvauntedly among a few? Will men live better simply in a crowd? We trim the lamp of honour best for deeds ill-suited to this idle heresy.

In truth, it is keenly to be desired that we should be "of the corporation of the commonwealth"; nor is it other than contemptuous for a man so to forsake his fellows as if the whole intercourse of life were base and loathsome, and all men's hopes and ills no care of his. Yet how vain the fancy that the broader the roof above our heads, the greater the communion of our hearts. Though it have a thousand doors and passage-ways, yea, and ten thousand windows, yet is it but the worsier labyrinth, a maze of conflicts in which the more frequent and casual the contacts, the feebler their significance and influence; even as a man who, seeing another in pain, shall haste to relieve him, yet seeing a town laid desolate with plague, shall run hither and hither aimlessly, the unity of his will dissolved, his purpose vanisht in confusion.

Let a man determine within himself the truth concerning these things; and knowing the truth escape the hither pitfalls, seeing yet the goal beyond.

—Cato.

Wedding Eve



HE family had gathered for the last wedding. Every room of the old house was occupied, the bedrooms crammed with luggage, and the living-rooms filled with people. "Bees in the hive," said Claire to herself as she listened to the chatter. "And I feel despondent, like the queen bee going to lead out the swarm . . . or don't queen bees become despondent? I must look up Maeterlinck about that." Anyway, it was depressing to think that her marriage was the cause of the home being broken up. It was no comfort to reflect that the house would be too big for her parents on their own.

This furious talking was unnerving; she must find Eric and get him to take her to the bottom of the orchard. It would be the last time, too. She went into the drawing-room; nearly everyone was grouped round the trestle table on the far side of the room, admiring or criticising the presents. At the other side of the room her eldest nephew was lying back on the couch and smiling to himself.

"A penny, John?"

"Well, I was just thinking how different everybody is, though we all belong to the one family. No two of us alike. It reminds me of all the different jugs brought to a dairy."

"Yes, that's almost worth a penny, John, but have you seen Eric?"

She glanced into the dining-room, Eric was not there; only her youngest sister Amy holding court. "Amy is always happy in a crowd," was her reflection. She was nearly knocked down in the hall by a younger nephew, Bobbie, who came rushing through from the kitchen, with one of the girl's dolls in his hand. She said to him, "It's time your mother arrived to look after you," and remarked to herself, "Ethel never thinks how much trouble her youngsters are going to cause other people when she leaves them."

She found Eric at last, sitting on the porch steps, smoking and talking with some of the men.

An hour later they returned. The house was blazing with lights downstairs, but there was no

sound of movement. "How quiet it is. . . . I wonder what everyone is doing; they are not all in bed yet," said Clare, thinking aloud. "Perhaps they have all got sore throats by now," was Eric's conjecture.

They stepped through the open French window into the drawing-room. For a few seconds Clare thought the room was empty. Then she was able to make out several people with their backs towards her, clustered round the hall doorway. She was puzzled to know what they were doing. First one and then another stood on tip-toe and tried to peer into the hall. Their silent pre-occupation was ominous. Fearfully she crossed the room.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Everybody near the door started, but for a second or two no one answered. Then a cataract of voices, as everyone began to talk at once. Clare could understand nothing, so she pushed her way into the crowded hall. In the centre was her sister Amy, trying to hold off her father at an arm's length. She was dishevelled and her face wet with tears. With her back to the stair cupboard, it appeared that she was trying to resist her father's efforts to draw her away from it. At the sight of Clare, she rushed forward and seized her violently.

"Oh, Clare," she cried hysterically, "I've ruined your wedding, I've ruined your wedding. Forgive me, Clare, won't you?"

"What has happened?" said Clare, with unnatural deliberation.

"Bobbie's dead in the stair cupboard, Clare, and it's my fault. He was making a terrible nuisance of himself and I shut him up. Ethel will be here any minute now, and what will I do?" and her voice became choked with sobs.

Bobbie dead! Clare could not believe it. She had met him in the hall as she went out, with an impish grin on his face—the personification of mischief. She glanced round the room and saw the distraught faces. He was dead, then. Memories of his endearing ways began to flit through her mind, though she had never been really fond of him. She was aware of growing resentment towards Amy, but to comfort her, said, "I know it was an accident, Amy."

"Do you really think so, Clare?" said Amy, vividly. "I'm glad you understand. The others don't."

"That's all right, Amy, but what really happened?"

Amy went on: "I was busy talking in the dining-room and I forgot all about him."

"Amy talks too much," said someone, bitterly.

Amy clung to Clare. "Oh, Clare, save me!" she sobbed.

It was drowned by Eric's bursting out, "The hell, can't you shut up, Barbara." Clare's whisper of "Go on, Amy," sounded stentorian in the ensuing silence.

"That was nearly an hour ago," Amy continued, "and when I remembered him I flew in here and was just going to open the door when Janet said, 'He will be suffocated to death,' and I couldn't open the door then. So I called, 'Bobbie, Bobbie,' and there was no answer. Clare, Clare, what will I do? I can't open that door and find him suffocated." and then, with an hysterical shriek, "His face will be all blue."

"And she won't let anyone else open the cupboard, either," said her father. "We were just trying to pull her away when you arrived."

Clare was silent for a minute, then said abruptly, "Will you all please leave the room. Amy and I will see to this. Yes, Eric, you too. I will call you when I want you."

When the door had shut, Amy burst out, "Oh Clare, you are wonderful. I felt as if I was going crazy. They were all so close to me. Oh Clare."

"Yes, yes, Amy, but we have got to do this now. Can you help me? I think it will be best if you open the door and I look inside."

"Very well, I will open it."

"But you need not look."

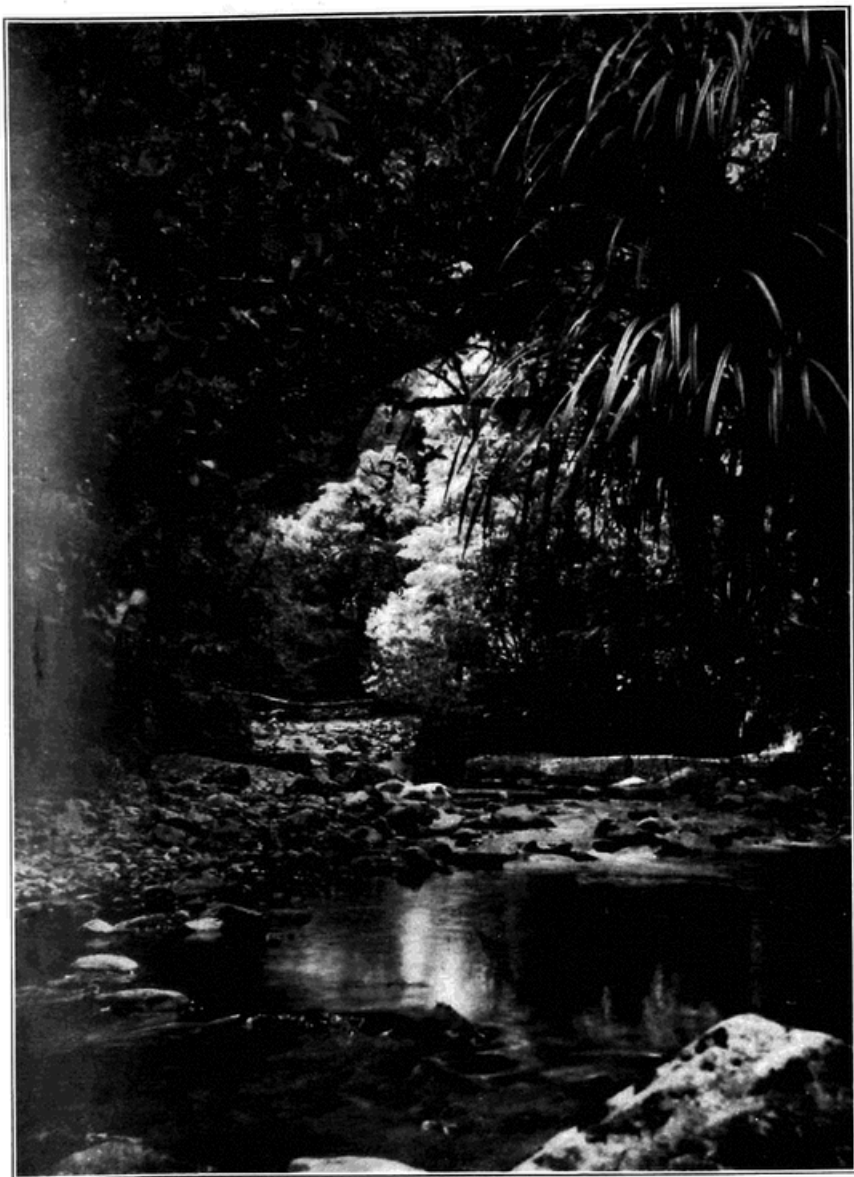
Amy turned the key; it grated and clogged. She pulled the door back slowly, as if it were very heavy. Nothing could be seen until it was wide open. The sisters stood side by side, looking in. A patch of light shone on the floor of the cupboard. In the light were Bobbie's legs, inert and strangely twisted, like dead branches of a windswept tree. The rest of his body was in the shadow, but it could be seen that his head had fallen forward on his chest. Scattered around his feet were the skins of bananas, oranges and passion fruit—empty, shapeless, lifeless, their disarray was pathetic.

"He has eaten all the wedding fruit," said Clare, petulantly.

"I am glad he did," whispered Amy, visualising that Bobby had found consolation for his imprisonment.

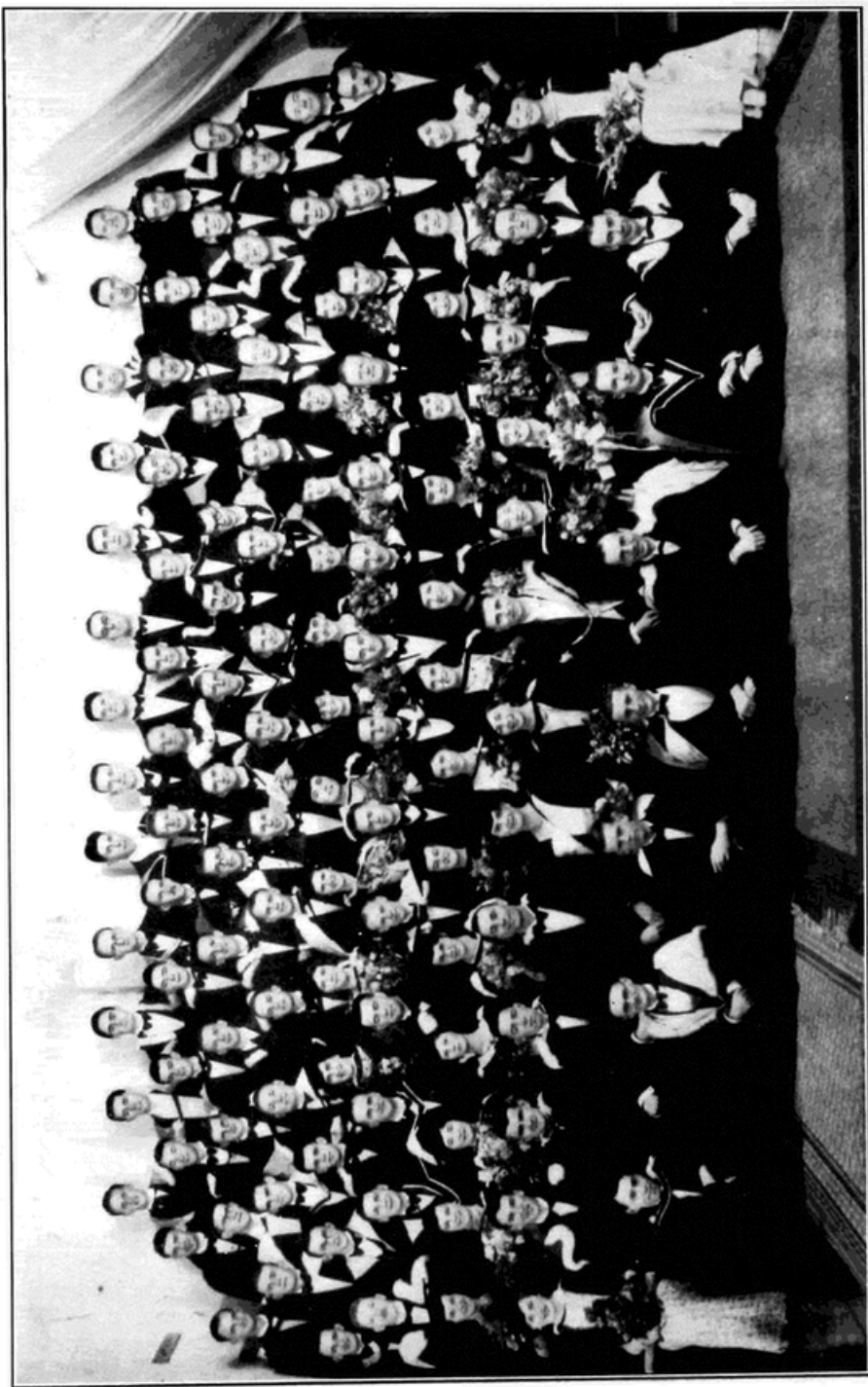
Clare was now wondering what the next move should be. She glanced at Amy. Perfectly motionless, Amy was leaning forward, staring into the cupboard. From her immobility Clare realised that Amy had been mesmerised by the scene. Any suggestion Clare made, on the entry of anybody else, would bring back to her the real position and shatter her morbid fascination. Any moment Clare expected to hear Eric tapping on the drawing-room door. By her short-sightedness she had extracted Amy from one situation to place her in a worse one.

Then came the noise of a car. Here was Ethel! She felt Amy clutch her arm. The car was accelerating up the drive, the engine rising to a whine. Nearer and nearer rushed the car, higher and higher whined the engine. Clare felt Amy's grip tighten. It was nearly upon them. A shattering blast from the horn. Amy screamed. Over Amy's shoulder Clare saw Bobbie stir sleepily and straighten out his legs.



Turere, Orongorongo.

R. A. Davison.



Crown Studios.

THE GRADUATES, 1935.

Victoria College Graduates, 1935

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.

Browne, Christine Mary (2nd Class in Latin).
Geaney, Humphrey (2nd Class in History).
Langford, Ernest Harold (from Otago), (2nd Class in Economics).
Lyons, Lawrence Michael (1st Class in French).
McElwain, Donald William (1st Class in Education).
Thurston, John Benjamin (1st Class in Education).
Wilson, Heather Pinnell (2nd Class in History).

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Gambrill, Mollie Dilnot.
Gibson, Arnold Tracey.
Gosnell, Wallace Burdett.
Grono, Robert Noel.
Insull, Herbert Alexander Horace.
Marshall, Jean Frances.
Scott, Kenneth John.
Slyfield, Millicent Doreen (1932).
Thom, Alan Henry.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Andrews, Stanley George.
Ashby, Joan.
Baker, John Victor Tuwhakawhewā.
Bibby, James Bruce.
Brown, Cyril Maxwell Palmer.
Brown, Nina Sybil.
Butler, Muriel Caroline.
Cambourn, Frances.
Caughley, Annie Kathleen.
Chesterman, Erl Richard.
Christie, Ethel May.
Clark, Muriel Winifred.
Clendon, Nancy Claire.
Cook, Enid Delvalle.
Dalglish, Robert Graeme Gilbert.
Edwards, Frederick William.
Fairway, Edward James Llewellyn.
Griffiths, Clifford Avery.
Halliday, George.
Hamlin, Rona Ema Lomax.
Harding, Margaret Audrey.
Harkness, Olive Dalglish.
Harrison, Roy Herbert Winfred.
Hursthouse, Mary Fearon.
Jackson, Basil George (from Auckland).
Katz, Alfred Hyman.
Lancaster, Edna Muriel.

Lindsay, Muriel Jean.
Lingard, Frank.
Mason, Zelma Oakley.
Muskier, Doris.
Neen, Greta Sarah Eliza.
Ostler, Joan Mary.
Patterson, William Gibson.
Percy, George Heriot.
Riley, Miriam Jessie.
Ross, Mavis Jannette.
Salter, Donald Robert.
Scotney, Albert Henry.
Sharp, Freda Lily.
Smith, Barbara Mary.
Thawley, Ralph.
Thompson, Marshall Roscoe.
Vickery, Ernest Raymond.
Watts, Jean Bremner.
Weston, Clarice Annie.
Whitworth, Herbert Lees.
Wicks, Beryl May.
Wills, Alan Russell.
Wilson, Guthrie Edward.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS.

Andrews, David Ernest (1st Class in Chemistry).
Benson, Norma Beatrice (2nd Class in Zoology).
Boyd, Mary Mackay Macdonald (1st Class in Zoology).
Clare, Norman Trevor (2nd Class in Chemistry).
Lowry, Zoe Verna (from Canterbury), (2nd Class in Chemistry).
Palmer, Noel Raymond (2nd Class in Physics).
Robertson, Phyllis Lorraine (1st Class in Zoology).
Strong, John Austin (1st Class in Electricity and Magnetism, 1933).
Wall, Grace Edith (1st Class in Zoology).
Woodford, Alfred Walter (2nd Class in Physics).

MASTERS OF SCIENCE.

Espinier, Arthur Colin.
(Kerr, John Ernest Douglas).
McGregor, Archibald Andrew David.
McIlroy, Robert Joseph.
Reid, John Stanley.
Walter, David Mitchell (from Canterbury).
Watt, Ian Greville.

BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.

Abraham, Henry James McKellar.
Archibald, Charles Ian Warwick.

Birtles, Albred James.
 Callow, Douglas William.
 Donne, Amy Shirley.
 Frost, James Lawrence.
 Gibbs, Harry Stephen.
 Hurley, John Joseph.
 Lancaster, Robert Julian.
 Larsen, Laurence Norman (from Canterbury).
 Marshall, Patricia May.
 Patterson, David.
 Paul, Gordon Whittem.
 Rafter, Thomas Athol.
 Rands, Maxwell Barrett.
 Reynolds, Sydney McGregor.
 Saxton, Frederick William.
 Stanley, Victor Alan.
 Stewart, Fredrick Howard.
 Warner, Lionel Allan Cromwell.
 Watts, Ian Edward Main (from Canterbury).
 Wilkinson, Henry Wood.

MASTERS OF LAWS WITH HONOURS.

Campbell, Ian Drummond (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict, Contract and Torts, Companies).
 Charters, John Leslie (2nd Class in Jurisprudence, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).
 Rosen, Harry (1st Class in International Law and Conflict, Contract and Torts, Negligence, etc.).
 Vickerman, Bryan Nelson (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict, Contract and Torts, Companies, 1933).
 Wild, Herbert Richmond Churton (2nd Class in International Law and Conflict, Contract and Torts, Companies).

MASTERS OF LAWS.

Birks, Walter Richard.
 Pettit, Ralph Lancelot.
 Wicks, Arthur Gordon.

BACHELORS OF LAWS.

(Cain, Gordon).
 (Elliott, Kenneth Louis).
 Kemp, William James.
 Larkin, Reginald John.
 Marshall, John Ross.
 McBride, James Alfred.
 Turner, Charles Maxwell.
 Willis, Walter Max.
 Worsfold, George Herries.

MASTERS OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS.

Heggie, Eric Gwilliam (2nd Class in Economics and Economic History).
 Walker, Ernest John (2nd Class in Economics and Company Law).

MASTER OF COMMERCE.

Read, Cecil John.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.

Ashenden, Noel.
 Benge, Thomas Ilyffe.
 Birnie, William Lockhart.
 Bright, William James (1933).
 Corser, Douglas James.
 Davidson, Aileen May.
 Foster, George David.
 Henderson, David John.
 Hope, Gordon Robert James.
 King, Leslie Harding.
 Lambert, Alan Murdoch.
 Lingard, Frank.
 Middlebrook, Cyril Chapple.
 Morpeth, Richard Carroll.
 Mules, John Philip.
 McNaught, Alexander William.
 O'Keefe, Albert Henry.
 Roberts, Wilfred Henry.
 Robertson, James.
 Rosen, Charles.
 Savage, Stanley George.
 Sayers, Harry Charles.
 Staveley, Mary Brenda.
 Taylor, George Bertram (from Canterbury).
 Thomas, Owen Gwyn.
 Turner, Robert Langley Arthur.
 Watt, James Robert.
 Wright, Ian Stevenson.

BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

Cook, Henry George.

DIPLOMAS IN EDUCATION.

Bird, Alfred Watson.
 Francis, Vivian Frederick Odem.
 Marchant, Leslie Harold.
 Walsh, William Henry Patrick.

DIPLOMA IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Bibby, James Bruce.
 Sansum, Harry Maynard.

DIPLOMA IN BANKING.

Reid, Lester Herbert.

Degrees Previously Conferred

HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LITERATURE.

Jenness, Diamond.

DOCTOR OF LITERATURE.

Nicol, John.

DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.

Bastings, Lyndon (Victoria and Otago).

MASTERS OF ARTS WITH HONOURS.

Hunt, Brenda Eden Hyland (2nd Class in History).

Sage, Clive Bateman (1st Class in English).

Singleton, Joan (2nd Class in French).

MASTER OF ARTS.

Coup, Ngaire Elizabeth.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Bancks, Norman.

Barker, Arthur John David.

Bell, Gwenyth Edna.

Corbett, Dorothy May.

Dukeson, Katherine Isobel.

Norman-Jones, Gwenda Josephine.

Pilcher, Dudley Mervyn.

Stewart, Rhoda Marjorie.

BACHELOR OF LAWS.

Laking, George Robert.

BACHELORS OF COMMERCE.

Galyer, Raymond Frank.

Hume, Keith Hamilton.

Pargeter, Aubrey Huia.

Scholarships, 1934-5

Post Graduate Scholarship (In Arts): D. W. McElwain.

Senior Scholarships: French—C. A. Griffiths; History—S. G. Andrews;
Philosophy—A. H. Katz; Economics—C. M. P. Brown.

Tinline Scholarship: H. L. Whitworth.

Libido

TONIGHT

*I dream of conquest—red lips
And coolly writhing thighs,
Gay, sparkling eyes, shot with
Arrow flashes, yet slowly
Languid—full of Venus charm,
Sweetly insolent and very tempting.
A passer-by—exhilarating.*

—R.G.T.

(All care but no responsibility was taken in publishing this verse.)

The Picture that Wasn't

I HAVE not been able to find out where that picture was shown, or even that there was a picture. But Bill said he saw it, and Bill would not even deceive an examiner, much less a fellow-student who believes in nothing.

He went off to his Term exam. that evening with an expression of quiet confidence in his ability to satisfy the minimum requirements for an honourable failure. When he returned, I thought he looked a little vague. How did the exam. go? I asked. Exam.? said Bill; I've been to the pictures.

He couldn't tell me what pictures or where. All he remembered was the film. Educational film, he said.

I'll say it was. It was entitled "Victoria Sempiterna" and purported to trace the career of a University College from the beginning of time. Cosmic history, you know, said Bill; H. G. Wells stuff and all that—producer had a name like Wells—Brooks, I think—or maybe it was Birks. Comic history, I suggested. No, quite serious, said Bill.

There was a Commentator. Fellow called Mac, said Bill. Mac who? I asked. Damfino, said Bill; all Macs look alike to me. They talk alike, I said. I suppose you can call it talk, said Bill; listen to this.

To ken the true pathos an' sublime o' Veectoria College (said the Commentator, as nearly as Bill could remember), dinna confuse your brains in College classes whaur, as the poet Burruns justly remarks, ye gang in stirks an' come oot stud asses, but kittle up your notions o' auld lang syne an' backward cast your e'en on prospects drear till ye gae tapsalteerie an' in your fancy's flight see naethin' at a', at a', as the poet Burruns puts it wi' unco skill, but only an un-miteegated darrkness, an inspissated gloom, an illimeetable inane brimmin' o'er wi' the founess o' vacuity like the intellec' o' some puir brither in an examination room when November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh, as the poet Burruns onomatopoetically sings, an' in this rudeimentary condection o' things tak a peek at the Deil wi' business in his hand, as the poet Burruns tactfully describes it, stickin' his smouty phiz wi' eldritch croon intae the holes an' corners o' the wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous nebula o' what was to

be the Veectoria University College, an' chucklin' atween unco whiffs o' brunstane, "Wee modest crimson-tipped flow'r, Thou's met me in an evil hour," as the poet Burruns, wi' a deep understandin' o' the vegetable psychology, writes, "but mony a cantie day we'll hae wi' ane anither, for a' that, an' a' that . . ." For a' what? I asked of Bill. Search me, said Bill.

You see, said Bill, that was the mysterious beginnin' o' things, before Veectoria College cam wi' shinin' arrums, to wit, a canteen azure charrged wi' four-X, to cast before the graceless snouts o' homo insipiens the benefits o' hired education. Firrst there was naethin' at a', at a'. Then resounded a mighty click, like Brookie snappin' his fingers, an' lo, oot o' the unluminoous abyss, a blaze chaotic an' liquescent plains o' ever-seethin' fire, in which the elements o' the expandin' universe were elaborated an' raised frae star-seed into embryo orbis, until at last we hae prolific earth life-stored wi' light impregnd, a creeping mass alive wi' shapeless things an' . . . For the love of Mike, I interrupted, cut out that Science Wing stuff and tell me what it's all about. It's the history of the College site, explained Bill; leaving out details, it goes down through Ordovician, Silurian, Triassic, Jurassic, Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene. . . Obscene, Studdassic, and Fescennine, I completed. How did you guess? asked Bill. I don't guess, I said; I know. Now look here, Bill, isn't there a song and dance anywhere in this thing? Right at the end of the first part, said Bill, where you see the Old Clay Patch all ready for a site. Over and about it, dancing and singing and sliding up and down rainbows and things, are a crowd of angels. Of what? I yelled. Guardian angels, said Bill; a bit on the dark side, though, it seemed to me. Oh, I said, and did you catch what they were singing? Well, said Bill, it sounded to me like, "Don't it, don't it, look peculiar, wi' naethin' on at a', at a'."

Then, said Bill, you see Queen Victoria signing the Charter of Victoria College. Something wrong there, I said; Victoria College hasn't got a Charter. This picture showed it being signed, sealed, and delivered, said Bill, and it was an historical picture. Maybe that explains it, I said; go on. Well, said Bill, the Queen says, Say, Romilly, maybe folks somewhere think this a chatty lil paper, but it don't look like front-page

stuff to me. It's not, your Majesty, says Romilly; it's the Charter of Victoria University College, Kelburn, N.Z. Now if that ain't too cute, says the Queen; wise me up some on this University racket, buddy—I ain't had no streamlined schooling myself. There's nothing to it, your Majesty, says Romilly, but a guy has to get a lot of it to find out. That's one helluva note, says the Queen; what's the big idea? Keep the poor poor, says Romilly. The poor stiffs, says the Queen; say, Romilly, slip 'em a few Scotch professors to help 'em like parritch. I've got the very guys, says Romilly. Atta, big boy, says the Queen, as she dabs a chunk of P.K. on the locus sigilli.

Then the clishmaclaver startred, said Bill. Ah, the bonny, bonny days—no like the noo ava—when the winsome wee thing, the bonny, blyth-some, wee Veectoria was firrst builtit, wi' the pibrochs o' John an' Hughie skirlin' oot bauld, an' Tam o' the sonsie face gently scannin' his fellow man but handin' oot some unco dingin' knocks, an' Scotchie, wha's girn's waur nor his bite, teachin' dowie callants to conceal theirsels as well's they can frae creetical dissection—thon wiz the days, an' strappin' lads an' lassies braw—no like the noo ava—wi' mickle to thole an' mickle to learn, an' healthy minds to shang in-clin'd, forgather'd in munelicht splore, till roof an' rafters a' did dirl, an' tho' forfoughten sair wi' a' the jargon o' the schools an' Latin names for horns an' stools, yet unco proud o' toils obscure an' philosophic reek an' a' that—ey, mon, 'twas a grrrand place to get away from, if ye ken what I mean. . . . I dinna ken ye at a', ye gowk, I shouted; get on wi' the picture. Wha does the utmost that he can, said Bill, will whyles do mair, as the poet Burruns says—or maybe it was Barnum, I forget which.

Bill's Doric (as he fantastically described it) hindered me from gaining any clear impression of the progress of the College in modern times. As the professors grew older, the students grew younger—so much so that the Council was eventually obliged to supply free milk in the Cafeteria. The Council was very interested in the welfare of the students, according to the account the picture gave of one of its discussions. The Chairman (Mr. Roll Pennyns) insisted that the interests of the students would be best consulted by excluding them altogether from the College. Mr. Max Friski objected to this attitude on the ground that the first duty of the College was to maintain a readily available supply of cannon

fodder. Miss Merry Bursthouse and Mr. I. D. Gambol supported Mr. Friski in the interests of Bashism, but Mr. Ken Sprott said Bashism allowed too much academic freedom for his liking. Mr. Bankerphiz affirmed his profound belief in academic freedom and instanced the Nudist Club which he had sponsored in his student days. Miss K. Hobo strongly denounced the action of a past Council in banning the Nudist Club but admitted that her admiration for anything savouring of paganism might have prejudiced her views. Mr. Alfalfa Batz deplored the anti-Christian tendencies apparent among students and asked the Council to reconsider its decision not to establish a Chair of Theology. Mr. A. H. Trotskney stoutly asserted his agreement with Mr. Batz or with anybody else who might agree with him and said that for two pins he would turn Communist or Buddhist or Somersault or any old thing just to bring the Council to a realization of where its materialistic notions were leading it. Mr. Kingi Barmitzpah asked whether it had come to the ears of the Council that the mean, measly, mealmouthed, miserable misers on the Executive of the Students' Association had actually refused to supply Mr. Trotskney with two pins. . . .

The scene changed to the Students' Association, said Bill. Here was conflict. The number of College Clubs had increased until every student past his freshman year was the secretary of one or more (usually more) clubs; and College politics had become a struggle of Club with Club for the control of the Students' Association. The crisis came when the Stud Ass Executive refused the demand of the Letter Rack Club for additional Blues for its members. The Letter Rack Club had only one member (the Secretary) but held the College record for the pomposity and length of its annual reports, which were its only effective activity and invariably appeared in the public press. At a famous meeting of the Students' Association Mr. Charles Blank moved the most famous resolution of his famous career. It ran thus: "That clause 987(351) (x) (ii) (ccdd) (91₈) (Q) (.001) of the Constitution be amended (1) by deleting the words 'and' and 'or' wherever they may occur, (2) by substituting for every remaining word the word immediately preceding such word or following it, as the case may be, and vice versa, (3) by omitting all commas, (4) by reversing all full stops, and (5) by deleting the heading 'Amended Amended Amendment of Amended Amendment' and substituting the heading 'Machinery Clause Only'." Observing the meet-

ing to be completely stunned by the brilliance of his latest move, Mr. Blank seized the opportunity to execute an equally brilliant coup d'etat by declaring the Students' Association abolished and himself appointed Dictator of Student Affairs. The Blanky Millennium was in sight.

But ha (said Bill), what is this happening away from the meeting? The Freshers have long resented their exclusion from College Tammany (as the Clubs have come to be called) and for some time have been secretly drilling themselves to keep out of step. On this fateful First of April they issue from Weir House in a body, and march upon the Gymnasium. Of a sudden the heavens are filled with shouting and there rains a ghastly duw from the windows and doors of the decrepit old structure as member after member of the Million Clubs is hurled out upon the Ping Pong courts below. Attempting to escape in the disguise of a gas meter, the Dictator is seized; and cheer after cheer arises from the ranks of the Fresh Movement as he emerges from the gym, in the close custody of the bottle-scared heroes, Bilda Burley (charmingly attired in a necklace of cup handles), Bob Bagshot (debagged, but honourably concealed in the remains of the coffee urn), and H. R. Child and H. M. McInksplotch (with typewriter keys sticking out of their coiffures, giving a very pleasant Japanese effect). Louder still is the cheering as the advertising board of the New Building Committee, bearing the legend "In the Sweet Bye-and-bye," sails through the air, to shatter upon the ground in a thousand pieces that will never meet again. But pandemonium reigns supreme as a lithe figure is seen to run nimbly up the College flagpole and nail thereon the Napkin of the Youth Movement. A slight breeze shakes out the pure white folds of the glorious emblem. The rays of the dying sun tint it red. (Confirm' ma worst suspesicions, said Bill.)

But ha (said Bill again), d'ye ken that sinister figure skulkin' among the tombstones yander, a weedin o' destraction grippit in its han'? "What is the signifeecance o' the Musket Club," mutters the skellum to himself, "gin it no be to mak the best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley?" He taks carefu' aim an' fires. The laddie up the pole pauses in the act o' kissin' his bonny han' to the admirin' multetude below an' fa's to the groond, wi' a maist magnifeecent wallon but all kiltit. A close-up reveals the face o' puir Bruikie.

According to the picture, this was the beginning of the era of revolution. With the Building Committee out of the way, there was nothing to hinder the erection of a new Gymnasium. Weir House collapsed about this time (under the strain of a new haka practice or, perhaps, through going dry), and Brook House, as the new Student Building was called, found it necessary to provide residential accommodation. The site was therefore made to include the Ping Pong courts, which were shifted to the roof of the House. It is interesting to learn that Ping Pong did not long retain its popularity. In the privacy of Brook House roof, the players soon fell into the way of playing in bathing costumes. The convenience of this was offset by the fact that passers by could no longer gaze admiringly upon their skins.* The game lost in interest and in due course the roof came to be used as a handy landing place for the auto-gyros of students.

The distinguishing feature of the exterior ornamentation of Brook House was an enormous golden finger and thumb, iridium tipped, which snapped continuously. Underneath this appeared the motto "Move On!"—a perpetual stimulus to progress. It became the custom for residents of Brook House to greet one another by a Fascist salute ending with a click of the finger and thumb. All functions in the House were commenced and finished by the ceremonial turning off for an instant of an electric light switch.

Many more changes took place in the Age of Revolutions than I have the credulity to repeat or space to tell. When the A.S.S.E.S. (Associated Soviet Socialist Empire of Students) was established, the College became affiliated. The immediate outcome was the abolition of the distinction between professor and student. Bill could not tell me how this arrangement worked out. Professors were forbidden to smoke in their studies or else students were allowed to smoke in class—I'm not sure which, he said. He was certain of one point only, that the favourite method of disciplining professors was to make them sit terms exams. A tribunal of Studassars sitting in judgment would solemnly pronounce the sentence: "You shall be taken to the place of examination and there be hanged if you do not sit a stiff terms examination. And may heaven (in the dialectic materialist sense) have mercy on your marks!"

* "Skins" is no doubt a misprint for "skill."—Editor.

A later generation of students achieved academic freedom in its fullest sense by abolishing University education as an outworn bourgeois survival from an age which regarded intellects as unequal. What reforms later generations might have effected can only be guessed at, for later generations were themselves abolished by birth control. With the disappearance of the young, Victoria University College became an institution that had outlived its usefulness.

In a war started by senile playboys to Make the World Unsafe for Soccer a stray shell reduced the noble structure of the College to a forlorn heap of bricks.

The final scene reminded Bill of a piece of sculpture he had once seen. On a heap of books amid the ruins sat an ape, something akin to thoughtfulness furrowing its brow as it contemplated a human skull held in one paw. From the lips of the creature issued the mournful croon, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . ."

I still think the picture a bit impossible. But Bill says he saw it. What puzzles me is that Bill obtained 98 per cent. in his Terms exam. If I ever got that much I would waste no time before consulting a psychiatrist. I should have liked to examine that skull the monkey had. Perhaps it was Bill's.

—SCUGAN.

*I think—soon your mouth will be there
Sealing the sweet fulness of her mouth
In one anealing flow;
The slow curve of her cheek
Will yield to your exploring;
The deep knowledge of the constant eyes
The dear hands and soft hair
Long-desired—so proudly hers—
You shall know.*

*I say—there shall be oneness
Between you and her; that sequestered self
Shall give up its secrets; surrender
Does not deprive the loving heart—it shall enrich it.
Then too
Your questings—brain-woven and heart-passioned
Shall cease.*

—A.

Weir House

FIVE years and the weather will mellow a simple dignity out of Weir's glittering newness; five years and the cypresses will have lost their transplanted look; five years and the cottage will nestle in the harmonising green shapelessness of a native shrubbery; five years and Weir will lose its frontier philosophy and blend the earnestness of modern youth with the grace of University tradition.

The group consciousness of the House can only be described in terms of roundabouts and swings. It is not as strong as it was two years ago: when we come into the common room after tea and find that the *Post* has not been brought round from the Warden's office, we each wait for somebody else to fetch it. And yet this reserve and aloofness and selfishness has its compensations—it implies a stability that is much preferable to the restlessness that caused the promiscuous aggressive pallidness of two years ago and the debonair hollowness of last year.

Weir is still full, with the waiting list still in operation. The annual proscriptions make the average expectation of residence very low. Only half a dozen Old Contemptibles are among us still, and the day is not far distant when no one will be able to boast that he has been out since Mons.

All the men on this year's Executive have been residents of Weir, though one of them was here for only a week. Of the others, one is an Old Contemptible and all the rest were proscribed last February, after two years' residence. By extending the opportunities for the exercise of leadership, Weir has given the V.U.C. electors a better knowledge than they ever had before of the qualifications of candidates for office. Alas that the knowledge has not been used! See how the Fates their gifts allot; if A is happy, Z is not. Yet what's in a name. That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, though, as a precaution against garden elections, it would probably prefer to be called an antirrhinum.

After these introductory burlings we can discuss more important aspects of group life at Weir. The hot-water system is still functioning well, and we have a colossal new electric toaster. Dick Wild, who was last year's Weir President, has been elected the first life-member of the Weir Association. Don McElwain is the first Weir man to win a travelling scholarship. Don has the world at his feet—just twenty, first-class honours, a travelling scholarship, and an imposing record of successes in the most varied activities. We wish him all the very best.

Against a background of creature comforts Weir provides us with a variety of company, which, although not kaleidoscopic, certainly manifests a hardy resistance to the stultifying standardisation of New Zealand secondary education. Individuality of temperament and diversity of interest have both survived, though sadly school-soiled. Perhaps the aggregate of discussion in the House runs the whole gamut of human interests, but in some rooms conversation is almost confined to swat or football, or the two. This has been aggravated by the increasing number of freshers in the House each year, but it is mainly an easily predictable result of building a palace where full-time students can break their contacts with the world outside and batten light-heartedly behind the cloisters. The function of a University as a hydra-head of the social organism is forgotten; forgotten, too, is the duty of a University to test on *a priori* grounds the new ideas that may or may not be worked out in society. Rather we crave twentieth century opiates of the people and gather round the newspaper on the common room table to refight the battles of Crawford and Perry, while the columns alongside blush unseen, with their pathetic tragedy of the social decay of the greatest civilisation of all the ages. And day by day attention is converging on fewer and narrower problems to the eternal warping of the soul and to the detriment of all activities except penpushing at exams.

Coal Hulks, Wellington Harbour

*SEVEN battered ships lying idle on the tide
That washes on each bruised and beaten flank,
Rust-reddened; isolated from their kind,
The sister-shipping at the frenzied wharves:
They lie, and undisturbed disintegrate,
Like lepers, by the beating stream of Trade,
Dreaming—who knows?—of salten spume upsurging,
Cargoes, and far-off quays, and sea-birds' wings.*

—Margaret Lloyd.

Diffugere Nives

*THOUGH the wind rebuff
Though ice bleaken the land
(Hidden its green all winter)
Though song of birds may not greet me
No, nor the Sun either*

*Yet am I content
Knowing that soon
(Shed this drear husk,
This cloak of bitterness)
Life will renew itself and flow again
Here as it did two thousand years ago.*

—I.D.C.

The Adventures of Mago West in Pursuit of Intelligence



OU sho' looks wistful to-night, Miss West," Mag Nesia informed her as she dressed her locks, "is yo' in love?"

Mago sighed and shrugged.

"No, Maggie, but I'm sick and tired of all this sex stuff. I want a change."

"But, Honey, de world lubs you."

"Yes, Maggie, but only on account of my figure. I want them to look up to me as somebody intellectual, like Beverley Nicholls or Mussolini."

"There ain't no sich thing," murmured Maggie sceptically.

"Intellect, you mean? There must be. Lots of people say they have it. Bernard Shaw, Aldous Huxley, and lots of them. That's why they're famous."

"Cause they says they got intelleck," asserted Maggie scornfully. "Anybody can say it. Yo' say it, Honey, and quit worrying yo' pretty head. They'll believe anything yo' say."

"But that's not what I want, Mammy. I want to find out for myself what intelligence is, and what I must do to get it."

Maggie cackled her derision. "Yo' go then, ma honey, and see if Ahm not right."

The old black woman meant it as a joke. But, to her dismay, and in spite of all her protestations, Mago West chose to take her seriously, and without more ado, set out in pursuit of intelligence.

It was a big field, but its only occupants were Mago, a man, and a scarecrow. On the whole, she decided, the man looked the more intelligent. Full of young enthusiasm, she approached him.

"What," began Mago, rapturously, "is life?"

"Spuds," returned the labourer, "six bob a day, six days a week. That's life."

"And what is death?" queried Mago.

"I don't bother about such things," replied the labourer. "I got enough to worry about with three flaming kids and a sick wife without

bothering about death. Besides, I'm as good as the next man. If I don't go to heaven, there's precious few will. Precious few."

"What is heaven?" asked Mago, curiously.

"That's where all the Bible-bangers go. Guess I'm as good as they are."

"You're going, are you?" suggested Mago.

"Aw, there mightn't be any such place."

"Aren't you sure, then?"

He glared at her in rising anger. "Look here, it doesn't matter two hoots whether I'm sure or not. There may be a heaven and a God, or there may not; there may be a hell, but it's not my job to look into the matter."

"Tell me more about this God," demanded Mago.

"Look here, lady," he began wrathfully, "do you take me for a ruddy parson. I don't—"

"But you do know something about these things," asseverated Mago, "you said yourself there might be a God or a heaven or a hell."

Ignorance in a surreptitious beast that pads quietly in the darkness until cornered. Then it springs. "I don't know anything," he roared. "Now get away."

Mago retreated from this unmerited eruption. "You are an amazing fellow," she said. "You half believe in these most important things, and yet you are too apathetic to verify them. I can't find intelligence in you." And she fled before he could hurl a potato.

She was very upset, she decided; and, thinking miserably on this line, she almost tripped over the legs of an elderly gentleman who had crawled half-way through the hedge to watch the argument. "I'm sorry," apologised Mago, "but you needn't have hidden—it wasn't a private conversation. Please can you tell me where I can find intelligence? Are you intelligent?"

"I am," replied the old gentleman, stroking his beard. "My child, it is the duty of every man to seek for Truth and follow it. If one's beliefs are illogical, they must be forthwith discarded, regardless of cost. I am constantly telling people so. Otherwise one has no claim to intelligence."

"Sir," said Mago, impressed by his bearded eloquence, "perhaps you can tell me something. That man spoke of a God, and it worries me a little. Is there a God?"

The bearded chin jerked slightly, and she realised she had said something funny. "No, my child," said the old gentleman, "there is no God. The universe evolved itself, and had no need of a Creator. A pleasant legend, nothing more."

Mago clapped her hands ecstatically. "Evolution! Oh, how thrilling. Tell me about it."

"Evolution came about in this way. By successive improvements to the original lowliest form of life, new types were gradually evolved, still constantly improving, until in the course of millions and millions of years—and the more millions the better—the great variety of life now apparent came into being. That's all there is in it," concluded the elderly gentleman obligingly.

"All that from a few little bugs?" exclaimed Mago. "How thrilling. . . . Where did you get your little bugs?"

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman, half proudly, "there you have me. But not for long, I'll wager. It is one of the immutable laws of Nature that life can come only from antecedent life. We threw overboard all those silly ideas about spontaneous generation years ago."

"But I do not understand," said Mago, bewildered by this manifestation of logic. "Where did the little bugs start?"

"Please call them amoebae," suggested the elderly gentleman, in pained accents, and, seeing her hesitation, "cells, then."

"What I want to know," said Mago forcibly, "is where these cells came from."

"You'll know in time, no doubt," smiled the elderly gentleman indulgently. "Meanwhile, just rest assured that, spontaneous generation or not, the proved fact of evolution need not be doubted. Spontaneous generation must have taken place just once, an exception to the general rule. You must see that. Evolution must have had a beginning."

"Assuming life did come from something else, from what did it come?"

"From non-living matter," replied the elderly gentleman. "What else?"

"And where did the non-living matter come from?" pursued Mago.

"Haven't you any faith?" snapped the elderly gentleman, beginning to lose patience.

"Well, where did it all start? You've got to have a starting point somewhere," reasoned Mago. "You cannot have an effect without a cause."

"That old argument again," snarled the elderly gentleman.

"I'll find a newer one, when you have answered that," retorted Mago, hotly.

"Bah!" shouted the elderly gentleman, jumping back into the hedge. "You want religious dogma, not intelligence. I refuse to talk with you. You're ignorant. Thank God I'm an atheist."

"I can't find intelligence in you, in any case," countered Mago, "any more than in that labourer. You say it is impossible that things could have started themselves, and you deny that anybody could have started them." Very indignant, Mago went on her way.

A little way off stood a fine holiday cottage, and Mago hastened thither, determined to make someone suffer for the disappointment she had received.

Finding a man at a typewriter, "Please, sir," she said, "I'm looking for intelligence."

"Intelligence," he replied, swinging around in his chair and giving her a broadside of pure intellectual force—"Intelligence is a rare and elusive quality. But you can now tell your friends that you have at least seen it. Good-bye!"

Mago's burgeoning temerity turned blue at the roots.

"The last man I met said that," she pleaded, "but he had no starting point."

"Oh, you met him, did you? Yes, he's a clever old chap all right, but utterly materialistic. Such a pity. There must have been a first cause some time."

"Well, what is this God like?" asked Mago.

"He is a god of love, my child," said a sonorous voice over by the window.

"Rubbish. Bishop; rubbish," retorted the writer, testily. "You ought to know better than teach such foolishness. Don't you believe in Evolution?"

"My friend," said the Bishop, solemnly, coming in and sitting in the best chair, "Evolution is one thing and the Bible is an-

other. I have sufficient faith to believe in both. The love of God is apparent everywhere."

"In jail inmates and cholera germs," sneered the writer.

"Now you are talking evolution," observed the Bishop, blandly. "I was discussing God. Oil and wine do not mix. God is apparent, even if He has no other existence whatever, in the good and kind actions of men."

"Their good morals evolved just as their good bodies did," insisted the writer.

"Never," said the Bishop, decidedly. "Never. I am sure of that. That admirable fellow Huxley agrees with me. He said that man owes his supremacy to the qualities he shares with the ape and the tiger. Had there been no God to inculcate holiness into us, cruelty and treachery would have been the moral equipment bestowed upon us by evolution. What have you to say to that?"

"I don't say anything to it," snapped the writer. "I say that God is half a devil, just as the Bishop of Birmingham says—"("I regret that," murmured the Bishop. "He needn't have said it.") and if God made the world, I see no love manifested in His method. God is absolutely, devilishly responsible for a system of evolution in which the rise to superiority is only attained by treading inferior beings into a gory mess, and mounting upwards on their remains, only to be trodden down in turn. The quintessence of cruelty is evolution—evolution is God. God is love? Bah! God is hate. God is a biological experimentalist."

"I tell you, my friend," began the Bishop, heatedly, "your belief in a God of hate implies all His works would be hateful. And what do we find—"

"Not much to the contrary," glared the writer, "and let me tell you—"

"Good-bye," said Mago.

They turned to stare at her.

"Where are you going?" demanded the Bishop.

"In search of intelligence," said Mago, obligingly.

"But you've found it," they chorused.

"I have not. You're Achilles' heel all over—both of you." And Mago walked on, leaving them staring blankly at one another, until they

remembered the discussion, and began to argue again, and argue and argue on and on and on.

* * * *

A whole day spent, and no intelligence. A hot tear trickled down Mago's cheek as she hurried home through the dusk. She would have to admit Maggie was right, and even now, she didn't know what intelligence was. She was heading for home, and meant to brook no opposition. She felt, if anybody interrogated her now, she would burst into tears all over his waistcoat.

All her melancholy thoughts were suddenly dispersed by a huge voice bellowing sombrely through the dusk, "Repent and be saved." A shadowy figure left the shadowy ring, and attached itself to her. "Are you saved?" he demanded.

Mago recoiled. "I don't know what you mean. I'm looking for intelligence."

He stroked his chin ruminatively. "We don't make a specialty of dispensing that," he said. "Salvation is our theme. But if you want that other, you can find as much here as anywhere else—or more."

"How come?" demanded Mago. "Street preachers aren't intelligent?"

"We haven't a great deal of brains, but we've no intellectual dilemmas," he assured her.

"Oh, haven't you?" objected Mago. "You believe in a God of love, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I don't think much of your God. If He evolved the world, He made a sorry mess of it. He deliberately—"

"Hold on," interrupted the preacher, "God didn't evolve the world."

"Then, who did?"

"God created the world. That's what we believe."

"Amounts to the same thing, doesn't it? God created the evil of the world instead of evolving it. God nevertheless is responsible."

"God made everything perfect in the first place, and put men in a perfect environment so they could obey Him and be happy. It was only when they didn't that He put a curse on the earth to keep them out of mischief, and promised to withdraw it in His own good time. Take it from me, God is not responsible for

the evil in the world; men are. Tragedy's root is sin."

"Well," said Mago, drawing a deep breath, "I have heard some funny things to-day, but you need not think I am going to swallow that. Besides, the others were intellectuals. All this is just what you say. How do you *prove* your fanciful, cosmic scheme?"

"There isn't really much choice," said the preacher. "You must be either a Christian or an Evolutionist."

"I don't see that," objected Mago. "Why not a Buddhist or a Mohammedan?"

"All others are merely ethical," explained the preacher. "Christianity and Evolution are the only two religions which concern you, in search of intelligence as you are, because they alone claim to be based on facts, on the truth or falsity of which they either stand or fall. Dispossess them of their cardinal facts, and both are nothing more than empty philosophy."

"All right then, Evolution or Christianity; which?"

"What have you found about evolution?"

"Many kinds of belief," sighed Mago, "and none of them logical."

"Exactly. And since it comes to a toss between Christianity and Evolution, I prefer Christianity, simply because, if I accept Christianity and reject Evolution, I am logical, which is more than I am if I hold any branch of the evolutionary banyan."

"Oh, yes," admitted Mago, "you are logical all right. As far as that goes, you are unassailable; but what ground have you for denying evolution? You cannot array a few words of logic against a full army of scientific fact."

"The evolutionist makes me sick," declared the preacher, vehemently. "He is like a golfer who sets out to cover the course with nobody to keep an eye on him. He cannot find a starting point because of the old argument, inevitable and unanswerable, about the First Cause. You have got to have a First Cause, and it has to be powerful enough to cause an effect, and supramundane enough not to be an effect in itself. So our golfer picks up his ball, marches a few yards down the course, tees up and drives. Immediately the ball lands in the bunkers."

"What bunkers?"

"Principle of conservation of energy. You cannot make energy, and the energy contained in the universe is a fixed quantity, and cannot

have been evolved. Where did it come from? The golfer picks up his ball, advances a hundred yards and drives again. And straight away he is stuck. This time it is because he finds he has not got a club to hit the ball."

"What's the club?" wondered Mago.

"Theory of spontaneous generation. From whence did life come? Science tells us, only from antecedent life. How could it have evolved from inorganic matter? So he carries his ball to the hole, and even then he finds he cannot drop it in, because the opening is shut. Evolution says one species changes into another; science says one species cannot change into another. So he takes his ball, shoulders his paraphernalia and tells everybody how he holed out in one."

"It isn't golf!" protested Mago.

"It isn't science," riposted the preacher. "There is no definite proof for either Evolution or Christianity, and whatever position each individual takes up depends upon the emphasis he places upon the facts. Personally, if evolution is science, I would rather be logical than scientific."

"Holy smoke," muttered Mago, feelingly, "to search the world for intelligence and find it here—here of all places."

"Why not stay here? You've reached the bottom of the world, and the peak of common-sense."

"Sorry," apologised Mago, "another time. I've got to think this out."

Some hours later she said to Maggie: "You were wrong, Maggie; there is such a thing as intelligence. I am wondering now whether my public would like to have some of it."

"Yo' put it to them, Honey, and see," counselled Maggie.

And so (as you no doubt remember) Mago West in her next film faced her admirers and said: "Listen, folks, I want to do the right thing for you. I've been hunting for intelligence, and maybe you'd like some."

And the vast concourse who periodically crouched in darkness before the shimmering screen gathered its strength and replied per post-cards, letter-cards, letters, stamped and unstamped—"We don't want . . . but give us lots and lots and lots and lots . . ."

After all, fifty million morons can't be wrong!

—"I. Cor. 1, 20."

A Letter to Spike

Dear Spike,

I was asked by the Editor to write something for your pages and very rashly said that I would do so. Thereupon the Editor, no doubt to impress upon me just how rash I had been, lent me an old *Spike*, the articles in which were so interesting and well-written as to be positively terrifying to one who had promised to write something similar. For after all, what would you have me write, *Spike*? If you would have a dissertation on the law you must pay the fee stated in the calendar and come to my lectures. For on all other topics there are many far more desirous and deserving of the publicity of your columns than I, who would write to you.

But your Editor has insisted. Very well. Then I must attempt something. Perhaps a little of courts and lawyers in parts beyond the sea.

Lawyers, whether English, Colonial, or Continental, and whether either in the higher or lower branch of the profession or in both branches, are always, so it has seemed to me, genial, pleasant people. Perhaps frequent contact with the woes and troubles of other folk has led them to a cheerful philosophy of life, based on the great principle that it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good, or perhaps the law has a cheering and humanising influence on those who study and practise it.

English lawyers are, indeed, much as their colonial brethren. In England, of course, lawyers practise either as barristers or as solicitors; not, as we may do in New Zealand, both as barristers and as solicitors. I suppose that the great bulk of the litigation before the High Court of Justice (corresponding to our Supreme Court) takes place in London, at the Strand Courts, and in consequence London is the great centre of barristerial activity. A barrister, in English usage, is one who has been called to the degree of barrister-at-law, not by the Court, but by one or other of four learned societies or Inns of Court, viz., the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn. Save in one or two exceptional cases, a barrister in England may not accept instructions from lay clients, but must be instructed, or "briefed," through a solicitor. The barristers have their chambers in buildings owned by the various Inns of Court, designed on the collegiate system, and set amidst

old gardens and lawns; and some looking out on the River Thames itself. Each Inn has its library and its dining hall. The libraries are exceedingly good both in books and in furnishings. The whole atmosphere of the Inns of Court is of learning and beauty, antiquity and pleasant quietness. And the effect of all this is doubled by contrast with the noise and hurry which is all about the premises of the Inns of Court but does not invade them.

The Strand Courts are situated close to the various Inns. The building itself is of monastic Gothic architecture and constructed of light grey stone, darkened and stained in parts. It consists chiefly of a very large, somewhat plain, central hall, containing notice boards and some pictures and surrounded by numerous court rooms. There must be twenty or more of these court rooms, I should think. There is nothing especially impressive about them. Indeed, neither in England nor on the Continent, have I seen a court-room which for dignity and beauty rivals the downstairs court-room in the Supreme Court Building at Auckland.

Some of the Continental Courts are architecturally very fine. The Palais de Justice at Brussels, splendidly situated on an eminence overlooking the city, I recall as being an especially handsome building. The Paris Courts, situated on Ile de la Cite in the River Seine are, because of both their history and their surroundings, of great interest. A few steps away from them is the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and in the courtyard of the Court building itself is the lovely Sainte-Chapelle, a most perfect Gothic monument with exquisite stained glass.

Nuremberg and Munich also possess fine Court buildings. In the Nuremberg Court building, I was shown a very sombre, handsome room used only in capital trials. The official who was showing me the building took great pride in the lift by which prisoners were brought from the cells up to this court room. This lift, so he told me, was so strongly made and the locks so cunningly designed as to make it quite impossible for prisoners to escape.

At Munich I saw one of the superior courts trying certain persons charged with rioting. The proceedings were very different both in form and

atmosphere from those to which we are accustomed. The Court consisted of three judges: there was no jury. The prisoners appeared to interrupt almost as much and when they pleased. Questions were put to witnesses not by the advocates but by the judges. Whatever the merits of this particular court, the aloof impressive dignity which is so conspicuous a feature of our own courts was not one.

Other courts that I saw were at Buda Pest, Prague and Vienna. The court building at Buda Pest was very eastern in its lavishness of tone and colour. The court at Vienna, built to replace a building which had been destroyed during some

riots which had occurred a little time before was, in its exterior, of Egyptian design and decoration.

All of the superior courts that I saw were buildings of architectural beauty and magnificence. This, as I think, indicates the importance that is instinctively attributed in civilised communities to the administration of law and justice; and none the less so because in some of these communities the law and its administration fall very far short of moral justice.

And now, *Spike*, may I go back to the preparation of my next term's lectures?

Yours truly,

JAMES WILLIAMS.

*YOU were, it seemed, the spirit of pure joy
Forever free from sombre thoughts. You sang
Through life a lilting tune of happiness—
That was your greatest charm. Your laughter rang
To cheer the dullest soul, and every care
You parried with a smile and merry quip.
With glowing face upturned and rebel hair
I saw you dancing by the wind-swept sea
And swore you would know only youth. And then—
And then one night you came and played to me;
A gay dance rippled first upon the strings
But changing to some slower quieter strain,
Till as the last note sank on silver wings
You turned and knelt beside the dying fire
Where fading coals were mantled with white ash.*

*In such a way have I seen children tire
Of play, and wide-eyed with a new found thought,
Stand for a moment wrapt in quietness.
So watching you I saw the fire-light brought
A fuller, deeper beauty to your eyes
Until they shone with that rich steady glow
That love alone can kindle. Your disguise
Of Columbine, to me forever passed;
Your heart had found a sweeter song at last.*

—C.

The Dramatic Year

"CHINESE WHITE," by Val Gielgud, was the choice of the Dramatic Club for its first presentation for 1935. I am quite aware of the difficulties of this Society both in regard to the selection of a play for production and of the difficulties of staging any play on what is little better than a shelf at the eastern end of the gymnasium. However, even if the Club has perforce to choose plays with only one scene and a limited cast, there are still a few plays in this category that merit production more than the present choice.

The first and undoubtedly the most striking feature of the production was the miracle of transformation that was effected on the stage. Without being lavishly decked with flowers and hangings it was quietly correct and provided an unobtrusive but pleasing background to the movements of the play.

The acting of the cast was fairly even; no one player dominating the others, but they rarely convinced us that they were really experiencing the feelings and emotions they talked about so much. In other words they gave us a very reasonable explanation of the play rather than an interpretation. Miss Gallagher and Mr. Sellers as Janet James and General Wu respectively had the easiest parts, and were perhaps more at home in their roles than any of the others. General Wu could have been a little more suave rather than a mere automatic vendor of Confucian aphorisms. Miss Welch, as Sheila, showed distinct promise rather than finish in her performance. A good stage presence and a clear voice will be big assets when she learns to use more light and shade in her speech. Her nagging and outbursts of temper were convincing, but some of the lines of the play seemed to suggest to me at the same time a woman who has maintained her sense of humour and who from time to time sees the funny side even of her own tragedy.

Mr. Aimers as Gerald gave some of the best acting of the evening at times, but at others his work lacked spontaneity and his movements and intonations appeared to be rather learnt and re-produced than prompted by feelings.

The little that Mr. Sandford, as the Rev. Patrick James, had to do was quite competently performed.

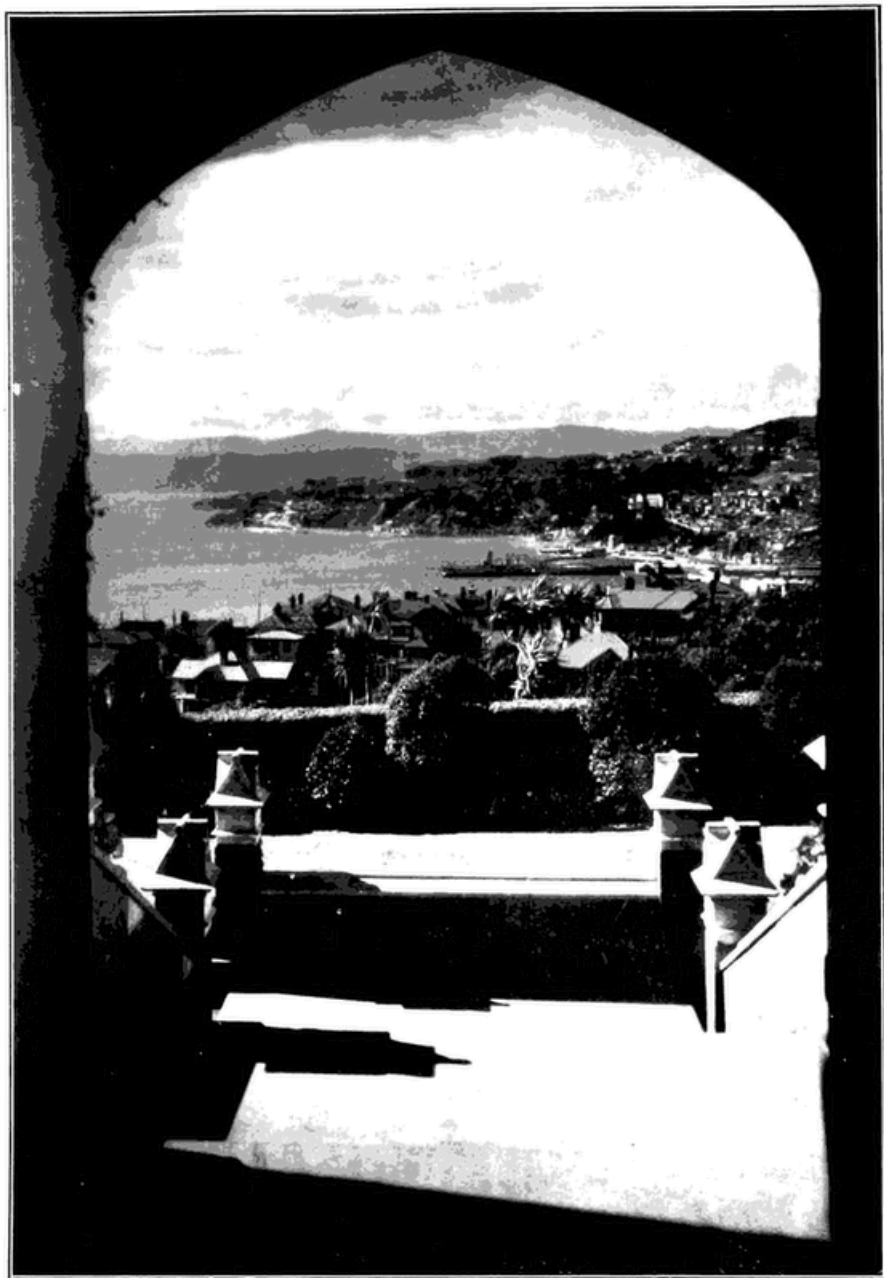
Jack Coyle as Leslie Dale should have dominated the play even when he was not on stage but he rarely succeeded in doing so. He gave the impression of a casual undergraduate from the Oxford he pretended to despise, whose success at Tan Fu had come to him quite by accident. He wandered unnecessarily up and down the stage while important lines were being spoken by other members of the cast.

Except when the players were obviously waiting for prompts the action of the play was brisk, and the effective stage pictures were a credit to the producer, D. G. Edwards. Altogether the production was workmanlike and while it did not reach the standard of some past performances it was by no means as poor as others that have been presented with much more experienced casts and under much better conditions in the Concert Chamber or the Blue Triangle Hall.

"LABURNUM GROVE" was in some ways a wise choice for a V.U.C. production as J. B. Priestley always draws understandable characters from everyday life—the naturalness of his dialogue and the drawing of the characters is his greatest asset as a playwright. It was unfortunate, however, that the principal characters were middle-aged and had, as always at Varsity, to be played by young people. It is a credit to their acting that they made the people they were playing live and real.

E. S. Harrowell had a difficult role to play in Mr. Radfern, that must have demanded all the ability of Edmund Gwenn who played it in London. Mr. Harrowell despite his thinly disguised youthful appearance and rather obvious padding gave an intelligent rendering of the part. He was on the stage most of the time and had a great deal to say. His best scene, in fact one of the best in the play, was the duel with Inspector Stack. The two best pieces of acting of the evening came from A. Ashley-Jones as Bernard and from I. Gow as Joe Fletton. These two were definite "characters" and needed little subtlety in presentation.

Throughout the play, the sense of characterisation was good, contrasts provided by Mrs. Radfern and her sister, the latter played admirably at short notice by Miss Tossman, the middle-aged "sponger" and the young couple, were most effective.



*From the Entrance,
Victoria College.*

R. J. Smith.



Titahi Bay.

L. Withy.

Molly Best and Joan Powell played the parts of mother and daughter respectively, with conviction. Joan Powell looked particularly charming but her stage movements are a trifle gauche. Experience and training will no doubt remedy this defect in an otherwise promising young actress. Tom Bush looked the part of Harold, but his speaking of the lines was forced, his movements were jerky and he betrayed his inexperience by

his inability to resist smiling at his own lines and by playing to the audience. The staging was pretty, in fact, the furniture looked if anything too new and spick and span for a suburban parlour in Shooters Green. The production was a credit to the University, to the Dramatic Club, and Miss Tossman, the producer, who has done well in bringing to light new members whom we hope to see in further plays next year.

—R.H.

Epstein and His Christ—A Farce

Scene I.

Epstein speaks:

*I saw Christ in a vision,
In Pilate's judgment hall,
Led up some steps
Along a wall,
And left to face the crowd.
I followed close behind Him,
Half-thinking I was Christ:
And when the leader left Him
I found that I was He.*

Scene II.

Christ speaks:

*My God! Behold me, Epstein's Christ,
Disfigured by the years!
Yes, scoff me, scorn me! Man has made
My crown a crown of tears.*

Pandemonium.

The Audience yells:

*Crucify him, crucify him!
He is not the Christ we know:
He has no form nor comeliness
That we should desire him.*

—Manuel Lima.

Capping, 1935

We are Amused

ONCE again 1935 saw a Redmond Phillips Extravaganza. This year, however, it degenerated into a scramble and race to reach even mediocre form. The late start, the first-term vacation and the Town Hall, all were responsible; while the failure of people to turn up to rehearsals, made the job almost impossible.

Redmond Phillips' manuscript was good and left little to be desired. His own acting was excellent but the show itself was poor. Thoroughly good scenes and situations flopped.

The plot (and a very good one) related the doings of Peccadillo, company-promoter, and his undoings at the hands of Alice, the Chartered Accountant, commissioned by the Government to report on the internal management of the Peccadillo Companies. Peccadillo flies to the Island of Framboises, to exploit the floor of the sea, but is frustrated by "that truly great social constellation," the leader of the mermaids, Mrs. Phlox-Gilliflower, daughter of Hon. Ineptune, M.L.C. As the author says, "Monapeds and bipeds, led by Peccadillo, become involved in a fierce fracas. (It was!). The play culminates in scenes of indescribable confusion. (It did!). Such message as it contains lies too deep for words."

Let's pick first, on the curate's egg parts. From Redmond Phillips' Peccadillo downwards, individual performances were good. Miss Peggy Spence Sales, as Alice, was very neat and efficient. Hugh Middlebrook, as Mrs. Phlox, was admirable. His bearing and grip held whole scenes from tumbling. King Tahiw, as Toffee, was good and his song a gem. Reg. Larkin was divorced from his usual sprightliness in a diving-suit, but he gave the show a good twist and one hit in his "big scene" with Mrs. Phlox. McGhie as Ineptune was satisfactory.

The only good thing about the "yes-men" was the accent, and that was about all we heard. The rabble in Scene One was rescued by the addition of four young ladies, Misses Gallagher, Williams, Aldridge and Briggs, who brightened the most unholy mess, especially on the last night, when it was more rabbish than ever. The mer-

maids were good in ensemble and at least two, Jack Aimers as Lady Flyers and Malcolm Mason as the inevitable Mae West, were good in dialogue scenes. The cricketeers' song and dance was on right lines and gave the audience a real "honest-to-goodness" laugh.

Altogether individual efforts were good, but ensembles were depressing. The material was there and only sometimes the willingness to work, but stricter discipline and control could have improved the show. There is no need for fears for next year: it will probably be the raging success this one just missed being.

We Gape

IT was remarked that the most noteworthy feature of this year's procession was the crowd that watched it. Though the crowd was large, it is not saying much for the procession; unfortunately not a great deal can be said. It was the longest we have had for some years, but its length was merely reminiscent of the Alexandrine, "which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along." Taking into account the two drawbacks with which every procession has to contend, namely, the lack of time for the preparation of the lorries, and the compliance with traffic rules, this year's was decidedly below standard. Apart from the fact that the head of the procession travelled too fast and the placards were too small to be read, very many obvious opportunities were missed, such as a bed for the quadruplets and the seating of the Gallstone children in serried ranks, while at the same time there seemed to be little evidence of the quips and wit which are traditionally associated with Varsity burlesque. The performance of individuals, especially the speechifying, was good, but it did not succeed in removing the impression of puerility from the procession as a whole—in fact, the effect was of individuality run riot.

To make a proper success of a procession, still more funds are needed and still greater preparation called for. The preparations should cover at least a month and their aim should be to give continuity to the whole turnout.

We Eat and Drink

THE Gymnasium groaned contentedly beneath the glamorous burden. When had it seen such times before?

And still they came! "Shiver my timbers and bust my sides," it thought, "how many more?"

At last, emulating the squad-drill of well-trained sardines, all were settled, and the supper met its customary fate. Intermittently speakers could be seen to rise and address the northern end of the assemblage, and as they relapsed the rafters invariably assisted with a cheering dash of re-echoing.

Toasts timely, hoary and heterodox passed their bibulous way. The plea for "the Building Fund" stirred the precincts to the depths of its joists. Mae West, the Ladies, the Haeremai Club, the Cafeteria, the Graduates, the Exec., Royalty and Professorialty—to everything we lent a partially attentive ear, only occasionally agog, but only occasionally bored.

Disillusioned with the "claret cup," but still more confirmed in the belief that this is one of the best functions of the year, we departed at last, leaving the Old Barn with something new to reflect on in its reminiscences until next year.

We Endure

THIS, then, was the night. Undergraduate—graduand—soon that would be all over. He was preoccupied with wondering how it would feel to be at last among those whose fete this was to be, and did not even momentarily recall those nights, those months, those years of which this was the climax. He felt no glow of triumph, no overwhelming satisfaction. Yet strangely enough, though he had always taken that much for granted—that this moment's chief joy would rest upon reflection—he was unconcerned that it should not be so, and gave himself over calmly and entirely to the present.

Prelude of gowns and hoods (how do they hang?)—climbing of stairs—and then a devious passage through innumerable bouquets and chatterings to the appointed stand, there to be marshalled in inverse order—faculties reversed—alphabet deranged (what is this scheme?).

At last, in all its majesty, the procession moves. Is this the Hour? Almost the thrill of

a triumphal march returning from afar to blazon Rome.

Hear the old refrains again, the professorial voices, and the rabble that do not cry for bread, but bring their own circuses with them. See on Olympus the hierarchy gowned; see before them the multitude drawn from the Seven Hills, and foremost among them the vestals bearing tribute to Minerva.

Was there a speaker? Two? What did we hear! Nought but a stirring of the air, the droning of a bee, the rustle of a neighbour's toga—with, at times, the tumult of the sea when gladiators clashed in the arena.

The formula! Hear it pronounced, not trippingly on the tongue, but like some doom of the Cumaeen Sibyl. Up steps, find hand to shake, turn right, get bit of cardboard as you pass—and all is done! Laugh now at the hapless wretch with cabbage thrust upon him; at that one standing grimly in the dock while again the sacred formula is read; at the rabble draining their patience to the end; at all undergraduates, that strive so much—for this!

Now we depart again in formless ranks,
Into the serried mass that fills the hall.
Make merry! Laugh! prepare for gaiety!
For now the lecture-room may not recall.

Rejoice that prison bars are left behind,
That, after years of durance, you are free;
Or if (as I) you would those days again,
Temper your exile with philosophy.

We Cavort

PERHAPS our Capping Ball was the brief moment of gaiety that precludes a Life of Endeavour, perhaps it signified the joyous culmination of a weary scramble of swot, perhaps it was just a good time—anyway it was fun. The galley-drivers of Rome, Torquemada, the Chinese executioners—these antique specialists in bigger and better tortures all might have learned a thing or two from the organisers of our Capping Ceremony. Perhaps their envious ghosts shivered with the rest of us that freezing night in our great echoing barn of a Town Hall, when the diploma-machinery creaked once again to spew forth another 150 bewildered new bachelors and masters and diplomats. And then came the fresh hour's nightmare on the photographer's rack. So we were dazed and sullen

and a little petulant, that night before the Capping Ball began.

But when we reached the bright haven of St. Francis' Hall these clouds soon lifted. We gratefully shook off the mantle of befuddled academic earnestness. This was a festive time, and having due reason for celebration we rose to the occasions. The surroundings were just right. On entering the hall, you were greeted by an all-pervading gaiety that insinuated itself under your shirt-front and wriggled deliciously up and down your spine. It had caught the orchestra—or perhaps they were partly the cause of it—and everybody else there too—three hundred guests who were graduates and their favoured partners, and as many ordinary mortals as well—all shared it. The profoundest misanthrope would have admitted that these people were happy—that they were enjoying themselves in the way they liked best, with the people they liked best. The men were immaculate and gleaming, the girls glamorous and charming. The Ball became a most attractive spectacle, not through the mechanics of stiff social conformity, but because these were naturally attractive people, flushed with a happy and easy gaiety, and being themselves.

You could glissade to smooth and tuneful jazz over the slickest floor in Wellington. You looked

up, and you saw gaily coloured lights, and you liked the solemnly blinking and revolving cellophane chandelier. You could sit on easy chairs on the balcony, and watch the endless weaving of the patterns of silks and stuffs that the dancers made below. You could pick out yourself, wearing a silly grin, on the flashlight that an enterprising photographer snapped at 11 and had developed by midnight. And you could talk, and perhaps say better and funnier things than you had said before.

Supper was tragically late and inadequate. But who cared? Nothing could impinge on the radiant aura of our gaiety that night. The tuneful jazz became slower and dreamier, and you began to feel young and sentimental, in a modern, hard-boiled way, of course. It was pleasingly the kind of Ball at which everybody danced with his own partner. And this you seemed to do more and more frequently as the Ball went on. And you liked it, and she liked it. And so the 1935 Capping Ball wore delightfully, happily, through beatific evening to marvellous morning.

(And perhaps it was perfectly epitomized when you turned to your partner and said: "Capping's been fun this year." And she said, "Because we were capped," and her eyes and mouth smiled her sweet smile.)

Lavoleta

*L*AVOLETA in the morning,

Lavoleta in a dream,

Lavoleta, Lavoleta,

Come up, wake up! Be my Theme!

—Manuel Lima.

Samuel Butler, New Zealand, and Erewhon



IT seems strange that a man not until after the War came really into his own, a man whose whole style and manner are in tune with post-war literature, should have been born one hundred years ago. But it is true. Samuel Butler was born in 1835.

The story of his childhood is well enough known. His home atmosphere was heavy with cant, dullness, unconscious hypocrisy, beatings and hymn-singing. He was the victim of a prosperous English middle-class family, which, in its piety, had learned to mix avarice with religion.

His was the misfortune to live in a home more deeply scarred by parental harshness than even No. 50 Wimpole Street. But young Samuel Butler rebelled.

"I had to steal my own birthright," he says. "I stole it and was bitterly punished. But I stole my soul alive." And, it should be added, considerably maimed, for the punishment had affected him more severely and permanently than he ever dreamed. His soul was crippled by his early training. It may be asked: what has this to do with Butler's achievement? The answer is: almost everything. What he learnt in hardship and suffering he handed on to us in his books; his greatest work is related to it as the pearl to the oyster's wound. Butler's later work continually reveals him as one under the delusion that the whole of mankind, like his family, were conspiring to keep him down. Having started life as the bad boy of a pious family, he could never outgrow entirely that state of mind.

"The Freudian would be able to show how, even after Butler had escaped from the domination of his father, he was still forced to keep putting in his father's place other persons of high authority and, identifying himself with some lesser person, insist on the latter's superior claims. Dante, Virgil, Bach, Beethoven and Darwin had all to play old Butler's role, while Handel, Giovanni, Bellini, Tobacchetti and Gau-

denzio Ferrani figured the snubbed young Samuel."—(E. Wilson.)

* * *

In 1860, at the age of twenty-five, Butler arrived in New Zealand. He had fled from the shadows of the rectory, from his father's rage and his mother's prayers, and with £4400 in his pocket he was ready to settle on the soil of a wild young land. He found his way far into the foothills of the Southern Alps, where the snow-fed Rangitata growls and grumbles over its two-mile-wide shingle bed; and there he made his home. What made Butler choose New Zealand is very largely a matter for speculation, but one thing is certain: he did not come to that Canterbury tussock land seeking "local colour" for some romance or novel. He came eager to make his living as a sheep-farmer, and he toiled hard, bullock-driving, sheep-dipping, sheep-shearing, fencing and exploring. The steep gorges, swift rivers, and tall mountains which surrounded his home amazed and enchanted the young litterateur turned squatter. They challenged him, and he accepted their challenge. With a surveyor friend, John Baker, he penetrated far into the Southern Alps, actually succeeding in making the first traverse of what is now known as Whitcombe Pass.

In the vast ante-room to Erewhon we find a vivid description of the country through which Butler passed on his searches for sheep country. He knew the Alp-land well, and in the journey of the hero of Erewhon up to the saddle, filled with a "Stonehenge of rude and barbaric figures," Butler left a record of wild landscapes and his own youthful adventures.

To the simple settler with whom he came in contact Butler must have seemed a very strange individual. Here is the curious first impression which he made on the diarist, Edward Chudleigh.

"Mr. Butler came here to-day. He is one of the cleverest men in N.Z. He is a little man and nearly as dark as a Mowray (Maori), and is at present very nearly if not quite an infidel, and yet I believe would not do a dishonourable thing to save his life, he admires a man that sticks to his belief no matter what it is."

Then, some time later, we find the following entry, dated March 19, 1864, when the two met by chance in Christchurch: "Reached town early. Had a long talk with Butler on various subjects, I think he is gone as far as man can go now, he is an ultra-Darwinian, he thinks Darwin in 200 years hence will be looked upon as a most wonderful philosopher and possibly a prophet, he does not believe the Bible to have been written by men under the influence of divine inspiration . . . he does not believe there is a colossal ethereal being, that pervades all space and matter, whose person would pass through the densest matter as unconscious of resistance as a feather in a vacuum. . . ."

. . .

It is difficult to gauge the effect that his short stay in New Zealand had on Butler's life and thought. The germs of Erewhon are to be found in a letter which he contributed to the Christchurch Press called "Darwin Among the Machines" (1863), and in "Lucubratio Ebria," also contributed to that paper and sent from England (1865).

Far up in his mountain stronghold of "Mesopotamia" Butler found a life favourable to the development and cataloguing of his brilliant but hitherto hopelessly jumbled ideas. Isolated from the breathless scurry of civilized life, he could sift a thousand and one caustic criticisms and satirical comments which had been lost in the surge of his university days and his hurried departure from Langor Rectory. But soon his early eagerness wilted, and after just over four years' farming he sold his property for more than twice his original capital and sailed for England.

. . .

Erewhon—the brilliant first book of a young man.

We have enjoyed its clear-headedness and feeling of intellectual liberation, we have enjoyed the race of natural, healthy beings who people its pages, and have admired the tenderness and keenness of Butler's insight.

Erewhon is not the clear expression of a satiric viewpoint founded on mature experience. Rather is it a device for uniting a mass of

satirical ideas—the reduction to absurdity of English ideals and institutions, whimsically suggested improvements on them, and flights of fantastic reasoning of doubtful application. Of the latter, the "Book of the Machines" is a most interesting example. In writing this section of Erewhon Butler had several objects in mind. First, he intended it (i.e., "the obviously absurd theory that machines are about to supplant the human race and be developed into a higher kind of life") to be a burlesque of methods of theological controversy. He wrote, years after, "I developed it with the intention of implying: 'See how easy it is to be plausible, and what absurd propositions can be defended by a little ingenuity and distortion and departure from strictly scientific methods.'" Second, it was the first thrust in Butler's lifelong conflict with Charles Darwin and his theories—Butler was never able to completely shed the husk of a religious upbringing, the shadow of the rectory was always on him. Third, there was the satiric theme, passed almost unnoticed by Butler, but ominously obvious to us, the enslavement of men by machines and their masters. To point to the fact of Butler's not emphasizing this is to point to the most important feature of his satirical work. How was it that five years after Marx's "Das Kapital" and eighteen years after Dickens's "Hard Times," Butler failed to satirise the profit-motive which was turning the machine into a tyrant and man into a slave?

In passages of Erewhon and more notably in "The Way of All Flesh," he certainly made oblique attack, for he was far from approving the kind of civilisation which the English middle-class had brought with it in its rise. He understood well enough the preoccupation of the Victorians with money (Erewhon had Musical Banks), he saw their weaknesses and snobbery, he could be most entertaining about people's mercenary motives; yet he was too much of a middle-class man himself to analyse the social system in which he found himself, too much of a middle-class man to realise its necessary contradictions and the morass into which it would ultimately lead. He failed to realise the most obvious facts of social structure, for the very good reason that he stood in his own way. For all his satiric insight he had fundamentally the psychology of the rentier.

—J. D. F.

The Mist

WHEN Sunset's golden light in purple wanes,
And twilight gently lulls a weary Earth,
A wraith comes stealing from the dark'ning hills,
And glides in coiling greyness, far below,
To shroud the silver winding of the vale.

*It stills the rustle of the trembling leaf,
That echoes all day long the whispering wind,
And paints in misty pigment, softer far,
The mossy ruin of an olden pile,
Than Daylight's brush in noonday colour clear.*

*Then creeping far beyond its earthen walls,
It meets a city by the western sea,
Whose spires are lost in hazy formlessness,
And lights loom yellow through the murky air,
And sounds are dimmed in half heard murmuring.*

*So wraith-like mists creep through the lands of mind,
And with confusion wrap its topmost towers.
Now dull the ray of Wisdom's guiding torch,
That lights the wanderer through the darkness vast,
Along the streets of fear and ignorance.*

*Then Error stalks in cloak of grey deceit
As seeming truth; but mocking make-believe
Of glam'rous mystery hiding all its lies,
And tempts the souls that pass, with promised feast
On boards that groan with only empty husks.*

*Until each night of Earth and Life has passed,
And morning rides with horses of the Sun,
The boldest even—pause and gently tread,
Perhaps muse awhile, on memories of things gone,
Ere follow too, the chariots of the Day.*

—E. F. H.

Arthur Richmond Atkinson

1863-1935

He is one that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience . . . He shoots fairly at the head of the cause, and having fastened, no frown nor favours shall make him let go his hold.—Thomas Fuller: The holy and profane state.

WITH the death of A. R. Atkinson, Wellington has lost a distinguished citizen and the College a good friend. In the City and in the College he will long be remembered as a generous friend of learning and as a stubborn fighter for the public weal.

A. R. Atkinson was a learned man, a great lover of books for their own sake and a very discerning critic. Sir Henry Newbolt described him as the most expert bibliophile he had ever known. He had gathered together a library of some ten or twelve thousand books; and as he grew older his time was passed more and more in their company. But he was also at one time very much a man of affairs. In his early manhood, not long after settling down to the practice of law in Wellington, he was elected a member of Parliament. He was a Liberal of sorts, but he had no taste for the crude Seddonian article, and soon disappeared from the House. A study of the defeat of the little group with which he acted would perhaps do much to explain the subsequent decay of public life in the Dominion. For like them he knew his own mind, stuck very obstinately by his convictions and would yield nothing to the anarchic beneficence of the despot who then ruled New Zealand.

After leaving Parliament he served for some time as a City Councillor, but gave more and more of his time to journalism and to certain institutions and causes which were near to his heart. He was for several years New Zealand correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and for a longer time of the *London Times*; and he wrote regularly for *The Round Table*. For the rest he became known as a very ardent advocate of Prohibition and as an equally ardent opponent of the Bible-in-Schools movement.

As an undergraduate at Oxford he achieved some celebrity as a wit; he was in later years

extremely well-informed, and in controversy he was always a man to be feared. In an undergraduate debate at Corpus he once opposed a motion to abolish the House of Lords. He said that he had only one complaint against the Peers, and that was simply that there were not enough of them! He proposed to amend this weakness of the peerage by providing that all peerages should be hereditary, "not only in the male line and in single representation but in every line of descent and in every descendant." The effect of this would be that in the long run nobody would be outside of it! Many years later in Wellington, he cross-examined a minister of religion, who had informed a committee of the House of Representatives that the Bible could be taught in the schools "without note or comment." "You think," said Atkinson, "that the Bible is a plain book that anyone can understand?" "I do," said the minister; "at any rate in all the really important parts." "Will you tell us one such part?" said Atkinson. "Yes," said the witness, "the 53rd chapter of Isaiah." At this Atkinson rummaged in one of his apparently bottomless pockets and fished out a copy of the Bible and read the story of Philip the Evangelist and the Ethiopian eunuch in the Book of Acts: "And Philip said, understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I except some man should guide me. And the place of the Scripture which he read was this—." It was the famous passage from the 53rd chapter of Isaiah!

Mr. Atkinson was for twenty-three years a member of the College Council, and on more than one occasion proved himself a very sturdy defender of the independence of the university teacher. By his will the College library received some 1,200 volumes from his library and a fifth share—estimated at about three thousand pounds—of the residue of his estate.

The Plunket Medal Contest, 1935

TO strike home, orations must deal with live subjects. The art of convincing, moving and galvanising men into action is no academic study; it arose and reached its peak of development in the fierce clashes of partisan interest. The ancient greats and the moderns (vide, as does any conscientious Plunket Medallist, *Great English Orations*, Everyman, P.B.A.) rose to epic occasions and passionate flights, taking their audiences with them in their enthusiastic affirmations. True oratory is a guide to action; it occurs genuinely when a great personality, borne along the current of great events, takes a hand in influencing those events. "In the beginning was the word."

But to approach our own contests, after these soarings. There seems something patently artificial in the idea and practise of eight sleekly-turned-out young men and women getting up deliberately and in turn before a Concert Chamber audience, and for twelve minutes each producing oratory. Or, rather, performing oratorically; conditions of the contest are such that it inevitably lacks spontaneity and warmth.

Within these limitations, it would seem that the contestants' only hope of overcoming the inherent dullness of the occasion lies in choosing a subject with life and blood in it. In your twelve minutes, it's no use skilfully exhuming a well-preserved but thoroughly dead corpse. Whether it was lived in the recent or distant past, the life of your "famous man or woman in history" must mean something in the lives of your audience to-day. It must throw light on present problems, and deal with events that can come to life, if he's an old-timer; must vivify and freshly interpret the actual experience of the audience, if he's a relatively modern.

These may seem Utopian considerations, but at least they give future competitors some hint of how to avoid the cadenced pomposities of funeral eulogy that seem to be the characteristic and fatal mark of most Plunket Medal orations. Revolt from this tradition was noticeable this year. Several contestants tried to do the thing freshly, and showed some originality; while the plane of oratory was seldom reached, there was a definite advance in variety and interest.

The first speaker was Mr. Sellers, on Robert Clive. His splendid platform appearance was

marred by nervousness, betrayed in a stiffness of gesture, and insufficient, although at times explosive, variation in volume and modulation of his speaking. With a more exciting subject, Mr. Sellers will be impressive in future contests.

Speaking on Gustav Stresemann, Mr. McElwain at times approached more nearly to impassioned oratory than any of the other speakers. His choice of subject was excellent—a contemporary who was borne up in the great currents of the post-war European scene, and the drama of whose life and conflict was consequently alive to the audience. Mr. McElwain wisely limited himself to salient aspects of Stresemann's life, without trying to cover its whole scope. Unfortunately, his elocutionary equipment was not equal to his subject matter; he was handicapped by a thinness of voice and lack of gesture.

Mr. Scotney chose John Brown, the surrounding elements of whose life and struggles were too remote to make him an appealing figure. A brusque stridency of voice, manner and gesture, surprising in so experienced a speaker, marred the first portion of Mr. Scotney's speech. When he soft-pedalled, he was much more pleasing to listen to, and the last minutes of his speech were genuinely moving.

Miss Souter turned to the New Zealand scene in her speech on Te Kooti. She was well prepared and very confident, but her speech seemed rather more glib than passionate. It was due partly to the inherent mediocrity of her subject, partly to the episodic manner of her treatment, that she quite failed to capture the interest or stir the imagination of her audience.

An infinitely engaging Mr. McGhie followed. In the countless P.M. orations of the past there can have been few so original as this one on Robert Burns. As witness the reactions of the audience; they either liked Mr. McGhie or they hated him—at least they reacted. Highlights of his amusing performance were a spurious Scottish accent, that waxed and waned with the audience's approval, mouth-filling rodomontade, so purple as to amount at times almost to a burlesque of a Plunket Medal address, and extensive poetic quotation (with and without quotation marks) from the works of the bard. Mr. McGhie's voice and manner were well suited to his buoyant treatment.

Mr. Griffiths, the next speaker, gave an object lesson in the wrong kind of Plunket Medal address. He delivered his dull catalogue of the virtues of an ancient Greek with all the emphasis and passion of a repetition of the multiplication table. He had set himself the impossible task of raising Pericles from the dead, and his maiden Plunket Medal speech quite failed to carry conviction.

Miss Shortall was another story. The stormy and eventful life of Michael Collins was within our time, and by ably treating the most dramatically significant scenes of his life, she made him appear a genuinely great and sympathetic figure. Miss Shortall scored with an easy naturalness of manner, a well-modulated voice and a pleasing flow of language. But she lacked fire, and missed her opportunities to rise to passionate climaxes through an unnecessary restraint of treatment. In total effect, her speech was moving, but not consistently nor deeply so.

It remained for the winning speaker, Mr. Tahiwí, to turn his splendid gifts to the treatment of an intrinsically mediocre subject. Mr. Tahiwí immediately impressed by his assured mastery of his equipment and his material—pleasing voice, good presence and graceful gestures. His apologia for Henry VIII. was never an oration, but in contrast to the other speakers, he displayed a complete maturity and mastery of his resources. He delivered a perfectly polished after-dinner speech.

The judges, Professor von Zedlitz, Rabbi Katz and Mr. O'Leary, awarded the medal to Mr. Tahiwí, and placed Mr. McGhie second and Miss Shortall third. Their spokesman, Professor von Zedlitz, perhaps over-diplomatically side-stepped individual criticism of the speakers. Instead, he discoursed amusingly on horse-racing, Lord Plunket and the origin and conditions of the contest, and congratulated the Society on the standard of the speaking.

Fey

O POUR not all the measure of delight
Into this one day—it is beautiful
Beyond all dreaming, and so perfectly
Flow the sweet hours, I am afraid—I know
Tears lie behind our gladness—grief stands ready
To stab our laughing, loving hearts—too soon
All this must end—the gods are envious—
Evening will come, and gloriously dying
Forewarn us, wake us swiftly to remembrance
With her last chilling breath of wind: and then
The lovely light will fade—and suddenly
We and the world together will grow cold,
Touched with mortality—I am afraid—
This day is beautiful beyond all dreaming:
We cannot, dare not drain its ecstasy.

—M.P.P.

Reviews

Study in Brown and White

THE present is a most critical moment for the Maori people," writes Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland in his recent pamphlet on *The Maori Situation*. Reviewing the state of affairs in Maori-pakeha relationships to-day, the author reaches the conclusion that more complete understanding of the Maori people by white New Zealanders, and the active goodwill based upon that understanding, are most urgently needed and fully deserved. The writer's aim throughout the book has been to provide the pakeha with a basis for this fuller understanding and sympathy; and his work seems calculated amply to fulfil this mission.

At the close of the introductory chapter Dr. Sutherland writes: "If the Maori people are to be understood and fairly regarded to-day, some account must be attempted, in predominantly human terms, first of the form of life which was their own, and then of what has happened to them since Europeans came amongst them and decided that Ao-tea-Roa was a desirable land in which to live." The following chapters proceed to deal with the coming of the Maori, his surroundings and their effect on his character, his religion and social structure. Successive phases of the impact of white civilisation are then depicted, showing the Maori's beliefs and mode of life subjected to shattering blows—his religion destroyed, inter-tribal warfare turned to massacre with the aid of firearms, lands filched away piecemeal. Depression, resentment, and defeatism became the Maoris' leading traits, until they were emphatically declared a dying race.

But, though dispossessed and destroyed, they did not die. And not only did they survive, but to-day the Maori population is steadily increasing. What is yet more important is that the outlook of the Maori people and their hold on life have most markedly changed. Largely through the instrumentality of the Young Maori Party ("probably unique in the history of the many tragic contacts of civilisation with native life"), there has been a re-emergence of leadership in the persons of such men as Carroll, Pomare, and Ngata. New life is flowing in Maori veins. A Maori renaissance is at hand.

The technique of change, in the author's view, is predominantly a matter of adapting civilised

institutions to Maori needs. Maori individuality, with a blended culture partly European and partly Maori, is, in his opinion, the only means of self-respecting survival for the Maori people in the country which was once their own.

The story of the contact between the two races, and the analysis of the causes which have led to the changed condition and outlook of the Maori people to-day, are presented with keen sympathy and the insight possible only to one closely in touch with Maori thought and feeling. The function of the dominant English majority at this time requires, above all, a true comprehension of the human situation involved, and an attitude of goodwill. For this cause the author not only shows but imparts enthusiasm.

The work is brief, but comprehensive, being happily adorned with tale and anecdote, and with extremely pertinent references to parliamentary papers and debates, and quotations from a wide range of writers, including Dr. Dieffenbach, Major Cruise, Samuel Marsden, Condcliffe, Elsdon Best, Mr. Justice Alpers, and Dr. Peter Buck. While regarding Maori problems as primarily psychological, the writer nevertheless diverges sufficiently to touch on many interesting allied questions in politics and economics. He discusses the King Movement, the rating of Native lands, Maori education, and questions of health and housing.

The issue on which the author really comes to grips with current opinion relates, however, to the problem of land development at large. At the moment, over 80,000 members of the Maori race are dependent on the Native land development schemes. Three-quarters of a million acres go to comprise the 44 schemes in operation. The initiation of this undertaking has not only been a task of tremendous proportions, but, further, it has formed the core of the renaissance of Maori life. The author reviews the origin of the schemes in the first Maori projects and in subsequent legislation. With perfect justice he points out the regrettable fact that nearly all that is publicly known of these schemes has become general knowledge through unfavourable means. Indeed, one of the principal virtues of this book is its endeavour to counteract the harm done to the cause of native land consolidation and development by the recent Native Affairs Commission.

On several specific questions the report of that Commission is here opposed. The Commission considered, for example, that the "communal elements" in Maori life would hinder the development of good farming, and that if these were encouraged, Maoris would be unlikely to succeed in the industry of modern farming for profit. This view Dr. Sutherland strongly and convincingly challenges.

He is less effective, however, in discussing the report of the Commission as regards the administration of Native Affairs, and in particular in his remarks on the resignation of Sir Apirana Ngata. "The Maori people," says the writer, "knew that they had been robbed of their leader." It is unfortunate that the author should have lent countenance to such a view, the correctness of which is by no means established by the argument he adduces. Equally contentious is the treatment of the question of native administration. From the Commission's report the conclusion is drawn that the financial organisation of the Native Department had been inadequate to meet the demands made upon it by the development schemes, and that "serious irregularities" (or, more specifically, faults and dishonesty) had in consequence resulted. Even in human terms the logic of this statement is questionable, and the attitude of those who cannot accept it is not likely to be modified by reference to that distressingly elusive thing, "the real inwardness of the Maori situation," to which appeal is made on page one of the Foreword and reiterated passim.

It remains nevertheless true, as the author says, that the Commission laid unfortunate emphasis on the demand for immediate financial stability and sound farming, rather than first a rehabilitation of native life such as would give to the Maoris a definite cultural background.

The book concludes with a warm appeal for pakeha goodwill. "The Maoris," it is said, "are a living and increasing people, whose experience since we came amongst them has been on the whole a bitter one. Of their response to pakeha understanding and goodwill there can be no doubt at all. The Maori is generous to a fault."

The production of the volume itself is of the pleasing quality for which the makers of *Art in New Zealand* are well known. To readers at large, and the University public in particular, *The Maori Situation* carries Spike's warmest commendation.

Another Argo

UNDER this attractive title come three poems from the Caxton Club Press—producers of the historic "Oriflamme."

Opening the group with "Doom at Sunrise" Allen Curnow somewhat elusively runs through four stanzas typical of him. The poem reaches, at its best, quite epic heights—

*the poised peaks will not fall on us
the folded wings of rock not cover us
in this our day of doom striking.*

But elsewhere his common fault recurs, of leaving too much to those colossal terms pain, fire, birth, love, beauty. Up to a point these will convey, in half a line, more than a chapter's length of common prose; yet relied on too much they turn conciseness into mere abstraction.

A rather pitiful lament arises from A. R. D. Fairburn, who, noting the decay of England, writhes in sarcastic verse. With little or no feeling for the inevitability of things he pines for crusading days and roving knights. Eminently entertaining withal, he nevertheless plies his pen in vain except for Fascists.

With pleasing directness Denis Glover condenses an almost fatalist philosophy into the space of a brief poem:

*When all the world is bombed to pungent
dust
The earth will conquer and the quiet moss
grow.*

With simple phrase and unextravagant metaphor he reveals a new "peace on earth"—when devastation's work is done. Yet this unpeopled world he paints so warmly that, after the jangle and the pain of our twentieth-century days, one might well see in this a longed-for consummation. The humanist almost defeats his purpose.

Leo Benemann contributes a frontispiece—"Another Argo's painted prow." In keeping with the lines of Yeats it is indeed a flashy bauble, brilliant in execution, yet so plainly derivative from the work of Beardsley that the merit of its conception can hardly be appreciated.

—I.D.C.

"Estoilles Argent"

THE following is a letter received by Mr. G. F. Dixon, acknowledging a copy of the 1934 Foundation Number of *Spike*. The writer is a former student of Victoria College now resident in New York:—

"It means much to an exile to find the *Spike* in the mail, to know oneself remembered by one of the 'Old Clay Patchers.' I am writing to the Editor asking to be put on the mailing list—the subscription seems very low to one accustomed to American rates.

"Students, I find, are much the same the world over, and the authorities above them are also much the same. Revolt from war is the theme song of youth in the universities here, and it would seem to be the same at home. Their courage is admirable at present. I hope it will not dissolve in the acid of popular opinion if war should threaten. As I recall it we had no such powerful emotion to move us. Life was calm, and we knew exactly what was right and what was wrong. We were earnestly of the opinion that if you worked hard and did your duty you were sure to succeed. It was a pleasant creed and a happy life. There is no such naive outlook here. Life appears grim to the graduates and they keep their feet firmly on the ground, picking their way bravely among the wreckage of the last five years. At least these post-war people have the facts, even though presented somewhat brutally, of what they face.

"It will be interesting to see what they make out of the world that tumbled about our ears. So I am enormously interested in watching our students at home, especially those of my own Alma Mater."

This year the College seems to have reawakened to the fact that the replacement of our gymnasium is long overdue. Whether the photo in last year's *Spike* of the gymnasium on its opening day, with the caption, "as it was in the beginning . . . ?" stung people into activity is a matter of conjecture, but the Building Committee was severely criticised at the annual meeting for having failed to meet during the past year. In view of "frozen credit" and "economic stagnation," the Committee perhaps may be

excused for its hibernation, but the time now seems propitious for further activity. A visit to other Varsity centres is not necessary to realise the need for replacement—the building creaks for itself. The action of the Dramatic Club and the Law Society in devoting the proceeds of their entertainments to the Building Fund is one that *Spike* most warmly commends. The example is one that can be emulated by all clubs and individuals, for as yet we have not a tenth of the funds necessary for a new building.

Through Mr. D. M. Burns accepting a position in Christchurch, Victoria College students lost one of their ablest executive officers. As a member of the Executive for nearly four years, and its Secretary for one year, Mr. Burns' sustained attention to student affairs is well known. We take this opportunity of wishing him every success in his present venture.

On the 5th June of this year a well-attended meeting of the Court of Convocation was held. After having been in abeyance for several years, this Court shows definite signs of revival, and it is to be hoped that the interest will be sustained. Its existence is desirable, it being capable of promoting the welfare of the College and countering attacks such as we were subjected to two years ago. This year the most important matter discussed was student representation on the College Council. A resolution in favour of such representation was carried by a large majority. Discussion on the question whether the Court should make recommendations for nominations for the College Council ended in a unanimous resolution to the effect that the Court should make no such recommendations. Mr. C. S. Plank was appointed Secretary to the Court and he may be communicated with at 15 Braithwaite Street, Wellington.

From time to time it has been pointed out that the attempts of *Spike* to mix literary efforts with a record of College activities has not been successful. Full justice has not been done to either. In spite of the protests, which began

nearly twenty years ago, the system has continued till the present time. If the efforts of the Literary Society are successful, however, next year may see a radical change. That Club is now circularising the College to discover if it would be possible to start a quarterly magazine devoted primarily to literary efforts, after the style of *Phoenix* and *Oriflamme*. It contends that the sphere of neither *Spike* nor *Smad* will be encroached upon; but this seems unlikely, for both these journals find difficulty in obtaining consistently good material, and this in spite of the fact that *Spike* only appears annually. Granted that the present system is unsatisfactory, it seems improbable that a third magazine can be run with success, and, moreover, it is rumoured that there is a likelihood of Weir House starting a fourth. A notable improvement, however, would be to issue an enlarged *Smad* at the end of every year, containing a summary of the club activities, thus leaving *Spike* to devote itself to literary work, and so enable it to build up an even greater reputation than it now enjoys in that direction. If, in this form, it were placed under the control of the Literary Society, it should receive every stimulus towards becoming a first-class literary magazine.

* * *

On his election as President of the New Zealand National Union of Students, Mr. R. J. Larkin is to be congratulated. To be so elected is a fitting honour for the holder of a long succession of Varsity offices, including that of joint editorship of *Spike* last year. With such experience behind him, we feel sure that he will fill his present office with distinction.

* * *

Under the wills of the late Mr. A. D. Crawford and the late Mr. A. R. Atkinson the College has received two very liberal benefactions. The former bequest amounts to £2000 for the Library and £3000 for the endowment of scholarships; while the latter is a gift of 1200 books for the Library and a share in the residuary estate approaching £3000. To a College such as ours these bequests are of value far beyond their monetary estimate. We are in an unfortunate position of financial dependence that makes us peculiarly sensitive to changes of Government policy, and prevents us from possessing that freedom which is so desirable for a University. Bequests such as these are steps

towards the attainment of this independence, and knowledge of this fact increases our gratitude.

* * *

Spike's literary prize was won this year by Miss Margaret Perrett whose poem *The Man* was adjudged the best contribution. The photographic prize was won by Mr. R. A. Davison with his entry of *Turere, Orongorongo*. The respective winners of the Literary Society's prize for the best verse and the best short story were Miss Margaret Lloyd and Mr. O. A. E. Hughan. The former's entry was *Coal Hulks, Wellington Harbour*, and the latter's *Wedding Eve*.

* * *

This year Victoria was represented in the Bledisloe Medal Oratory Contest by two women students, Miss C. Forde and Miss D. Souter. The former's speech was on James Edward Fitzgerald, and she is to be congratulated on the favour it found with the Dunedin judges, who awarded her the medal.

* * *

Our good wishes are extended to the Rhodes Scholarship nominees for this year, Mr. H. J. M. Abraham, B.Sc., and Mr. C. M. P. Brown, B.A. Both men have taken keen interest in Varsity matters, Mr. Abraham's activities being Maths and Physics Society, and Athletics, and Mr. Brown's Debating, Free Discussions Club and Weir House. We trust that at least one, if not both, will place Victoria's name on the Rhodes list again.

* * *

Last month saw the departure for England of Mr. D. W. McElwain, M.A. Having won a Post Graduate Scholarship in Arts, he is proceeding to the University of London, with the aim of ultimately taking a Ph.D. degree. We expect to hear further tidings of Mr. McElwain, who carries with him the best wishes of acquaintances at V.U.C.

* * *

During the year a James McIntosh Travelling Scholarship was awarded to Mr. A. E. Fieldhouse, M.A. To fulfil the conditions of this scholarship Mr. Fieldhouse is undertaking educational research in England, with special reference to the teaching of music in schools. To him, also, we extend our very best wishes.

Another student leaving New Zealand in search of greater knowledge is Mr. F. B. Shorland, M.Sc., who leaves this month, armed with a National Research Scholarship for two years' study at Liverpool University. His specialty is fish-liver oils, and he will undertake extensive study in that branch of research. Mr. Shorland was a 1932 graduate, and while at V.U.C. his efforts were instrumental in the formation of the College Harrier Club

. . . .

A former student of V.U.C., Mr. Diamond Jenness, was honoured this year by the University of New Zealand. In recognition of his prominence in anthropological research the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Literature was bestowed upon him. Dr. Jenness's headquarters are at the National Museum, Ottawa.

. . . .

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. G. A. Peddie and Miss Dulcie Hansen on their marriage. Their respective associations with V.U.C. have extended over several years; Mr. Peddie's as a student and later as a lecturer, and Miss Hansen's as a member of the office staff. We wish them every felicitation for the future.

. . . .

The editorial staff are greatly indebted to Mr. I. D. Campbell, editor of 1933 *Spike*, for the assistance he has given us this year. Besides giving the benefit of his experience he prepared for us an excellent series of posters and undertook a great deal of proof reading. We are also indebted to Mr. J. R. Lott for his execution of the cover drawing from a design by Mr. B. A.

Snowball. To Mr. Carl Watson we are further indebted for our editorial heading and initial letters.

. . . .

No College Notes would be complete without reference to Weir House. Former *Spikes* have extolled its virtues, emphasised its responsibilities and enlarged upon its situation. To those who are not residents it always appears as a most attractive institution; its palatial comforts never cease to impress. Fortunate is the committee that has a Weir member in its ranks; no more desirable place can be found for a meeting than his room—in fact, no committee is really complete without a Weir resident. And to accept an invitation for supper or afternoon tea is not only to be entertained in cheerful surroundings, but is to be given the delightful opportunity of studying undergraduate life at its best. One is always reminded of Christopher Morley's description of the inhabitants of College quadrangles: "One can never resist a throb of amazement at the entertaining youthfulness of these young monks. How quaintly juvenile they are, and how oddly that assumption of grave superiority sits upon their golden brows! With what an inimitable air of wisdom, cynicism, ancientry, learned aloofness and desire to be observed do they stroll to and fro across the quads, so keenly aware in their inmost bosoms of the presence of visitors and determined to grant an appearance of mingled wisdom, great age, and sad doggishness! What a devil-may-care swing to the stride, what a nonchalance in the perpetual wreath of cigarette smoke, what a carefully assumed bearing of one carrying great wisdom lightly and easily casting it aside for the moment in the pursuit of some waggish trifle. 'Here' those very self-conscious young visages seem to betray 'is one who might tell you all about the Holy Roman Empire, and yet is, for the moment, diverting himself with a mere mandolin.'"

In re Spike, 1935; L.R. (V.U.C.) 229½

Judgments of the Court

Photographic

THROUGH the co-operation of the Executive *Spike* this year was able to offer a prize of one guinea for the best photograph submitted. The standard and number of the entries was such that we hope that this competition will become an annual fixture. The prize this year was awarded to Mr. R. A. Davison, and photos by Messrs. G. E. Scott and L. Withy were placed second and third respectively. The following are the remarks of Mr. J. W. Chapman-Taylor, who very kindly judged the entries:—

"Pictorial photographs appeal to us in two ways. We find satisfaction in the convincing truthfulness of a good photograph to begin with. But chiefly we joy in a noble theme skilfully chosen, justly appreciated and well rendered by a fellow man. No sophistries are needed to justify good photography. In this attitude of mind I approach the task of judging these photographs.

"Turere, Orongorongo,' I place first. A beautiful bush scene is depicted under an interesting effect of light and though a difficult subject to photograph it is rendered one might say perfectly. The composition is good and it appeals to me as a picture one could live with and continue to enjoy. I can find no fault with it.

"Second place I give to 'Pathway, Paekakariki.' It is a charming rural scene exceedingly well rendered. To appreciate the value of such a scene requires an artist's eye. For this reason combined with its good technique I place it above some more striking subjects not so well photographed. This picture distinctly stimulates the imagination.

"Titahi Bay' must I think be placed third. Its material is very beautiful and well arranged but not so well rendered. The headland is too black and empty of gradation. The composition is good and the sky beautifully rendered but the water lacks crispness and detail."

Speaking of the other entries Mr. Chapman-Taylor also made the following remarks:—

"Students should endeavour to work BIG in photography as in drawing. Hear O Artist!

the picture you make must be ONE. You will command attention only when you say one thing on one piece of paper—boldly, strongly, though perhaps with the greatest delicacy."

Literary

With his usual kindness Professor G. W. von Zedlitz again judged the literary contributions submitted to *Spike*. For the benefit of contributors we give his criticisms in full though space prevents us from publishing every article he mentions.

"The contribution most suitable for receiving the prize is *The Man*. It is quite satisfactory in form, has enough and not too much content for the length, and metre, rhythm and diction appropriate to the matter. Other contributions are more ingenious, or more amusing, or more thoughtful; none is so uniformly adequate. If this piece had been absent the choice would have been difficult. Probably I should have chosen *Reverie*, in a style of writing I respect because I could never achieve it myself; but I prefer not to be definite unnecessarily. Of the many other attractive contributions—without attempting to arrange them in any order of merit—I liked *This Too Vast Silence* for the genuineness of its thought, but was puzzled by the rhythms, in which I could not detect the purpose; in *Ode to an Honours Student* the gently condescending considerateness for the female student, with some doubts as to its justification; here the lines applied to her:

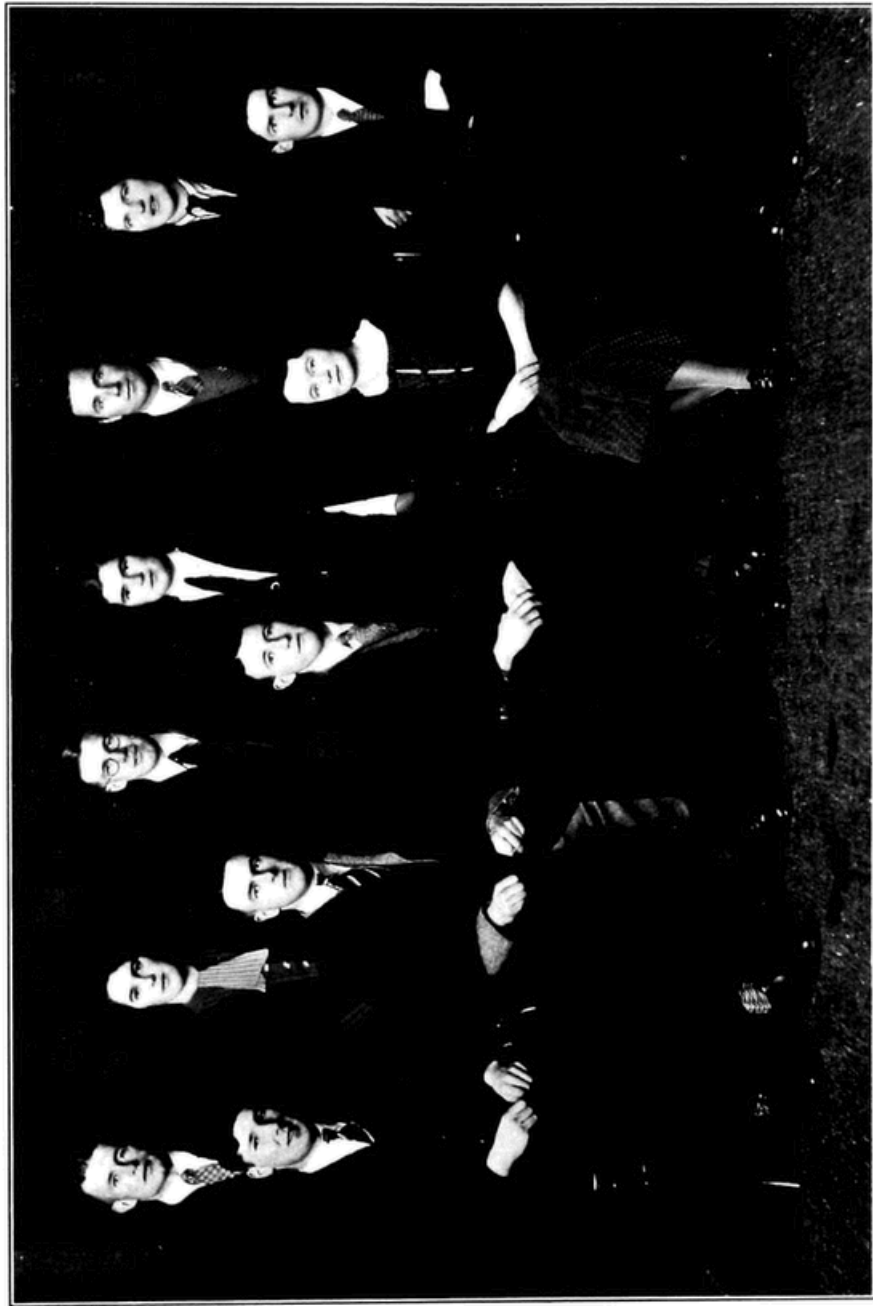
*Deeming the fruits that learning brings
An ample compensation
For headaches, and such kindred things
As come with—concentration*

forcibly suggests a much more appropriate rhyme-word. *Libido* puzzled me with its coolly writhing thighs, a phenomenon that has escaped my observation, but I thoroughly sympathized with *A Memory of Love*. *Hollywood Phantasy* seemed to me very clever, but hardly to be judged either as poetry or as verse. *A Wild Oat* appealed to me strongly, and there are good points about *Silences*, though why the silences should be sudden is obscure, and the end is something of



*Oriel Window,
Victoria College.*

Hughan.



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS, ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1935.

J. P. Mules, B.Com., N. McLaren, W. R. Birks, LL.M., J. Grainger, A. H. Scorey, B.A., A. Harding,
 A. T. S. McGhie (Hon. Sec.), H. R. C. Wild, LL.M. (Vice-Pres.), R. C. Bradshaw, B.Com. (Pres.), H. K. Hurley (Vice-Pres.),
 H. M. McIntosh (Hon. Treas.).

Crown Studios.

an anti-climax. *The Poet* is a smart production, better if it were shorter; clever Banvillesque rhyming; the criticism of W.W. (of H.M.'s Inland Revenue Service), in spite of the weak second line, the forced word Siberian, and the mixed metaphor, will find an echo in many a student's heart:

*For even Wordsworth's stony waste
Of wilderness Siberian
Has oftentimes a little taste
Of watercress Pierian.*

Mademoiselle is also humorous, a good rattling Ingoldsby jingle; the writer should be useful at extravaganza time. He would stand an excellent chance for second place in this competition. *Music* is meritorious work on a well-worn theme; *Surveyal* puzzled me with the expression *new-found brides*—it made me think of the absent-minded professor who woke up next morning after his wedding day and exclaimed "What on earth is Miss Blank doing here?" The line *And after death I cannot think*, though not meant that way, needs re-writing. *Barcelona* is the best of the longer pieces in the group by one author, though the simile is overworked, and the expression *the aching peace of home* conveys no meaning to me. But I prefer the shorter numbers, *Lavoleta* or *Retreat*. *Calm* speaks of *sunset dawning in the West*, a *trouvaile* comparable to Montgomery's *streams meandering level with their fount*. *The Mist* is thoughtful and a highly creditable piece of work, but spoiled for me by the way the nouns are "invariably dogged" by epithets—this year's Latin students will be reminded of the *Peleus* and *Thetis*. And what of *boards that groan with only empty husks*? Some husks. *Tom-Tom* is good rhythmical prose and well written, but I am not surprised that the warriors turned down the old man, whose exact meaning is obscure.

"Taken all round, the entries to the competition are a better response than last year, in quality as well as in quantity."

Short Story

The Literary Society held this year a verse and short-story competition. Entries for the latter were judged by Professor G. W. von Zedlitz whose remarks on them were as follows:—

"Although there were only six entries, it proved difficult to assign the first place, as none of the stories was without merit, and those merits were of very diverse character. The story *Grey Rat* had a very pleasing freshness and spontaneity, and was by no means ill-written, although full of small faults through carelessness.

"The *Priest of Diana* shows imagination in plenty and a real gift for writing; but I could not give first place to a story so unintelligible. There is no harm in leaving the reader guessing, but the possible guesses must not be unrestricted in number. Besides, a Naomi Mitchison may write fancy tales of the ancient world and get away with it, but it does take some knowledge of the ancient world.

"The merits of the remaining stories were of a more conventional order. *Kaplin* has a good idea somewhat too conscientiously worked out—too much foundation for the superstructure—and also raises grave doubts as to its psychological possibility. The language of this story and of *Justice* largely consists of well-worn word groupings. *Kowhai Flood* and *Wedding Eve* achieve the feat so difficult for all writers of representing human beings that give an impression of real existence, therefore, in spite of the great promise shown by several other stories the first place must go to *Wedding Eve*."

The Staff

LAST year our foundation professors were honoured: this year we welcome three new ones—and still retain two of our foundation professors.

PROFESSOR F. F. MILES.

Prof. Miles had been Assistant to Prof. Sommerville in the Department of Mathematics since 1926 and on the latter's death he was asked to carry on the Department during 1934. Because of this, and because of his wide reputation in the domain of Mathematics his professorial appointment was widely anticipated.

Passing through Otago University he went to Oxford in 1913 as a Rhodes Scholar. The War interrupted his course but finally he returned to New Zealand in 1921 taking up a position at Wanganui College. He remained there until coming to Victoria. His wide reading in such divergent subjects as Economics and Theology, and his long terms as President of the French Club show interests in no way confined to his professorial activities.

PROFESSOR J. WILLIAMS.

On the retirement of Prof. Cornish, Prof. Williams was appointed as Professor of English and New Zealand Law. A distinguished scholar of Auckland University College, he took a Travelling Scholarship in Law in 1930, and on going to Cambridge carried out research on "Section Four of the Statute of Frauds" for a Ph.D. thesis. The result of this research has been published in book form and acclaimed as an authority by the legal press. Before taking up his present position Prof. Williams was practising as a barrister in Auckland.

PROFESSOR S. L. W. WOOD.

To replace Prof. F. P. Wilson in the Chair of History Prof. Wood came from the University of Sydney. His academic career began in Sydney and was continued in Oxford where he passed his M.A. (1931) besides winning several prizes and a scholarship. He returned to Sydney to become Lecturer in History. Since 1930 he has had published two histories of Australia together with numerous articles.

Among the lecturers there have been changes almost as numerous as among the professorial hierarchy.

Dr. Campbell (Otago and Edinburgh) has come from Nelson College to be Lecturer in Mathematics. He is to be commended on his attempt to extend a knowledge of the method mathematical among the less enlightened searchers in the Science Department.

At the end of last year Dr. Wildman, lecturer in Zoology, returned to Leeds to continue his wool research. During his two years' stay at Victoria he was responsible for rejuvenating the Natural History Society and did much to encourage field work of every sort.

Another departure was that of Mr. L. C. King, lecturer in Geology, who has gone to the University of Natal. During his four years at Victoria he was one of the most popular members of the staff. Besides publishing several geological papers and conducting a survey in Marlborough he was an excellent 'cellist, father of the Chess Club, and Vice-President of the Harrier Club.

The Student Life

DYING in corridors,
(Vide Lalagen!)
Scaling stairs to upper floors,
Swarming down again.

Interim of sitting mute
(Hear the cosmic scheme!)
Time dimension grows acute;
Long for Lethe stream.

Perennial November's loom;
Examination's whip
Cracks in the ears like crack o' doom
To probe your scholarship.

When in the end you win the prize
The conquest (here's the scandal)
Shrinks to a fifth its former size.
Say, is it worth the candle?

—E. N.

Nazi-ism and the British Temperament

GERMANY is not Italy! This was the attitude adopted by the German Social Democrats in the face of a menacing Fascist revolution. With a blind stupidity they persuaded themselves that the German people were too intelligent to be deceived by the Nazi leaders. Fascism is foreign to the German race! So day by day the Social Democrats betrayed the workers to the brutality of the Nazi dictatorship. They ignored the lesson of Italy; they retreated before every advance of Nazi-ism; they dishonoured that trust which the mass of the German workers had placed in them. Too late did they realise their blunder: the Nazi dictatorship had started its butchery. Germany is not Italy!

England is not Germany! The British Labour Movement, ignoring the mistakes made by the Social Democrats on the Continent, adopted a similar attitude. Not only does it ignore the Fascist tendencies of the National Government, but it has also refused every offer to form a united front against Fascism.

The leaders of the British Labour Movement, however, are not alone in expressing their conviction that the great British people would never submit to a Fascist dictatorship. With monotonous regularity, the cable brings us news that Mr. Stanley Baldwin (that fine old English gentlemen with a cherry-briar) has implicit faith in British Democracy. The barbarisms committed by the Nazis are foreign to the British sense of justice and fair play, and (like the British Labour Movement) he declares that the great British people would never submit to a Fascist dictatorship.

It is therefore interesting and enlightening to inquire whether Nazi-ism is as foreign to the British temperament as Mr. Baldwin and the Labour Party believe. The "civilised barbarisms" committed under the Nazi regime in Germany have been numerous and varied, but perhaps the one which has aroused the most disgust and indignation in New Zealand is the persecution of political and national minorities in concentration camps. The general opinion is that such brutality would not be tolerated in this country. Yet it is only seventeen years since Mr. Hewitt, S.M., presented his damning report on the treatment of conscientious objectors in the Wanganui Detention Barracks. An extract from the report reads:

"Generally speaking, 'breaking in' was accomplished in this way: A weighted pack was put on the prisoner's back, and a rifle fastened to his side by means of handcuffs and a piece of cord. . . . The prisoner was then ordered to march, and if he did not march he was pushed from behind and helped along by the arms round the yard. When he came to a corner he was pushed so as to bump against the wall, often so that he would strike it with his head; at times he was punched and thumped on the back and on the neck, and his heels were trodden on. In some cases he was kicked . . . a rope was used by which to pull him around, water was thrown on him while on the ground, and he was dragged for some distance along the floor of the yard. . . ."

Is Nazi-ism un-British? This extract from the Magisterial Report may be compared with a book review in *John O' London's Weekly* (June 29, 1935) of Herr Wolfgang Langhof's *Rubber Truncheon*:

"The author is a German actor, neither Jew nor a politician who was arrested in 1933 and left for thirteen months without trial. No reason was given for his imprisonment, no notice was taken of his protests. . . . His unvarnished account of the beatings and diabolical savagery to which he and his fellow-prisoners were subjected makes one sick with horror. They were beaten with truncheons, laths, fists, and whips. They were kicked, they were put to bestial indignities"

Is Nazi-ism un-British? These two authoritative extracts clearly show the falsity of the beliefs of Mr. Baldwin and the British Labour Movement. British Imperialism, when its security is threatened, never hesitates to employ the methods of the Nazi thug; and when the emergency is over the authorities white-wash the brutalities that have been committed. Thus in the Wanganui Gaol case the Court found J. W. Cramp-ton, lieutenant, who was in command of the gaol, not guilty on the whole eleven charges, and "honestly acquitted him." It is difficult to reconcile this verdict with the following extract from the Magisterial Report:

"I have been able to discover little or no exaggeration in the statements of the prisoners. So far as I have been able to check them they

are fair and truthful . . . on the other hand, I am satisfied that many of the statements made to me by members of the Barracks' staff were untrue."

The action of the Government in ignoring Mr. Hewitt's report, and setting up a court-martial that was merely a piece of white-washing machinery to save Lieut. Crampton's position, can only be rivalled by the Nazis' "trial" of Van der Lubbe to shift the blame for the burning of the Reichstag.

Is Nazi-ism un-British? It may be with fairness stated that it is not.

The Wanganui Gaol incident is but one example of Nazi-ism in New Zealand. Remembering the tragedy of Germany, students should fight the slightest Nazi tendencies in this country, and realise that their welfare is closely linked with that of the working classes.

—Ja.

Mademoiselle

*THERE are words that will conjure a smile or a tear,
Or cause e'en the strongest to quake;
One word, perhaps secretly breathed in his ear,
Can keep a dictator awake;
But of words that are lovely, and words that are lyrical,
There is one that to me is a marvel, a miracle—
One word in my mind like a tinkling bell:
The simple, sweet title of "Mademoiselle."*

*"Senorita" has charm, when the speaker is firm on
The way he pronounces the name,
And "Fraulein" is nice, when it's said by a German;
But "Miss"—why, the thing is a shame!
And after some passion, a promise, and kisses,
The poor "Miss" becomes an uninteresting "Mrs."!
Now in French—what devotion's required to compel
You to give up the title of "Mademoiselle"?*

*(Oh! To hear the church-bell ringing out like a knell
On your claim, lost for ever, to "Mademoiselle"!)
Then hey! for a mansion, and ho! a Larousse!
And a batch of irregular verbs!
Though the tongue is absurd, and the grammar abstruse,
There's a wierd subtle power that disturbs:
An intoxication, a longing, a pain,
A feeling I cannot express or explain,
A witchery, rapture, enchantment, or spell,
In the mystical music of "Mademoiselle."*

*And though, on a cold, unimpassioned analysis,
Beauty is not hard to find
In your Gwendolines, Gladyses, Gertrudes and Alices,
Away! for I've made up my mind;
And none of your dances, your pictures and parties,
Will ever win me from the place where my heart is:
Afar on the Loire with my dazzling belle,
My lovely, poetical Mademoiselle!*

—H. W. G.

Past Students

FOR the compilation of this list we are further indebted to Mr. G. F. Dixon. The preparation of these lists is a long, difficult, and somewhat thankless task, and of Mr. Dixon's painstaking efforts we cannot speak too highly. Last year, completely revised lists for the years 1899-1907 were published.

List of Students who Entered Victoria College in 1908

Ambridge, Edith Ethel.....	1908.
Anderson, George Pellew.....	1908.
Arthur, Leonard Percy.....	1908.
Atkinson, Miss E.....	1908.
Bailey, Wenonah.....	1908-9.
Barton, Cranleigh Harper.....	1908-9-10-11.
Barton, John Saxon.....	1908-9.
Berendsen, Carl August.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Biggar, Robert Hedley.....	1908-9-10.
Bissett, Caroline Annie Beatrice.....	1908-9-10-11-12 (Mrs. J. Russell).
Bridgman, Joseph Thomas.....	1908-9.
Brown, Alexandra Mary.....	1908.
Brown, Maxwell Stewart.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. C. Bartholomew).
Burbidge, Percy William.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Burr, Edward Moore Craig.....	1908-9 and 1911.
Callender, Meta.....	1908-9.
Campbell, Jessie.....	1908-9-10.
Carthew, Evelyn Maude.....	1908-9 (Mrs. J. C. Riddell).
Cederholm, Walter Siegfried.....	1908.
Chapman, John Henry.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Chatwin, Cicely Mary.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. R. Archer).
Clachan, Mary Crawford.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Cleghorn, George Max.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Cockerill, Henry Walter.....	1908-9-10-11.
Comrie, Thomas Collins.....	1908-9.
Cooper, Ruth Eveline.....	1908-9 (Mrs. Gilmore).
Curtayne, Arthur.....	1908 and 1911-12.
Daniell, Hubert Harry.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Davies, Edith Race.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13. (Mrs. H. G. Miller).
Dawn, Francis Henry.....	1908-9.
Dobbie, Ira Valor Allan.....	1908 and 1912.
Dowling, John William.....	1908-9.
Eagar, Edward Fitzgerald.....	1908 and 1910-11-12-13.
Edwards, Eliza Rutland.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Elliott, Evelyn Margaret.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. A. H. Falloon).
Foster, Kate.....	1908-9.
Frayne, Leonora Jane.....	1908-9.
Garnham, Grace.....	1908-9.
Girling-Butcher, Roy Maltby.....	1908-9-10.
Gow, Mary Jessie.....	1908-9-10 (Mrs. A. Sandel).
Grant, Colin Campbell.....	1908-9-10-11.
Gray, Ronald.....	1908-9.
Gatenby, Elizabeth Catherine.....	1908-9-10-11.
Gavin, Doris Margaret Hay.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Gibb, Muriel Bradshaw.....	1908-9. (Mrs. R. W. Wainwright).
Hall, Lily Edith.....	1908-9 (Mrs. C. M. Haydon).
Hall, Thomas Donald Horn.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Hardie, James Anderson.....	1908.
Harrison, Octavius Louis Thomas.....	1908.
Hendry, Colin Alexander.....	1908-9.
Hitchings, Lionel Lancelot.....	1908-9 and 1911.
Hurley, Daniel Henry.....	1908.
Hustwick, Reginald Gresleyn.....	1908.

Inder, Eric Wyles.....	1908-9-10-11.
Isaac, Nora Gwendolin.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Jackson, Dorothea Esther.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. H. Symes).
Jackson, Lucy Aidney.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. B. L. Bagnall).
Jackson, George Winchester.....	1908-9.
Jameson, Irene Eadgyth.....	1908 (Mrs. Burns).
Jamieson, Charles Alexander.....	1908 and 1910.
Jamieson, Laura.....	1908-9 (Mrs. W. A. Boniface).
Jenkins, Harriette Mary.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Jenks, Francis Llewellyn.....	1908.
Kent, Douglas Barrington.....	1908.
Kerr, Kate Frances.....	1908-9 and 1913.
King, G. W.....	1908.
Lancaster, Thomas Leonard.....	1908-9-10 and 1912.
Lawry, Gladys Mary.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13 (Mrs. F. M. Corkill).
Lear, Eirie.....	1908-9 (Mrs. —).
Levi, Leila Esther.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13 (Mrs. Waring).
MacClure, Bertha Catherine.....	1908-9.
Macdonald, Christine.....	1908.
Mackay, Rupert.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Mackersey, Lindsay John.....	1908-9.
MacLennan, Effie Wilhelmina.....	1908.
Martyn, William John.....	1908.
Mason, Hester Mary.....	1908.
Mason, Spencer Rex.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
McGowan, Elsie Stewart.....	1908.
McGrath, Kevin Izod.....	1908-9.
McLean, Thomas Donald.....	1908-9.
McNair, John.....	1908.
McRae, James.....	1908-9.
McRae, Rebecca Finlayson.....	1908-9 and 1912.
Moxham, Ruth May.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. F. O. Bailey).
Muir, Roydon McIntosh.....	1908.
Murray, Mary Edith Elizabeth.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13 (Mrs. G. H. Davey).
O'Donnell, Edmund Patrick.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Oram, Patience.....	1908-9 (Mrs. Carver).
O'Reilly, Francis John.....	1908.
Palmer, Arthur Freeman.....	1908-9.
Panting, Ernest.....	1908.
Parkinson, Arnold Edward Henry.....	1908 and 1910-11-12-13.
Piggott, Ellen.....	1908-9-10-11 and 1913.
Player, Winifred Gladys.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. G. M. Henderson).
Power, Mary Evelyn.....	1908.
Redward, Ida Mildred.....	1908-9.
Revell, H. T.....	1908-9.
Riddiford, Donovan Glennie.....	1908-9-10.
Robertson, Charles.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Robertson, David.....	1908-9-10.
Robertson, William John.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Rutherford, Robert Alexander.....	1908.
Rutherford, James Willoughby.....	1908-9-10-11.
Ryan, William Charles.....	1908-9-10.
Rose, Florence.....	1908-9.
Saxon, Gwendoline Minnie von Tunzelmann.....	1908-9-10-11 (Mrs. G. M. Davis).
Saxon, Nellie Vera von Tunzelmann.....	1908-9 (Mrs. L. D. Coombs).
Siewwright, Archibald Burnett.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Simpson, Thomas Folkmann.....	1908-9-10-11.
Sims, Charles Albert.....	1908-9.
Skelley, Harriette Mary.....	1908-9.
Smart, Elsie Gladys.....	1908-9 (Mrs. J. C. Cropper).
Spratt, Harry Leopold.....	1908 and 1912.
Stevenson, John Francis Barr.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Strack, George Sainsbury.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Syverston, Berthel Sygur.....	1908-9.
Tait, Annie Frances.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
Tate, Arthur Robert Ward.....	1908 and 1911.
Thompson, Ethel.....	1908-9 (Mrs. K. Sedlacek).
Thornton, Ryda Mary.....	1908-9-10-11-12 (Mrs. J. F. Thompson).

Treadwell, Charles Archibald Lawrance.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13.
Waldegrave, William Ernest.....	1908-9-10-11.
Ward, Edward Harvey.....	1908-9.
Waterhouse, Elsie Frances.....	1908-9-10-11.
Waters, Eric Frank Barrington.....	1908.
Watson, Ronald Sinclair.....	1908-9-10.
Watt, Ella.....	1908 and 1910-11.
Weir, Charles Edward.....	1908-9.
Welsh, William Henry.....	1908 and 1924.
West, Francis Leveson Gower.....	1908-9-10-11-12.
West, Martha Charlotte.....	1908-9-10 (Mrs. J. L. Short).
Wilson, Louisa Nellie.....	1908-9-10 (Mrs. E. N. McLeod).
Witthford, Edna.....	1908 (Mrs. Hansch).
Wright, Cecil Marcus.....	1908-9-10-11.

Obituary

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

Barr, James Herbert.....	1908	(Wellington) 30 August, 1921
Bey, William Farquharson.....	1908	(Great War) 25 August, 1918
Blake, Valentine.....	1908	(Great War) 9 December, 1915
Burnett, Noel Fletcher.....	1908-9-10	(Great War) 13 December, 1915
Casey, Ellen Christine.....	1908-9-10-11-12	(Auckland) 3 July, 1922
Ford, Nora Isabella Bayly.....	1908-9	(Mrs. A. H. Pearce) (New Plymouth) 16 December, 1914
Hursthouse, John Fearon.....	1908-9	(Wellington) (Lost)
Johnston, Cameron Gordon.....	1908	(Great War) 7 June, 1917
Leighton, Frederick Thomas.....	1908	(Wellington) 11 August, 1931
Mackay, Mary Cochrane.....	1908-9	(Tauranga) 11 June, 1933
McConnell, Robert William.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13	(Auckland) 9 November, 1918
McKenzie, Mary Boyne.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13	(Masterton) 10 May, 1923
Morison, Bruce Haultain.....	1908 and 1911	(Uganda) 22 February, 1924
Poynton, Joseph William.....	1908	(Auckland) 13 November, 1927
Robieson, Norman Athelston.....	1908	(Great War) 21 August, 1915
Rutherford, Thomas Wyville Leonard.....	1908	(Great War) 19 October, 1918
Salek, Abe Mark.....	1908	(Wellington) 21 March, 1926
Serpell, Samuel Llewellyn.....	1908-9	(Great War) 15 December, 1917
Thomson, Alister McLean.....	1908-9-10-11-12-13-14	(Great War) 17 June, 1916
van Staveren, Harry.....	1908-9 and 1911-12	(Wellington) 19 Nov., 1918
Winder, Holloway Elliott.....	1908-9-10-11-12	(Great War) 8 August, 1915

CORRECTIONS.

From the "List of Students who entered V.U.C. in 1902," the following was omitted from the Obituary List:—Kitching, Arthur Hardy, 1902 (Wellington) 27 September, 1929. In the list of Life Members of the Students' Association published in last year's *Spike*, the year of election of "D. S. Smith" should be 1911, not 1914; while from this list the name of "H. McCormick, elected 1925," was inadvertently omitted altogether.

From all previous lists of the "Roll of Honour" the two following names have been omitted:—Robieson, Norman Athelston, died at sea off Gallipoli on 21 August, 1915; Watson, James Anderson (served with N.Z. Air Squadron at Dunkirk).

The following Victoria College Students gained N.Z. University Blues, 1935:

Athletics: B. M. McIntosh.
Boxing: A. H. Armour, D. J. Boswell, J. Ilott.
Harriers: A. G. Bagnall, M. O'Connor.

Hockey: Women—J. Grainger, M. A. Harding, M. Nelligan. Men—L. B. Denby, F. H. Stewart.
Rowing: J. F. Eggers.

Tournament, 1935

ON Wednesday, 17th April, the main body of V.U.C. Tournament representatives and supporters—some 90 in all—left Wellington for Dunedin, physically fit and full of determination to do two things—to leave the two Wooden Spoons behind them, and to enjoy fully the famous hospitality of Otago. One week later the party returned, their appearance and demeanour ample evidence that they had fulfilled the second part of their mission, but, like bad pennies, those wretched spoons had turned up again with them.

The 1935 Tournament was remarkable for the keenness of the contests and for the efficient organisation and bounteous hospitality of Otago. From the time of that splendid welcome (which none of us will ever forget) till the time of our departure (which some of us find difficulty in remembering) we knew we were among friends and our enjoyment was complete. But V.U.C. must be disappointed in its results, for in two successive years it has failed to get above fourth place. Even so, our six points this year were four times as many as we got at Christchurch, and on our home grounds next year we should be able to field our best teams, and multiply our successes still further.

The Athletic meeting at Logan Park, on Monday, was a keen contest between Otago and Canterbury for the Shield and Auckland and ourselves for the Spoon. The result was in doubt till the end of the day, but finally the trophies were shared by O.U. and V.U.C. B. M. McIntosh won the High Jump for us against redoubtable opposition. Bowie was second in the 220 Hurdles, and Eade and Birks staged a tie for second in the Mile Walk.

In Basketball we had the highest hopes, but our team lost all three games, 4-6 to C.U.C., 3-19 to A.U.C., and 9-12 to O.U. The team played pluckily all through, however, revealing its true form in a keen match with O.U.

Our success in the Boxing Championships more than made up for our bad luck during the last two years. No great hopes were held out when the team set off with one man short, but the long and hard training put in by individual members brought results, and we won the three top weights and the Shield. We congratulate Armour, Ilott and Boswell. The classic of the Tournament was Boswell's bout with Keane. Our man had spent part of the morning in the Otago Harbour, the Wellington boat in which he was rowing in the Interprovincial Eights having sunk during the race, but he fought vigorously and won splendidly over the N.Z. Blue. Ilott's superb fitness and dogged boxing also set an example to Tournament boxers. But all the members of the team did well, and we feel that their success was largely due to M. R. Brien's enthusiastic coaching.

In the Rowing, V.U.C. entered an eight for the first time since 1932, and put up a good performance, though finishing last—six lengths behind A.U.C., who rowed an excellent race.

The Haslam Shield, for Shooting, was won by O.U., our team being third with 714 points.

The Swimming Shield was won by O.U. with 12 points, V.U.C. getting one point from Meek's third in the 220 Breaststroke. This is a section in which we have never done well, and it is to be hoped that next year we can give a better account of ourselves. Syme, the N.Z. Champion, who has done so much towards Otago's success, will not be available again.

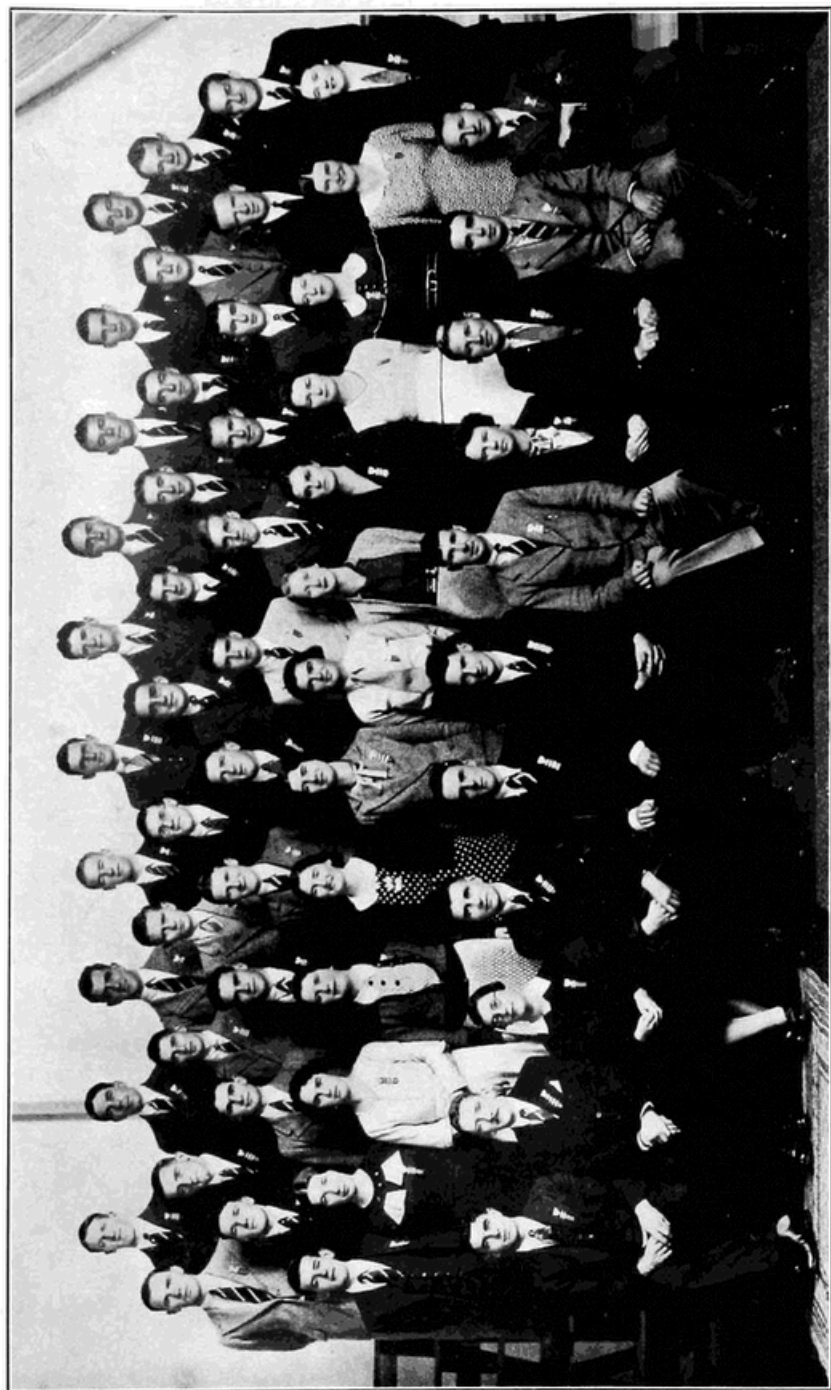
We had hoped that V.U.C. would do well in the Tennis, but here again we had to be content with third place. Our prospects were upset when J. J. McCarthy was defeated in the first round of the Men's Singles. Gosnell did his best to avenge the defeat, and was defeated only in the finals. Miss Edwards and Morrison also reached the finals of the Combined Doubles.

We record the congratulations of the College to J. F. Eggers, A. H. Armour, J. V. Ilott, D. J. Boswell and B. M. McIntosh, who were the only V.U.C. representatives to win N.Z.U. Blues.

We should not forget to notice an unofficial contest held at Dunedin for the Pusey Drinking Horn, presented by Mr. I. D. Campbell, of this College. Here, at least, V.U.C. was able to hold its own, and more, for our team, comprised of rowers and supporters, are the first holders of the trophy. The event was an innovation this year, and so far has not been recognised by the Tournament Committee, but it promises to be an annual event.

We should also record, for the sake of posterity, that there was a hectic Inter-Varsity Ball, where the Tournament representatives made Wild Whoopee. We do not presume to comment on the conduct of those present, but we felt that the Ball was a splendid conclusion to a memorable week.

We conclude this review with an expression of our very hearty thanks to Otago for everything that was Tournament, and a reminder to Victoria that the responsibility of next year's Tournament lies with us. We must do everything to ensure that every detail of the necessary organisation is carried out thoroughly and to repay the hospitality and kindness which we have received at the hands of our hosts of recent years. There will be some way in which every student can help, and we all must help if everything is to be ready for the morning of the 10th April, 1936.



TOURNAMENT REPRESENTATIVES, 1935.

Crown Studios.



Crown Studios.

FIRST DIVISION "A" TENNIS TEAM.

Winner of W.L.T.A. Men's Competition, 1934-35.

W. B. Gosnell, J. J. McCarthy, N. A. Morrison, B. J. McCarthy.

Inset: P. A. McCarthy. R. McL. Ferkins (Capt.).



S. P. Andrew.

BOXING TEAM.

Winner of N.Z.U. Tournament Boxing Shield.

R. J. M. Meek
(Light, Club Capt.).

D. J. Boswell
(Middle)
J. Illott

R. Brien

R. W. Edgley
(Welter)
A. H. Armour

R. Akel
(Feather)

Christmas Trip to the Holyford

TO have travelled over 700 miles in 44 hours was the record of the official V.U.C. Tramping Club party, when at 4 p.m. on December 26th they reached their first base at the Homer Hut. We had just completed the journey by steamer to Lyttelton, by train to Invercargill, by special car over 180 miles of scenic road, and some 10 miles on foot. Most members felt tired, but assuredly all were happy to reach that haven, nestling as it did on the banks of the Homer River, a tributary of the Upper Holyford.

Nature can be cruel at times, and it had been somewhat cruel to us. Readers will have heard of the beauties of the scenic road now being constructed up the Eglinton Valley, through the Upper Holyford Valley, under the Homer Saddle, and so to Milford Sound. We had looked forward to the motor journey to the end of the formed road, but the weather was alternately misty and raining, hiding the surrounding country from our view; only once or twice did the clouds break, to thrill us with fleeting glimpses of jagged peaks reared against the sky line. But the drive itself was a compensation of unsurpassed beauty—for miles on miles a birch forest penetrated by occasional shafts of sunlight, towered overhead to enfold our road, visible now only to a corner, now to the stretch of a mile.

A wet day enabled the party to obtain the necessary recuperation for a trip to the Gertrude Saddle on the 28th. Dr. Moir has described the view from this point as "the most wonderful in the world," and it is only when one has been there that his feelings can be properly understood. The Saddle is less than 5,000 feet in height, with majestic peaks close at hand, and, on this occasion, enhanced by passing clouds; a short five miles away lay Milford Sound with Mitre Peak guarding its sanctity; to the west precipitous cliffs dropped from the saddle thousands of feet almost to sea level to bar any possibility of direct access to Milford in that direction. For over an hour we remained there drinking in the beauty of the surrounding country, until compelled to retreat to the Hut.

The next day it was necessary to change our base to the Howden Hut, and the return down the Holyford River in fine weather enabled us

to see and appreciate what had been hidden from us two days previously. An hour on our journey we came upon a large natural park, perfectly flat, covered with grass and the lighter variety of vegetation; one wondered why it should be there, in such a rugged mountainous area with the sheer precipices rising to heights of 7,000 feet on both sides. Hours later, when circling the northern end of the Livingstone Range on the well-worn track, we gazed to the west through a leafy canopy to admire the austere grandeur of Mt. Christina, the Queen of the Ranges. With wisps of mist bounding from the summit, it was indeed a twilight long to be remembered. Shortly afterwards the track turned to the north and we espied Lake Howden in the Valley below.

Key Summit on the Livingstone Range was our objective next day. It was an easy trip, but one most interesting and useful. The view from the top of the Range was very extensive comprising the Upper Holyford, the Marion Valley, Mt. Lyttle and the Lower Holyford, and the Ailsa Range with Mt. Bonpland to the north jutting up to give us a keen anticipation of days to come. A word about the Marion Valley may be interesting. The Valley feeds into the Holyford River and really comprises three lakes, Marion, Mariana, and Marianette, guarded on the south by Mt. Christina and on the north by Mt. Lyttle. The latter two lakes have never been visited and if reports are correct, they never will be. There can be no means of access by descent from the surrounding Ranges while the traveller from the Holyford River meets, just above the Marion, an unscaleable wall of rock. At least in that fastness Nature will not be disturbed.

We had intended on the last day of the year to cross the Lake Harris Saddle to the Routeburn Valley at the head of Lake Wakatipu, but it was from every point of view a wet day. We were not unduly disturbed by casual visitors and the day inside was enjoyed by all. New Year's Day also broke dull and misty, albeit slightly improved on the previous day, but the trip had to be done, so 5 a.m. saw us on our way. At 9 o'clock a halt was called at Lake McKenzie, a pleasant spot which seemed to change our fortunes. From then on the weather cleared steadily for several hours and as we wended our way around Ocean Peak we were treated with some

fine panoramas. Glaciers glistened and peaks beckoned across the canyon of the Holyford. Seaward towards Martin's Bay, one could see, at times, Lake McKerrow. Occasionally a mist would enfold all and then unwrap again, to reveal in a new shade, a new light, maybe a tinted glacier or maybe a sylph-like waterfall. At the Alpine gardens not far from the Saddle, a wealth of white nodding petals greeted us, but regretfully we could not tarry. Three o'clock rewarded us with Lake Harris Saddle, and but a few yards further, the Lake itself—an alpine gem set in the rugged grandeur of agate cliffs. Spread out below us were the green, fertile flats of the Routeburn Valley, lawns almost, with clumps of trees dotted here and there by the artistic hand of Nature. The Routeburn Hut was indeed a pleasant and refreshing resting place that night.

A seventeen-mile journey faced us next day to connect with the s.s. "Ben Lomond" at Kinloch at 3.30 p.m. and so to Queenstown; half the distance was a bush track, the other half a road. A late start at 9.30 a.m. necessitated a forced march, but still at 3.10 p.m. we spied the steamer's funnel and felt relieved by the knowledge that only the last 300 yards remained. Suddenly and unexpectedly the boat whistled and a farmer casually remarked that it was just leaving. Obstacles disappeared in the last dash; we caught the boat; but the master of the "Ben Lomond" was a public servant for more purposes than one on that afternoon.

Queenstown was very pleasant for the next day but little more need be said of our home journeying via Dunedin and Christchurch. Visits to the Art Gallery at unorthodox hours and other such exploits enabled us to uphold the Varsity reputation in Dunedin, we hope, to satisfaction. No one can deny that the trip was outstanding and in every way successful, and it

remains but to express our appreciation to Don Viggers for his untiring and capable leadership.

—A. P.

P.S.—Three members of the party having a few days to spare decided to go further afield. We made Lake Wakatipu our objective. We followed the open Routeburn Valley and saw cattle grazing on its large grassy flats. The Dart River, which is known to have quicksands in it, is about a quarter of a mile wide and requires care in crossing. With the aid of four horses our crossing was accomplished quite safely. About half an hour's tramp round the north end of Mt. Alfred brought us to Paradise. As the name implies, this is no ordinary spot. The magnificence of the scenery defies description. Looking north there is the Earnslaw Spur, further away the snowy peaks of the Barrier Range; nearer mountains of various shapes—Cosmos, Chaos, Nox—etc., and the Dart River approaching from the distance. At Paradise itself there is Mt. Alfred (4,568 ft.), at the foot of which nestles the Diamond Lake. The green fields and the lakeside drive through the open beech forest called forth our admiration. In the height of summer, fortunate were we, to see this district to its best advantage. A two-day tramp up to the Earnslaw Basin was undertaken. Mt. Earnslaw (9,250 ft.) is a massive mountain somewhat shut in by high hills and to view it well, it is necessary to climb 4,000 feet and then proceed along the edge of the bush. There is an excellent shepherd's hut about four hours from the road and from the hut to the basin is only about one and a-half hours. From the basin the avalanches fall and great masses of ice project over its jagged rocks.

Before our departure from Paradise we visited a hermit, in whose garden grows the largest cherry tree in New Zealand. The way we relieved the tree of some of its burden is a happy memory.

—F.S.

The Year's Sport in Review

WRITTEN as the Club Notes are by enthusiastic club officials, they provide a detailed account of the season's activities; we suspect however (for the very same reason) that the reader (as each writer) will be unable to see the wood for the trees. A frank, impartial survey is indicated.

A decline in standard generally is revealed by an investigation of the Winter sports season. We exempt from inclusion herein the performances of the Harriers and the Basketball team. Steady work, individually and collectively, has rewarded the former with steady progress culminating as it has in very creditable performance by at least one man in provincial, inter-college and national contest. Apart from a mid-season lapse the Basketball representatives have met with success, their failure to "click" in the Inter-College Tournament being scarcely indicative of their normal standard. However, with the Senior team failing to make first division grade, the selection of a mere four representatives in the New Zealand University team, and the performances of the lower grades best described as erratic, the keenest fan must admit a poor Rugby season. If it was left to the Men's Hockey Club to retrieve our prestige they have verily disappointed; their record sheet affords pathetic reading. Meagre information enables the Women's Hockey Club to escape searching comment. The Boxing Club's lone extra-mural effort annexed for Victoria her only Tournament shield this year: we thank them.

A slightly brighter task is the review of the Summer season's activities. Speaking in terms of collective effort, the triumph of the year was the winning of the Senior Tennis Inter-Club Championship by the College representatives; hopes for consequent success at Tournament were well-founded, although doomed to disappointment. The lower grade teams, in general competition, were considerably less successful. The Athletic Club, despite ineffectiveness at Tournament, deserves congratulatory comment on its achievement of improved form generally and, more particularly, of certain athletic titles—four provincial, one University, and one national. Excepting creditable performance by the Senior eleven, the Cricket season has been unimpressive. With Tournament as our only criterion, the Rowing has been disappointing, but not altogether discouraging. We record that Swimming at Victoria is steadily recovering a pristine prestige; a national title is in the Club's possession.

We record also, and this with a sense of satisfactory climax, the failure of a Certain Power to disturb our balance and equanimity (not so that of some fellow-institutions overseas). We mean the Almighty Blue—the god of Stadium, Track and River. At Victoria the sweater and the gown are each accorded due prominence; it behoves that this balance be retained—therein consists Life's lesson.

—R.L.H.

Club Notes—Index

	Page		Page
Anti-War Movement	87	Hockey Club (Men's)	75
Athletic Club	79	Hockey Club (Women's)	81
Basketball Club	77	Labour Club	95
Boxing Club	75	Law Faculty Club	87
Commerce Society	91	Literary Society	85
Cricket Club	73	Maths. and Physics Society	89
Debating Society	85	Natural History Society	93
Defence Rifle Club	81	Photographic Club	95
Dramatic Club	91	Rowing Club	81
Evangelical Union	91	Science Society	85
Fencing Club	83	Student Christian Movement	93
Football Club	71	Swimming Club	79
Free Discussions Club	89	Tennis Club	69
Glee Club	95	Tramping Club	83
Gymnasium Club	77	Victoria House	87
Harrier Club	77	Weir House	32



You buy a
better

Watch

at

Littlejohns

Guaranteed Watches from 32/6

224 Lambton Quay,
Wellington

OVERSEAS PASSENGERS

Insure your Baggage against loss by Fire, Sea Water, Theft, or Loss, or damage from any other cause.

with the

**NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE
COMPANY LTD.**

ROUTH'S BUILDINGS

142 FEATHERSTON ST., WELLINGTON

'Phone 40-245

Mention Spike to Advertisers.

The following Students gained Victoria College Blues :

Athletics: P. T. Bowie, W. R. Birks, S. G. Eade,
T. A. Rafter.

Basketball: M. O. Bell, J. Grainger, I. M. Morice,
S. S. Phillips, K. M. Wood, J. N. Watson.

Boxing: R. Akel, A. H. Armour, D. G. Boswell,
R. W. Edgley, J. Iltott, R. J. M. Meek.

Cricket: R. C. Connell, D. S. Dean, R. W. Edgley,
R. S. V. Simpson, W. Tricklebank, W. T. Vietmeyer.

Football: E. Blacker, R. Burke, S. G. Eade, J. M.
Elliott, G. G. Rae, J. H. Ruru, R. A. H. Russell,
J. B. Thurston, H. R. C. Wild, D. W. McElwain.

Harriers: A. G. Bagnall, F. B. Shorland.

Hockey: Women—M. C. Gibbons, M. A. Harding,
N. M. Webber.

Men—C. G. Camp, L. B. Denby, D. W. Foster,
F. Newcombe, K. Struthers, F. H. Stewart, W. F.
Vietmeyer.

Rowing: R. P. Hansen.

Swimming: M. J. Mason.

Tennis: Women—D. Briggs, P. M. P. Edwards, T. R.
Gill.

Men—W. B. Gosnell, J. J. McCarthy, B. J. Mc-
Carthy, N. A. Morrison.

TENNIS CLUB

A REMARKABLY fine summer was responsible for a long and active season for members of the Tennis Club.

Opening Day:

As usual, Opening Day was celebrated this year by a Mixed Doubles Yankee Tournament. Miss I. Graham and Mr. McGregor emerged victorious.

Freshers' Day.

A large number of players and some past students were present on the day set apart for the Freshers' Tournament. After a series of exciting games, Miss M. Hurst and I. J. Hills proved the winners.

Interclub Matches.

The Club entered what is probably a record number of teams in Inter-Club matches during the season. The Fourth Division A team did best of the lower grades, winning four matches out of seven; the Fifth won one out of four, and the Third Women's and the two Third Men's each won one and lost five matches. Of the Senior teams, the Second Division Men's won three matches out of six; the First Division Ladies' had no wins at all, a result not unexpected when it is understood that the team was entered in the Second Division, but being the only entrant was played in the First Division rather than in the Third, in accordance with the wishes of the W.L.T.A. The First Division B Men's team won one match out of six. But the performance of the First Division A team overshadows any shortcomings of the others and it is very pleasing to be able to record the fact that this Club holds the Senior Championship Shield.

Results in detail follow:—

1st Division Men A Team: 6 wins, no losses.

Newtown 5-3 Thorndon B 7-1

Brougham Hill 7-1 Varsity B 7-1

Thorndon A 6-2 Wellington 7-1

The personnel of the Senior teams is given:—

First Division A Men: R. McL. Ferkins (Capt.), J. J. McCarthy, W. B. Gosnell, P. A. McCarthy, B. J. McCarthy. Emergency: N. A. Morrison.

First Division B Men: N. A. Morrison, E. F. Page, P. E. Webb, L. H. Marchant and C. S. Plank.

First Division Women: T. R. Gill (Capt.), D. Briggs, P. M. P. Edwards, and M. E. Bell.

Second Division Men: F. J. Donovan (Capt.), J. B. Black, J. C. White, M. Liddle, and H. S. Sivyver.

Club Championships.

We have to report that it has not been possible to complete all the Club Championships. Those decided were:—

Women's Singles: T. R. Gill.

Women's Doubles: D. Briggs and T. R. Gill.

Men's Singles: R. McL. Ferkins.

Men's Doubles: R. McL. Ferkins and W. B. Gosnell.

Previous season's:—

Men's Singles: R. McL. Ferkins.

Tournament.

The team fielded by the Club to represent the College at Tournament was, on paper, very strong, and

hopes of returning with the Tennis Cup were high. But, as we have said before, the deep-laid plans of mice and men (and women) gang aft aglee. Gosnell, and Miss Edwards and Morrison did best in reaching the final of the Men's Singles and Mixed Doubles respectively.

Club Ladder.

The high standard of the men's ladder mentioned in the previous issue of *Spike* has been maintained during the season just past. There were a great number of challenges between the Senior players, as might be expected when competition for places in the Senior Inter-Club and Tournament teams was so keen. The top six players on the ladders at the close of the season were:—

Men: R. McL. Ferkins, W. B. Gosnell, B. J. McCarthy, J. J. McCarthy, P. A. McCarthy, N. A. Morrison.

Women: T. R. Gill, D. Briggs, S. S. Phillips, P. M. P. Edwards, M. E. Bell, J. Grainger.

College Blues.

The following members of the Club are to be congratulated on winning College Blues in Tennis:—

Men: W. B. Gosnell, B. J. McCarthy, J. J. McCarthy, and N. A. Morrison.

Women: D. Briggs, P. M. P. Edwards, T. R. Gill.

Old Boys' Day.

This annual fixture was held in the presence of the Club Patron, Mr. S. Eichelbaum, Professor Kirk, Mr. G. F. Dixon and a number of present-day students. Weather conditions were ideal. The fact that the Patron had announced his intention of presenting a Challenge Cup for this event gave added interest to the match and there was keen rivalry to see which team would have its name inscribed first. At the close of a most enjoyable afternoon's sport the Patron formally handed over the cup to the Club Secretary, who, after thanking the donor on behalf of the Club, returned it to him as the Captain of the winning Past Students' team.

The detailed results are:—

H. N. Burns and C. Evans-Scott beat W. B. Gosnell and L. H. Marchant 1-6, 6-4, 6-1, lost to B. J. McCarthy and N. A. Morrison 1-6, 0-6.

N. A. Foden and Dr. R. T. Young lost to W. B. Gosnell and L. H. Marchant 5-7, 4-6, and to B. J. McCarthy and N. A. Morrison 1-6, 5-7.

Col. R. St. Beere and Dr. R. Stout lost to M. Liddle and H. S. Sivyver 5-7, 6-4, 7-5, beat E. G. Budge and R. J. Nankervis 6-3, 6-2.

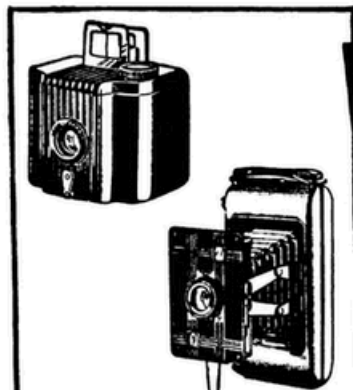
T. Foden and H. Putnam beat E. G. Budge and R. J. Nankervis 7-5, 6-3, and McKinnon and J. M. Wogan 6-3, 6-3.

C. Batten and Dr. A. C. Keys beat McKinnon and J. M. Wogan 6-2, 6-4, and M. Liddle and H. S. Sivyver 8-6, 6-2.

Personal.

Congratulations are offered to J. J. McCarthy, who gained a place in the representative University of New Zealand team which toured Australia during the summer.

4·HOUR service – a LIFETIME permanence



Keep a Photographic record of your good times. You can get Brownies from as little as 7/6 and Kodaks from 32/6

KODAK PRINTS

When you insist on Kodak Prints you not only get an expeditious service, but you are also assured of unexcelled prints—absolutely permanent, clear and full of detail.

KODAK NEW ZEALAND LTD.

294 Lambton Quay (Near Kelburn Tram)
16 Victoria Street, Wellington

G. W. von Zedlitz, M.A.

Principal

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SCHOOL

ARTS AND SCIENCE DEGREES—Individual Coaching, or small classes, by Day or Evening.

B.A. and L.L.B. LATIN.—Special arrangements.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE (MATRICULATION).—Girls and boys carefully and thoroughly prepared by whole-time individual attention in all subjects. Evening Courses where desired.

BRITISH ENGINEERING INSTITUTIONS.—Small Classes, or Correspondence Courses written and conducted specially for New Zealand candidates.

Telephone 44-651.

MASONIC CHAMBERS

WELLINGTON TERRACE

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.

FOOTBALL CLUB

WHILE we are unable to record a repetition of last year's successes we may say that the Football Club has had an enjoyable season, and all teams have played fairly steady football. We have it on the authority of older members that a much keener spirit is shown than was the case some years ago—this is demonstrated by the general attendance at practices. Even if we have won only one championship this year it is satisfactory to reflect that we are enthusiastic about the Club and that we enjoy our football.

As usual seven teams were entered in the Competitions and we append a short account of their performances:—

Senior A.

With only three forwards and three backs from last year's side the team took some time to work into a combination and did not gain promotion to the First Division at mid-season. From then on, however, the team played quite well, finishing third on the Second Division ladder, with a record of 183 points for, 102 against, played 14, won 9, lost 4, drawn 1. Tricklebank and Rae played splendid football in the backs, and Blacker, Eade and Chesterman were outstanding forwards. The following played regularly for the team during the year: Tricklebank, Harpur, O'Regan, McElwain, Wild, Overton, Paul, Rae (captain), Gibbons, Lima, Wilson, Russell, Eade, Blacker, Armour, Chesterman and MacKenzie.

Junior A.

This team took the place of the former Senior B's and had a very successful season, playing 16 games, winning 8, losing 8 and drawing nil: points for 208, against 146. Both forwards and backs played strongly throughout the season. Jackson's hooking was uniformly good, and Patrick, Missen and Mules were outstanding backs. The team was captained by Wilton.

Junior B.

This team also had a fairly good season, particularly towards the end when it scored some good wins. Of the 16 games played, 4 were won, 8 lost, 4 drawn: points for 169, and 129 against. Hoy, Tremewan and Mannering were the best of the backs, with McGill, Porter, Buddle and Andrews showing up in the forwards who were a hard working lot, deserving of better support from the backs. This team was captained by P. Buddle.

Third A.

On the whole this team had a good season, playing 16 games, of which 6 were won, 8 lost, 2 drawn: 146 points for, against 148. In the backs B. Campbell and Black formed a good combination, and D. Campbell's speed was of great assistance to the team. Meek, Archibald and Ward were the best of the forwards. B. Campbell was the captain.

Third B.

The Third B's had rather a lean season, which may to some extent be accounted for by the old trouble of higher teams drawing on its players. Of the 12 games played 2 were won, 10 lost, nil drawn: 46 points for, and 195 against. Aimers, Christensen and Morpeth were the best of the forwards and Palmer and Ross played well in the backs. The team was captained by Fraser.

Third C.

Most of the stalwarts of last year's Third C's had retired on their laurels and with a number of new men it was late in the season before the team had a run of success. Towards the end, however, the team played very good football, being ably led by Parker. The recovery was remarkable in that the team finally annexed the Championship. We congratulate them on this splendid achievement. The team's record to date is played 15, won 10, lost 3, drawn 2: points for 230, and against 87.

Fourth.

Though not equalling the fine record of their predecessors of 1934 the Fourths have had a very good season—played 15, won 7, lost 8, drawn nil: points for 167, and against 155. The captain was Buddle.

Coaches.

We must record the very fine work done for the Club by the coaches of our teams—Messrs. Mackay (Senior), Stannard (Junior A), Eckhoff (Junior B), Bangrove (Third A), Roberts (Third B), and Moore and Wicks (Fourth).

During the season the usual annual matches were played with other Colleges, as follows:—

Massey College at Palmerston.

A mixed team of Senior and Junior players met Massey on June 13th and were well beaten by 24 to nil. The team had a thoroughly enjoyable trip, being entertained by Massey at their Capping Ball.

Massey College at Kelburn.

The return fixture was played at Kelburn on July 17th when we fielded our First Fifteen. Again, however, our visitors were too good for us, defeating us by 10 to 3. We entertained the Massey team at Weir House and afterwards at a dinner.

Canterbury College.

This annual game was played at Christchurch on July 24th. We made a two-day trip of it and were able to get away practically a full strength side, the game being in the nature of a trial for the Japan tour. In the first twenty minutes while our team seemed still to be finding its feet, C.U.C. rattled on 19 points, but from then on we actually scored one more point than the winners, the final score being 32 to 14. The team was very hospitably entertained by Canterbury.

Te Aute College.

The annual Pickett Cup match was played at Waipukurau on 10th August and was won by Te Aute, the score being 13 to 3. Once again the game produced the brightest of football and aroused the interest of the whole district. The team was very well looked after by the Central H.B. Rugby Union to whom our thanks are due.

Auckland University College.

An effort is being made to arrange a match with A.U.C. to take place at the end of the season.

Ruru Shield.

In memory of the late Mr. J. H. Ruru the committee has procured by voluntary subscription from Club members a very finely carved shield, the work of Mr. Heberly of the Dominion Museum. By resolution of the committee this has been allocated to the annual Weir House v. The Rest match and it will

What will you live
on when you are
too old to work ?

a Pension—your
Savings—or your
Children ?

SOME MEN look forward to a pension when they retire. Others have savings, which will keep them in their old age : but there are many who will have nothing to fall back on when they are too old for work. They will be entirely dependent upon their children or relatives for the bare necessities of life. At a time of life when comfort means so much, they will be eking out an existence on the charity of others.

THERE IS, however, a simple way by which a man can be certain of an income when he gives up work—by taking out a **GUARANTEED INCOME POLICY** with the **PRUDENTIAL** he can

make sure of an Income of
£100, £200 or £300 a year
when he retires.

DECIDE NOW on the amount of income and at what age you wish it to become payable. You will have the satisfaction also of knowing that if you should not live to draw the income your dependants will be provided for.

Write now for fullest details to—

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

(Incorporated in England)

PRUDENTIAL BUILDINGS :: :: WELLINGTON, C.I.

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.

remain in the College as a perpetual memorial of Jack Ruru.

Japan Tour.

The N.Z.U. Council having successfully arranged a tour to Japan in the summer of 1935-36, this season had a special interest for University footballers. Mr. Martin-Smith, the selector, watched our team on several occasions, and we are proud of our four members who have achieved representative honours. They are Tricklebank, Wild and Rae in the backs and Eade in the forwards.

Wellington Colts Team.

Several of our senior players played in trial matches

for the selection of the Wellington Colts team. We congratulate Chesterman on his inclusion in the final choice.

The late Mr. L. J. Watson.

Club members were shocked to hear on May 5th of the death of one of our players, Lindsay Watson, following an injury received on the field the day before. Lindsay had been a member of our Club for some years and had become one of our best known and keenest players. The sympathies of all Club members are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Watson in their time of sorrow.

CRICKET CLUB

THE 1934-5 season was a very enjoyable one. Five teams were entered in the Wellington Cricket Association's competitions, and although no grade was won, the results, on the whole, were very satisfactory. The Club is greatly indebted to Mr. N. R. Jacobsen for the great amount of time which he spent in coaching our members. Towards the end of the season the results of his work were very much in evidence, and we are sure that they will be even more so during the coming season.

FIRST ELEVEN.

The Senior Eleven, captained by J. R. Stevens, had its most successful season for many years, finishing third in the Championship. The batting, with Blandford predominant, was stronger, and some good scores were registered. The most promising batsman was Connell, who improved with every game and finished with an excellent century. The team's attack, with Tricklebank and Dean the stock bowlers, was one of the most formidable in the competition, and was well varied. The former gained a place in the North Island team and our congratulations are due to him on his achievement. The averages for the season are given:—

BATTING.

Batsman.	Ins.	N.O.	H.S.	Total.	Aver.
P. D. Wilson	3	—	62	126	42.00
J. A. R. Blandford	13	1	112	481	40.08
W. Tricklebank	11	1	101	325	32.50
R. C. Connell	13	1	104	317	26.41
B. A. Paetz	10	1	47	192	21.33
T. A. Harpur	3	—	30	57	19.66

BOWLING.

Bowler.	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
W. Tricklebank	189.1	34	546	37	14.75
T. A. Harpur	39.5	9	118	8	14.75
D. S. Dean	212.5	42	627	20	31.35
R. W. Edgley	47	8	196	6	32.66

SECOND ELEVEN.

This team, captained by D. K. Carey, played in the Second Grade competition and won three matches. The results were somewhat disappointing, the batting being unreliable and the bowling, though steady, lacked sting. However, at the end of the season there were several promising new players in this eleven. Centuries were scored by Sandford and Cooper.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Although this team (Captain: A. G. Wicks) won only three matches, it had a very enjoyable season in the Junior B 1 competition. Here again the batting was uncertain, but the bowling was good and with a

fair amount of variety. Before his departure from Wellington R. C. Masters scored a good century for the team.

FOURTH ELEVEN.

The Junior D's, alias Ted Blacker's Eleven, alias the social team, started off well and finished well, but slumped in the middle of the season. This team thoroughly enjoyed their cricket on Saturday afternoons and also arranged various Sunday games in the country.

FIFTH ELEVEN.

Under A. T. S. McGhie, this team played in the Third Grade competition. The 'Varsity team had several very exciting games, often either winning or losing in the last few minutes. Some excellent performances were registered by individual players—Howell in particular, who took about 50 wickets at a small cost during the season.

CHRISTMAS TOUR.

The Christmas touring team, with A. G. Wicks as Manager and B. A. Paetz as Captain, made the usual tour of the minor Associations, and played matches against Manawatu, Wanganui, South Taranaki and Rangitikei. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the team away, with the result that it was not as strong as usual, one match being lost, while three were drawn. A very bright finish was staged at Wanganui, where 90 runs were scored in the last half-hour, at the end of which, when time was called, we required only four runs, with six wickets in hand, for an outright win.

Another team, composed of Junior members, also played two matches at Waipukurau.

OTHER MATCHES.

The Speight Trophy Match did not take place at Easter, as Auckland University were unable to send a team down. Instead, a game was arranged against a Waipukurau eleven and played on Kelburn Park. The visitors won narrowly in a very close finish.

A successful smoke concert brought the season to a close. At this function, a bat awarded by Mr. R. W. Osborn for the member who had been of the greatest service to the Club during the past season was presented to J. A. R. Blandford, for his batting, wicket-keeping and coaching.

In conclusion, the Club has to thank its Patron, Professor MacKenzie, and its Vice-Presidents for their interest and assistance, and Mr. H. H. Cornish, K.C., its President, for his kindness in hiring the Winter Show building basement to enable us to obtain some invaluable indoor practice before the season opened.

WYLIE'S HOUSEHOLD SERVICE CO.

New Address : 130 CUBA STREET (Above Poplar Stores)

Retail Stores, Office and Factory.

Electrical, Radio and Mechanical Technicians.

20 Years' Expert Experience.

Licensed Radio Dealers.

Customers' Guarantee—"NO CURE—NO PAY."

Lawn Mowers Ground and Set, 5/6. Thoroughly Overhauled and Greased.

Tested to Cut Paper.

Dunlop Wringer Rollers. Fitted from 5/-.

Radio and Electrical Repairs.

Free Collection.

The People Who Eat Plenty of
GOOD WHOLESOME BREAD
Are the People with Plenty of

— ENERGY —

AT HOME, DURING STUDY OR RECREATION
YOU'RE ALWAYS USING UP YOUR ENERGY—
Replace it with Quick-Acting Energy Creating Food

YOU CAN RELY ON . . .

DENHARD BREAD

It is made by experts in an up-to-date Factory from highest-grade materials
under conditions of absolute cleanliness.

LOOK FOR THE D.B. ON EVERY LOAF.

Mention Spike to Advertisers.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

WHILE not pessimistic, we must record that this season's activity has not been as successful as was originally hoped. Many factors, more notably in regard to membership numbers, have militated against the Club's making the brave show expected of it.

To begin with, Davis, last year's Senior A goalie, has resigned his hockey for the more serious and exacting practice of married life, and the vacancy which he left has remained unfilled. Then, again, Ken. Struthers, one of the very best inside forwards we have had for some time, transferred to Palmerston North. Later in the year, R. Martin, who occupied the important and mysterious role of roving half in the Senior A's peculiar four-halves formation, went north to a teaching billet, and left the intricate vagaries of this position to less versatile members, who were unable to cope with it. The outcome was, of course, that the unorthodox formation was quietly shelved and the more regular one resumed.

I say more regular, since, lacking a goalkeeper, the First Eleven were constrained to play three full-backs.

An empty goal might have meant hundreds of scores for the team's opponents had not N. R. Jacobsen been one of the three full-backs played, and he, with remarkable verve and a skill undiminished by his years, has been a splendid last line of defence.

The Club has much to show for itself, in spite of an absence of purely statistical successes. During the Inter-Varsity Tournament at Christchurch, no fewer than five members of Victoria's team were recruited from Senior B grades to fill vacancies in the First Eleven. Abraham, Grant, Eggleston, McEwan and Webb, the players concerned, all rose to

the occasion and the strong Canterbury team were able to prevail by only 4 goals to 2, after a hard, even struggle. Since the Tourney, Grant, Webb and McEwan have retained their places.

Two N.Z. Blues were awarded Victoria, and congratulations must be extended to the recipients—L. Denby and F. H. Stewart, the team's captain. McEwan, who was an emergency, is also to be congratulated.

A New Zealand University Hockey Team is to tour Fiji, and included in this are McEwan, Denby, Stewart and Newcombe. Our felicitations to these chaps are in no way less hearty because F. H. Stewart was one of the selectors.

We have had great difficulty in keeping the six teams entered in the Wellington Hockey Association's Championships at full strength, and it is regretted that such an earnest and persevering team as the Fourths should have suffered most from this shortage.

Of the other teams (two Senior B, one Junior and one Third), the most consistent is the Junior team, which, to date, has had only one win.

It is noteworthy that a commendable team spirit has arisen this year, a team spirit which has never existed as strongly before, right throughout the Club.

In H. (Snow) Williams, the Club has a Club Captain par excellence. Always alive to the interests of the Club as a whole, and unfailingly helpful to members, whether augustly Senior or raw beginners.

To the ample fund of Mr. N. R. Jacobsen's experience the Club owes a very great debt, also, and we hope once more to have his aid next year.

BOXING CLUB

THE past season must be considered as one of the most successful in the history of this Club, culminating as it did in the success of the team at the Easter Tournament in Dunedin. This team was undoubtedly the strongest and best-balanced that has represented Victoria in recent years and consisted of:—

Feather: R. Akel.
Light: R. J. Meek.
Welter: R. W. Edgley.
Middle: D. J. Boswell.
Light-Heavy: J. Ilott.
Heavy: A. H. Armour.

J. M. Lennie was selected to fight bantam weight, but owing to an injury received in training was unable to make the trip.

Boswell, Ilott and Armour each won their respective weights, while the other three were narrowly defeated in very close contests. N.Z. University Blues were

awarded to the first three. The success of the team was due to regular and thorough attention to training and to the enthusiasm of our trainer, Roy Brien, whose interest resulted in our men entering the ring in perfect physical condition.

The third Annual College Tournament was held in the first term, in the Wellington College Gym., and was successful in every respect. About a dozen bouts were held, in which a consistently good standard of boxing was witnessed. The trophy for the most scientific boxer, generously donated by Mr. Kean, was awarded to D. J. Boswell.

A cup for annual competition between Weir House and the rest of the University has been generously presented to the Club by Mr. B. R. Bliss, and the first contest for this trophy will be held in the first term of 1936. This cup should have the effect of considerably increasing the interest in boxing at the College.

Don't Say—

BOTTLED BEER

Say—

**MACARTHY'S
RED TOP**

It is just as easy to say, and
it makes all the Difference

HARRIER CLUB

THE Harrier Club has increased in membership and enthusiasm during the present season and in achievement bids fair to exceed those of previous years. After four seasons of development and consolidation, the Club is emerging now to take its place with the first clubs of the city, as indicated by its placing in recent inter-club events, and particularly by the fine effort of A. G. Bagnall, who, representing Wellington in the New Zealand Championships, was third man home for the local team. Bagnall ran seventh in the Provincial Championships and sixth in the Dorne Cup, in both of which events the V.U.C. team was placed sixth.

In the Club races Scrymgeour won the Novice Race in record time (15min. 1sec.), and A. Stuart the Sherwood Cup Handicap, fastest time for this race being made by M. O'Connor (17min. 39sec.). The 10,000 Metre Handicap, run this year on Karori hillsides, was won in fastest time by T. Price, although a number of men unfortunately lost the course. As for weekly jaunts, new ground has been broken by a run at Tawa Flat, and one from Thorndon to Johnsonville and back, while old trails, including that to Pencarrow, have proved more popular than ever.

With much of the season yet ahead, the focus of interest is now the Inter-College Race at Christchurch on August 31st, and competition for the team has been keen. The work of Mr. G. C. Sherwood, who

devotes two nights a week to training club members, is well appreciated by a number of regular attenders, and it is hoped that V.U.C. will justify the trainer's work by a good performance at Christchurch. Those chosen to make the trip are Bagnall, O'Connor, Lang, Cairns, Horsley, Cooper, Porter and Viggers.

The title of Club Champion was decided this season on the results of a series of Club and inter-club races, Bagnall's recent win in the 10,000 metre championship assuring him the position of champion of the Club. In the 10,000 metre race M. O'Connor ran second, and A. Horsley a close third.

As regards social activities, invitation runs are still a popular feature. Recently a re-union of the original members of the Club was held, and it is hoped to conclude the season with a dinner.

The Vosseler Shield 10-mile inter-club race at Lyall Bay was won by A. G. Bagnall (65min. 32sec.), and M. O'Connor filled sixth place—the best individual performances in inter-club races since the formation of the Club.

Advice to hand as Spike goes to press informs us of a win for Bagnall in the N.Z. University championship race at Christchurch. We record this as a splendid climax to a successful season. Victoria filled second place to Otago in the teams race.

BASKETBALL CLUB

THIS season the Basketball Club entered two teams to the W.B.A. Championship matches. The Senior A team has played well and at present is third in the Championship table. The Senior B team, though keen and enthusiastic, has not been very successful so far. Five of the A team are playing in the Senior Grade for the first time, and the good practice they receive enhances prospects for the coming Easter.

Our Tournament team at Easter time was very hopeful. We were unable to win a match, however,

although we played well, especially against Otago. It seemed that we lacked the finish which the other three teams possessed. With Tournament at Wellington next year, with nearly all of our A team eligible, and with a very keen coach, our hopes are high.

The Club congratulates those of our members who have won Blues, and Miss J. Grainger on being selected as a Wellington Provincial Representative. We also extend warm thanks to Miss P. Quinlan, for her helpful and enthusiastic coaching.

GYMNASIUM CLUB

THE Women's Gym. Club, possibly the most important of Victoria's women's clubs, is still endeavouring to keep its women folk "young and healthy." Once a week two score members, under the able tuition of Miss Nancy Webber, cultivate "the body beautiful" through eurythmics and sports exercises. During the first term, when the nights proved rather sultry, Miss Webber relieved the strain by several "Straight Talks to Women," which proved

most helpful to our members, especially the lecturette on "The evils of wearing cotton socks while tennis-playing."

At present our members are strenuously practising items for their annual party, the "strenuously" being no exaggeration. For a truly instructive and entertaining evening, see the members of this club at Miss Webber's Display, to be held early in October at the Concert Chamber. No orchids by request.

Buy Your Graduate Gowns

— from —

HALLENSTEIN BROS. LTD.

GOWNS, HOODS and TRENCHERS for . . .

B.A., M.A., LL.B., B.Sc., M.Sc., MB.Ch.B., and M.D.

Strictly in accordance with official regulations and best quality material at reasonable prices.

PLEASE NOTE !—We have been appointed Sole Suppliers of The Victoria University Students' Association and Weir House

BLAZERS.

HALLENSTEIN BROS. LTD.

276-278 LAMBTON QUAY

WELLINGTON

For Tasty Snacks and After-Theatre
Suppers

Our Spring Special . .
ICED MILK DRINKS

THE EVER OPEN—

GATES'

—LOUNGE

All day to 11.30 p.m.
(11 p.m. on Sundays)

They Serve only the Best !

81-85 Willis Street

The
Distillers' Co. Ltd.
SCOTLAND

Ask you to try their finest
product

D.C.L.

GOLD LABEL WHISKY

Hardwicke and Robertson Ltd.
WELLINGTON.

ATHLETIC CLUB

OVER the last couple of years the Club has taken on a new lease of life and has had better turnouts in the various meetings than there have been for several years past. The Club would like to place on record its appreciation of the work of the Club Captain and the Deputy-Captain and Coach, who worked so hard in the interests of the Club and who were responsible in no small measure for the successful season enjoyed by the Club. Our thanks are also due to the Weir House authorities, who permitted us to use the basement for changing. The facilities enjoyed there made training much more enjoyable and helped towards the success of the Club.

In the Provincial Championships we did even better than last year, when we were third. This year we were runners-up, with the following gaining points: A. S. Henderson, T. A. Rafter, S. G. Eade, P. T. Bowie, W. R. Birks, and R. D. Thompson. Three of our members were picked to represent the Province in the New Zealand Championships—P. T. Bowie, S. G. Eade and R. D. Thompson. We must congratulate Bowie on winning the 120 Hurdles and so becoming New Zealand Champion.

The Inter-Faculty Sports were held on Kelburn Park in fine weather and attracted quite a good attendance of performers and onlookers. Good results were recorded by Bowie and B. M. McIntosh.

The Tournament was held at Dunedin, and what a Tournament it was! Everything went off with a bang

and although the Athletic Club received the Wooden Spoon—by a very small margin—we all came back with very good opinions of Dunedin in everything but its weather. On the day of the Sports there was a howling Antarctic blizzard, against which it was impossible to run, and absolutely impossible to hurdle. Congratulations to B. M. McIntosh, who won the High Jump, and so received a New Zealand Blue.

The Club's own meetings, held on Kelburn Park, for the Old Members' Cup, were well contested and attracted large fields. The winner was W. R. Birks and we wish to congratulate him and the following members, who won the remaining cups:—

Dunbar Cup (most points during season): S. G. Eade.

Heineman Cup (most improved athlete): H. J. Abraham.

Ladies' Cup (best performance at Inter-Faculty): B. M. McIntosh.

Oram Cup (most points at Inter-Faculty): P. T. Bowie.

Blues for the season were awarded to S. G. Eade, P. T. Bowie, W. R. Birks, T. A. Rafter.

The Athletic Club is one of the oldest in the College and we want it to regain its former place as one of the strongest. To do this we need new members and the increased support of present members. You don't need to be a champion—come along and we will do our best to make you one!

SWIMMING CLUB

WITH the splendid summer conditions prevailing last season, the Swimming Club was again exceedingly popular. The Club was fortunate in securing Thorndon Baths for one night a week, and, lights having been erected, the weekly handicap races were even more popular than previously. Every evening was concluded by a game of water polo, giving some of us very much needed practice.

The standard attained by our representatives at the Tournament was higher than in any previous year, the four men each being placed in various events.

The standard of the women's team was not very high, but the increased members attending the Club nights was very heartening and augurs well for the future.

Two teams were entered in the local Water Polo Championship and attained a fair measure of success, particularly the "A" team. This phase of the Club's activities aroused much enthusiasm among members and has done much to put V.U.C. before the swimming public.

Two teams were entered for the Peck Shield Harbour Race, one complete team finishing. In addition, we ran a Harbour Race of our own from the Rowing Club skids to the Queen's Wharf and back, and it is hoped that this will become a regular feature.

The Club was represented at all local carnivals. The Nash Cup Competition and two country carnivals (at Carterton and Masterton) all proved exceedingly enjoyable to those attending.

One member, Miss Peggy Price, we congratulate on winning Wellington's only N.Z. Championship—the Ladies' Dive.

The Inter-Faculty Swimming Sports, conducted at Thorndon Baths, were again a great success, being attended by a large crowd of competitors and spectators. A dance concluded a very enjoyable programme.

Like other Wellington clubs, we are handicapped by the lack of tepid baths, and we are strongly supporting the Centre in its endeavour to secure such up-to-date facilities.



LEITZ MICROSCOPES, EPIDIASCOPES, &c.

The latest models of Leitz microscopes and projection apparatus can be seen at our showroom. Inspection Invited. Illustrated Catalogues will be sent on request.

BIOLOGICAL DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS

We have good stocks of Dissecting Forceps, Scissors, Scalpels, Razors, etc., both insets and loose.

GEO. W. WILTON & CO. LTD.

156 WILLIS STREET

WELLINGTON

And at Auckland.



SPORT
HOUSE
WALKING

DUNLOP SHOES

Superior Appearance,
Comfort and
— Durability —

Available All Leading Retailers.
Made in England.

WELLINGTON'S PREMIER

TOWEL SUPPLY SERVICE

Ring 25-275 Ring

Towels that are ALWAYS Clean
and Fresh.

Deliveries to any part of the City
or Suburbs.

HAND TOWELS TEA TOWELS
DUSTERS

HYGIENIC TOWEL SUPPLY LTD.

Mention Spike to Advertisers.

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB

ONCE upon a time there was a team from V.U.C. which won the Haslam Shield, but that, alas! was many, many years ago—three, in fact. Then, for two years, we proudly occupied the bottom shelf, but in 1935, taking a mean advantage of the misfortunes of one of our sister-Colleges, Victoria crept into third place.

Although Otago retained her hold on the Haslam Shield, Victoria has experienced an interesting year. This year's V.U.C. Haslam team consisted of J. H. Croxton, B. D. A. Greig, F. J. McWhinnie, D. H. K. Ross, A. G. Clark, H. M. Sansum, H. J. Abraham, and A. O. Gidall.

Croxton, as top-scorer, put up a higher individual score than has been gained for V.U.C. for some years. In the snap practice he made a decided hit—in fact, nine consecutive decided hits, right in the bull's-eye. His score of 114 was only 5 points below this year's top score for New Zealand, and Croxton well earned the Mills Vase, the reward of the V.U.C. rifleman whose score in any given year most nearly resembles the possible.

Tournament, 1935, was unique in the rifle-shooting field. Probably greatly to the surprise of the Dunedin

sharpshooters, Victoria shipped south no fewer than eight riflemen—two as top-scorers, two as representatives in Athletics, and four as visitors. It was a pity that there were no A.U.C. or C.U.C. riflemen present to complete the picture.

On April 23rd, two scratch teams of five men each, representing O.U. and V.U.C., recapitulated the three 300-yard Haslam practices. So ended what was, so far as we are aware, the first N.Z. Inter-University College rifle match ever fired on the same range and on the same day. And that wasn't all, for the victors took us to a little place of good cheer they knew, round the corner from the Varsity, and there all things were liquidated.

We hope that 1936 will see in Wellington at least the two Haslam top-scorers from Auckland, Canterbury and Otago.

The Club's Annual General Meeting will be held early in the third term, and any budding Two-Gun Thomas, especially if he already belongs to none other of the College summer sports clubs, is welcome to join.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

AS we have played only five Association matches this season, it is difficult to comment adequately on the team's form, as we have distinct possibilities of justifying the Executive's expenditure before the season closes.

Two teams were entered in the Association Competition, but after playing one match we were forced to withdraw the Junior team, owing to a severe shortage of players. The Senior team, though as yet not brilliantly successful, is rapidly improving.

The team entered in the seven-a-side tournament at Karori Park, after four strenuous games, succeeded in winning the section, but in the following match was defeated by Paraparaumu by 1 goal to nil.

To the Annual University Tournament, held at Christchurch on June 20th-22nd, we sent a strong team, which opened activities by defeating Auckland by 8 to nil. Our best match was the one against Canterbury (the winners of the Tournament), who defeated us by one goal after a well-fought match. When playing Otago, two hours later, we were defeated by 4 goals to 1, having lost any dash we might have possessed earlier in the day. The Tournament was a marked success, Victoria College being awarded three N.Z.U. Hockey Blues, the winners of which—A. Harding, M. Nelligan and J. Grainger—we heartily congratulate.

The Club takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Foden for the able assistance he has given as Club Coach.

ROWING CLUB

SPIKE heralds the coming of summer. Bright, warm days and smooth waters appeal irresistibly, and oarsmen throughout the city are once again turning their thoughts to the vigorous, refreshing pleasure of a pull in the Harbour.

Last season has a worthy significance in the history of the Victoria University College Rowing Club. It will always be remembered as the season when the Club first seriously boasted its recently acquired "eight" and, too, for the emergence of several promising new oarsmen. To find a place in the "eight" was in itself almost sufficient recompense for months of training and

for months of endeavour to attain proficiency in the not-so-simple art of rowing.

Victoria's crew at the Easter Tournament was unplaced. This was disappointing to the crew and to our enthusiastic trainer, but not in the least discouraging. We meet our conquerors next year on home waters. That is an advantage, but leaves a great deal to be done.

The Club's Annual Meeting is held in the third term. We ask you to attend, for we want to enthuse you with our own enthusiasm for this greatest of summer sport. Give it your serious consideration.



**Made in N.Z's
Model Factory**

BRYANT & MAY, BELL & CO. LTD.
WELLINGTON



Cheap Travel by Train

CONCESSIONS TO STUDENTS—

The Railway Department has a special thought for 'Varsity Students. It makes very convenient arrangements for parties of them travelling together for Sport or other pleasure outings.

Parties of not less than six may either:—

- (1) TRAVEL FIRST CLASS SINGLE at Second Class Ordinary Fares.
RETURN at Second Class Holiday Excursion Fares, or
- (2) TRAVEL SECOND CLASS SINGLE at three-fourths of the Ordinary Second Class Fare.
RETURN at three-fourths of the Holiday Excursion Second Class Fare.

(The Minimum Charge per Adult Passenger is 2/-).

CERTIFICATES AUTHORISING THESE CONCESSIONS MAY BE OBTAINED, UPON REASONABLE NOTICE, FROM ANY DISTRICT MANAGER, STATION-MASTER, OR BUSINESS AGENT.

Mention Spike to Advertisers.

FENCING CLUB

AS was prophesied in the last issue of *Spike*, the Fencing Club has blossomed forth into a fully-fledged Varsity Club. Last year's members are again active and the membership has increased slightly. About the same number are again taking lessons from Miss Zena Clarke, who has done so much to place fencing upon a firm footing in Wellington. When our new members actually reach the fighting stage the Committee will arrange a ladder, which will doubtless make the Club's activities much more interesting.

No inter-club matches have yet been fought, but two members of this Club were asked to represent

in a combined team from the Wellington Swords and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve when a match was fought against a team from the "Durham." It is the intention of the Committee to conduct, if possible, an inter-club evening in the Varsity Gym. at an early date.

It should not be long now before the hope that was expressed in the last issue of *Spike* will be realised. The standard is sufficiently good now to consider the possibility of staging inter-College matches at the Tournament, and the hope now is that Otago and Auckland, who as yet have no Fencing Club, will take up this very excellent sport.

TRAMPING CLUB

"I thought with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms."—R. L. Stevenson.

THE record book of the Tramping Club reveals that the Club has fully maintained its position since the last issue of *Spike* went to press. An outstanding Christmas trip to the Hollyford district—an account of which appears elsewhere in this issue—and a successful trip to the Tararua at Easter punctuated the usual run of week-end and Sunday trips.

The Club has co-operated to the full with the other Wellington clubs in the maintenance of the tracks of this district, and in May a party of sixteen members, under C. Stewart's control, thoroughly overhauled the Lowry Trig track.

At the Annual Sports Meeting of the Tararua Tramping Club this Club was to the fore, finishing second to the Tararua Club.

In June of this year a combined trip with the Tararua Club was made to the Maungakotukutuku Valley, the party numbering about thirty. Despite misty weather, the tortuous ridge between Titi and Maunganui was safely negotiated, after various slight deviations.

The syllabus for the "after-exam." period last year was headed by a well-supported trip to Titahi Bay for rock-climbing practice, and the Club's thanks are due to C. J. Read, who has done most of the coaching.

The Sports Meeting past, the only remaining trip before Christmas was an expedition into the Western Hutt River, on to Renata, and over Mt. Kapakapanui to Waikanae. This trip was a new choice and, although supported by only a small party, showed that the Club can still produce the pioneering spirit when opportunity offers.

The Easter party of fifteen which camped at the Hutt Valley Club bivvy at the Otaki-Waitewaewae Forks were particularly fortunate in their choice of camps, and in the weather with which they were favoured. Members enjoyed excellent views from the top of Mt. Crawford on the main range, while other days

spent amidst the beauties of the Otaki and Waetewaewae Rivers should be long remembered by all.

On the King's Jubilee week-end three members accomplished a most creditable trip along the Main Orongorongo Range. Although the weather prevented the completion of the full trip, an extensive area was covered. The report of the leader, D. A. Viggers, contains some valuable information as to times and map corrections.

On the King's Birthday week-end a party of eighteen made the well-known trip to Mt. Holdsworth, down to Totara Flats in the Waiohine River, and out to Kaitoke via the Cone Saddle and Tauherenikau Valley. The call to arms somewhat before daybreak on Sunday morning was not altogether appreciated, but the clear view from the top of Mt. Holdsworth was a fitting reward.

In June the Club staged a re-union trip to Pipinui Point. Unfortunately, the weather was unfavourable, especially on Sunday; but, despite this, the trip received the enthusiastic support of twenty-two present members and fourteen past members. The opportunity for the meeting of past and present members was much appreciated.

Apart from these trips specially mentioned, the outings held each week have been varied and regularly supported. The Orongorongo Ranges, the standby of the Wellington tramping, have been visited for ascents of the Cone, Mt. Matthews, the Peak Saddle, McKerrow, and Mt. Papatahi. Numerous Sunday trips have been interspersed to the various places of interest, such as Belmont Trig. and Mt. Welcome.

Members are now looking forward to the winter season, and as the Club owns three pairs of skis, success should be assured to the various trips, which include a week's visit to the Tongariro National Park. All interested are reminded that the Tramping Club runs trips throughout the whole year, and that special trips are being planned for this Christmas.

The Club is indebted to landowners for the permission given by them to cross their property, without which our activities could not be maintained.

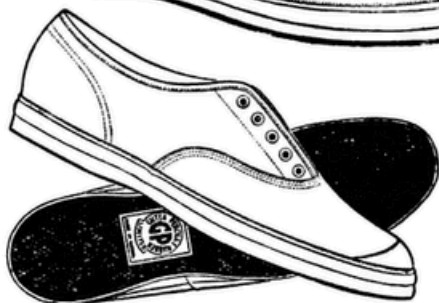
No "Foot Faults"



when your Shoes come from
HANNAH'S! We specially recom-
mend these lines for strenuous
play :

A90—The popular G.P. "DEMON,"
A WHITE CANVAS Oxford with
cushion heel and special heavy Black
Composition Rubber sole. Ideal for
Hard Courts. 5 to 11

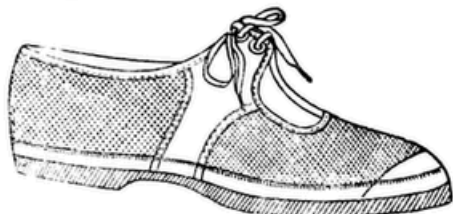
9/6



A91—The G.P. "DEMON" for Women
players, has the same special features as the
Men's Shoe (A90)

2 to 7

7/11



A38—Women's "DAPPER" WHITE
MESH Tie Shoe with White Canvas trim
as illustrated. Crepe soles and heels.
"FLEETFOOT" made in
Canada. 2 to 7

6/6

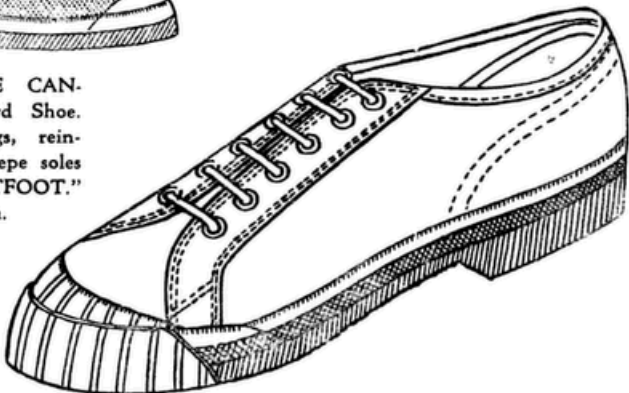
A35—"HERALD" WHITE CAN-
VAS Laced to toe Oxford Shoe.
White rubber facings, rein-
forced toes, heavy Crepe soles
and heels. "FLEETFOOT."
Made in Canada.

Men's 6 to 10

6/11

Youth's 3 to 5

5/11



HANNAH'S

WELLINGTON SHOPS

Lambton Quay . . . Cuba Street
Burlington Arcade . Riddiford Street

NEW ZEALAND'S NATIONAL FOOTWEAR FIRM

Mention Spike to Advertisers.

DEBATING SOCIETY

LEARNING from last year's experience, the Committee started activities directly the first term began, and so, despite a break of over a month between April 5th and May 10th for Tournament and Capping, has been able to complete this year's syllabus without recourse to vacation debates.

An uneventful Annual General Meeting was held on March 8th, followed by the traditional short humorous debate.

The eight subjects chosen for debate during the year were extremely varied, ranging from the current Abyssinian question to the delightful vagueness of "That the World is Really Progressing." Other subjects included "The British Rule in India," "The Importance of Convention in English Society," "The Consistency of Opposing International War and Supporting Revolution." Something novel for V.U.C. was the motion, "That New Zealand should become Fascist."

Mr. Scotney has won the Union Prize this year in convincing fashion with a total of 24 points and one debate to go. Max Brown is at present second. Mr. Scotney's winning of this prize is all the more pleasant because, with three successive second placings, he has had the hardest luck of any competitor in the Plunket Medal Contest.

The Plunket Medal Contest this year was remarkable for the diversity between the eight orations. Kingi

Tahiwi was judged the winner with an oration on *Henry VIII*. McGhie, who lent colour to his subject, *Robert Burns*, by adopting a very pleasant Scottish accent, was placed second, and Margaret Shortall, with *Michael Collins*, was third.

Perhaps the most important event of the year was the Bledisloe Medal Contest held in Dunedin. After a preliminary contest Misses Forde and Souter were chosen as our two representatives to compete against the representatives of the other colleges. Heartiest congratulations are extended to Miss Forde who won this coveted medal in this, the second contest for it. She is the first V.U.C. debater and the first woman to win this contest. Miss Forde has already won the Union Prize and the Plunket Medal (both in 1932).

An innovation this year was a team debate against the League of Nations Union in which V.U.C. was represented by K. Tahiwi, A. Katz and Miss Souter.

Our Joyn't Scroll debaters this year are Margaret Shortall and Max Brown. The contest had not been held at the time of writing.

There have been four New Speakers' Debates. The interest shown both by the speakers and by the audience of twenty or thirty, who on each occasion have attended, has been most satisfactory. Miss Joy Stock and Roy Jack have been the outstanding speakers.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

THE Science Society followed the precedent set in former years of arranging lectures of general and scientific interest, even to those with only an elementary knowledge of science. This year, on account of broken time, examinations and shortened terms, the Society has had to curtail its functions.

Even so, two dances were conducted under the auspices of the Society—viz., one—a "Bob Hop"—held on June 6, and the other, held in conjunction with the Athletic, Football, Harrier and Fencing Clubs, on

July 6th. Both were successes financially and socially, and, in the case of the former, the profits were forwarded to the Building Fund.

Macarthy's—a well-known Wellington brewery—was visited by a party and a very interesting and instructive hour was spent touring the plant. As the party was purely scientific and male, it was asked to give learned opinion on the product offered. One member was so enraptured with the proceedings that he paid a second visit that very afternoon.

LITERARY SOCIETY

THIS year the meetings of the Literary Society have shown an increase in attendance and enthusiasm, and the encouraging spirit among the new members has stimulated discussion and debate.

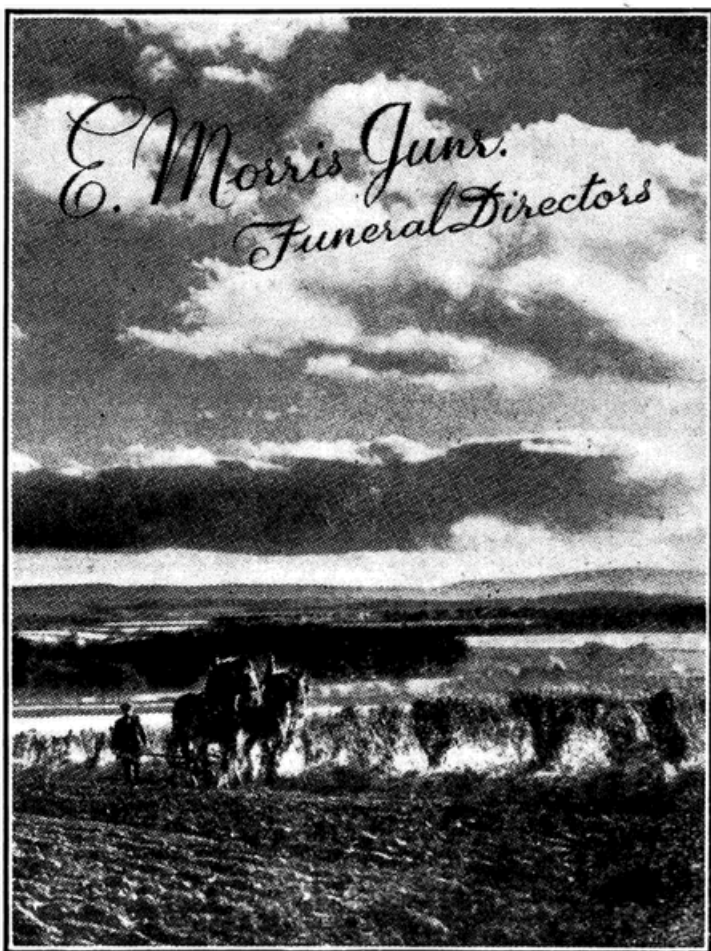
At the first two meetings student speakers read papers and discussed the power and force, emotional and practical, of modern poetry. An appreciative meeting listened with delight to Prof. von Zedlitz's paper—and illustrative side remarks—on "Best Selling Types in Fiction," and a discussion of the power of the novel to portray the perfect woman.

A visit to the Turnbull Library is becoming a recognised part of the Society's activities. This year Mr. Andersen spoke to us about "The Beauty of Books" and Mr. Taylor showed us some rare ex-

amples of beautiful printing and binding. The Society has also arranged a series of addresses on drama, the novel, and the short story.

One of the aims of the Literary Society is to encourage the reading of modern literature. Accordingly, several current periodicals are subscribed to, including "International Literature" and "Poetry."

The Society has not, however, confined itself to criticism and appreciation. Its first duty, perhaps, is to encourage creative talent, of which there has been a remarkable dearth of late years in this University. In accordance with this endeavour, the Society has instituted a competition for short stories and original verse. The winning entries of this competition appear in this issue of *Spike*.



60 TARANAKI STREET

PHONE 52-159

Where it costs no more for that finished and unobtrusive
sympathy only obtained from long experience.

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.

VICTORIA HOUSE

DURING the past two years the fact that a Women's Hostel exists may have been almost forgotten. The closing of the Training College caused a large decrease in numbers, and, as a result, the House's activities have been much restricted. However, we are strong enough this year to manifest ourselves to a certain extent as a University institution.

Our social activities have been many and varied. We support the different functions of the numerous clubs—dances, discussions, play-readings, anti-war meetings, not to mention others—and on several occasions have formed the main body of the audience at debates.

A very successful picnic was held at Lowry Bay during the course of the second term. We must thank Dr. Bennett for her hospitality on this occasion.

The most important social events to date have been our dances, which have, perhaps more than anything else, served to promote interest in the inner workings of "the nunnery." The House Council offered to give us the second one; it only remained for us to make it as successful as the first—and did we?

We are well represented in the more important faculties. Academic life continues perforce, despite the many distractions of the lighter side. Working under the stress of exams, at times we have been able to maintain silence in the common room.

We do not neglect the sporting side—the House was represented at both Dunedin and Christchurch Tournaments, and Saturday afternoon sees the majority of us in action on the sports ground. We must congratulate one of our hockey players on obtaining a N.Z. University Blue.

On different occasions we have been called upon to render assistance to hard-pressed organisations. How could the Capping procession have been suitably attired without donations from our store of "super-annuated" habiliments, and how could the Ladies' Cricket Eleven have displayed their dainty lingerie without our freewill offerings?

If the House is filled with students during the next year or two, it should be possible to further its influence to a greater extent, but, while numbers are important, we feel that the spirit upon which to build is already here.

LAW FACULTY CLUB

IT has been suggested several times in recent years that the Law Faculty Club should disband, but this year, if in none other, it justified its existence by organising a welcome dinner to Professor J. Williams, our new Professor of English and New Zealand Law. Representatives from the College Council, Professorial Board, Wellington Law Society, several student organisations, and fifty law students gathered at the "Duke" on the 12th March and spent a most enjoyable evening. The opinion was expressed by many who were present that a Law Faculty dinner should become an annual event, as it is in other centres. The Club's thanks are due to Mr. A. T. S. McGhie for this brilliant idea.

The Club's congratulations are tendered to Messrs. J. C. White and A. G. Horsley. Mr. White was awarded the prize of £2 2s. offered for the best paper submitted on any subject of law. Mr. C. H. Weston, K.C., kindly undertook the task of judging this com-

petition. Mr. Horsley was awarded the Chief Justice's Prize in Property and Contract, and Butterworth's Prize for Roman Law.

The Annual Law Ball, held in conjunction with the Wellington Law Students' Society, took place in the St. Francis Hall on August 22nd. Credit is due to the Combined Ball Committee for the excellent evening's enjoyment they provided.

Nine volumes of the Notable British Trials Series were presented by the Club to the Library in March of this year and should prove popular reading for all students.

In answer to the Haeremai Club's appeal for support for the procession, the Club had an official entry this year—the first for some time. It is hoped that with the return to popularity of the procession, the Club will continue to take an active part.

ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT

THE Spike of a year ago told of the formation of an anti-war movement in the College, and of the urgent need for organised and strenuous opposition to militarism and militant imperialism. The past twelve months have strikingly emphasized the urgency of this need for opposition.

Although during the past year the movement has not received the active student support that it deserves it has fully justified its existence. During the long vacation well attended study circles were held regularly

at Weir House. We used as a handbook "Why War?" by Ellen Wilkinson and Edward Conge. Through these study circles we learnt facts essential to a sane and steady outlook on current policies and events, and their relation to war; we were made to appreciate varying viewpoints and were able to discuss organisational methods. During the coming long vacation the movement intends to embark upon a further series of study circles. Those interested are invited to communicate with the secretary.



NO RUSH WORK

We Specialise in Developing, Printing & Enlarging
and can give the BEST RESULTS

We have more respect for your
work than to rush it.

PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY

29 Grey Street :: Wellington

After all -
there's only one *'Baby'*



Austin Saloons

Lowest Initial Cost.

Lowest Cost of Running

MAGNUS MOTORS LTD.

WAKEFIELD STREET

Mention Spike to Advertisers.

Several public meetings have been held during the year. Major Pharaizyn was the main speaker at a large meeting in the Gym., while Eric Cooke, Alan Free and Gerald Griffen spoke at gatherings in the main building. On numerous occasions the V.U.C. movement has provided speakers for down-town meetings.

Two cyclostyled bulletins published by the movement have been widely distributed. Further copies may be obtained from the secretary.

A small, but well-stocked library of anti-war literature is available to students. Among books recently added are: "War, Peace and the Soviet Union," Gore Graham; "An Atlas of Current Affairs," J. F. Horrabin; "How Empires Grow," J. F. Horrabin.

In September of this year the anti-war movement in co-operation with other bodies intends issuing a Questionnaire on War. We ask for the active interest of all students.

In the face of the increasing strength of the war machine single anti-war movements may seem impotent, even futile, but we must remember that each individual movement is a member of a world-wide organisation, which is daily increasing and which rests on a surer foundation than any imperialism—the might of the masses. Almost with every mail, messages are received from foreign movements which tell of successful protests and strikes against war, in America, in England, in France, in Japan, in Italy, in China—everywhere.

We appeal to students, to workers, to all who love their country and their fellow-men, to organise against the imperialism which leads to war, and against Fascism which means war. We ask them to fight unceasingly against war, which in its madness and brutality means the destruction of the highest and best in human life.

MATHS AND PHYSICS SOCIETY

THE Maths and Physics Society is now concluding its fifteenth session, which has been a successful one so far. The attendance at the meetings has averaged 25, while that at the free suppers afterwards has been a little less—a phenomenon which has not yet been satisfactorily explained, in spite of several theories which have been advanced.

The papers presented during the year are as follows:

April 16th—"The Aether," Mr. G. Searle.

June 11th—"Vectors," Mr. D. Patterson, M.A., B.Sc.

June 18th—"The Properties of Quartz," Mr. H. Abraham, B.Sc., Mr. C. N. Watson-Munro.

June 25th—"Locomotive Construction," Mr. J. B. C. Taylor.

July 9th—"Some Aspects of Statistical Method," Dr. J. T. Campbell, Ph.D.

July 16th—"Physics of X-Rays," Mr. J. A. Strong, M.Sc.

July 30th—"The Probability of Success in Speculation," Mr. J. V. T. Baker, B.A.

The Committee also arranged visits to the following places of interest, which visits have been, on the whole, well attended:—

May 11th—"New Zealand Star."

June 19th—Evans Bay Power House.

June 26th—Railway Workshops.

July 24th—Filmcraft, Ltd., Miramar.

The Society wishes to express its appreciation of the manner in which Mesdames Florence and Miles have provided supper during the year.

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB

AGAIN this year the Club has confined itself largely to meetings led by speakers who are, or have recently been, students of the College. Of its six discussion meetings held so far, only two have been led by non-students.

The first discussion of the year was held immediately following the Annual Meeting of the Club, and was opened with an interesting talk by Mr. A. D. Munro. His subject, "Something Controversial," was concerned with tendencies to Nazism in New Zealand. At the next meeting Mr. Alfred Katz led a discussion on Race Problems, in which he clearly exploded the Nordic theory of race superiority, and dealt with the cultural basis of race prejudice. Mr. McElwain, the next speaker, outlined the theory of Facism, but his audience was hardly sympathetic. Spiritualism was the subject of the next discussion, which opened with an illustrated talk by Mr. E. Hubbard. The speaker gave an account of the claims of psychic science, but was not prepared to accept them on the evidence so far produced. The next speaker, Mr. Ian Campbell, took as his subject "Religion or Revolution," and advanced the stimulating contention that the thinker must adopt either Roman Catholicism or Communism

as the way out of world chaos. The discussion at the latest meeting was on the subject, "Democracy, Communism and Dictatorship," and was led by Dr. C. R. Mitchell. His central theme was that every man should be free to develop his own personality to the benefit of society as a whole, and the discussion that followed his talk was perhaps the liveliest in the year. The Club proposes to hold at least two more meetings this year, the principal speakers to be Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland (Club President) and Captain H. M. Rushworth.

An event of some importance to the Club has been the adoption of a new rule, which permits the publication of reports of Free Discussion meetings, subject to permission being granted by the persons affected. Though passed at the Club's Annual Meeting, the alteration to the Constitution has been put into force only after much correspondence with the Professorial Board and the Students' Association Executive.

Early in the year a new procedure was tried at one of the Club's meetings when the principal speaker had finished, the audience broke up into several groups for discussion. The old procedure, however, was thought preferable and has been retained.

Purveyors Finest Quality Bread

The Wellington Bread Co.

H. D. TONKS, Proprietor

Daily Deliveries—City and Suburbs

PHONE 52-693

PHONE 52-693



Electric Cookery is Matchless!

This is the day of the Electric Kitchen—the only Kitchen in the modern home of the future.

Advice free on application to The Electricity Department, Harris Street.

Phone No. 41-074.

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.

DRAMATIC CLUB

THE activities of the Dramatic Club during the past year have been more numerous and of a higher standard than those of the previous year. No longer is the Club embarrassed financially, and the productions for this year have shown that the Club can rely on the support of a large body of students.

After the November examinations last year, a reading of Noel Coward's "The Young Idea" was presented with a cast comprised mainly of old students who had appeared in the Varsity production of this play several years ago. The reading proved very successful and was well attended.

There have been two productions this year—Val Gielgud's "Chinese White" and J. B. Priestley's "Laburnum Grove." These productions are reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

The following plays were selected for reading during season 1935:—"The Distaff Side" (John Van Druten), "For Services Rendered" (Somerset Maugham), "Almost a Honeymoon" (Walter Ellis), "Badgers Green" (R. C. Sheriff), "Green Pack" (Edgar Wallace), "Dark Angel" (T. B. Trevelyn), "London Wall" (John Van Druten).

Several of the readings were of quite a high standard and were well received by the audience.

Several enjoyable circle readings were held during the long vacation and the present session, with a

result that the cast for the mid-year production consisted almost entirely of new members.

In June the Club arranged a picture party to see the screening of "Emperor Jones," starring Paul Robeson.

The final production for the year is to be "Cocktail Party," a revue, in aid of the Building Fund. A very bright programme has been arranged, and promises an evening's excellent entertainment.

During the past year the Committee has concentrated on obtaining suitable stage fittings. As a result the stage is now furnished with attractive buff-coloured curtains, while handsome draw-curtains have been acquired from the Trustees of the Wellington Teachers' Training College.

In July the Committee received with regret the resignation of Mr. D. G. Edwards from the position of President of the Club. Mr. Edwards has been an office-bearer of the Club for many years, and proved himself invaluable as a producer and stage manager.

Although the past year has been very successful, the Committee decided that next year could be greatly improved if the Committee prepared the programme for the session during the long vacation. Accordingly, arrangements have been made to amend the constitution to enable the election of the officers to be held at the end of the session.

EVANGELICAL UNION

CONSOLIDATION and steady progress have marked this year in the Evangelical Union, the third since its advent in 1933. The winter term, especially, has witnessed a very live atmosphere in the Union.

The chief activity has been the weekly Open Meeting, held every Friday at 8 p.m. in Room A3.

Attendances during second term averaged twelve. We have had addresses from the following:—Dr. John Laird, M.B., Ch.B. (Glasgow), Messrs. J. W. Buchanan, A. E. Birch, and K. W. Liddle, all of this city, Mr. A. MacLean, of Sydney, Rev. Carl Tanner, B.A., of Hastings, Mr. H. W. Milner, representing the Sudan United Mission, Miss S. Mackay, from India, and Dr. Hallam Howie, M.B., Ch.B. (Otago), Missionary Designate to China.

Prayer meetings have been held twice weekly, but from Monday, the 22nd July, they will be held daily.

A study-circle meets at 6 p.m. on Mondays and, we hope, this will satisfy a very definite need in the life of the Union.

A tramp through South Karori and Makara, on June 3rd, was followed by an enjoyable "squash" at the home of our great friends, Dr. and Mrs. Laird.

On July 18th we had the honour of a visit from Mr. C. Stacey Woods, B.A., B.Th., of Canada.

The E.U. conducted a public meeting in Nimmo's Hall, when Mr. Stacey Woods delivered a powerful address on student conditions in the schools and colleges of Canada, the United States of America, and Australia.

On July 21st we were privileged to have an address at a Sunday tea in the C.S.S.M. Book Room from Dr. W. H. Pettit, of Auckland. His real interest in our existence and work has greatly stimulated us.

COMMERCE SOCIETY

THE Society is now in its fourth year, and since last publication of *Spike* members have had the advantage of the following interesting addresses: Prof. Murphy, "The Work of the Tariff Commission"; Mr. B. C. Ashwin, Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, "Practical Problems in Public Finance"; Mr. H. Valentine, Chief Accountant, N.Z. Railways, "Transport Costs"; Prof. Belshaw, "Recent Mortgage Legislation."

It is, however, very disappointing that the attendance of students at these meetings has been very poor, and the Committee feel that they are not justified in inviting prominent public men to prepare and deliver lectures to the Society if better attendances from students cannot be obtained.

The Committee has endeavoured to arrange a few interesting lectures of a diverse character, early in the year, to interfere with studies as little as possible.

Construct Your Paths with **COLAS**

You need no previous experience to make paths that will last for all time. Get COLAS, the cold bitumen emulsion—used for heavy traffic roads. Simplicity—low cost—durability.



THE SHELL COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED will supply
further information upon request.

Dunlop announce a **DOUBLE LIFE Tennis Ball !!**

The new Dunlop FORT Tennis Ball literally gives double EFFICIENT playing life. The secret is the DURONAP cover—a new material evolved after extensive research by Dunlop technicians.

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.

To assist Commerce graduands to secure the use of hoods and gowns for the Capping Ceremony, a list has been made of graduates who have hoods and are willing to lend them. The names of any further graduates who would assist in this matter would be appreciated.

It is pleasing to note that the Commerce Section of the Library is being thoroughly revised and brought up to date, largely through the instrumentality of Mr. Fountain, and it is hoped that the improved facilities will encourage students to take the whole of their Degree course at the College.

This Society has been approached by the Wellington Branch of the Economic Society of Australia and New Zealand, which, though the ordinary subscription is 15/-, offers as a special inducement to bona fide students of V.U.C. to admit them on a subscription of 10/- per annum. This is the bare cost of the "Economic Record," which is published twice a year, and is invaluable to advanced students of economics. It is not a canvass for subscriptions, but for live members, who will profit by their association with the Economic Society—especially post-graduate students.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

THE Victoria University College Student Christian Movement has had throughout this year a fairly full programme. Three week-end camps have been held since the end of the 1934 session. At these we have had addresses from Mr. W. Nash, M.P., on "Problems of the Pacific," and Miss Taylor and Rev. J. L. Gray, missionaries from India, on different aspects of missionary work and opportunity.

Our year's work in the College opened with a series of three addresses delivered by students, followed on the next Sunday by a tea. The general theme of this series was the claims of Christ on the student. Later in the year we were able to arrange for Dr. Kagawa to give an address at the College. Apart from these, we have held two meetings at the College and two Sunday teas, at which the speakers have been the Revs. B. Kilroy, M.A., J. S. Murray, M.A., O. E. Burton, M.A., and Hon. Miles Phillimore (of Cambridge). Two conversations have been held away from the College, at which Miss Dineen, of the Anglican Board of Missions, led discussion on foreign missions and Rev. Albert Mead introduced the subject of "The New Patriotism."

The regular meetings of the Movement have been two weekly prayer meetings, one held in the College in the evening and one in the N.Z.S.C.M. Rooms, Woodward Street, during the lunch-hour. During the second term three study-circles have been meeting: one, led by Rev. J. R. Nield, studying social problems with a background of the Old Testament prophets; one, led by Rev. H. W. Newell, studying Fosdick's "The Meaning of Prayer"; and the third, led by Professor Wood, studying international relations.

We are still carrying on with our work of helping the poor. We have been able to give some financial assistance to three families and, what is more important, to extend to them our friendship. Contributions to enable us to continue with this work will be welcome.

At the beginning of the year we once again ran the second-hand book stall, which is proving more and more a boon to students. In conjunction with this we provided an Information Bureau for the benefit of freshers.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

FOR the past two years the Natural History Society has been carrying on its activities with marked success, but without the official blessing of the Students' Association. This year an application was made for affiliation, and the Society is now going just as successfully, in spite of its added responsibilities as a duly constituted Varsity Club.

It aims at providing lectures on Biological and Geological subjects which will be intelligible to the large body of students who are interested in these branches of science.

Three lectures have been presented so far this season—"The Sub-Antarctic Islands of New Zealand" (Dr. Oliver, Director of the Dominion Museum); "Purpose in Living Matter" (Mr. C. E. Palmer, M.Sc.); "Fish Culture" (Mr. A. E. Hefferd, Chief Inspector of Fisheries).

It is hoped that it will be possible to arrange a further lecture for the early part of the third term.

Two trips have been held—a collecting expedition to Butterfly Creek in the first term, and a tour of inspection of the Dairy Laboratory at Wallaceville during the second term. Both of these were well attended and very successful. On the last night of the first term a laboratory demonstration evening was held, in conjunction with an exhibition held on the Chemistry floors by the Institute of Chemists. Although the Society had only a short time to make its arrangements, a very good display resulted.

This account would not be complete without an expression of appreciation to those who gave so liberally of their services, and in many cases, hard cash, to procure specimens. It was very gratifying, indeed, to see both past and present students according such practical support.



Crown Studio

CROWN BUILDINGS

CUBA STREET

SPECIAL CONCESSION TO
GRADUATES.

The Largest and most Up-to-date
Studio in New Zealand.

Home on the Range!!

—Yes, there's no doubt about it!
Judging by the samples of their
Wares we've tried—

W. C. COOPER

LIMITED

Bakers and Pastrycooks

250 Main Road - Karori

Phone 26-693

are very much at home by the side
of their ovens.

Dial 55-180

For Your

*Safe, Prompt, Courteous
Transportation*

Black & White Cabs

LIMITED

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

THIS is the second year of the Club's activities, and, while nothing very spectacular has occurred, the work of fostering the art and science of photography has gone steadily ahead. New material and apparatus is being added to the dark-room, which, it may be said, exists for the benefit of the photographers of the College, and is there to be used. Arrangements are being made for the purchase of photographic periodicals, and it is hoped that a locker will shortly be provided for storing them. By the use of these journals members should be able to obtain the information that is generally acquired by experience—a costly method in photography.

The Club this year made a late start, and, as a result, only two lectures have been given up to date:

one by a foundation member of the Club, Mr. J. T. Salmon, M.Sc., on "Light Filters," and the other by Mr. C. John Ralph, on "Colour Photography." In both of these lectures excellent slides illustrated the effects that could be obtained, and were of immense practical value.

The paucity of lectures, unavoidable under the circumstances, has not prevented the enthusiasts of the Camera Club from doing their practical work and improving their skill under the reasonable conditions of the Club's dark-room. The offer of a prize by *Spike* for the best photograph submitted brought forth an encouraging number of entries, and the results of the competition are published in this issue. The hope is expressed that this will become an annual feature.

LABOUR CLUB

IN the second year of its existence the Labour Club continues to strive in its appointed task of drawing together a certain student element and spreading instruction in the Labour Movement. The General Meeting and election of officers was held early in the first term. This was followed by an interesting and humorous address on "The Mind Under Capitalism," by Mrs. Margaret McPherson.

On May 4th Max Riske addressed a large gathering of students on his experiences and observations

in the Soviet Union. We hope to arrange a similar meeting before the end of the second term.

Major Pharazyn kindly consented to address the Club at the beginning of the second term. His address on "The Twilight of Economics" provided new and interesting light on the subject.

A programme has been arranged to be carried out before the pressure of examinations overwhelms Club activities. This is to consist of a series of lectures by competent speakers, with the view of illustrating Communism in theory and practice.

GLEE CLUB

AND now for the baby of the College clubs (the Students' Association doesn't have to carry *this* one!) And whence its obscure genesis? Ah! Paul Robieson so inspired the faithful few aesthetically appreciative, that relief from the eternal bickering and unrest characteristic of College movements (Peace, etc.) asserted itself in Song. The only musical organisation in the College? *Spike* blushes to admit it.

Our activities? The Students' Association's Steinway Grand and a number of voices of quality (they

have to be heard to be believed) have provided those who pass by as we practise with ample cause for wonderment; the Dramatic Club, at whose revue we give our premier performance, are apprehensive: our artistry knows no bounds.

Shall a student live by intellect alone? Granting the truth of the *Spike* editorial, our policy must be one of active campaigning for artistic culture in the university.

Club Officers, 1935

ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT.—Secretary-Treasurer, J. D. Freeman; Committee: Miss O. Harkness, Messrs. Davidson, Katz, Kelly.

ATHLETIC CLUB.—Club Captain, S. G. Eade; Deputy Captain, C. B. Allan; Secretary-Treasurer, R. C. Morpeth; Committee: W. R. Birks, P. T. Bowie, A. S. Henderson, H. M. McIntosh, F. H. Stephenson.

BASKETBALL CLUB.—Club Captain, M. Bell; Vice-Captain, J. Grainger; Secretary-Treasurer, S. Fraser; Committee: M. Lancaster, M. Walker.

BOXING CLUB.—Club Captain, A. H. Armour; Vice-Captain, R. W. Edgley; Secretary-Treasurer, A. F. Wilton; Committee: G. B. C. Bliss, M. Lima, R. J. Meek, M. O'Connor.

COMMERCE SOCIETY.—Chairman, W. H. Thodey; Secretary, L. Withy; Treasurer, H. Halstead; Committee: A. Wilton, R. S. Odell, H. M. McIntosh.

CRICKET CLUB.—Club Captain, H. R. C. Wild; Secretary, A. G. Wicks; Treasurer, A. F. Wilton; Committee: D. K. Carey, D. S. Dean, J. R. Stevens, G. S. Sainsbury (replaced on departure from Wellington by W. Tricklebank).

DEBATING SOCIETY.—Chairman, A. H. Scotnev; Vice-Chairman, C. M. P. Brown; Secretary, D. W. McElwain; Treasurer, J. N. Sellers; Committee: Misses M. Shortall, D. Souter, Messrs. K. Scott, K. Tahiw.

DEFENCE RIFLE CLUB.—President, S. H. Perry; Deputy-President, F. J. McWhinnie; Secretary, H. M. Sansum; Treasurer, A. O. Wansborough; Committee: H. J. Abraham, D. H. K. Ross.

DRAMATIC CLUB.—President, D. Tossman; Vice-President, C. Wright; Secretary, J. B. Aimers; Treasurer, G. A. Gallagher; Committee: Misses Crombie, Edwards, Harkness, Messrs. Gow, Simpson, Macaskill.

EVANGELICAL UNION.—President, R. S. Miller; Secretary, M. M. M. Boyd; Treasurer, E. A. Missen.

FENCING CLUB.—Club Captain, J. H. Holderness; Secretary, D. C. Souter; Committee: H. D. Turnbull, C. H. Hutton.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—Club Captain, R. E. Diederich; Deputy Captain, G. Rae; Secretary, H. R. C. Wild; Treasurer, D. K. Carey; Teams' Officer, W. R. Birks; Committee: Messrs. Blacker, Bangsrove, O'Shea, Wilton.

FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB.—President, Dr. I. L. G. Sutherland; Chairman, C. M. P. Brown; Secretary, R. E. Jack; Treasurer, K. Gough; Committee: Misses M. Hursthouse, S. Williams, Messrs. Scott, Currie, McElwain.

GLEE CLUB.—President, Dr. A. C. Keys; Vice-Presidents, R. L. Hutchens, J. S. Withers; Secretary-Treasurer, S. M. Sanders; Committee: Misses L. E. Irwin, S. Williams, Mr. B. Kirkcaldie.

GYMNASIUM CLUB.—Chairman, M. Butler; Secretary-Treasurer, N. Bayfield; Committee: Misses M. Bell, B. Bush, S. Sanders.

HARRIER CLUB.—Club Captain, D. A. Viggers; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Bagnall; Committee: N. T. Clare, W. B. Lang, F. B. Shorland.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.—Club Captain, H. O. Williams; Secretary, K. Tahiw; Committee: L. B. Denby, F. H. Stewart, J. S. Withers.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.—Club Captain, N. Webber; Secretary-Treasurer, N. Bayfield; Committee: Misses A. Harding, E. Gibbons, C. Robertson.

LABOUR CLUB.—Secretary, O. D. Harkness; Committee: A. Katz, A. Marks, E. Suckling, D. Jenkins, R. Taylor.

LAW FACULTY CLUB.—Chairman, J. C. White; Secretary, R. S. C. Agar; Treasurer, A. G. Wicks; Committee: D. W. Arcus, R. C. Connell, H. S. Sivyver, W. H. Thodey.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—Chairman, A. Katz; Secretary, C. Childs; Treasurer, E. R. Chesterman; Committee: Miss P. Edwards, Messrs. D. Freeman, M. Lima, R. G. Tosswill.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICS SOCIETY.—President, H. J. M. Abraham; Vice-Presidents, R. J. Meek, C. N. Watson-Munro; Secretary, G. Searle; Committee: Messrs. J. B. C. Taylor, D. Patterson, C. W. Stewart.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—President, N. K. Welch; Secretary, D. H. K. Ross; Committee: Miss S. Donne, Messrs. D. R. Currie, A. C. Kaberry.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Chairman, O. A. E. Hughan; Secretary-Treasurer, H. L. Whitworth; Committee: Miss F. Smith, Messrs. R. S. Odell, I. S. Hunt, C. H. Smythe.

ROWING CLUB.—Club Captain, H. M. McIntosh; Secretary, D. F. McLeod; Treasurer, F. J. McWhinnie; Committee: J. F. Eggers, G. Milne, W. M. Willis.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.—President, N. T. Clare; Vice-Presidents, Miss A. S. Donne, Mr. R. J. Lancaster; Secretary, C. W. Stewart; Committee: Misses R. E. Miller, E. J. Bush, Messrs. K. J. McNaught, D. R. Currie.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.—President, J. D. Froud; Vice-President, K. E. Hoby; Secretaries, Miss D. Dillner, Mr. W. G. Patterson; Treasurer, L. R. Nash; Committee: Misses D. Glover, M. J. Riley (till Feb., 1935), A. Nicholson (from Feb., 1935), Mr. H. L. Baker.

SWIMMING CLUB.—Club Captain (Men's), M. J. Mason; Club Captain (Women's), N. M. Webber; Vice-Captain (Men's), J. G. Oliver; Secretary-Treasurer, C. I. W. Archibald; Committee: Miss S. Sanders, Messrs. R. C. Bradshaw, R. P. Hall, T. Ennis.

TENNIS CLUB.—President, R. J. Nankervis; Chairman and Club Captain, C. S. Plank; Secretary, E. G. Budge; Treasurer, L. O. Desborough; Committee: Misses D. Briggs, E. Cook, T. R. Gill, H. K. Hurley, Messrs. F. J. Donovan, A. Hutchison, H. S. Sivyver, L. Withy.

TRAMPING CLUB.—Secretary, A. R. Perry; Guide, M. R. Coup; Committee: Misses I. Eggers, J. Scott, Messrs. J. H. Croxton, C. W. Stewart, D. A. Viggers, C. Watson-Munro.

VICTORIA HOUSE.—President, S. M. Sanders; Committee, L. E. Irwin, E. S. Michael.

WEIR HOUSE.—President, M. J. Mason; Secretary, R. S. V. Simpson; Treasurer, L. B. Sandford; Committee: H. L. Baker, C. M. P. Brown, R. W. Edgley.

Kirkcaldie & Stains Ltd.

TAILORS OF FINE CLOTHES FOR THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY

GOWN SPECIALISTS TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL, LEGAL AND ACADEMICAL PROFESSIONS.

Degree Gowns and Hoods for any British University
are tailored on our own premises and are guaranteed
to conform in every detail with the respective
University regulations.



GENTLEMEN'S HIGH - CLASS TAILORING

Genuine Tailor-made Suits to
your individual tastes and re-
quirements are cut and fitted
by our Gentlemen's Cutter and
tailored on our own premises.
The latest English and Colonial
Suitings are always in stock for
your immediate selection.

*Every garment tailored by Kirkcaldie's
is the perfection in detail and finish of
ultra High Class Tailoring.*



KIRKCALDIE and STAINS LTD.

LAMBTON QUAY

WELLINGTON

Mention *Spike* to Advertisers.